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OF

BRITISH POETRY

FROM CHAUCER TO THE PRESENT TIME.
(1350-1878.)

EDITED BY
JAMES T. FIELDS AND EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"
WORDSWORTH.



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TO

MR. AND MRS. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS,

WHOSE HELP TO THE BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF SHAKESPEARE HAS MADE DEBTORS OF ALL
WHO STUDY THE GREATEST OF ENGLISH POETS,

THIS VOLUME IS CORDIALLY INSCRIBED BY

THE EDITORS..

INTRODUCTION.

IN this "Family Library of British Poetry" the Editors have kept steadily in view the idea of the family, — the best and happiest result of civilization. They have tried to exclude everything which might not be read with profit and delight by the fireside, and, at the same time, to enlarge the scope of fireside conversation and enjoyment. They have endeavored to present a view of English poetry from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century which would afford pleasure in itself, and also kindle the desire, in appreciative readers, to explore for themselves the treasures which now lie almost buried in a thousand volumes. The chronological arrangement has been adopted, because that arrangement best enables the reader to survey English poetry in connection with English history. The passions of human nature, as of English nature, are ever the same in essence. Still, the poetic expression of them varies, in different periods, with the habits, manners, and ideals of each period. Even so universal a passion as love is wonderfully varied in expression by poets of different times and countries, who celebrate the passion under widely different circumstances of race, climate, and conventional fashions. A lover, of the age of Chaucer, of Spenser, of Shakespeare, of Carew, of Dryden, of Pope, of Thomson, expresses what he calls his "flame" in a very different way from the lover who, in the nineteenth century, told the story of "Genevieve," or celebrated "The Phantom of Delight," or drew the character of Haidee, or made a curiously intellectual generation thrill to the description of such a simple maiden as Maud. As to other passions, such as hatred, revenge, envy, malignity, ambition, avarice, and the rest, though true to their original roots in human nature, they still alter their expression, as they alter their objects, with the general spirit pre-

dominating in any particular age. In respect to thought there will be found to be a variation similar to that which has been observed in the phenomena of passion. If one wishes to know what were the thoughts caught up by the poets of any special period, he will find that they vary with the intellectual characteristics of the time. Then it will be discovered that opinions are modified by circumstances, and that it is only in great poets who grasp the universal while depicting and representing their own particular age, that an advance is made in poetic thinking as well as in poetic feeling. From Chaucer to Wordsworth we have in English literature five great original poets, namely, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth. The second-rate and third-rate poets, even the fourth-rate, are worthy of attention; but these five are commonly recognized to be, on the whole, the greatest. The only question is whether Wordsworth, in the marked revival of English poetry during the present century, should yield the position of leader to Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, or Scott, — all of whom were poets of striking individuality and splendid genius. The question of precedence among these eminent men we will not now discuss.

The first consideration which presses on the editors of such a work as the present is the absolute worth of the highest poetry as a means of mental, moral, and religious culture. Among the testimonies to its value in these respects, we pass over the eloquent "Defence" of Sidney, the memorable lines of George Wither, the touching tribute of Coleridge, the ecstatic passages scattered through the works of Milton and Emerson, in order to fasten attention on the deliberate opinion of a consecrated poet, who made poetry his vocation, and who listened to the utterances of the Muse

with the rapt and solemn attention with which other holy men have listened to the still, small voice heard in the inmost recesses of their souls, indicating their transient communion with the Holy Spirit of God. From his own thrilling experience of mysteries in nature which science is incompetent to explain, Wordsworth, in 1807, was impelled to say: "It is an awful truth that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine love of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world"; in other words, that the secret of the loftiest poetry is hidden from confirmed worldlings, though they may themselves be competent to write brilliant and telling verses. But the point of the remark is discerned in the next sentence: "This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be *without love of human nature and reverence for God.*" Now men and women are of little worth unless they possess these two sentiments, reverence for God and love of man. Still, they may have these sentiments without adopting Wordsworth's exclusive dogma, — a dogma prompted, we may suppose, by the general neglect, at the time it was announced, of his own poems and of those of his friends Coleridge and Southey; but still the opinion thus solemnly stated as an "awful truth" is worthy the attention of all educators of the young. Plant in the growing mind this seed of the highest poetry, make the boy and girl thoroughly enthusiastic for grand sentiments and ideas as expressed through the imaginations of creative spirits, and a large portion of the work of education is done; for a passion for what is true and beautiful and good comes to the aid of formal ethics, and enforces what morality merely teaches.

Still, Wordsworth's definition of poetry is too limited. It will be found, in the present volume, that the light and playful as well as the deep and serious elements of humanity are included in the scope of English, Scottish, and Irish poetry, and that there is hardly an actual or possible mood of the human mind which is not embodied in these pages. We have quoted over four hundred poets, writing under various conditions of birth, individuality, genius, and external circumstances, who have recorded

their experiences of life and nature. From the loftiest flights of impassioned imagination to the quaint play of wit and fancy on scores of trivial themes, we feel assured that the readers of this book will acknowledge the comprehensiveness of its plan, and find poems answering to every transient as well as to every permanent mood of their minds. It may not be unreasonable to hope that the specimens we have given of the immense richness and variety of English poetry, from Chaucer to Swinburne, will stimulate thousands of readers to go over the whole field in detail, and find in the work constant instruction, inspiration, and delight. While deeply appreciating Wordsworth's lofty idea of the function of poetry, and allowing the great poets the amplest space for the expression of their genius, we have still made this deference to the preponderating claims of the superior poets compatible with a breadth of representation which includes all wits and humorists who have written in verse, and all minor rhymers who, after groping about for a lifetime, versifying the commonplaces of their age, have at last lighted upon one sentiment or idea, and put it into melodious verse, which hit the public taste, and made a few stanzas or couplets almost as immortal as the grander efforts of the noblest poets. It is to be noted that most of these "occasional" poems refer to domestic or religious subjects. They are commonly deficient in the great qualities of poetry; the fancy, the imagination, the passion, may be comparatively feeble; but they have taken hold of the public mind, and will not submit to the death which their essential inferiority in respect to thought and imagination would, from a critical point of view, seem to doom them. Many of the most popular short poems in the language, poems which are stereotyped in the memory of ordinary Englishmen and Americans, are merely accidental "hits" of generally mediocre rhymers. We have rescued some novel examples of this class of poems from the undeserved oblivion which sometimes follows great popularity. But while such pieces are included in this collection, because readers in general would demand their appearance in it, the Editors take satisfaction in the prominence they have given to such poets as Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Milton,

Dryden, Marvell, Herbert, Pope, Akenside, Young, Thomson, Goldsmith, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Campbell, Byron, Southey, and Tennyson.

In every case where a poet of the first rank has been cited, care has been taken to consult the best editions within our reach. Our general reliance has been upon the American reprint of the Aldine poets, published by Pickering in London, and edited in this country by Professor Francis J. Child. As to the "occasional" poems, found in all collections, we have endeavored to get at the true text, but may sometimes have failed. It is said, for example, that a poem so familiar as "The Burial of Sir John Moore" has never been correctly printed in the United States except in Cheever's small volume of selections, published nearly half a century ago; "Auld Robin Gray," the most pathetic and popular of songs, was so altered, first by the authoress, and afterwards by collectors of songs, that even Palgrave seemed to have been ignorant of the lyric as it was originally written, when he printed it in his excellent "Golden Treasury." It would appear that Burns's lines on Bannockburn could not be misprinted, yet there are two versions of it, and the poorer version is that which is often accepted. The list might be extended to a great length. The songs in the plays of the dramatists of the Elizabethan period are often strangely perverted in collections of English lyrics. We have generally followed the text of the volume in which Robert Bell has collected them, and are quite sure, from frequent reference to the originals, that he is right. But there are many popular poems where it is almost impossible to be certain that one has the pure text. If we have made mistakes in such cases, it has not been for want of industry, but from the intrinsic difficulties we have encountered. The compilers of hymn-books used in our churches have taken the strangest liberties in altering the style, and sometimes the meaning, of the religious poets from whose works they have made their selections. A lawyer who had strict views regarding the guilt of transposing or omitting words in a written document duly signed, and of substituting different words from those which the signer used, could hardly enter a church in the land without having a strange sensation, com-

pounded of the horrible and the comical, in listening to choirs devoutly chanting or singing verses with forged names appended to them in the hymn-book he holds in his hands.

It would be presumption to assert that among the hundreds of poems to be found in this volume, some mistakes, as we have said, may not be detected; but where the poet is eminent, or where, if not eminent, he can boast of a good editor, it will be found that the text is pure. There are, for instance, many poems of Andrew Marvell, which deservedly appear in all collections of English poetry; but they are taken from a splendid though wretchedly edited quarto edition of his works, published in the last century. The chief fault in this edition is wrong punctuation; in Professor Child's edition, published in the Boston reprint of the British poets, this fault, which makes nonsense of some of Marvell's best passages, is corrected; and there are also numerous emendations of the text, in which the word that Marvell really wrote is substituted for the word which Marvell's first editor should have known he was incapable of writing. It is the same with numerous editions of Southwell, Crashaw, Herrick, Herbert, and Vaughan, — especially of Herrick.

In the extracts from Chaucer we have discarded Tyrwhitt, and followed the text as given in the "Clarendon Series"; in the numerous citations from Spenser we have relied on the best edition in existence, that of Professor Child, containing, as it does, the finest results of the labors of previous editors, with many precious additions of his own; and Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Collins, Thomson, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Campbell, Southey, Coleridge, Byron, Browning, Tennyson, not to mention others, are represented in this volume by selections taken from the best and latest editions of their works. It will also be observed that we have, in a number of instances, extracted many long poems, which have obtained a deserved celebrity, without retrenchment. While quoting liberally from the other works of Pope, we have given the most exquisite mock-heroic poem in the English, or perhaps in any language, "The Rape of the Lock," in full. While selecting from Thomson's "Seasons" the passages which have taken the strongest hold on the popular imagi-

nation, the best of his poems, "The Castle of Indolence," appears in this volume as "one entire and perfect chrysolite." The Odes of Gray and Collins, indeed, almost all the pieces they wrote worthy of remembrance, are here reproduced. Many persons may be unable to purchase the complete works of Goldsmith and Johnson; but in this volume they will find "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village," "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes." The first book of "The Minstrel" of Beattie, and the larger portion of the second book, occupy what may by some be considered a disproportionate space, because "The Minstrel" has, for more than a hundred years, exercised a peculiar fascination over the hearts and imaginations of the young. The whole of "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats, has been included in the collection, because that poem, beautiful in itself, is perhaps the most striking example of what the genius of the author might have accomplished, had he lived long enough to show his capacity to combine the full flow of a genuine poetic inspiration with the regulating principles of an almost perfect poetic art. In the extracts from Wordsworth, the lovers of that great poet will perceive that care has been taken to represent fairly every aspect of his genius; and certainly no admirer of Byron or Scott can complain of scant justice done to whatever was individual in the products of their inspired moods. The Editors feel confident that, in their selections from the eminent and the minor poets of five centuries, they have not erred from any intellectual narrowness, excluding this or that poet because he did not fulfil the rigid requirements of any exclusive system of poetic art; that, in the wide sweep of their selections from poets of various kinds and degrees of power, they have admitted nothing in the volume which is not admissible in a family circle; and that, though repudiating Wordsworth's somewhat exclusive

system of poetic criticism, which would seem to reject the light and graceful fancies which spring spontaneously from moods in which the poet abandons himself to merry and jovial extravagances in contemplating the ludicrous side of life, the mission of this volume will be, on the whole, like that of the pure stream of the Duddon, immortalized in his sonnets; that is, its effect will be

"To heal and cleanse, not madden or pollute."

The Editors intended to give here a general sketch of British poetry; but as a companion volume, "The Family Library of British Prose," is soon to accompany the present work, they have concluded to reserve for that volume a general view of the literature of Britain, including its prose as well as poetical writers. It will be seen that this method has the advantage of enabling the Editors to give a more symmetrical view of the different periods of British literature. The age of Elizabeth requires Hooker and Bacon as much as Spenser, and nearly as much as Shakespeare; in the age of Charles II. (leaving out Milton,) the two great imaginative minds are Bunyan and Jeremy Taylor; in the period between 1740 and 1790 no poet, in respect to imperial and prodigal genius, can be compared with Burke; and among the poets of the present century, the large majority are eminent as prose-writers as well as poets. The examples of Scott, Coleridge, Southey, and Moore will at once recur to every mind. The Editors for these reasons have decided to postpone their general sketch of the literature of Britain, and present it in the forthcoming "Family Library of British Prose."

From Milton to Swinburne modern orthography has generally been followed, and in such words as "preserved" the last e has been retained, in accordance with present usage, though without indicating the addition of a syllable.

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THE FAMILY LIBRARY OF BRITISH POETRY.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

1328 (?) - 1400.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.*

WHAN that Aprille with his schowres swoote¹
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich² licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breathe
Enspired hath in every holte³ and heethie
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours i-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in here⁴ corages: ⁵—
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seeken straunge strondes,
To ferne⁶ halwes,⁷ kouthes⁸ in sondry londes;
And specially, from every schires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seeke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.

Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come into that hostelrye
Wel nyne⁹ and twenty in a compaignye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle
In felaweschipe, and pilgrims were thei alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed atte¹⁰ beste.
And schortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,¹¹
That I was of here felaweschipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,

¹ Sweet.

² Such.

³ Wood.

⁴ Their.

⁵ Hearts.

⁶ Ancient.

⁷ Saints.

⁸ Renowned.

⁹ Nine.

¹⁰ At the.

¹¹ Every one.

To take our wey ther as I yow devyse.
But natheles, whil I have tyme and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of eche of hem, so as it semede me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eek in what array that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I first bygynne.

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tyme that he first bigan

To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.

Ful worthi was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he riden, noman ferre,¹
As wel in Cristendom as in hethenesse,
And evere honoured for his worthinesse.

At Alisaundre he was whan it was wonne,
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord² bygonne³
Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.

In Lettowe hadde he reysed⁴ and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.

In Gernade atte siege hadde he be
Of Algesir, and riden in Belmarie.

At Lieys was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Greete see

At many a noble arive⁵ hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fittene,

And foughten for oure feith at Tramassene
In lystes⁶ thries, and ay slayn his foo.

This ilke worthi knight hadde ben also
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,

Ageyn another hethen in Turkye:
And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys.⁷

And though that he was worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.

He nevere yit no vileinye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.

He was a verray perfight gentil knight.

But for to tellen you of his array,

His hors was good, but he ne was nought gay.

¹ Farther.

² Joust.

³ Begun.

⁴ Made an inroad.

⁵ Arrival of troops.

⁶ Lists.

⁷ Prize.

* The text is that of Dr. Morris's edition, in the "Clarendon Press Series."

Of fustyan he werede a gepoun¹
 Al bysmotered² with his habergeoun.³
 For he was late ycome from his viage,
 And wente for to doon⁴ his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,
 A lovyere, and a lusty bachelor,
 With lokkes crulle⁵ as they were leyd in presse.
 Of twenty yeer of age he was I gesse.
 Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
 And wonderly delyvere,⁶ and gret of strengthe.
 And he hadde ben somtyme in chivachie,⁷
 In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardie,
 And born him wel, as of so litel space,
 In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
 Embrowded⁸ was he, as it were a mede
 Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede.
 Syngynge he was, or floytynge,⁹ al the day;
 He was as fressh as is the moneth of May.
 Schort was his goune, with sleeves longe and wyde.
 Wel cowde he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
 He cowde songes make and wel endite,
 Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye¹⁰ and write.
 So hote he lovede, that by nightertale¹¹
 He sleep nomore than doth a nightyngale.
 Curteys he was, lowely, and servysable,
 And carf¹² byforn his fader at the table.

A Yeman¹³ hadde he, and servauntz nomoo
 At that tyme, for him luste ryde soo;
 And he was clad in coote¹⁴ and hood of grene.
 A shef of pocok arwes¹⁵ brighte and kene
 Under his belte he bar ful thriftily.
 Wel cowde he dresse his takel¹⁶ yemanly;
 His arwes drowpede nought with fetheres lowe.
 And in his hond he bar a mighty bowe.
 A not-heed hadde he with a broun visage.
 Of woode-craft wel cowde he al the usage.
 Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,¹⁷
 And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
 And on that other side a gay daggere,
 Harneysed wel, and sharp as poynt of spere;
 A Cristofre on his brest of silver schene.
 An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene;
 A forster was he sothly, as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioressse,
 That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy;
 Hire gretteste ooth ne was but by seynt Loy;
 And sche was cleped madame Eglentyne.
 Ful wel sche sang the servise divyne,
 Entuned in hire nose ful semely;
 And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,
 After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,

¹ A short cassock.

² Smuttred.

³ A small coat of mail.

⁴ Make.

⁵ Curled.

⁶ Active.

⁷ A military expedition.

⁸ Embroidered.

⁹ Playing on a flute.

¹⁰ Portray.

¹¹ Night-time.

¹² Carved.

¹³ Yeoman.

¹⁴ Coat.

¹⁵ Arrows.

¹⁶ Weapons.

¹⁷ Armor for the arm.

For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe.
 At mete wel i-taught was sche withalle;
 Sche leet no morsel from hire lippes falle,
 Ne wette hire fyngres in hire sauce deepe.
 Wel cowde sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe,
 That no drope ne fille uppon hire breste.
 In curteisie was set ful moche hire leste.¹
 Hire overlippe wypede sche so clene,
 That in hire cuppe was no ferthing² sene
 Of greece, whan sche dronken hadde hire
 draughte.

Ful semely after hire mete sche raughte,³
 And sikerly sche was of gret disport,
 And ful plesaunt, and amyeable of port,
 And peynede⁴ hire to countrefete⁵ cheere
 Of court, and ben estatlich⁶ of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.
 But for to speken of hire conscience,
 Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
 Sche wolde weeppe if that sche sawe a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
 Of smale houndes hadde sche, that sche fedde
 With rosted flessch, or mylk and wastel breed.
 But sore wepte sche if oon of hem were deed,
 Or if men smot it with a yerde smerte:
 And al was conscience and tendre herte.
 Ful semely hire wympele i-pynched was;
 Hire nose tretys;⁷ hire eyen greye as glas;
 Hire mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed
 But sikerly⁸ sche hadde a fair forheed.
 It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
 For hardily sche was not undergrowe.⁹
 Ful fetys was hire cloke, as I was waar.
 Of smal coral aboute hire arm sche baar
 A peire of bedes gauded al with grene;
 And theron heng a broch of gold ful schene,
 On which was first i-write a crowned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another Nonne with hire hadde sche,
 That was hire chapeleyn, and Prestes thre.

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrie,
 An out-rydere, that lovede venerye;¹⁰
 A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
 Ful many a deynté¹¹ hors hadde he in stable:
 And whan he rood, men mighte his bridel heere
 Gynglen in a whistlyng wynd as cleere,
 And eek as lowde as doth the chapel belle.
 Ther as this lord was keper of the selle,¹²
 The reule of seynt Maure or of saint Beneyt,
 Bicause that it was old and somdel¹³ streyt,
 This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace,
 And held after the newe world the space.

¹ Pleasure.

² Smallest spot.

³ Reached.

⁴ Took pains.

⁵ Imitate.

⁶ Worthy.

⁷ Long and well proportioned.

⁸ Surely.

⁹ Undergrown.

¹⁰ Hunting.

¹¹ Dainty.

¹² Cell.

¹³ Somewhat.

He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
That seith, that hunters been noon holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is recheles¹
Is likned to a fisch that is waterles;
This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.
But thilke text held he not worth an oystre.
And I seide his opinioun was good.
What schulde he studie, and make himselfen wood,
Uppon a book in cloystre alway to powre.
Or swynke² with his handes, and labour,
As Austyn byt?³ How schal the world be
served?

Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reserved.
Therefore he was a pricasour⁴ a right;
Greyhoundes he hadde as swifte as fowel in
flight;

Of prikyng and of huntyng for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I saugh his sleeves purfild⁵ atte honde
With grys,⁶ and that the fyneste of a londe.
And for to festne his hood under his chynne
He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pyne:
A love-knotte in the grettere ende ther was.
His heed was balled, that schon as eny glas,
And eek his face as he hadde ben anynt.
He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt;
His eyen steepe, and rolyng in his heede,
That stemed as a forneys of a leede;⁷
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estate.
Now certainly he was a fair prelate;
He was not pale as a for-pyned goost.
A fat swan lovede he best of eny roost.
His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.

A Frere ther was, a wantoun and a merye,
A lymytour,⁸ a ful solempne man.
In alle the ordres foure is noon that can⁹
So moche of daliaunce and fair langage.
He hadde i-mad ful many a mariage
Of yonge wymmen, at his owne cost.
Unto his ordre he was a noble post.¹⁰
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he
With frankeleyns over-al in his cuntre,
And eek with worthi women of the toun:
For he hadde power of confessioun,
As seyde himself, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licentiat.
Ful sweetely herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucioun;
He was an esy man to yeve penaunce
Ther as he wiste han¹¹ a good pitaunce;
For unto a poure ordre for to yive
Is signe that a man is wel i-schrive.¹²
For if he yaf,¹³ he dorste make avaunt,

He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therefore in stede of wepyng and preyeres,
Men moot yive silver to the poure freres.
His tytet was ay farsed ful of knyfes
And pyynes, for to yive faire wyfes.
And certeynly he hadde a mery noote;
Wel couthe he synge and pleyen on a rote.¹
Of yeddynges² he bar utterly the prys.
His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys.
Therto he strong was as a champioun.
He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,
And everych hostiler and tappestere,³
Bet then a lazer,⁴ or a beggestere,⁵
For unto such a worthi man as he
Acordede not, as by his faculté,
To han with sike lazars aqueyntaunce.
It is not honest, it may not avaunce,
For to delen with no such poraille,⁶
But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
And overal, ther as profyt schulde arise,
Curteys he was, and lowely of servyse.
Ther nas no man nowher so vertuouus.
He was the beste beggere in his hous,
For though a widewe hadde noght oo schoo,⁷
So plesaunt was his *In principio*,
Yet wolde he have a ferthing or he wente.
His purchas⁸ was wel bettre than his rente.
And rage he couthe as it were right a whelpe,
In love-dayes⁹ couthe he mochel helpe.
For ther he was not lik a cloysterer,
With a thredbare cope as is a poure scolere,
But he was lik a maister or a pope.
Of double worstede was his semy-cope,
That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lipsede, for his wantownesse,
To make his Englissh swete upon his tunge;
And in his harpyng, whan that he hadde sunge,
His eyghen twynkled in his heed a right,
As don the sterres in the frosty night.
This worthi lymytour was cleped Huberd.

A Marchaunt was ther with a forked berd,
In motteleye,¹⁰ and high on horse he sat,
Uppon his heed a Flaundrisch bevere hat;
His botes clapsed faire and fetysly.
His resons he spak ful solempnely,
Sownynge¹¹ alway theneres¹² of his wyynyng.
He wolde the see were kept¹³ for eny thinge
Betwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.
Wel couthe he in eschaunge scheeldes¹⁴ selle.
This worthi man ful wel his wit bisette;¹⁵

¹ Reckless, out of the rules. ⁴ A hard rider. ⁷ Gray fur.

² Toil. ⁵ Fringed. ⁶ Caldron.

³ Biddeth.

⁸ A friar licensed to ask alms within a certain limit.

⁹ Knew. ¹¹ To have. ¹³ Gave.

¹⁰ Pillar.

¹² Shripen.

¹ A stringed instrument.

² Songs embodying some story.

³ Female tapster.

⁴ Leper.

⁵ Days appointed for settling differences by umpire.

¹⁰ Motley.

¹¹ Tending to.

¹² The increase.

⁵ A female beggar.

⁶ The poor.

⁷ Shoe.

⁸ Proceeds of begging.

⁹ Should be guarded.

¹⁴ Crowns.

¹⁵ Used.

Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
 So estatly was he of governaunce,
 With his bargayns, and with his chevysaunce.¹
 For sothe he was a worthi man withalle,
 But soth to sayn, I not how men him calle.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
 That unto logik hadde longe i-go.
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he was not right fat, I undertake;
 But lokede holwe, and therto soberly.
 Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy,²
 For he hadde gotten him yit no benefice,
 Ne was so worldly for to have office.
 For him was levere have at his beddes heede
 Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
 Then robes riche, or fithele,³ or gay sawtrie.⁴
 But al be that he was a philosopre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
 But al that he mighte of his frendes hente,⁵
 On bookes and on lernyng he it spente,
 And busily gan for the soules preye
 Of hem that yaf him wherwith to scoleye,⁶
 Of studie took he most cure and most heede.
 Not oo word spak he more than was neede,
 And that was seid in forme and reverence
 And schort and quyk, and ful of high sentence.
 Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A Sergeant of Lawe, war⁷ and wys,
 That often haddé ben atte parvyrs,⁸
 Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
 Discret he was, and of gret reverence:
 He semede such, his wordes weren so wise,
 Justice he was ful often in assise,
 By patente, and by pleyn commissioun;
 For his science, and for his heih renoun,
 Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.
 So gret a purchasour⁹ was nowher noon.
 Al was fee symple to him in effecte,
 His purchasyng mighte nought ben enfecte.¹⁰
 Nowher so besy a man as hé ther nas,
 And yit he seemede besier than he was.
 In termes hadde he caas and domes¹¹ alle
 That fro the tyme of kyng William were falle.
 Therto he couthe endite, and make a thing,
 Ther couthe no wight pynche¹² at his writyng;
 And every statute couthe he pleyn by roote.
 He rood but hoonly in a medlé coote,¹³
 Gird with a seynt¹⁴ of silk, with barres¹⁵ smale;
 Of his array telle I no longer tale.

¹ Agreement for borrowing money. ⁵ Get.

² Uppermost cloak of coarse cloth. ⁶ Study.

³ Fiddle.

⁷ Prudent.

⁴ Psaltery.

⁸ Portico of St. Paul's, where lawyers met.

⁹ Prosecutor.

¹³ Coat of mixed stuff.

¹⁰ Tainted.

¹⁴ Girdle.

¹¹ Decisions.

¹⁵ Small stripes.

¹² Find fault with.

A Frankeleyn was in his compaignye;
 Whit was his berde, as is the dayesye.
 Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
 Wel lovede he by the morwe¹ a sop in wyn.²
 To lyven in delite was al his wone,³
 For he was Epicurus owne sone,
 That heeld opynyoun that pleyn delyt
 Was verrailly felicité perfyt.
 An houshaldere, and that a gret, was he;
 Seynt Julian he was in his countré.
 His breed, his ale, was alway after oon;
 A better envyned man was nowher noon.
 Withouté bake mete was nevere his hous,
 Of flessch and fissch, and that so plenteuous,
 Hit sneuede in his hous of mete and drynke,
 Of alle deyntees that men cowde thynke.
 After the sondry sesouns of the yeer,
 So chaungede he his mete and his soper.
 Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
 And many a brem and many a luce in stewe.
 Woo was his cook, but-if his sauce were
 Poynaunt and scharp, and redy al his gere.
 His table dormant in his halle alway
 Stood redy covered al the longe day.
 At sessionus ther was he lord and sire.
 Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the schire.
 An anlas⁴ and a gipser⁵ al of silk
 Heng at his girdel, whit as morne mylk.
 A schirreve hadde he ben, and a countour;⁶
 Was nowher such a worthi vavasour.⁷

An Haberdasshere and a Carpenter,
 A Webbe,⁸ a Deyere, and a Tapicer,
 And they were clothed alle in oo lyveré,
 Of a solempne and a gret fraternité.
 Ful fresch and newe here gere apiked⁹ was;
 Here knyfes were i-chaped nat with bras,
 But al with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
 Here gurdles and here pouches every del.¹⁰
 Wel semede ech of hem a fair burgeys,¹¹
 To sitten in a yeldehalle on a deys.
 Everych for the wisdom that he can,
 Was schaply¹² for to ben an alderman.
 For catel hadde they inough and rente,
 And eek here wyfes wolde it wel assente;
 And elles certeyn were thei to blame.
 It is ful fair to ben yclept *madame*,
 And gon to vigilies al byfore,
 And han a mantel rialliche¹³ i-bore.¹⁴

A Cook thei hadde with hem for the nones,
 To boylle chyknes with the mary bones,
 And poudre-marchaunt tart, and galyngale.¹⁵
 Wel cowde he knowe a draughte of Londone
 ale.

He cowde roste, and sethe, and broille, and frie,

¹ Morning.

⁶ Auditor of accounts.

¹¹ Citizen.

² Wine.

⁷ A sub-vassal.

¹² Fit.

³ Custom.

⁸ Weaver.

¹³ Royally.

⁴ Knife.

⁹ Trimmed.

¹⁴ Supported.

⁵ Purse.

¹⁰ Part.

¹⁵ Sweet Cyperus.

Maken mortreux,¹ and wel bake a pye.
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his schyne² a mormal³ hadde he,
For blankmanger that made he with the beste.

A Schipman was ther, wbynyng⁴ fer by weste:
For ought I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.
He rood upon a rouncey,⁵ as he couthe,
In a gowne of faldyng⁶ to the kne.
A daggere hangyng on a laas hadde he
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hooite⁷ somer hadde maad his hew al broun;
And certainly he was a good felawe.
Ful many a draughte of wyn hadde he ydrawe
From Burdeux-ward, whil that the chapman⁸
sleep

Of nyce conscience took he no keep.
If that he faughte, and hadde the heigher hand,
By water he sente hem hoom to every land.
But of his craft to rekne wel his tydes,
His stremes and his daungers him bisides,
His herbergh⁹ and his mone,¹⁰ his lodemenage,¹¹
Ther was non such from Hulle to Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wys to undertake;
With many a tempest hadde his berd ben schake.
He knew wel alle the havenes, as thei were,
From Gootlond to the cape of Fynystere,
And every cryke in Bretayne and in Spayne;
His barge y-cleped was the Maudelayne.

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisik,
In al this world ne was ther non him lyk
To speke of phisik and of surgerye;
For he was grounded in astronomye.
He kepte his pacient wonderly wel
In houres by his magik naturel.
Wel cowde he fortunen the ascendent
Of his ymages for his pacient.
He knew the cause of every maladye,
Were it of hoot or cold, or moyste or drye,
And where engendred, and of what humour;
He was a verrey parficht practisour.
The cause i-knowe, and of his harm the roote,
Anon he yaf the syke man his boote.¹²
Ful redy hadde he his apotecaries,
To sende him dragges, and his letuaries,¹³
For ech of hem made other for to wynne;
Here frendschipe nas not newe to begynne.
Wel knew he the olde Esculapius,
And Deiscorides, and eek Rufus;
Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;
Serapyon, Razis, and Avycen;
Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn;
Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.
Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluité,

But of gret norisching and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sangwin and in pers¹ he clad was al,
Lined with taffata and with sendal.²
And yit he was but esy of dispence;
He kepte that he wan in pestilence.
For gold in phisik is a cordial,
Therefore he lovede gold in special.

A good Wif was ther of byside Bathe,
But sche was somdel deaf, and that was skathe.³
Of cloth-makyng she hadde such an haunt,⁴
Sche passede hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offryng byforn hire schulde goon,⁵
And if ther dide certeyn so wroth was sche,
That sche was out of alle charité.
Hire keverchefs ful fyne weren of grounde;
I durste swere they weygheden ten pounde
That on a Sunday were upon hire heed.
Hire hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streyte y-teyd, and schoos ful moyste and
newe.

Bold was hire face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
Sche was a worthy womman al hire lyfe,
Housbondes at chirche dore sche hadde fyfe,⁶
Withouten other compaignye in youthe;
But therof needeth nought to speke as nouthe.⁷
And thries hadde sche ben at Jerusalem;
Sche hadde passed many a straunge strem;
At Rome sche hadde ben, and at Boloynie,
In Galice at seynt Jame, and at Coloyne.
Sche cowde⁸ moche of wandryng by the weye.
Gat-tothed was sche, sothly for to seye.
Uppon an amblere⁹ esily sche sat,
Ywympled wel, and on hire heed an hat
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
A foot-mantel¹⁰ aboute hire hipen large,
And on hire feet a paire of spores¹¹ sharpe.
In felaweschipe wel cowde sche lawghe and
carpe.¹²

Of remedies of love sche knew parchaunce,
For of that art sche couthe¹³ the olde daunce.

A good man was ther of religioun;
And was a poure Persoun of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversité ful pacient;
And such he was i-proved ofte sithes.¹⁴
Ful loth were him to curse for his tythes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of dowte,
Unto his poure parisschens aboute,

¹ A kind of pottage.

² Shin.

³ Gangrene.

⁴ Dwelling.

⁵ Hackney.

⁶ Coarse cloth.

⁷ Hot.

⁸ Merchant.

⁹ Port.

¹⁰ Moon.

¹¹ Pilotage.

¹² Remedy.

¹³ Electuaries.

¹ Sky-blue.

² Thin silk.

³ Misfortune.

⁴ Custom.

⁵ Walk.

⁶ Five.

⁷ Just now.

⁸ Knew.

⁹ Nag.

¹⁰ A riding petticoat.

¹¹ Spurs.

¹² Talk.

¹³ Knew.

¹⁴ Times.

Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce.
 He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.
 Wyd was his parische, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne lafte¹ not for reyne ne thonder,
 In siknesse nor in meschief to visite
 The ferreste² in his parissche, moche and lite,
 Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
 This noble ensample to his scheep he yaf,³
 That first he wroughte, and afterward he taughte,
 Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte,
 And this figure he addede eek therto,
 That if gold ruste, what schal yren doo ?
 For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewed man to ruste ;
 And schame it is, if that a prest take kepe,
 A [foul] schepherde [to se] and a clene schepe ;
 Wel oughte a prest ensample for to yive,
 By his clenness, how that his scheep schulde
 lyve.

He sette not his benefice to hyre,
 And leet his scheep encombred in the myre,
 And ran to Londone, unto seynte⁴ Poules,
 To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,
 Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde ;⁵
 But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
 So that the wolf ne made it not myscearye ;
 He was a schepherde and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful man nought despitous,⁶
 Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,⁷
 But in his teching discret and benigun.
 To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse
 By good ensample, this was his busynesse :
 But it were eny persone obstinat,
 What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
 Him wolde he snybbe⁸ scharpely for the nones.
 A better preest, I trowe, ther nowher non is.
 He waytede after no pompe and reverence,
 Ne makede him a spiced conscience,
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taughte, but first he folwede it himselfe.

With him ther was a Ploughman, was his
 brother,
 That hadde i-lad of dong ful many a fother,⁹
 A trewe swynkere¹⁰ and a good was he,
 Lyvyng in pees and perfight charitee.
 God lovede he best with al his hoole herte
 At alle tymes, though him gamede¹¹ or smerte,
 And thanne his neighebour right as himselfe.
 He wolde thresshe, and therto dyke and delve,
 For Cristes sake, with every poure wight,
 Withouten hyre, if it laye in his might.
 His tythes payede he ful faire and wel,
 Bothe of his owne swynk and his catel.
 In a tabard¹² he rood upon a mere.

¹ Ceased.⁵ Maintained.⁹ Load.² Farthest.⁶ Merciless.¹⁰ Laborer.³ Gave.⁷ Proud.¹¹ Pleased.⁴ Saint.⁸ Snub.¹² Loose frock.

Ther was also a Reeve¹ and a Mellere,
 A Sompnour and a Pardoner also,
 A Maunciple, and my self, ther were no mo.

The Mellere was a stout carl for the nones,
 Ful big he was of braun, and eek of boones ;
 That prevede wel, for overal ther he cam,
 At wrastlyng he wolde have alwey the ram.²
 He was schort schuldred, brood, a thikke knarre,³
 Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre,⁴
 Or breke it at a rennyng with his heed.
 His berd as ony sowe or fox was reed,
 And therto brood, as though it were a spade.
 Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
 A werte, and theron stood a tuft of heres,
 Reede as the berstles of a sowes eeres.
 His nose-thurles⁵ blake were and wyde.
 A swerd and bokeler baar he by his side,
 His mouth as wyde was as a gret forneys.
 He was a jangler⁶ and a golyardeys,⁷
 And that was most of synne and harlotries.
 Wel cowde he stele corn, and tollen⁸ thries ;⁹
 And yet he hadde a thombe of gold pardé.
 A whit cote and a blew hood werede he.
 A baggepipe wel cowde he blowe and sowne,
 And therewithal he broughte us out of towne.

A gentil Maunciple¹⁰ was ther of a temple,
 Of which achatours¹¹ mighten take example
 For to be wyse in beyying of vitaille.
 For whether that he payde, or took by taille,
 Algate he waytede so in his achate,
 That he was ay biforn¹² and in good state.
 Now is not that of God a ful fair grace,
 That such a lewed mannes wit schal pace
 The wisdom of an heap of lernede men ?
 Of maystres hadde he moo than thries ten,
 That were of lawe expert and curious ;
 Of which ther were a doseyn in that house,
 Worthi to ben stiwardes of rente and lond
 Of any lord that is in Engelond,
 To make him lyve by his propre good,
 In honour detteles,¹³ but-if he were wood,
 Or lyve as scarsly as hym list desire ;
 And able for to helpen al a schire
 In any caas that mighte falle or happe ;
 And yit this maunciple sette here aller cappe.¹⁴

The Reeve was a sklendre colerik man,
 His berd was schave as neigh as evere he can.
 His heer was by his eres ful round i-shorn.
 His top was docked lyk a preest biforn.
 Ful longe wern his legges, and ful lene,
 Y-lik a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.
 Wel cowde he kepe a gerner¹⁵ and a bynne ;¹⁶

¹ Steward.⁴ Hinge.⁷ Buffoon.² Prize.⁵ Nostrils.⁹ Take toll.³ A thick-set fellow.⁶ Prater.⁸ Thrice.¹⁰ An officer who had the care of furnishing victuals for an inn of court.¹¹ Caterers.¹³ Free from debt.¹⁵ Garner.¹² Before.¹⁴ Made a fool of them all.¹⁶ Bin.

Ther was non auditour cowde on him wyne.
 Wel wiste he by the droughte, and by the reyn,
 The yeeldyng of his seed, and of his greyn.
 His lordes scheep, his neet,¹ his dayerie,
 His swyn, his hors, his stoor,² and his pultrie,
 Was holly in this reeves governynge,
 And by his covenaut yaf the rekenynge,
 Syn that his lord was twenti yeer of age;
 Ther couthe no man bringe him in arrerage.
 Ther nas baillif, ne herde,³ ne other hyne;⁴
 That he ne knew his sleighte⁵ and his covyne;⁶
 They were adrad of him, as of the dethe.
 His wonyng⁷ was ful fair upon an hethe,
 With grene trees i-schadwed was his place.
 He cowde better than his lord purchase.
 Ful riche he was astored⁸ prively,
 His lord wel couthe he plesse subtilly,
 To yeve and lene him of his owne good,
 And have a thank, and yet a cote, and hood.
 In youthe he lerned hadde a good mester;
 He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.
 This reeve sat upon a ful good stot,⁹
 That was al pomely¹⁰ gray, and highte Scot.
 A long surcote of pers uppon he hade,
 And by his side he bar a rusty blade.
 Of Northfolk was this reeve of which I telle,
 Byside a toun men clepen Baldeswelle.
 Tukked¹¹ he was, as is a frere, aboute,
 And evere he rood the hyndreste of the route.

A Sompnour¹² was ther with us in that place,
 That hadde a fyr-reed cherubynes face,
 For sawceffem¹³ he was, with eyghen narwe.
 And [quyk] he was, and [chirped], as a sparwe,
 With skalled¹⁴ browes blake, and piled¹⁵ berd;
 Of his visage children weren aferd.
 Ther nas quyksilver, litarge,¹⁶ ne bremstoon,
 Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tarte noon,
 Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte,
 That him mighte helpen of his whelkes¹⁷ white,
 Ne of the knobbes sitting on his cheekes.
 Wel lovede he garleek, oynouns, and ek leekes,
 And for to drinke strong wyn reed as blood.
 Thanne wolde he speke, and crye as he were
 wood.¹⁸

And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,
 Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.
 A fewe termes hadde he, tuo or thre,
 That he hadde lerned out of som decree;
 No wonder is, he herde it al the day;
 And eek ye knownen wel, how that a jay
 Can clepen Watte,¹⁹ as wel as can the pope.

But who so couthe in other thing him grope,¹
 Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophie,
 Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crye.
 He was a gentil harlot and a kynde;
 A better felawe schulde men noght fynde.
 He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn
 A good felawe to have his [wikked syn]
 A twelf moneth, and excuse him atte fulle:
 And prively a fynch eek cowde he pulle.
 And if he fond owher² a good felawe,
 He wolde techen him to han non awe
 In such caas of the archedeknes curs,³
 But-if a mannes soule were in his purs;
 For in his purs he scholde y-punyssched be.
 "Purs is the erchedeknes helle," quod he.
 But wel I woot he lyede right in dede;
 Of cursyng oghte ech gulty man him drede;
 For curs wol slee⁴ right as assoillyng saveth;
 And also war⁵ him of a *significavit*.
 In daunger hadde he at his owne gise⁶
 The yonge gurlis of the diocese,
 And knew here counseil, and was al here reed.
 A garland hadde he set upon his heed,
 As gret as it were for an ale-stake;
 A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.

With him ther rood a gentil Pardoner⁷
 Of Rouncevale, his frend and his comper,
 That streyt was comen from the court of Rome.
 Ful lowde he sang, Com hider, love, to me.
 This sompnour bar to him a stif burdoun,⁸
 Was nevere trompe of half so gret a soun,
 This pardoner hadde heer⁹ as yelwe as wax,
 But smothe it heng, as doth a strike of flex;
 By unces¹⁰ hynge his lokkes that he hadde,
 And therwith he his schuldres overspradde.
 Ful thinne it lay, by culpons¹¹ on and oon,
 But hood, for jolitee, ne werede he noon,
 For it was trussed up in his walet.
 Him thoughte he rood al of the newe get,¹²
 Dischevele, sauf¹³ his cappe, he rood al bare.
 Suche glaryng eyghen hadde he as an hare.
 A vernicle¹⁴ hadde he sowed upon his cappe.
 His walet lay byforn him in his lappe,
 Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot.
 A voys he hadde as smal as eny goot.
 No berd hadde he, he nevere scholde¹⁵ have,
 As smothe it was as it were late i-schave;
 * * *

But of his craft, fro Berwyk into Ware,
 Ne was ther such another pardoner.
 For in his male¹⁶ he hadde a pilwebeer,¹⁷

1 Cows.
 2 Stock.
 3 Shepherd.
 4 Hind.

5 Craft.
 6 Deceit.
 7 Dwelling.
 8 Stored.

9 Stallion.
 10 Dappled.
 11 Coated.

12 An officer appointed to summon delinquents to appear in Ecclesiastical courts.

13 Pimpled.
 14 Scurfy.
 15 Plucked.

16 White lead.

18 Mad.
 19 Can call Wat.

1 Test.
 2 Anywhere.
 3 Archdeacon's curse.
 4 Slay.
 5 Caution.
 6 Way.

7 A seller of Indulgences.

14 A copy in miniature of the picture of Christ.

15 Should.

8 Sang the bass.
 9 Hair.
 10 Small portions.
 11 Shreds.
 12 Fashion.
 13 Except.

16 Bag.

17 Pillowcase.

Which that, he seide, was oure lady veyl:
 He seide, he hadde a gobet¹ of the seyl²
 That seynt Peter hadde, whan that he wente
 Uppon the see, til Jhesu Crist him hente.³
 He hadde a croys of latoun⁴ ful of stones,
 And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
 But with thise reliques, whan that he fond
 A poure persoun dwellyng uppon lond,
 Upon a day he gat him more moneye
 Than that the persoun gat in monthes tweye.
 And thus with feyned flaterie and japes,⁵
 He made the persoun and the people his apes.⁶
 But trewely to tellen atte laste,
 He was in churche a noble ecclesiaste.
 Wel cowde he rede a lessoun or a storye,
 But altherbest he sang an offertorie;
 For wel he wyste, whan that song was songe,
 He moste preche, and wel affyle his tonge,
 To wyne silver, as he right wel cowde;
 Therefore he sang ful meriely and lowde.

Now have I told you schortly in a clause
 Thestat,⁷ tharray, the nombre, and eek the cause
 Why that assembled was this compaignye
 In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
 That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
 But now is tyme to yow for to telle
 How that we bare us in that ilke⁸ night,
 Whan we were in that hostelrie alight
 And after wol I telle of oure viage,
 And al the remenaunt of oure pilgrimage.
 But first I pray you of your curteisie,
 That ye ne rette it nat my vileinye.⁹
 Though that I pleynly speke in this matere,
 To telle you here wordes and here cheere;
 Ne though I speke here wordes proprely.
 For this ye knowen also wel as I,
 Whoso schal telle a tale after a man,
 He moot reherce, as neigh as evere he can,
 Everych a word, if it be in his charge,
 Al speke he nevere so rudelyche¹⁰ and large;¹¹
 Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe,
 Or feyne thing, or fynde wordes newe.
 He may not spare, although he were his brother;
 He moot as wel seyn oo word as another.
 Crist spak himself ful broode in holy writ,
 And wel ye woote no vileinye is it.
 Eek Plato seith, whoso that can him rede,
 The wordes mote be cosyn to the dede.
 Also I praye you to foryeve it me,
 Al have I nat set folk in here degre
 Here in this tale, as that thei schulde stonde;
 My wit is schort, ye may wel understonde.

Greet cheere made oure host us everichon,
 And to the souper sette he us anon;

¹ Piece.² Tinned iron.⁷ The rank.³ Sail.⁵ Deceits.⁸ Same.⁶ Assisted.⁹ Fools.¹⁰ That ye ascribe it not to my ill-breeding.¹¹ Free.¹² Rudely.

And servede us with vitaille atte beste.
 Strong was the wyn, and wel to drynke us leste.¹
 A semely man oure hoost he was withalle
 For to han been a marschal in an halle;
 A large man he was with eyghen stepe,
 A fairer burgeys was ther noon in Chepe:
 Bold of his speche, and wys and wel i-taught,
 And of manhede him lakkede right naught.
 Eek therto he was right a mery man,
 And after soper playen he bygan,
 And spak of myrthe amonges othre thinges,
 Whan that we hadde maad our rekenynges;
 And sayde thus: "Lo, lordynges, trewely
 Ye ben to me right welcome bertely:
 For by my trouthe, if that I schal not lye,
 I saugh nought this yeer so mery a compaignye
 At oones in this herbergh as is now.
 Fayn wolde I don² yow mirthe, wiste I how.
 And of a mirthe I am right now bythought,
 To dobn you eese, and it schal coste nought.
 Ye goon to Caunterbury; God you speede,
 The blisful martir quyte you youre meede!³
 And wel I woot, as ye gon by the weye,
 Ye schapen⁴ yow to talen⁵ and to playe;
 For trewely confort ne mirthe is noon
 To ryde by the weye domb as a stoon;
 And therfore wol I maken you disport,
 As I seyde erst, and don you som confort.
 And if yow liketh alle by oon assent
 Now for to standen at my juggement;
 And for to werken as I schal you seye,
 To morwe, whan ye riden by the weye,
 Now by my fader soule that is deed,
 But ye be merye, I wol yewe yow myn heed.
 Hold up youre hond withoute more speche.
 Oure counseil was not longe for to seche;⁶
 Us thoughte it nas nat worth to make it wys,
 And grauntede him withoute more avys,
 And bad him seie his verdite,⁷ as him leste.
 "Lordynges," quoth he, "now herkneth for the
 beste;

But taketh it not, I praye you, in desdeyn;
 This is the poynt, to speken schort and pleyn,
 That ech of yow to schorte with oure weie,
 In this viage, schal telle tales tweye,⁸
 To Caunterburi-ward, I mene it so,
 And hom-ward he schal tellen othere tuo,
 Of adventures that whilom han bifalle.
 And which of yow that bereth him best of alle,
 That is to seyn, that telleth in this caas
 Tales of best sentence and most solas,⁹
 Schal han a soper at oure alther cost
 Here in this place sittynge by this post,
 Whan that we come ageyn from Caunterbury.
 And for to maken you the more mery,

¹ Pleased.⁴ Purpose.⁷ Sentence.² Make.⁵ Tell tales.⁸ Two.³ Reward.⁶ Seek.⁹ Solace, mirth.

I wol myselfen gladly with you ryde,
 Right at myn owen cost, and be youre gyde.
 And whoso wole my juggement withseie¹
 Schal paye al that we spenden by the weye.
 And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
 Telle me anon, withouten wordes moo,
 And I wole erely schape me therfore.”
 This thing was graunted, and oure othes swore
 With ful glad herte, and prayden him also
 That he wolde vouchesauf for to doon so,
 And that he wolde ben oure governour,
 And of oure tales jugge and reportour,
 And sette a souper at a certeyn prys;
 And we wolde rewled,² ben at his devys,
 In heygh and lowe; and thus by oon assent,
 We been accorded to his juggement.
 And therupon the wyn was fet anon;
 We dronken, and to reste wente echoon,
 Withouten eny longer tarynge.

THE BOY MARTYR.

THER was in Asie, in a gret citee,
 Amonges cristen folk a Iewerye,
 Sustened by a lord of that contree
 For foule vsure and lucre of vilanye,
 Hateful to Crist and to his companye;
 And thurgh the strete men myght ryde or wende,
 For it was free, and open at eyther ende.

A litel scole of Cristen folk ther stood
 Doun at the ferther ende, in which ther were
 Children an heep, ycomen of Cristen blood,
 That lerned in that scole yeer by yeer
 Swich maner doctrine as men vsed there,
 This is to seyn, to singen and to rede,
 As smale children doon in hir childhede.

Among these children was a widwes sone,
 A litel clergeon,³ seuen yeer of age,
 That day by day to scole was his wone,⁴
 And eek also, wher as he sey thymage
 Of Cristes mooder, hadde he in vsage,
 As him was taught, to knele adoun and seye
 His *Aue Marie* as he goth by the weye.

Thus hath this widwe hir litel sone ytaught
 Our blisful lady, Cristes mooder⁵ dere,
 To worshipe ay, and he forgat it naught,
 For sely⁶ child wol alday sone lere;⁷
 But ay, whan I remembre on this matere,
 Seint Nicholas stant euer in my presence,
 For he so yong to Crist did reuerence.

This litel child his litel book lerninge,
 As he sat in the scole at his prymer,

¹ Gainsay.⁴ Wont.⁶ Simple.² Ruled.⁵ Mother.⁷ Learn.³ Chorister boy.

He *Alma redemptoris* herde singe,
 As children lerned hir antiphoner;¹
 And, as he dorste, he drough² hym ner and ner,
 And herkned ay the wordes and the note,
 Til he the firste vers coude³ al by rote.

Noght wiste he what this latin was to seye,
 For he so yong and tendre was of age;
 But on a day his felaw⁴ gan he preye
 Texpounden him this song in his langage,
 Or telle him why this song was in vsage;
 This preye he him to construe and declare
 Ful ofte tyme vpon his knowes⁵ bare.

His felaw, which that elder was than he,
 Answerde him thus: “This song, I haue herd seye,
 Was maked of our blisful lady free,
 Hir to salue,⁶ and eek hir for to preye
 To been our help and socour whan we deye.
 I can no more expounde in this matere;
 I lerne song, I can but smal grammere.”

“And is this song maked in reuerence
 Of Cristes mooder?” seyde this Innocent;
 “Now certes, I wol do my diligence
 To conne it al, er Cristemasse is went;
 Though that I for my prymer shal be shent,⁷
 And shal be beten thryes in an houre,
 I wol it conne, our lady for to honoure.”

His felaw taughte him homward priuely,⁸
 Fro day to day, til he coude it by rote,
 And than he song it wel and boldly
 Fro word to word, acordng with the note;
 Twyès a day it passed thurgh his throte,
 To scoleward and homward whan he wente;
 On Cristes mooder set was his entente.

As I haue seyde, thurgh-out the Iewerye
 This litel child, as he cam to and fro,
 Ful merily than⁹ wolde he singe, and crye
O Alma redemptoris euer-moo.¹⁰
 The swetnes hath his herte perced so
 Of Cristes mooder, that, to hir to preye,
 He can nat stinte of singing by the weye.

Our firste foo, the serpent Sathanas,
 That hath in Iewes herte his waspes nest,
 Vp swal,¹¹ and seide, “O Hebraik peple, allas!
 Is this to yow a thing that is honest,
 That swich a boy shal walken as him lest
 In your despyt, and singe of swich sentence,
 Which is agayn your lawes reuerence?”

Fro thennes forth the Iewes han conspyred
 This innocent out of this world to chace;

¹ Anthem book.⁵ Knees.⁹ Then.² Approached.⁶ Salute.¹⁰ Evermore.³ Knew.⁷ Scolded.¹¹ Swelled up.⁴ Companion.⁸ Privately.

An homicyde ther-to han they hyred,
That in an aley hadde a priuce place;
And as the child gan forby for to pace,
This cursed Iew him hente¹ and heeld him faste,
And kitte his throte, and in a pit him caste.

* * *

This poure widwe awaiteth al that nyght
After hir litel child, but he cam noght;
For which, as sone as it was dayes lyght,
With face pale of drede and bisy thoght,
She hath at scole and elles-wher him soght,
Til finally she gan so fer espye
That he last seyn was in the Iewerye.

With moodres pitee in hir brest enclosed,
She gooth, as she were half out of hir mynde,
To euery place wher she hath supposed
By lyklyhede hir litel child to fynde;
And euer on Cristes mooder meke and kynde
She cryde, and atte laste thus she wroughte,
Among the cursed Iewes she him soughte.

She frayneth² and she preyeth pitously
To euery Iew that dwelte in thilke place,
To telle hir, if hir child wente ought forby.³
They seyde, "Nay"; but Iesu, of his grace,
Yaf⁴ in hir thought, inwith a litel space
That in that place after hir sone she cryde,
Wher he was casten in a pit bisyde.

O grete god, that parfournest⁵ thy laude
By mouth of Innocentz, lo heer thy myght!
This gemme of chastitee, this Emeraude,
And eek of martirdom the Ruby bryght,
Ther he with throte ykoruen⁶ lay vpryght,
He *Alma redemptoris* gan to singe
So loude, that al the place gan to ringe.

The Cristen folk, that thurgh the strete wente,
In coomen, for to wondre vp-on this thing,
And hastily they for the Prouost sente;
He cam anon with-ouen taryng,
And herieth⁷ Crist that is of heuen king,
And eek his mooder, honour of mankynde,
And after that, the Iewes leet he bynde.⁸

This child with pitous lamentacioun
Vp-taken was, singing his song alway;
And with honour of gret processioun
They carien him vn-to the nexte abbay.
His mooder swowning by the bere lay;
Vnnethe⁹ myght the peple that was there
This newe Rachel bringe fro his bere.

With torment and with shamful deth echon
This Prouost dooth the Iewes for to sterue¹⁰

¹ Seized. ⁵ Performest. ⁸ Caused to be bound.
² Beseeches. ⁶ Cut. ⁹ With difficulty.
³ Past. ⁷ Praiseth. ¹⁰ Die.
⁴ Gave.

That of this mordre wiste,¹ and that anon;
He nolde² no swich cursednes obserue.
Euel³ shal haue, that euel wol deserue.
Therfor with wilde hors he dide hem drawe,
And after that he heng hem by the lawe.

Vp-on his bere ay lyth this innocent
Biforn the chief auter, whil masse laste,
And after that, the abbot with his couent⁴
Han sped hem for to burien him ful faste;
And whan they holy water on him caste,
Yet spak this child, whan spreyn⁵ was holy
water,
And song, *O Alma redemptoris mater!*

This abbot, which that was an holy man
As monkes been, or elles oughten be,
This yonge child to coniure he bigan,
And seyde, "O dere child, I halse⁶ thee,
In vertu of the holy Trinitee,
Tel me what is thy cause for to singe,
Sith that thy throte is cut, to my seminge?"

"My throte is cut vn-to my nekke-boon,"
Seyde this child, "and, as by wey of kynde,⁷
I sholde haue deyed, ye, long tyme agoon,
But Iesu Crist, as ye in bokes fynde,
Wil that his glorie laste and be in mynde,
And, for the worship of his mooder dere,
Yet may I singe *O Alma* loude and clere.

"This welle of mercy, Cristes mooder swete,
I louede alwey, as after my conninge;⁸
And whan that I my lyf sholde forelete,⁹
To me she cam, and bad me for to singe
This antem verraily in my deyinge,
As ye han herd, and, whan that I had songe,
Me thoughte she leyde a greyn¹⁰ vp-on my tonge.

"Whierfor I singe, and singe I mot¹¹ certeyn
In honour of that blisful mayden free,
Til fro my tonge of-taken is the greyn;
And afterward thus seyde she to me,
'My litel child, now wol I fecche thee
Whan that the greyn is fro thy tonge ytake;
Be nat agast, I wol thee nat forsake.'"

This holy monk, this abbot, him mene I,
His tonge out-caughte, and took a-wey the greyn,
And he yaf¹² vp the goost ful softly.
And whan this abbot had this wonder seyn,
His salte teres trikkled down as reyn,
And gruf¹³ he fil al plat¹⁴ vp-on the grounde,
And stille he lay as he had ben ybounde.

¹ Knew. ⁶ Conjure. ¹¹ Must.
² Would not. ⁷ Nature. ¹² Gave.
³ Evil. ⁸ Skill. ¹³ Prostrate.
⁴ Conventual body. ⁹ Quit. ¹⁴ Flat.
⁵ Sprinkled. ¹⁰ Grain.

The couent eek lay on the pauement¹
 Weping, and herien Cristes mooder dere,
 And after that they rise, and forth ben went,
 And toke away this martir fro his bere,
 And in a tombe of marbul-stones clere
 Enclosen they his litel body swete;
 Ther he is now, god leue² us for to mete.

O yonge Hugh of Lincoln, sleyn also
 With cursed Iewes, as it is notable,
 For it nis³ but a litel whyle ago;
 Prey eek⁴ for vs, we sinful folk vnstable,
 That of his mercy god so merciable
 On vs his grete mercy multiplie,
 For reuerence of his mooder Marye. *Amen.*
The Prioresses Tale.

DE HUGELINO, COMITE DE PIZE.

Of the erl Hugelyn of Pyse the langour⁵
 Ther may no tonge telle for pitee;
 But litel out of Pyse stant a tour,
 In whiche tour in prisoun put was he,
 And with him been his litel children thre.
 The eldeste scarsly fyf⁶ yeer was of age.
 Allas, fortune! it was greet crueltee
 Swiche briddes⁷ for to putte in swiche a cage!

Dampned⁸ was he to deye in that prisoun,
 For Roger, which that bisshop was of Pyse,
 Hadde on him maad a fals suggestioun,⁹
 Thurgh which the peple gan vpon him ryse,
 And putten him to prisoun in swich wyse
 As ye han herd, and mete and drink he hadde
 So smal, that wel vnnethe¹⁰ it may suffice,
 And therwith-al it was ful poure and badde.

And on a day bifl that in that hour
 Whan that his mete wont was to be brought,
 The gayler shette the dores of the tour.
 He herde it wel, but he ne spak right nought,
 And in his herte anon ther fil¹¹ a thought,
 That they for hunger wolde doon him dyen.
 "Allas!" quod he, "allas that I was wrought!"
 Therwith the teres fillen from his yën.

His yonge sone, that thre yeer was of age,
 Vn-to him seyde, "Fader, why do ye wepe?
 Whan wol the gayler bringen our potage,
 Is ther no morsel breed that ye do kepe?
 I am so hungry that I may nat slepe.
 Now wolde god that I myghte slepen euer!¹²
 Than sholde nat hunger in my wombe crepe;
 There is no thing, saue breed, that me were leuer."¹³

Thus day by day this child bigan to crye,
 Til in his fadres barme¹ adoun it lay,
 And seyde, "Far wel, fader, I moot dye,"
 And kiste his fader, and deyde the same day.
 And whan the woful fader deed it sey,
 For wo his armes two he gan to byte,
 And seyde, "Allas, fortune! and weylaway!
 Thy false wheel my wo al may I wyte!"²

His children wende³ that it for hunger was
 That he his armes gnaw⁴, and nat for wo,
 And seyde, "Fader, do nat so, allas!
 But rather eet the flessch vpon vs two;
 Our flessch thou yaf vs, tak our flessch vs fro,
 And eet ynough"; right thus they to him seyde,
 And after that, with-in a day or two,
 They leyde hem⁵ in his lappe adoun, and deyde.

Him-self, despeired, eek for hunger starf;⁶
 Thus ended is this myghty Erl of Pyse;
 From hy estat fortune away him carf.⁷
 Of this Tragedie it oughte ynough suffice.
 Who-so wol here it in a lenger wyse,
 Redeth the grete poete of Itaille,
 That highte Dante, for he can al deuyse.
 Fro point to point, nat o word wol he faille.

The Monkes Tale.

THE TEMPLE OF MARS.

Al peynted was the wal in lengthe and breede
 Lik to the estres⁸ of the grisly place,
 That highte the grete temple of Mars in Trace,
 In thilke colde frosty regioun,
 Ther as Mars hath his sovereyn mancioun.
 First on the wal was peynted a forest,
 In which ther dwelleth neyther man ne best,
 With knotty knarry bareyne trees olde
 Of stubbes⁹ scharpe and hidous to byholde;
 In which ther ran a swymbel¹⁰ in a swough,¹¹
 As though a storm schulde bersten every bough:
 And downward on an hil under a bente,¹²
 Ther stood the temple of Marz armypotente,
 Wrought al of burned steel, of which thentré¹³
 Was long and streyt, and gastly for to see.
 And therout cam a rage and such a vese,¹⁴
 That it made al the gates for to rese.¹⁵
 The northern light in at the dores schon,
 For wyndowe on the wal ne was ther noon,
 Thurgh which men mighten any light discerne.
 The dores were alle of ademauntz eterne,
 I-clenched overthwart and endelong
 With iren tough; and, for to make it strong,
 Every piler the temple to sustene

¹ Pavement. ⁶ Five. ¹⁰ Scarcely.
² Grant. ⁷ Birds. ¹¹ Fell.
³ Is not. ⁸ Condemned. ¹² Ever.
⁴ Also. ⁹ Criminal charge. ¹³ More desirable.
⁵ Slow starvation.

¹ Bosom. ⁶ Died. ¹¹ The sounding of the wind.
² Blame. ⁷ Cut. ¹² Plain.
³ Supposed. ⁸ Interior. ¹³ The entrance.
⁴ Gnaw. ⁹ Stumps. ¹⁴ Rush of wind.
⁵ Them. ¹⁰ Moaning. ¹⁵ Quake.

Was tonne greet,¹ of iren bright and schene.²
 Ther saugh I first the derke³ ymaginyng
 Of felouye, and al the compassyng;
 The cruel ire, as reed as eny gleede;⁴
 The pikepurs, and eek the pale drede;⁵
 The smylere⁶ with the knyf under the cloke;
 The schepne⁷ brennyng⁸ with the blake smoke;
 The tresoun of the murtheryng in the bed;
 The open werre, with woundes al bi-bled;⁹
 Contek¹⁰ with bloody knyf, and scharp manace.
 Al ful of chirkyng¹¹ was that sory place.
 The sleere¹² of himself yet saugh I there,
 His herte-blood hath bathed al his here;
 The nayl y-dryven in the schode¹³ a-nyght;
 The colde deth, with mouth gapyng upright.
 Amyddes of the temple sat meschaunce,
 With disconfort and sory contenaunce.
 Yet saugh I woodnesse¹⁴ laughyng in his rage;
 Armed complaint, outhees,¹⁵ and fiers outrage.
 The caroigne¹⁶ in the bussch, with throte y-corve:¹⁷
 A thousand slain, and not of qualme¹⁸ y-storve;¹⁹
 The tiraunt, with the prey by force y-raft;²⁰
 The toun destroyed, ther was no thyng left.
 Yet sawgh I brent the schippes hoppesteres;²¹
 The hunte²² strangled with the wilde beres:
 The sowe freten²³ the child right in the cradel;
 The cook i-skalded, for al his longe ladel.
 Nought was foryeten by the infortune of
 Marte;

The cartere over-ryden with his carte,
 Under the whel ful lowe he lay adoun.
 Ther were also of Martes divisioun,
 The barbour, and the bocher; and the smyth
 That forgeth scharpe swerdes on his stith.²⁴
 And al above depeynted in a tour
 Saw I conquest sittyng in gret honour,
 With the scharpe swerd over his heed
 Hangyng by a sotil²⁵ twynes threed.²⁶
 Depeynted was the slaughtre of Julius,
 Of grete Nero, and of Anthonius;
 Al be that thilke²⁷ tyme they were unborn,
 Yet was here deth depeynted ther byforn,²⁸
 By manasyng²⁹ of Mars, right by figure,
 So was it schewed in that purteiture
 As is depeynted in the sterres above,
 Who schal be slayn or elles deed³⁰ for love.

¹ Of the circumference of a tun.

² Fair.

³ Dark.

⁴ Live coal.

⁵ Fear.

⁶ Smiler.

⁷ Stables.

⁸ Burning.

⁹ Covered with blood.

¹⁰ Contest.

¹¹ Shrieking.

¹² Slayer.

¹³ Temple.

¹⁴ Madness.

¹⁵ Outcry.

¹⁶ Carrion.

¹⁷ Cut.

¹⁸ Sickness.

¹⁹ Dead.

²⁰ Bereft.

²¹ Warlike.

²² Hunter.

²³ Eating.

²⁴ Anvil.

²⁵ Subtile.

²⁶ Thread.

²⁷ The like.

²⁸ Before.

²⁹ Menacing.

³⁰ Dead.

Sufficeth oon ensample in stories olde,
 I may not rekne hem alle, though I wolde.

The statue of Mars upon a carte¹ stood,
 Armed, and lokede grym as he were wood;²
 And over his heed ther schynen two figures
 Of sterres, that been cleped in scriptures,
 That oon Puella, that other Rubeus.
 This god of armes was arrayed thus: —
 A wolf ther stood byforn him at his feet
 With eyen reede, and of a man he eet;
 With sotyl pencil depeynted was this storie,
 In redoutyng of Mars and of his glorie.

The Knightes Tale.

EMELIE.

THIS passeth yeer by yeer, and day by day,
 Til til fel oones in a morwe of May
 That Emelie, that fairer was to seene
 Than is the lilie on hire stalke grene,
 And fresscher than the May with floures newe —
 For with the rose colour strof³ hire hewe,
 I not which was the fayrere of hem two —
 Er it were day, as was hire wone to do,
 Sche was arisen, and al redy dight;
 For May wole han no sloggardyne aught.
 The sesoun priketh every gentil herte,
 And maketh him out of his sleep to sterte,
 And seith, “Arys, and do thin observance.”
 This makede Emelye han remembraunce
 To don honour to May, and for to ryse.
 I-clothed was sche fresshe for to devyse.
 Hire yelwe heer was browded in a tresse,
 Byhynde hire bak, a yerde long I gesse.
 And in the gardyn at the sonne upriste
 Sche walketh up and down, and as hire liste
 Sche gadereth floures, party whyte and reede,
 To make a sotil gerland for hire heede,
 And as an angel havenlyche sche song.

The Knightes Tale.

MORNING IN MAY.

THE busy larke, messenger of daye,
 Salueth in hire song the morwe graye;
 And fyry Phebus ryseth up so brighte,
 That al the orient laugheth of the lighte,
 And with his stremes dryeth in the greves⁴
 The silver dropes, hongyng on the leeves.
 And Arcite, that is in the court ryal
 With Theseus, his squyer principal,
 Is risen, and loketh on the merye day.
 And for to doon his observance to May,
 Remembryng on the poynt of his desir,
 He on his courser, stertyng as the fir,⁵
 Is riden into the feeldes him to playe,⁶

¹ Chariot.

² Mad.

³ Strove.

⁴ Groves.

⁵ Fire.

⁶ Play.

Out of the court, were it a myle or tweye.
 And to the grove, of which that I yow tolde,
 By aventure his wey he gan to holde,
 To maken him a garland of the greves,
 Were it of woodebynde or hawethorn leves,
 And lowde he song ayens the sonne scheene:
 "May, with alle thy floures and thy greene,
 Welcome be thou, wel faire fressche May,
 I hope that I som grene gete may."

The Knightes Tale.

CRESEIDE

AMONG these other folke was Creseida,
 In widowes habite black; but natheless
 Right as our first letter is now a,
 In beaute first so stood she matchless,
 Her goodly looking gladdened all the prees,¹
 Was never seene thing to be praised so dere,
 Nor under cloude blacke so brighte starre.

Creseide meane² was of her stature,
 Thereto of shape, of face and eke of chere,
 There might ben no fairer creature,
 And ofte time this was her manere,
 So gone ytressed with her haire clere
 Downe by her colere³ at her back behind,
 Which with a thred of gold she woulde bind.

And save her browes joyneden yfere,⁴
 There nas no lacke, in aught I can espie;
 But for to speken of her eyen clere,
 So, truly they writen that her seien,⁵
 That Paradis stood formed in her eien,
 And with her riche beauty evermore
 Strove love in her, aie which of hem was more.

She sobre was, eke simple, and wise withall,
 The best ynorished eke that might bee,
 And goodly of her speche in generall,
 Charitable, estate, lusty and free,
 Ne nevermore ne lacked her pitee,
 Tender hearted sliding of corage,
 But truly I can not tell her age.

Troilus and Creseide.

THE DAISY.

Of all the floures in the mede,
 Than love I most these floures white and rede,
 Soch that men callen daisies in our town;
 To hem I have so great affection,
 As I said erst, whan comen is the May,
 That in my bedde there daweth me no day,
 That I nam¹ up and walking in the mede,

¹ Crowd.

² Collar.

³ Seen.

² Ordinary.

⁴ Together.

⁵ I am not.

To seene this flour ayenst the Sunne sprede,
 Whan it up riseth early by the morow,
 That blissful sight softeneth all my sorow,
 So glad am I, whan that I have the presence
 Of it, to done it all reverence,
 And ever I love it, and ever ylike newe,
 And ever shall, till that mine herte die
 All swere I not, of this I will not lie.

* * *

My busie gost, that thursteth alway newe,
 To seene this flour so yong, so fresh of hew,
 Constrained me, with so greedy desire,
 That in my herte I fele yet the fire,
 That made me rise ere it were day,
 And this was now the first morow of May,
 With dreadful¹ herte, and glad devotion
 For to been at the resurrection
 Of this floure, whan that it should uncloze
 Againe the Sunne, that rose as redde as rose.
 And doune on knees anon right I me sette,
 And as I could, this fresh floure I grette,
 Kneeling alway, till it unclosed was,
 Upon the small, soft, swete gras,
 That was with floures swete embrouded all,
 Of such swetenesse, and such odour overall
 That for to speke of gomme, herbe, or tree,
 Comparison may not ymaked be,
 For it surmounteth plainly all odoures,
 And of rich beaute of floures.
 And Zephirus, and Flora gently,
 Yave to these floures soft and tenderly,
 Hir swote² breth, and made hem for to sprede,
 As god and goddess of the flourie mede,
 In which me thoughte I might day by day,
 Dwellen alway, the joly month of May,
 Withouten slepe, withouten meat or drinke:
 Adoune full softly I gan to sinke,
 And leaning on my elbow and my side,
 The long day I shope me for to abide,
 For nothing els, and I shall nat lie,
 But for to looke upon the daisie,
 That well by reason men it call may
 The daisie, or els the eye of the day,
 The empress and floure of floures all,
 I pray to God that faire mote she fall,
 And all that loven floures for her sake.

Legend of Good Women.

A MORNING WALK.

I ROSE anone and thought I woulde gone
 Into the woode to hear the birdes sing,
 Whan that the misty vapour was agone,
 And cleare and faire was the morning,
 The dewe also like silver in shining

¹ Fearful.

² Sweet.

Upon the leaves, as any baume swete,
Till firy Titan with his persant¹ hete

Had dried up the lusty licour newe,
Upon the herbes in the grene mede,
And that the floures of many divers hue,
Upon hir stalkes gon for to sprede,
And for to splay² out hir leves in brede
Againe the Sunne, gold burned in his spere,
That doune to hem cast his beames clere.

And by a river forth I gan costay,³
Of water clere, as birell or cristall,
Till at the last I found a little way,
Toward a parke, enclosed with a wall,
In compace rounde, and by a gate small,
Who so that would, freely might gone
Into this parke, walled with grene stone.

And in I went to heare the birdes song,
Which on the branches, both in plaine and vale,
So loud sang, that all the wood rong,
Like as it should shiver in peeces small,
And as me thought, that the nightingale
With so great might, her voice gan out wrest
Right as her herte for love would brest.⁴

The Complaint of the Black Knight.

TREES, FLOWERS, AND BIRDS.

THE bilder oke, and eke the harde asshe,
The pillar elme, the coffre unto caraine,
The boxe pipe tree, holme to whippes lache,
The sailing firre, the cipres deth to plaine,
The shooter ewe, the aspe for shaftes plaine,
The olive of peace, and eke the dronken vine,
The victor palme, the laurer too divine.

A garden saw I, full of blossomed bowis,
Upon a river, in a grene mede,
There as sweetnesse evermore enough is,
With floures white, blew, yelow, and rede,
And cold welle streames, nothing dede,
That swommen full of smale fishes light,
With finnes rede, and scales silver bright.

On every bough the birdes heard I sing,
With voice of angell in hir armonie,
That busied hem, hir birdes forth to bring;
The little pretty conies to hir play gan hie,
And further all about I gan espie,
The dredeful roe, the buck, the hart, and hind,
Squirrels, and beastes small of gentle kind.

Of instruments of stringes in accorde,
Heard I so play a ravishing swetnesse,
That God, that maker is of all and Lorde,

¹ Piercing. ² Open. ³ Coastwise. ⁴ Burst.

Ne heard never better, as I gesse;
Therewith a wind, unneth it might be lesse,
Made in the leaves grene a noise soft,
Accordant to the foules song on loft.

Assembly of Fowles.

SLANDER.

WHAT did this Eolus, but he
Tooke out his blacke trump of brass
That fouler than the devil was,
And gan this trompe¹ for to blow
As all the world should overthrow.
Throughout every regioun
Went this foule trumpes soun,
As swifte as a pellet² out of a gunne
When fire is in the powder runne,
And such a smoke gan out wende
Out of the foule trumpes ende,
Blacke, blue, grenish, swartish, red,
As doth where that men melte lead,
So, all on hie from the tewell;³
And therto saw I one thing well
That the farther that it ranne
The greater wexen it beganne,
As doth a river from a well,
And it stanke as the pitte of Hell.

House of Fame.

BEAUTY.

THE god of love jolife and light,
Led on his honde a lady bright,
Of high prise,⁴ and of gret degre,
This ladie called was Beaute;
Ne she was derke,⁵ ne browne, but bright
And cleare as the moone light;
Againe whom all the starres seemen
But small candles as we demen:
Her flesh was tender as dew of flower,
Her cheare⁶ was simple as bird in bower,
As white as lilly or rose in rise:
Her tresses yellow, and long straughten⁷
Unto her heeles down they roughten;⁸
Her nose, her mouth, and eye and cheke
Wel wrought, and all the remnaunt eke.
A full gret savour and a swote;
Me thoughte in mine herte rote,
As helpe me God, when I remember
Of the fashion of every member,
In world is none so faire a wight:
For yong she was, and hewed bright
Sore plesant and fetis⁹ with all,
Gentle and in her middle small.

Romaunt of the Rose.

¹ Trumpet. ⁴ Worth. ⁷ Stretching.
² Bullet. ⁵ Dark. ⁸ Reaching.
³ Chimney. ⁶ Behavior. ⁹ Neat.

JOHN GOWER.

1320 - 1402.

THE ENVIOUS MAN AND THE MISER.

Of Jupiter thus I find y-writ,
How whilom that he would wit
Upon the plaints which he heard
Among the men, how it fared,
As of the wrong condition
To do justification;
And for that cause down he sent
An angel, that about went,
That he the sooth know may.

So it befel upon a day,
This angel which him should inform
Was clothed in a man's form,
And overtook, I understand,
Two men that wenten over lond;
Through which he thought to aspy
His cause, and go'th in company.

This angel with his words wise
Opposeth them in sundry wise;
Now loud words and now soft,
That made them to disputen oft;
And each his reason had,
And thus with tales he them led,
With good examination,
Till he knew the condition,
What men they were both two;
And saw well at last tho,¹
That one of them was covetous,
And his fellow was envious.
And thus when he hath knowledging,
Anon he feigned departing,
And said he mote algate wend;
But hearken now what fell at end!
For than he made them understand,
That he was there of God's sond,
And said them for the kindship,
He would do them some grace again,
And bade that one of them should sain,²
What thing is him levest to crave,³
And he it shall of gift have.
And over that ke forth with all
He saith, that other have shall
The double of that his fellow axeth;
And thus to them his grace he taxeth.

The Covetous was wonder glad;
And to that other man he bade,
And saith, that he first ax should;
For he supposeth that he would
Make his axing of world's good;

For then he knew well how it stood;
If that himsell by double weight
Shall after take, and thus by sleight
Because that he would win,
He bade his fellow first begin:
This Envious, though it be late,
When that he saw he mote, algate,
Make his axing first, he thought,
If he his worship and profit sought
It shall be double to his fere,
That he would chuse in no manner.
But then he showeth what he was
Toward envy, and in this case,
Unto this angel thus he said,
And for his gift thus he prayed,
To make him blind on his one ee,
So that his fellow nothing see.

This word was not so soon spoke,
That his one ee anon was loken:
And his fellow forthwith also
Was blind on both his eyes two.
Tho was that other glad enough:
That one wept, and that other lough.
He set his one ee at no cost,
Whereof that other two hath lost.

MEDEA GATHERING ENCHANTED HERBS.

Thus it fell upon a night,
When there was naught but starrie light,
She was vanish'd right as she list,
That no wight but herself wist,
And that was at midnight tide.
The world was still on every side.
With open hand and foot all bare;
Her hair too spread, she 'gan to fare;
Upon her clothes girt she was,
And speechless, upon the grass,
She glode¹ forth, as an adder doth.

JOHN BARBOUR.

1316 (?) - 1395 (?) .

FREEDOM.

A! FREDOME is a nobill thing!
Fredome mayse man to haiff liking!
Fredome all solace to man giffis:
He levys at ese that frely levys!
A noble hart may haiff nane ese,
Na ellys nocht that may him plesse,
Gyff fredome faillythe: for fre liking

¹ Then.² Say.³ What thing he was most disposed to crave.¹ Glided.

Is yearnyt our all othir thing
 Na he, that ay hase levty fre,
 May nocht knaw weill the propyrt,
 The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome.
 Bot gyff he had assayit it,
 Than all perquer he sult it wyt;
 And suld think fredome mar to pryse
 Than all the goud in warld that is.

JOHN LYDGATE.

1375 (?) - 1460 (?).

FROM THE LONDON LYCKPENNY.

WITHIN the hall, neither rich nor yet poor
 Would do for me aught, altho' I should die,
 Which seeing I gat me out of the door,
 Where Flemings began on me for to cry,
 "Master, what will you kopen or buy?
 Fine felt hats, or spectacles to read?
 Lay down your silver and here may you speed."

Then to Westminster gate I presently went,
 When the sun it was at high prime:
 And cooks to me they took good intent,
 And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
 Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine,
 A fair cloth they 'gan for to spread.
 But, wanting money, I might not be sped.

Then unto London I did me hie.
 Of all the land it beareth the price.
 "Hot peascods!" one began to cry,
 "Strawberry ripe, and cherries in the rise."
 One bade me draw near and buy some spice.
 Pepper and saffron they 'gan me bid,
 But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then to the Cheepe I 'gan me drawn,
 Where much people I saw for to stand.
 One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn;
 Another he taketh me by the hand, —
 "Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land."
 I never was used to such things indeed,
 And, wanting money, I might not speed.

Then went I forth by London Stone,
 Through out all Canwyke Street.
 Drapers much cloth me offered anon.
 Then comes me one cried, "Hot sheep's feet."
 One cried, "Mackrell!" "Rysses green!"
 another 'gan greit.
 One bade me buy a hood to cover my head,
 But, for want of money, I might not be sped.

Then I hied me unto East Cheepe.

One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie.
 Pewter pots they clattered on a heap.
 There was harp, pipe, and minsttrally.

"Yea, by cock! nay, by cock!" some 'gan cry.
 Some sang of Jenkin and Julian for their meed.
 But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode,

Where was much stolen gear; among
 I saw where hung mine own hood,
 That I had lost among the throng.

To buy my own hood I thought it wrong;
 I knew it, well as I did my creed,
 But, for lack of money, I could not speed.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,

"Sir," says he, "will you our wine assay?"
 I answered, "That cannot much me grieve, —
 A penny can do no more than it may."

I drank a pint, and for it did pay:
 Yet sore a hungered from thence I yede,
 And, wanting money, I could not speed.

ANDREW WYNTOUN.

After 1420.

INTERVIEW OF ST. SERF WITH SATHANAS.

WHILE St. Serf, intil a stead,
 Lay after matins in his bed,
 The devil came, in foul intent
 For til found him with argument,
 And said, "St. Serf, by thy werk,
 I ken thou art a cunning clerk."
 St. Serf said, "Gif I sae be,
 Foul wretch, what is that for thee?"
 The devil said, "This questión
 I ask in our collatiún —
 Say where was God, wit ye oucht,
 Before that heaven and erd was wroucht?"
 St. Serf said, "In himself steadfast
 His Godhead hampered never was."
 The devil then askit, "What cause he had
 To make the creatures that he made?"
 To that St. Serf answered there,
 "Of creatures made he was makér.
 A maker micht he never be,
 But gif creatures made had he."
 The devil askit him, "Why God of noucht
 His werkis all full gude had wroucht."
 St. Serf answered, "That Goddis will
 Was never to make his werkis ill,
 And as envious he had been seen,
 Gif nought but he full gude had been."
 St. Serf the devil askit than,

"Where God made Adam, the first man?"
 "In Ebron Adam formit was,"
 St. Serf said. And til him Sathanas,
 "Where was he, eft that, for his vice,
 He was put out of Paradise?"
 St. Serf said, "Where he was made."
 The devil askit, "How lang he bade
 In Paradise, after his sin."
 "Seven hours," Serf said, "bade he therein."
 "When was Eve made?" said Sathanas.
 "In Paradise," Serf said, "she was."

* * *

The devil askit, "Why that ye
 Men, are quite delivered free,
 Through Christ's passion precious boucht,
 And we devils sae are noucht?"
 St. Serf said, "For that ye
 Fell through your awn iniquity;
 And through ourselves we never fell,
 But through your fellow false counsell."

* * *

Then saw the devil that he could noucht,
 With all the wiles that he wrought,
 Overcome St. Serf. He said than
 He kenned him for a wise man.
 Forthly there he gave him quit,
 For he wan at him na profit.
 St. Serf said, "Thou wretch, gae
 Frae this stead, and 'noy nae mae
 Into this stead, I bid ye."
 Suddenly then passed he;
 Frae that stead he held his way,
 And never was seen there to this day.



JAMES I., KING OF SCOTLAND.

1406-1437.

KING JAMES'S FIRST VIEW OF LADY JANE BEAUFORT, AFTERWARDS HIS QUEEN.

BEWAILING in my chamber, thus alone,
 Despaired of all joy and remedy,
 For-tired of my thought, and woe-begone,
 And to the window gan I walk in hy¹
 To see the world and folk that went forbye,²
 As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
 Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the towris wall,
 A garden fair; and in the corners set
 Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small
 Railed about, and so with trees set
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
 That lyf was none walking there forbye,
 That might within scarce any wight espy

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
 Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
 And mids of every arbour might be seen
 The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,
 That as it seemed to a lyf without,
 The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis¹ sat,
 The little sweete nightingale, and sung
 So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
 Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
 That all the gardens and the wallis rung
 Right of their song.

Cast I down mine eyes again,

Where as I saw, walking under the tower,
 Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
 The fairest or the freshest younge flower
 That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
 For which sudden abate, anon astart,²
 The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite,³
 No wonder was; for why? my wittis all
 Were so overcome with pleasance and delight,
 Only through letting of my eyen fall,
 That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
 For ever of free will, — for of menace
 There was no token in her sweete face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
 And eftesoons I leant it out again,
 And saw her walk that very womanly,
 With no wight mo', but only women twain.
 Then gan I study in myself, and sayn,⁴
 "Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
 Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?"

"Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
 And comin are to loose me out of band?
 Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
 That have depainted with your heavenly hand,
 This garden full of flowers as they stand?
 What shall I think, alas! what reverence
 Shall I mister?⁶ unto your excellence?"

"If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
 To do me pain, I may it not astart:⁶
 If ye be warldly wight, that doth me sike,⁷
 Why list⁸ God make you so, my dearest heart,
 To do a seely⁹ prisoner this smart,
 That loves you all, and wot of nought but wo?
 And therefore mercy, sweet! sin' it is so."

Of her array the form if I shall write,
 Towards her golden hair and rich attire,

¹ Twigs.

² Went and came.

³ Confounded for a little while.

⁴ Say.

⁵ Minister.

⁶ Fly.

⁷ Makes me sigh.

⁸ Pleased.

⁹ Wretched

In fretwise couchit¹ with pearlis white
And great balas² leaming³ as the fire,
With mony ane emeraut and fair sapphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spangis bright as gold,
Forged of shape like to the amoretis,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets,⁴
And of shape, like to the flower jonets;
And above all this, there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to doat.

About her neck, white as the fire amail,⁵
A goodly chain of small orfevery,⁶
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to ane heart shapen verily,
That as a spark of low,⁷ so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now if there was good party,⁸ God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen to-forow,⁹
As I suppose; and girt she was alite,¹⁰
Thus halflings loose for haste, to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihedde,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble aport,
Bounty, richness, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report:
Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning¹¹ sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child avance!

* * *

And when she walked had a little thraw
Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snaw,
She turned has, and furth her wayis went;
But tho began mine aches and torment,
To see her part and follow I na might;
Methought the day was turned into night.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

- 1508 (?).

THE GARMENT OF GOOD LADIES.

WOULD my good lady love me best,
And work after my will,

¹ Inlaid like fretwork.

² A kind of precious stone.

³ Glittering.

⁴ A kind of lily.

⁵ Enamel.

⁶ Gold work.

⁷ Flame.

⁸ Match.

⁹ Before.

¹⁰ Slightly.

¹¹ Knowledge.

I should a garment goodliest
Gar make her body till.¹

Of high honoûr should be her hood,
Upon her head to wear,
Garnish'd with governance so good
Na deeming should her deir.²

Her sark³ should be her body next,
Of chastity so white;
With shame and dread together mixt,
The same should be perfyfe.⁴

Her kirtle should be of clean constance,
Lacit with lesun⁵ love;
The mailies⁶ of continuance,
For never to remove.

Her gown should be of goodliness,
Well ribbon'd with renown;
Purfill'd⁷ with pleasure in ilk⁸ place,
Furrit with fine fashioun.

Her belt should be of benignity,
About her middle meet;
Her mantle of humility,
To thole⁹ both wind and weit.¹⁰

Her hat should be of fair having,
And her tippet of truth;
Her patelet of good panning¹¹
Her hals-ribbon of ruth.¹²

Her sleeves should be of esperance,
To keep her fra despair;
Her glovis of good governance,
To hide her fingers fair.

Her shoen should be of sicknesses,
In sign that she not slide;
Her hose of honesty, I guess,
I should for her provide.

Would she put on this garment gay,
I durst swear by my seill,¹³
That she wore never green nor gray
That set¹⁴ her half so weel.

¹ Cause to be made to her shape.

² No opinion should injure her.

³ Shift.

⁴ Perfect.

⁵ Lawful.

⁶ Eyclet-holes for lacing her kirtle.

⁷ *Parfilé* (French), fringed or bordered.

⁸ Each.

⁹ Endure.

¹⁰ Wet.

¹¹ Thinking.

¹² Her neck-ribbon of pity.

¹³ Salvation.

¹⁴ Became.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

1465 (?) - 1530 (?).

THE MERLE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

In May, as that Aurora did upspring,
With crystal een chasing the cluddes sable,
I heard a Merle with merry notis sing
A sang of love, with voice right comfortable,
Again' the orient beamis, amiable,
Upon a blissful branch of laurel green;
This was her sentence, sweet and delectable,
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Under this branch ran down a river bright,
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,
Again' the heavenly azure skyis light,
Where did upon the tother side pursue
A Nightingale, with sugared notis new,
Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone;
This was her song, and of a sentence true,
All love is lost but upon God alone.

With notis glad, and glorious harmony,
This joyful merle, so salust she the day,
While rung the woodis of her melody,
Saying, Awake, ye lovers of this May;
Lo, fresh Flora has flourished every spray,
As nature has her taught, the noble queen,
The field been clothit in a new array;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Ne'er sweeter noise was heard with living man,
Na made this merry gentle nightingale;
Her sound went with the river as it ran,
Out through the fresh and flourished lusty vale;
"O Merle!" quoth she, "O fool! stint of thy tale,
For in thy song good sentence is there none,
For both is tint, the time and the travail
Of every love but upon God alone."

"Cease," quoth the Merle, "thy preaching,
Nightingale:

Shall folk their youth spend into holiness?
Of young sanctis, grows auld feindis, but fable;
Fye, hypocrite, in yeiris tenderness,
Again' the law of kind thou goes express,
That crookit age makes one with youth serene,
Whom nature of conditions made diverse:
A lusty life in Lovis service been."

The Nightingale said, "Fool, remember thee,
That both in youth and eild,¹ and every hour,
The love of God most dear to man suld be;
That him, of nought, wrought like his own figour,
And died himself, fro' dead him to succour;
O, whether was kythit² there true love or none?"

He is most true and stedfast paramour,
And love is lost but upon him alone."

The Merle said, "Why put God so great beauty
In ladies, with sic womanly having,
But gif he would that they suld lovit be?
To love eke nature gave them inclining,
And He of nature that worker was and king,
Would nothing frustir put, nor let be seen,
Into his creature of his own making;
A lusty life in Lovis service been."

The Nightingale said, "Not to that behoof
Put God sic beauty in a lady's face,
That she suld have the thank therefor or luvie,
But He, the worker, that put in her sic grace;
Of beauty, bounty, riches, time, or space,
And every gudeness that been to come or gone
The thank redounds to him in every place:
All love is lost, but upon God alone.

"O Nightingale! it were a story nice,
That love suld not depend on charity;
And, gif that virtue contrar be to vice,
Then love maun be a virtue, as thinks me;
For, aye, to love envy maun contrar be:
God bade eke love thy neighbour fro' the spleen;¹
And who than ladies sweeter neighbours be?
A lusty life in Lovis service been."

The Nightingale said, "Bird, why does thou rave?
Man may take in his lady sic delight,
Him to forget that her sic virtue gave,
And for his heaven receive her colour white:
Her golden tressit hairis redomite,²
Like to Apollo's beamis tho' they shone,
Suld not him blind fro' love that is perfit;
All love is lost but upon God alone."

The Merle said, "Love is cause of honour aye,
Love makis cowards manhood to purchase,
Love makis knichtis hardy at essay,
Love makis wretches full of largeness,
Love makis swear³ folks full of business,
Love makis sluggards fresh and well be seen,
Love changes vice in virtuous noblenesse;
A lusty life in Lovis service been."

The Nightingale said, "True is the contrary;
Sic frustis love it blindis men so far,
Into their minds it makis them to vary;
In false vain glory they so drunken are,
Their wit is went, of woe they are not waur,
While that all worship away be fro' them gone,
Fame, goods, and strength; wherefore well say
I daur,
All love is lost but upon God alone."

¹ Age.² Shown.¹ Heart.² Bound, encircled.³ Slothful.

Then said the Merle, "Mine error I confess :
This frustis love is all but vanity :
Blind ignorance me gave sic hardiness,
To argue so again' the verity ;
Wherefore I counsel every man that he
With love not in the feindis net be tone,¹
But love the love that did for his love die :
All love is lost but upon God alone."

Then sang they both with voices loud and clear,
The Merle sang, "Man, love God that has thee
wrought."

The Nightingale sang, "Man, love the Lord most
dear,

That thee and all this world made of nought."

The Merle said, "Love him that thy love has
sought

Fro' heaven to earth, and here took flesh and bone."

The Nightingale sang, "And with his dead thee
bought :

All love is lost but upon him alone."

Then flew thir birdis o'er the boughis sheen,
Singing of love among the leavis small ;
Whose eidant plead yet made my thoughtis grein,²
Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail :
Me to recomfort most it does avail,
Again for love, when love I can find none,
To think how sung this Merle and Nightingale ;
All love is lost but upon God alone.

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

1474 (?) - 1522.

MORNING IN MAY.

Ivy leaves rank o'erspread the barmkin wall ;
The bloomed hawthorn clad his pikis all ;
Furth of fresh bourgeons³ the wine grapes ying⁴
Endland the trellis did on twistis hing ;
The loukit buttons on the gemmed trees
O'erspreadand leaves of nature's tapestries ;
Soft grassy verdure after balmy shouirs,
On curland stalkis smiland to their flours....
The daisy did on-breid her crownal small,
And every flower unlappit in the dale....
Sere downis small on dentilion sprang,
The young green bloomed strawberry leaves
amang ;
Jimp jeryflours thereon leaves unshet,
Fresh primrose and the purpore violet ;...
Heavenly lillies, with lockerand toppis white,
Opened and shew their crestis redemite....

¹ Ta'en ; taken.

² Whose close disputation yet moved my thoughts.

³ Sprouts.

⁴ Young.

Ane paradise it seemed to draw near
Thir galyard gardens and each green herbere
Maist amiable wax the emeraut meads ;
Swarmis souchis through out the respand reeds.
Over the lochis and the fludis gray,
Searchand by kind ane place where they should
lay.

Phœbus' red fowl¹ his cural crest can steer,
Oft streikand furth his heckle, crawand cleer.

Amid the wortis and the rutis gent

Pickand his meat in alleys where he went,

His wivis Toppa and Partolet him by —

A bird all-time that hauntis bigamy.

The painted powne² pacand with plumes gym,

Kest up his tail ane proud plesand wheel-rim,

Ishrouded in his feathering bright and sheen,

Shapand the prent of Argus' hundred een.

Among the bowis of the olive twists,

Sere small fowls, workand crafty nests,

Endlang the hedges thick, and on rank aiks

Ilk bird rejoicand with their mirthful makes.

In corners and clear fenestres of glass,

Full busily Arachne weavand was,

To knit her nettis and her wobbis slie,

Therewith to catch the little midge or flie.

So dusty powder upstours³ in every street,

While corby gaspit for the fervent heat.

Under the bowis bene in lufely vales,

Within fermane and parkis close of pales,

The busteous buckis rakis furth on raw,

Herdis of hertis through the thick wood-shaw.

The young fawns followand the dun daes,

Kids, skipband through, runnis after raes.

In leisurs and on leys, little lambs

Full tait and trig socht bletand to their dams.

On salt streams wolk⁴ Dorida and Thetis,

By rinnand strandis, Nymphis and Naiadis,

Sic as we clepe wenches and damysels,

In gersy graves⁵ wanderand by spring wells ;

Of bloomed branches and flowers white and red,

Plettand their lusty chaplets for their head.

Some sang ring-songes, dances, leids,⁶ and rounds,

With voices shrill, while all the dale resounds.

Whereso they walk into their caroling,

For amorous lays does all the rockis ring.

Ane sang, "The ship sails over the salt faem,

Will bring the merchants and my leman hame."⁷

Some other sings, "I will be blythe and licht,

My heart is lent upon so goodly wicht."⁸

And thoughtful lovers rounis⁹ to and fro,

To leis⁹ their pain, and plein their jolly woe.

After their guise, now singand, now in sorrow,

With heartis pensive the lang summer's morrow.

Some ballads list indite of his lady ;

¹ The cock.

² The peacock.

³ Rises in clouds.

⁴ Walked.

⁵ Grassy groves.

⁶ Lays.

⁷ Songs then popular.

⁸ Whisper.

⁹ Relieve.

Some livis in hope; and some all utterly
 Despairit is, and sae quite out of grace,
 His purgatory he finds in every place....
 Dame Nature's menstrals, on that other part,
 Their blissful lay intoning every art, ...
 And all small fowlis singis on the spray,
 Welcome the lord of licht, and lampe of day,
 Welcome fosterer of tender herbis green,
 Welcome quickener of flourist flours sheen,
 Welcome support of every rute and vein,
 Welcome comfort of all kind fruit and grain,
 Welcome the birdis beild¹ upon the brier,
 Welcome master and ruler of the year,
 Welcome weelfare of husbands at the plevs,
 Welcome repairer of woods, trees, and bews,
 Welcome depainter of the bloomit meads,
 Welcome the life of every thing that spreads,
 Welcome storer of all kind bestial,
 Welcome be thy bricht beamis, gladdand all....

JOHN SKELTON.

1460 (?) - 1529.

TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

MERRY Margaret,
 As midsummer flower,
 Gentle as falcon,
 Or hawk of the tower;
 With solace and gladness,
 Much mirth and no madness.
 All good and no badness;
 So joyously,
 So maidenly,
 So womanly,
 Her demeaning,
 In everything,
 Far, far passing
 That I can indite,
 Or suffice to write,
 Of merry Margaret,
 As midsummer flower,
 Gentle as falcon
 Or hawk of the tower;
 As patient and as still,
 And as full of goodwill,
 As fair Isiphil,
 Coliander;
 Sweet Pomander,
 Good Cassander;
 Stedfast of thought,
 Well made, well wrought,
 Far may be sought,

¹ Shelter.

Ere you can find
 So courteous, so kind,
 As merry Margaret,
 This midsummer flower,
 Gentle as falcon,
 Or hawk of the tower.

SIR DAVID LYND SAY.

1490 - 1557.

A CARMAN'S ACCOUNT OF A LAWSUIT.

MARRY, I lent my gossip my mare, to fetch
 hame coals,
 And he her drounit into the quarry holes;
 And I ran to the consistory, for to pleinyie,
 And there I happenit amang ane greedie meinyie.¹
 They gave me first ane thing they call *citandum*,
 Within aucht days I gat but *libellandum*;
 Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum*;
 In half ane year I gat *inter-loquendum*;
 And syne I gat, — how call ye it? — *ad replican-*
dum;
 Bot I could never ane word yet understand him:
 And then they gart me cast out mony placks,
 And gart me pay for four-and-twenty acts.
 Bot or they came half gate to *concludendum*,
 The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him.
 Thus they postponed me twa year with their
 train,
 Syne, *hodie ad octo*, bade me come again;
 And then thir rooks they rowpit wonder fast
 For sentence, silver, they cryit at the last.
 Of *pronunciandum* they made me wonder fain
 Bot I gat never my gude grey mare again.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

1503 - 1542.

BLAME NOT MY LUTE!

THE LOVER'S LUTE CANNOT BE BLAMED, THOUGH
 IT SING OF HIS LADY'S UNKINDNESS.

BLAME not my Lute! for he must sound
 Of this or that as liketh me;
 For lack of wit the Lute is bound
 To give such tunes as pleaseth me;
 Though my songs be somewhat strange,
 And speak such words as touch my change,
 Blame not my Lute!

¹ Company.

My Lute, alas ! doth not offend,
 Though that per force he must agree
 To sound such tunes as I intend,
 To sing to them that heareth me ;
 Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
 And toucheth some that use to feign,
 Blame not my Lute !

My Lute and strings may not deny,
 But as I strike they must obey ;
 Break not them then so wrongfully,
 But wreak thyself some other way ;
 And though the songs which I indite,
 Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
 Blame not my Lute !

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
 And falsed faith, must needs be known ;
 The faults so great, the case so strange ;
 Of right it must abroad be blown :
 Then since that by thine own desert
 My songs do tell how true thou art,
 Blame not my Lute !

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
 And well deserved to have blame ;
 Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
 And then my Lute shall sound that same ;
 But if till then my fingers play,
 By thy desert their wonted way,
 Blame not my Lute !

Farewell ! unknown ; for though thou break
 My strings in spite with great disdain,
 Yet have I found out for thy sake,
 Strings for to string my Lute again :
 And if perchance this silly rhyme,
 Do make thee blush at any time,
 Blame not my Lute !

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE LOVER BESEECHETH HIS MISTRESS NOT TO
 FORGET HIS STEADFAST FAITH AND TRUE
 INTENT.

FORGET not yet the tried intent
 Of such a truth as I have meant ;
 My great travail so gladly spent
 Forget not yet !

Forget not yet when first began
 The weary life, ye know since whan,
 The suit, the service, none tell can ;
 Forget not yet !

Forget not yet the great assays,
 The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,

The painful patience in delays,
 Forget not yet !

Forget not ! — Oh ! forget not this,
 How long ago hath been, and is
 The mind that never meant amiss,
 Forget not yet !

Forget not then thine own approved,
 The which so long hath thee so loved,
 Whose steadfast faith yet never moved,
 Forget not this !

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

1515 (?) — 1547.

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER REBUKED.

LOVE, that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
 That built his seat within my captive breast ;
 Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
 Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
 She, that me taught to love, and suffer pain ;
 My doubtful hope, and eke my hot desire
 With shamefaced cloak to shadow and restrain,
 Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
 And coward Love then to the heart apace
 Taketh his flight ; whereas he lurks, and plains
 His purpose lost, and dare not shew his face.
 For my Lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pains.
 Yet from my Lord shall not my foot remove :
 Sweet is his death, that takes his end by love.

COMPLAINT OF THE LOVER DISDAINED.

In Cyprus springs, whereas Dame Venus dwelt,
 A well so hot, that whoso tastes the same,
 Were he of stone, as thawed ice should melt,
 And kindled find his breast with fixed flame ;
 Whose moist poison dissolved hath my hate.
 This creeping fire my cold limbs so opprest,
 That in the heart that harbour'd freedom,
 late ;
 Endless despair long thralldom hath imprest.
 Another¹ so cold in frozen ice is found,
 Whose chilling venom of repugnant kind,
 The fervent heat doth quench of Cupid's wound,
 And with the spot of change infects the mind ;
 Whereof my dear hath tasted to my pain :
 My service thus is grown into disdain.²

¹ Well.

² Whereby my service grows into disdain. — NORRIS'S *Ed.*

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE
GERALDINE.

FROM Tuscan came my Lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was sometime her¹ ancient seat.
The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.
Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast:
Her sire an Earl; her dame of Prince's blood.
From tender years, in Britain doth she rest,
With Kinges child; where she tasteth costly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen:
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind; her virtues from above;
Happy is he that can obtain her love!

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind:

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance:

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom join'd with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress:

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night.
Contented with thine own estate;
Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

PRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH HIS
PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas,
As proud Windsor, where I in lust and joy,
With a Kinges son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
The large green courts, where we were wont to
hove,²
With eyes cast up into the Maiden's tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue.
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words and looks, that tigers could but rue;
Where each of us did plead the other's right.

¹ Their.

² Hover.

The palme-play,¹ where, despoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravel'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts;
With chere, as though one should anotherwhelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
With reins availed, and swift y-breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
The void vales eke, that harbour'd us each night:
Wherewith, alas! reviveth in my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we past the winter night away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
The tears berain² my cheeks of deadly hue:
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
Up-supp'd have, thus I my plaint renew:
"O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
Give me account, where is my noble fere?³
Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose;
To other lief;⁴ but unto me most dear."
Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint:
And with remembrance of the greater grief,
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

THOMAS TUSSER.

1515 (?) - 1580 (?)

PRINCIPAL POINTS OF RELIGION.

1. To pray to God continually,
2. To learn to know him rightfully,
3. To honour God in Trinity,
The Trinity in Unity,
The Father in his majesty,

¹ Tennis-court.

² Bedew, as with rain.

³ Companion.

⁴ Endear'd.

- The Son in his humanity,
 The Holy Ghost's benignity,
 Three persons, one in Deity.
4. To serve him always, holily,
 5. To ask him all thing needfully,
 6. To praise him in all company,
 7. To love him alway, heartily,
 8. To dread him alway, christianly,
 9. To ask him mercy, penitently,
 10. To trust him alway, faithfully,
 11. To obey him alway, willingly,
 12. To abide him alway, patiently,
 13. To thank him alway, thankfully,
 14. To live here alway, virtuously,
 15. To use thy neighbour, honestly,
 16. To look for death still, presently,
 17. To help the poor, in misery,
 18. To hope for Heaven's felicity,
 19. To have faith, hope, and charity,
 20. To count this life but vanity,
- Be points of christianity.

NICHOLAS UDALL.

1506-1564.

THE MINION WIFE.

Who so to marry a minion wife,
 Hath had good chance and hap,
 Must love her and cherish her all his life,
 And dandle her in his lap.

If she will fare well, if she will go gay,
 A good husband ever still,
 Whatever she list to do or to say,
 Must let her have her own will.

About what affairs so ever he go,
 He must show her all his mind;
 None of his counsel she may be kept fro,
 Else is he a man unkind.

THE WORK-GIRL'S SONG.

PIPE, merry Annot;
 Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

Work, Tibet; work, Annot; work, Margerie;
 Sew, Tibet; knit, Annot; spin, Margerie;
 Let us see who will win the victory.

Pipe, merry Annot;
 Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

What, Tibet! what, Annot! what, Margerie!
 Ye sleep, but we do not, that shall we try;
 Your fingers be numb, our work will not lie.

Pipe, merry Annot;
 Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

Now Tibet, now Annot, now Margerie;
 Now whippet apace for the maystrie;
 But it will not be, our mouth is so dry.

Pipe, merry Annot;
 Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

When, Tibet? when, Annot? when, Margerie?
 I will not, — I can not, — no more can I;
 Then give we all over, and there let it lie!

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

1530 (?) - 1577.

THE VANITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

THEY course the glass, and let it take no rest;
 They pass and spy who gazeth on their face;
 They darkly ask whose beauty seemeth best;
 They hark and mark who marketh most their
 grace;

They stay their steps, and stalk a stately pace;
 They jealous are of every sight they see;
 They strive to seem, but never care to be.

* * *

What grudge and grief our joys may then sup-
 press;

To see our hairs, which yellow were as gold,
 Now grey as glass; to feel and find them less;
 To scrape the bald skull which was wont to hold
 Our lovely locks with curling sticks controul'd;
 To look in glass, and spy Sir Wrinkle's chair
 Set fast on fronts which erst were sleek and fair.

SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

THE heavens on high perpetually do move;
 By minutes meal the hour doth steal away,
 By hours the days, by days the months remove,
 And then by months the years as fast decay;
 Yea, Virgil's verse and Tully's truth do say
 That Time flieth, and never claps her wings;
 But rides on clouds, and forward still she flings.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

1534-1582.

LINES ON ISABELLA MARKHAM.

WHENCE comes my love? O heart, disclose;
 It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,

From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze :
Whence comes my woe ? as freely own ;
Ah me ! 't was from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 't is Cupid's fire ;
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek —
Yet not a heart to save my pain ;
O Venus, take thy gifts again !
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET.

1536 - 1608.

IMPERSONATION OF SORROW.

AND strayt forth stalking with redoubled pace
For that I sawe the night drewe on so fast,
In blacke all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had al forwaste,
Furth from her iyen the cristall teares outbrast,
And syghing sore her handes she wrong and
folde,

Tare al her heare, that ruth was to beholde.

Her body small forwithered and forespent,
As is the stalk that sommers drought opprest ;
Her wealked face with woful teares besprent,
Her colour pale, and (as it seemd her best)
In woe and playnt reposed was her rest.
And as the stone that droppes of water weares ;
So dented wher her cheekes with fall of teares.

Her iyes swollen with flowing streames afloate,
Wherewith her lookes thrown up full piteouslie,
Her forceles handes together ofte she smote,
With doleful shrikes, that echoed in the skye :
Whose playnt such sighes dyd strayt accompany,
That in my doome was never man did see
A wight but halfe so woe begon as she.

ALLEGORICAL PERSONAGES DESCRIBED IN HELL.

AND first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent

With tears ; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent
To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care ; as she that, all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain :

Her eyes unstedfast, rolling here and there,
Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance
brought,

So was her mind continually in fear,
Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought ;
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the
sky,

Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next, saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain, profer'd here and there ;
Benumb'd with speech ; and, with a ghastly look,
Searched every place, all pale and dead for fear,
His cap borne up with staring of his hair ;
'Stoin'd and amazed at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And, next, within the entry of this lake,
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire ;
Devising means how she may vengeance take ;
Never in rest, till she have her desire ;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or 'veng'd by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
Had show'd herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met ;
When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Ruing, alas, upon the woful plight
Of Misery, that next appear'd in sight :

His face was lean, and some-deal pin'd away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone ;
But, what his body was, I cannot say,
For on his carcase raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches pieced one by one ;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast :

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daintly would he fare ;
His drink, the running stream, his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed ; his bed, the hard cold ground :
To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him, and on his feers,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held ;

And, by and by, another shape appears
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the briers;
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dinted in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow grey no sooner hath begun
To spread his light e'en peeping in our eyes,
But he is up, and to his work yrun;
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath:
Small keep took he, whom fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown, but, as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath:

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travel's ease, the still night's fear was he,
And of our life in earth the better part;
Riever of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that [tyde] and oft that never be;
Without respect, esteem[ing] equally
King Cræsus' pomp and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad, Old-Age we found;
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had untwin'd
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life:

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past.
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek!

But, an the cruel fates so fixed be
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he, —
That, in such wither'd plight, and wretched pain,
As eld, accompany'd with her loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief
He might awhile yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit;
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath
slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it:
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylain,

In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had ne'er into the world been brought:

But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast—as though it wrought him
good

To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone —
He would have mused and marvel'd much
whereon

This wretched Age should life desire so fain,
And knows full well life doth but length his
pain:

Crook-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-
eyed;

Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four;
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side;
His scalp all pil'd, and he with eld forelore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door;
Fumbling, and driving, as he draws his breath;
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed:
Sore sick in bed, her colour all foregone;
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,
Ne could she brook no meat but broths alone;
Her breath corrupt; her keepers every one
Abhorring her; her sickness past recure,
Detesting physic, and all physic's cure.

But, O, the doleful sight that then we see!
We turn'd our look, and on the other side
A grisly shape of Famine mought we see:
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that cried
And roar'd for meat, as she should there have
died;

Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas, was gnawen every where,
All full of holes; that I ne mought refrain
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
When, all for nought, she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seem'd a shade
Than any substance of a creature made:

Great was her force, whom stone-wall could not
stay:

Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
With gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
Be satisfy'd from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself as she that hath no law;
Gnawing, alas! her carcase all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and
vein.

On her while we thus firmly fix'd our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,

Lo, suddenly she shriek'd in so huge wise
As made hell gates to shiver with the might;
Wherewith, a dart we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and, therewithal, pale Death
Enthirling it, to rieve her of her breath:

And, by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy, and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law,
Against whose force in vain it is to fight;
Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
But all, perforce, must yield unto his power:

His dart, anon, out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
That most of all my fears affrayed me;
His body dight with nought but bones, pardy;
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued;
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all:

Cities he sack'd, and realms (that whilom flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule, above the rest)
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceas'd,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd:

His face forehew'd with wounds; and by his
side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

HENRY DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM IN HELL.

THEN first came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all piled, and quite forlorn,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke had made him now her scorn;
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as
fast,
With rueful cheer, and vapoured eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat;
His hair all torn, about the place it lain:
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly, methought, it dropped away:
His eyes they whirled about withouten stay:
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice;
At each of which he shrieked so withal,
As though the heavens ryved with the noise;
Till at the last, recovering of his voice,
Supping the tears that all his breast berained,
On cruel Fortune, weeping thus he plained.

JOHN STILL.

1543-1607.

JOLLY GOOD ALE AND OLD.

BACK and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold:
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think, that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, etc.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I do not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, etc.

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek;
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a malt-worm should;
And saith, Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to:
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

JOHN LYLY.

1553 (?) - 1601 (?)

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd
 At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
 Loses them too, and down he throws
 The coral of his lip — the rose
 Growing on 's cheek, but none knows how;
 With these the crystal on his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin;
 All these did my Campaspe win:
 At last he set her both his eyes;
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love, hath she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas, become of me!

THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail?
 O, 't is the ravish'd nightingale —
 Jug, jug, jug, jug — tereu — she cries,
 And still her woes at midnight rise.
 Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
 None but the lark so shrill and clear,
 Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
 The morn not waking till she sings.
 Hark, hark! but what a pretty note,
 Poor Robin-redbreast tunes his throat;
 Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing
 "Cuckoo!" to welcome in the spring.

PAN'S SONG OF SYRINX.

PAN's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
 Though now she's turned into a reed;
 From that dear reed Pan's pipe does come,
 A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb;
 Nor flute, nor lute, nor giitern can
 So chant it as the pipe of Pan:
 Cross-gartered swains and dairy girls,
 With faces smug and round as pearls,
 When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
 With dancing wear out night and day;
 The bagpipe's drone his hum lays by,
 When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy;
 His minstrelsy, O base! This quill,
 Which at my mouth with wind I fill,
 Puts me in mind, though her I miss,
 That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.

SONG TO APOLLO.

SING to Apollo, god of day,
 Whose golden beams with morning play,
 And make her eyes so brightly shine,
 Aurora's face is called divine.
 Sing to Phœbus and that throne
 Of diamonds which he sets upon.
 Io Pœans let us sing
 To Physic and to Poesy's king.

Crown all his altars with bright fire,
 Laurels bind about his lyre,
 A Daphnean coronet for his head,
 The Muses dance about his bed;
 When on his ravishing lute he plays,
 Strew his temple round with bays.
 Io Pœans let us sing
 To the glittering Delian king.

APOLLO'S SONG OF DAPHNE.

MY Daphne's hair is twisted gold,
 Bright stars apiece her eyes do hold,
 My Daphne's brow enthrones the graces,
 My Daphne's beauty stains all faces,
 On Daphne's cheek grow rose and cherry,
 But Daphne's lip a sweeter berry;
 Daphne's snowy hand but touched does melt,
 And then no heavenlier warmth is felt;
 My Daphne's voice tunes all the spheres,
 My Daphne's music charms all ears;
 Fond am I thus to sing her praise,
 These glories now are turned to bays.

WILLIAM BYRD.

About 1590.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

MY mind to me a kingdom is,
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 That it excels all other bliss
 That God or nature hath assign'd:
 Though much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, nor wealthy store,
 Nor force to win a victory;
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to win a loving eye;
 To none of these I yield as thrall,
 For why, my mind despise them all.

I see that plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soonest fall;
 I see that such as are aloft,
 Mishap doth threaten most of all;
 These get with toil, and keep with fear:
 Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway;
 I wish no more than may suffice;
 I do no more than well I may,
 Look what I want, my mind supplies;
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
 My mind's content with anything.

I laugh not at another's loss,
 Nor grudge not at another's gain;
 No worldly waves my mind can toss;
 I brook that is another's bane;
 I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
 I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
 And conscience clear my chief defence;
 I never seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence;
 Thus do I live, thus will I die;
 Would all do so as well as I!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1552 - 1618.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand!
 Fear not to touch the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant;
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
 And shines like rotten wood;
 Go, tell the church it shows
 What 's good, and doth no good:
 If church and court reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
 Acting by others' actions,
 Not lov'd unless they give,
 Not strong but by their factions.
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
 That rule affairs of state,

Their purpose is ambition,
 Their practice only hate.
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
 They beg for more by spending,
 Who in their greatest cost,
 Seek nothing but commending.
 And if they make reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
 Tell love it is but lust,
 Tell time it is but motion,
 Tell flesh it is but dust;
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
 Tell honour how it alters,
 Tell beauty how she blasteth,
 Tell favour how she falters.
 And as they shall reply,
 Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
 In tickle points of niceness:
 Tell wisdom she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness.
 And when they do reply,
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
 Tell skill it is pretension,
 Tell charity of coldness,
 Tell law it is contention.
 And as they do reply,
 So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
 Tell nature of decay,
 Tell friendship of unkindness,
 Tell justice of delay,
 And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming,
 Tell schools they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
 If arts and schools reply,
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it 's fled the city,
 Tell how the country erreth,
 Tell, manhood shakes off pity,
 Tell, virtue least preferreth.
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing :
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing ;
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO MARLOWE'S PAS-
 SIONATE SHEPHERD.

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reckoning yields ;
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs ;
 All these in me no means can move
 To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joys no date, nor age no need,
 Then these delights my mind might move
 To live with thee and be thy love.

A VISION UPON THIS CONCEIT OF THE
 FAERY QUEENE.

Me thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that Temple where the vestall flame
 Was wont to burne ; and passing by that way
 To see that buried dust of living fame,
 Whose tumber faire Love, and fairer Vertue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene :
 At whose approach the soule of Petrarch wept,
 And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene ;
 For they this Queene attended ; in whose steed
 Oblivion laid him downe on Laurus herse :
 Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
 And grones of buried ghostes the heavens did perse :
 Where Homers spright did tremble all for
 grieffe,
 And curst th' accesse of that celestiall theife.

THE PILGRIM.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon ;
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet ;
 My bottle of salvation ;
 My gown of glory (hope's true gage),
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
 Blood must be my body's 'balmer,
 Whilst my soul, a quiet Palmer,
 Travelleth towards the land of Heaven ;
 No other balm will there be given.
 Over the silver mountains,
 Where spring the nectar fountains,
 There will I kiss the bowl of bliss,
 And drink mine everlasting fill
 Upon every milken hill ;
 My soul will be a-dry before,
 But after, it will thirst no more.
 Then, by that happy, blissful day,
 More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
 That have cast off their rags of clay,
 And walk apparelled fresh, like me.

THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are liken'd best to floods and streams,
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb ;
 So when affection yields discourse, it seems
 The bottom is but shallow whence they come ;
 They that are rich in words must needs discover
 They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

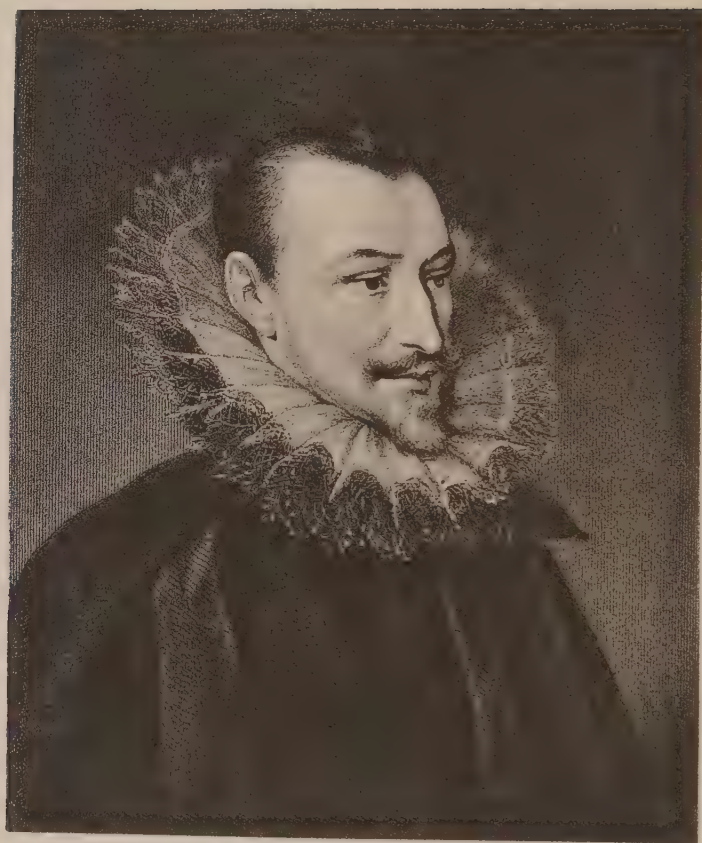
Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,
 The merit of true passion,
 With thinking that he feels no smart
 That sues for no compassion.

Since if my complaints were not t' approve
 The conquest of thy beauty,
 It comes not from defect of love,
 But fear t' exceed my duty.

For not knowing that I sue to serve
 A saint of such perfection
 As all desire, but none deserve
 A place in her affection.

I rather chuse to want relief
 Than venture the revealing ;
 Where glory recommends the grief,
 Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
 Than words, though ne'er so witty ;
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,
 May challenge double pity.



E. L. Hall

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most who hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

EDMUND SPENSER.

1552 - 1598.

PROEM TO THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly shephards weeds,¹
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds²
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

Helpe then, O holy virgin, chiefe of nyne,
Thy weaker novice to performe thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne³
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill⁴
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong!

And thou, most dreaded impe⁵ of highest Iove,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,⁶
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;
Lay now thy deadly heben⁷ bowe apart,
And, with thy mother mylde, come to mine ayde;
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle iollities arraid,
After his murtherous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace, and maiestie divine,

Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted¹ stile:
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest Dread,²
a while.

UNA AND THE RED CROSSE KNIGHT.

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd³ in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody felde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts⁴ and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living ever, him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had,
Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word;
But of his cheere⁵ did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.⁶

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond,
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne⁷
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow;
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled⁸ was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heave sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

¹ Clothes.

² Counsels, incites.

³ Box for books or papers (*scrinium*).

⁴ *Tanaquill* is another name for Gloriana, the Faerie Queene.

⁵ Child.

⁶ Shoot.

⁷ Ebony.

¹ Low, or humble.

² Object of reverence.

³ Clad.

⁴ Jousts, tournaments.

⁵ Countenance.

⁶ Dreaded.

⁷ Yearn.

⁸ Drawn about her.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and every vertuous lore;
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne
 shore,
 And all the world in their subiection held;
 Till that infernall feend with foule upore
 Forwasted¹ all their land, and them expeld;
 Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far
 compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
 That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
 And angry Iove an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves
 were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
 Whose loftie trees, yelad with sommers pride,
 Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starr:
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
 Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred
 ar.

And fourth they passe, with pleasure forward
 led,
 Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and
 hy,
 The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
 The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
 The builder oake, sole king of forrests all;
 The aspine good for staves; the cypresse funeral;

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
 And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;
 The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
 The eugh,² obedient to the benders will;
 The birch for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;
 The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter
 wound;
 The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
 The fruitfull olive; and the platane round;
 The carver holme; the maple seeldom inward
 sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
 When, weening to returne whence they did
 stray,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was
 showne,
 But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest
 weene,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their
 owne:
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
 That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they
 been.

The Faerie Queene, Book I. Canto 1.

ARCHIMAGO, THE MAGICIAN, AND THE HOUSE OF MORPHEUS.

A LITTLE lowly hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pas
 In travell to and froe: a litle wyde¹
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,²
 Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy thinges each morne and eventyde:
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment, where none was;
 Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will:
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.
 With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
 For that olde man of pleasing wordes had
 store,
 And well could file³ his tongue, as smooth as
 glas:
 He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
 He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them
 fast;
 And the sad⁴ humor loading their eye-liddes,
 As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
 Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep
 them biddes.
 Unto their lodgings then his guesstes he riddes:⁵
 Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he
 findes,
 He to his studie goes; and there amidde
 His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
 He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepey
 minds.

¹ For is here intensive.

² Yew.

¹ At a short distance.

² Built.

³ Smooth or polish.

⁴ Heavy.

⁵ Dismisses.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read!) thereof did verses
frame;

With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly dame;
And cursed heven; and spake reprochful
shame

Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.
A bold bad man! that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead
night;

At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to
flight.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of sprights, the which, like litle flies,
Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray¹ his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by himselfe staide other worke to doo.

He, making speedy way through spersed² ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and
deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never
peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver dew his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black
doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast;
The one faire fram'd of burnisht ivory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned
deepe
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes
keepe.³

And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling
downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft⁴
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the
sowne⁵
Of swarming bees, did caste him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,

As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet
lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

The messenger approching to him spake;
But his waste wordes retournd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him
awake.

Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with
paine,

Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to
speake.

As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence
breake.

The Faerie Queene, Book I. Canto 1.

UNA AND THE LION.

NOUGHT is there under heavn's wide hollow-
nesse,

That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t' unworthie wretched-
nesse

Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes
unkind.

I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

And now it is empassioned¹ so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lincs with teares do
steepe,

To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch,² though daughter of a
king,

Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her Knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd³ to that vile Witches
shayre.

Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace,⁴ as in exile,
In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her Knight; who, subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision which th' Enchaunt-
er wrought

Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,

¹ Alarm.

² Dispersed.

³ Heed.

⁴ Floor.

⁵ Sound.

¹ Moved.

² Touchstone.

³ Transferred.

⁴ Press or throng.

Through woods and wastnes wide him daily
sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her
brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight;
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,¹
And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soone as the royall Virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse:
But to the pray whenas he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,²
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious
forse.

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong;
As he her wronged innocence did weat.³
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked
long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion;
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does
yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prikt, in pittie of my sad estate:—
But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

Redounding⁴ teares did choke th' end of her
plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour
wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the Virgin borne of heavenly brood,

¹ Took off.² Pity.³ Know.⁴ Overflowing.

And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed champion if she might
attayne.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and
ward;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd:
From her fayre eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

The Faerie Queene, Book I. Canto 3.

THE CHARIOT OF PRIDE DRAWN BY THE PASSIONS.

SUDEIN upriseth from her stately place
The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurthen¹ forth; and she, with princely
pace,
As faire Aurora, in her purple pall,
Out of the east the dawning day doth call,
So forth she comes; her brightnes brode doth
blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eies
amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
Great Iunoes golden chayre;² the which, they
say,
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Ioves high hous through heavens bras-paved
way,
Drawne of fayre peccocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden
wide.

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinde applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin;
Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis³ thin;
Liké to an holy monck, the service to begin.

And in his hand his portesse⁴ still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little redd;

¹ Rush.² Chariot.³ Robe.⁴ Breviary.

For of devotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in sleepe and most of his daies
dedd :

Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne¹ was very evill ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went or else
astray.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,²
And greatly shunned manly exercise ;
From everie worke he chalenged essaye,³
For contemplation sake : yet otherwise
His life he led in lawlesse riotise ;
By which he grew to grievous malady :
For in his lustlesse⁴ limbs, through evill guise,⁵
A shaking fever raignd continually :
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne ;
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne ;
And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowd up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne :
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge,⁶ that all did him deteate.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad ;
For other clothes he could not weare for heate :
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the
sweat :
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,⁷
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarce upholden can :
In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go ;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo :
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry⁸ dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew ;
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
Upon a bearded gote, whose rugged heare,
And whally⁹ eies, (the signe of gelosy,)
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare :

Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did ap-
peare ;
Unseemly man to please faire ladies eye :
Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by :
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy !

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse ;
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies and new-fanglenesse ;
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse ;
And learned had to love with secret lookes ;
And well could daunce ; and sing with rueful-
nesse ;
And fortunes tell ; and read in loving bookes :
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly
hookes.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love ;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But ioyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and
prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move :
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,
That rotts the marrow, and consumes the
braine :
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold :
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold ;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told ;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold :
Accursed usury was all his trade ;
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce
waide.

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste ;¹
And thred-bare cote, and cobbled shoes, hee ware ;
Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste ;
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and riches to compare :²
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to ; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might
suffise ;
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store ;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise ;³
Whose welth was want ; whose plenty made
him pore ;

¹ Chariot.

² Withdraw.

³ Excuse.

⁴ Listless.

⁵ Habit.

⁶ What he had swallowed.

⁷ A drinking-can.

⁸ Thirsty (?).

⁹ Discolored, green (wall-eyed).

¹ Reduced.

² Collect.

³ Covetousness.

Who had enough, yett wished ever more;
A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore;
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor
stand:

Such one was Avarice, the forth of this faire
band!

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Betweene his cankred teeth a venomous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;¹
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neibors welth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw;
And wept that cause of weeping none he had;
But when he heard of harme, he waxed won-
drous glad.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say²
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull snake, the which his taile uptyes³
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes:⁴
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple⁵ Covetyse;
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne compaignee.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use;
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt:
Such one vile Envy was, that fite in row did sitt.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed:
His eies did hurle forth sparckles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld;
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in
him sweld.

His ruffin raiment all was stained with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent;
Through unadvised rashnes woxen wood;⁶
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruell facts⁷ he often would repent;

Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast,
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse
hast.

Full many mischiefs follow cruell Wrath;
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,¹
Bitter despight with rancours rusty knife;
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils moe haunt Ire,
The swelling splene, and frenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire:
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly
tire.²

And, after all, upon the wagon beame
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,³
Shouting for ioy; and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And underneath their feet all scattered lay
Dead skulls and bones of men, whose life had gone
astray.

The Faerie Queene, Book I. Canto 4.

UNA, RESCUED FROM SANSLOY BY THE WOOD- GODS, DWELLS WITH THEM.

THE pitteous Mayden, carefull,⁴ comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shriek-
ing cries;
The last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,
And with loud plaintes impórtuneth the skyes;
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;
And Phœbus, flying so most shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,⁵
And hydes for shame. What witt of mortall
wight
Can now devise to quitt a thrall⁶ from such a
plight?

Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way:
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
Hershrill outeryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd:
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd:

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained
voice,
In haste forsooke their rural meriment,

¹ Jaw.

⁴ Infixes.

⁶ Mad.

² Party-colored silk.

⁵ Grasping.

⁷ Deeds.

³ Ties up.

¹ Damage, loss.

³ Gather.

⁵ Envelops.

² Train.

⁴ Sorrowful.

⁶ A person subjected to the power of another.

And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:¹
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, mishappen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde;
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,
There find the Virgin, doolfull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred² face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late;
And trembling yet through feare of former hate:
All stand amazed at so uncouth³ sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state;
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.

She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell;
And every tender part for feare does shake.
As when a greedy wolfe, through longer fell,
A seely⁴ lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A lyon spies fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake;
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the lyon looke so grim.

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart;
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to move, she had.
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning forheades, with rough hornes
yclad
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;
And, gently grenning,⁵ shew a semblance glad
To comfort her; and, feare to put away,
Their backward-bent knees teach her humbly to
obay.

The doubtfull⁶ Damzell dare not yet committ
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th:
They, in compassion of her tender youth
And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth;
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with
count'nance fayne.⁷

Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble guise,
And yielde her to extremitie of time:
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They, all as glad as birdes of ioyous Pryme,⁸

Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme;
And, with greene braunches strowing all the
ground,
Do worship her as queene with olive girlond
croud.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled eccho ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the
ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
To weet¹ the cause, his weake steps governing
And aged limbs on cypresse stadle² stout:
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,³
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad:
They, drawing nigh, unto their god present
That floure of fayth and beautie excellent:
The god himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:⁴
His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoë fowle, when her to this he doth com-
paire.

The wood-borne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddesses of the wood;
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not, what
To thinke of wight so fayre; but gazing stood
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:
Sometimes Dame Venus selfe he seemes to see;
But Venus never had so sober mood:
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be;
But misseeth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her
knee.

By vew of her he ginneth⁵ to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this;
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse:
For grieve whereof the lad n'ould⁶ after ioy;
But pynd away in anguish and selfewild annoy.

The woody nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thether runne apace;
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face:
But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,

¹ Immediately.⁴ Simple.⁷ Glad.² Swelled with tears.⁵ Grinning.⁸ Spring.³ Strange.⁶ Fearful.¹ Know.² Staff.³ Discover.⁴ Glowed with admiration as he gazed upon her.⁵ Beginneth.⁶ Would not.

And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace :
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind.
And henceforth nothing faire, but her, on earth
they find.

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky Mayd
Did her content to please their feeble eyes ;
And long time with that salvage people stayd,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time her gentle wit she plyes,
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in
vaine,

And made her th' image of idolatryes :
But, when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
From her own worship, they her asse would
worship fayn.

The Faerie Queene, Book I. Canto 6.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his squire, arrayed meet :
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray ;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may :
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones
most pretious rare :

And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous
mights,
Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights :
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In ivory sheath, yearv'd with curious slights,¹
Whose hilts were burnisht gold ; and handle
strong
Of mother perle ; and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour
bredd :
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
His golden winges ; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
That suddaine horror to faint hartes did show ;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full
low.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bounch of heares discoloured diversly,

With sprinkled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity ;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily ;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath, that under heaven is blowne.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever scene ;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
(Such earthly mettals soone consumed beene,)
But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewen out of adamant rocke with engines
keene,

That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance
would.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But¹ whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray :
For so exceeding shone his glistering ray,
That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,²
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay ;
And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts
constraint.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold enchaunters call ;
But all that was not such as seemd in sight
Before that shield did fade, and suddaine fall :
And, when him list the raskall routes³ appall
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,⁴
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all ;
And when him list the prouder lookes sub-
dew,

He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.
The Faerie Queene, Book I. Canto 7.

THE CAVE OF DESPAIR.

ERE long they come, where that same wicked
wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,⁵
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcâses doth crave :
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle ;
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and
howle :

¹ Except.

² Obscure.

³ The low rabble.

⁴ Transform.

⁵ Placed.

¹ Devices.

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruite nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;¹
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcasses were scattred on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull
teene,²

Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen
neare;
But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in
feare.

That darkesome cave they enter, where they
find

That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind:
His griesie³ lockes, long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow
eyne

Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and
pine,

Were shronke into his iawes, as⁴ he did never
dyne.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts:

And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!

In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew,
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Rederosse Knight did vew;
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the Villein sayd: "Thou damned wight,
The authour of this fact we here behold,

What iustice can but iudge against thee right,
With thine owne blood to price⁵ his blood, here
shed in sight?"

"What frantick fit," quoth he, "hath thus
distracted

Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
But he should dye, who merites not to live?
None els to death this man despayring drive⁶

But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
Is then uniuist to each his dew to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneth?¹

"Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay;
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours
good;

And fond,² that ioyest in the woe thou hast;
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath
stood

Upon the bancke, yet wilt thyselfe not pas the
flood?

"He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want and
crave,

And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave;
Is not short payne well borne, that bringes
long ease,

And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly
please."

The Knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And sayd: "The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,³
Nor leave his stand untill his captaine bed."⁴
"Who life did limit by almightie doome,"

Quoth he, "knowes best the termes established;
And he that points⁵ the centonell his roome⁶
Doth license him depart at sound of morning
droume."

The Faerie Queene, Book I. Canto 9.

BELPHEBE.

HER face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame¹ or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke and to revive the ded.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' Hevenly Makers light,

¹ Rough points or projections of rock.

² Trouble.

³ Greasy; but probably a misprint for *grieslie*, grisly or grizzly, which is the reading of the folio of 1611.

⁴ As if.

⁵ Pay for.

⁶ Driv (drove).

¹ Uneasy.

² Foolish.

³ Place.

⁴ Bid.

⁵ Appoints.

⁶ Place.

⁷ Drum.

⁸ Blemish (?).

And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
 So passing persant,¹ and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
 For, with dredd maiestie and awfull yre,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace
 desyre.

Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
 Like a broad table² did itselfe dispred,
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
 And write the battailes of his great godhed:
 All good and honour might therein be red;
 For there their dwelling was. And, when she
 spake,
 Sweete wordes, like dropping honny, she did
 shed;
 And twixt the perles and rubins³ softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to
 make.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even browes,
 Working belgardes⁴ and amorous retrate,⁵
 And everie one her with a grace endowes,
 And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes:
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
 And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
 How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,
 For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to
 disgrace!

So faire, and thousand thousand times more
 faire,
 She seemd, when she presented was to sight;
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a silken camus⁶ lilly whight,
 Purified⁷ upon with many a folded plight,⁸
 Which all above besprinkled was throughout
 With golden aygulets,⁹ that glistred bright
 Like twinkling starres; and all the skirt about
 Was henn¹⁰ with golden fringe.

Below her ham her weed¹¹ did somewhat trayne,
 And her streight legs most bravely were em-
 bayld¹²
 In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,¹³
 All bard with golden bendes,¹⁴ which were en-
 tayld¹⁵
 With curious antickes,¹⁶ and full fayre au-
 mayld:¹⁷

Before, they fastned were under her knee
 In a rich iewell, and therein entrayld¹
 The ends of all the knots, that none might see
 How they within their fouldings close enwrapped
 bee:

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
 Which doe the temple of the gods support,
 Whom all the people decke with girlands
 greene,
 And honour in their festivall resort;
 Those same with stately grace and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she herselfe would
 grace;
 But with the woody nymphes when she did
 play,²
 Or when the flying libbard³ she did chace,
 She could them nimble move, and after fly apace.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
 And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
 Stuft with Steele-headed dartes wherewith she
 queld
 The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden bauldricke which forelay,
 Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
 Her daintie paps; which, like young fruit in
 May,
 Now little gan to swell, and being tide,
 Through her thin weed, their places only signified.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
 And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,⁴
 They waved like a penon wyde dispred,
 And low behinde her backe were scattered:
 And, whether art it were or heedelesse hap,
 As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
 In her rude⁵ heares sweet flowres themselves
 did lay,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did
 enwrap.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
 Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
 Where all the nymphes have her unwares for-
 lore,⁶
 Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
 To seeke her game: or as that famous queene
 Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
 The day, that first of Priame she was seene,
 Did shew herselfe in great triumphant ioy,
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted
 Troy.

The Faerie Queene, Book II. Canto 3.

¹ Piercing.

² Tablet.

³ Rubies.

⁴ Sweet looks.

⁵ Expression (of countenance).

⁶ A light, loose robe.

⁷ Trimmed or flounced.

⁸ Plait.

⁹ The tag of a point or lace.

¹⁰ Bordered.

¹¹ Dress.

¹² Bound up.

¹³ Spanish leather.

¹⁴ Crossed with stripes.

¹⁵ Engraved, cut.

¹⁶ Odd devices.

¹⁷ Enamelled.

¹ Twisted together.

² Probably a misprint for *sport*.

³ Leopard.

⁴ Breathe.

⁵ Disordered.

⁶ Left.

SIR GUYON BINDING FUROR.

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
 Who him gain-striving¹ nought at all prevaild;
 For all his power was utterly defaste,²
 And furious fitts at earst³ quite weren⁴ quaild:
 Oft he re'nforst,⁵ and oft his forces fayld,
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack.
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,⁶
 And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
 And both his feet in fetters to an yron rack.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
 And hundred knots, that did him sore con-
 straine:
 Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind
 And grimly gnash, threatening revenge in vaine:
 His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes⁷ did
 staine,
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of
 fyre;
 And, more for ranck despight then for great
 paine,
 Shakt his long locks colourd like copper-wyre,
 And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.
The Faerie Queene, Book II. Canto 4.

WANTON MIRTH.

Whom bold Cymochles traveling to finde,
 With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
 The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
 Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
 Wayting to passe he saw whereas did swim
 Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
 A little gondelay,⁸ bedecked trim
 With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
 That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein sate a lady fresh and fayre,
 Making sweete solace to herselfe alone:
 Sometimes she song as lowd as lark in ayre,
 Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath
 was gone;
 Yet was there not with her else any one,
 That to her might move cause of meriment:
 Matter of merrh enough, though there were
 none,
 She could devise; and thousand waies invent
 To feede her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

Which when far of Cymochles heard and saw,
 He lowdly cald to such as were aboard
 The little barke unto the shore to draw,
 And him to ferry over that deepe ford.

The merry Mariner unto his word
 Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streight-
 way
 Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike
 lord
 She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
 She would admit, albe¹ the knight her much did
 pray.

Eftsoones² her shallow ship away did slide,
 More swift then swallow sheres³ the liquid
 skye,
 Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
 Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
 Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by⁴
 It cut away upon the yielding wave;
 Ne cared she her course for to apply,⁵
 For it was taught the way which she would
 have,
 And both from rocks and flats itselke could wisely
 save.

And all the way the wanton damsell found
 New merrh her passenger to entertaine;
 For she in pleasaunt purpose⁶ did abound,
 And greatly ioyed merry tales to faime.
 Of which a store-house did with her remaine;
 Yet seemed, nothing well they her became:
 For all her wordes she drownd with laughter
 vaine,
 And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
 That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing
 game.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would de-
 vize,
 As her fantasticke wit did most delight:
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize⁷
 With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
 About her necke, or rings of rushes plight:⁸
 Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay
 To laugh at shaking of the leav'es light,
 Or to behold the water worke and play
 About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
 Gave wondrous great contentment to the
 Knight,
 That of his way he had no sovenaunce.⁹
 Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight;
 But to weake wench did yield his martiall
 might.

So easie was to quench his¹⁰ flamed minde
 With one sweete drop of sensuall delight!
 So easie is t' appease the stormy winde
 Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind!

The Faerie Queene, Book II. Canto 6.

¹ Resisting.

⁴ Were.

⁷ Streaks.

² Overcome.

⁵ Made new efforts.

⁸ Gondola, boat.

³ Instantly.

⁶ Hauled.

¹ Although.

⁴ Instantly.

⁷ Deck.

² Immediately.

⁵ Give attention to.

⁸ Plat.

³ Cuts.

⁶ Conversation.

⁹ Remembrance.

THE CAVE OF MAMMON.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens
light,

Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of griesly hew and fowle ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were
bleard,

His head and beard with sout¹ were ill bedight,²
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben
seard

In snythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles-like
clawes appeard.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold;
Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle³ and curious mould
Woven with antickes⁴ and wyld ymagery:
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent;
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide,
Of Mulcibers devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent⁵
Into great ingowes⁶ and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten monument:⁷

But most were stamp⁷, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesars⁸ straung
and rare.

* * *
"What secret place," quoth he, "can safely
hold

So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie?
Or where hast thou thy wonne,⁹ that so much
gold

Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?"
"Come thou," quoth he, "and see." So by
and by

Through that thick covert he him led, and
fownd

A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow
grownd,

And was with dread and horror compassed
arownd.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne;
Through which a beaten broad high way did
trace

¹ Soot.² Covered.³ Carving.⁴ Fantastic figures.⁵ Beaten out.⁶ Ingots.⁷ Stamp.⁸ Emperors.⁹ Dwelling.

That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne:¹
By that wayes side there sate infernall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did
threten Life.

On th' other side in one consórt² there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place wher safe he shroud him
might:

Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye;
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living
eye.

And over them sad Horror with grim hew
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings;
And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor³ telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad-Celene, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale⁴ and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asonder could have rifte;⁵
Which having ended, after him she flyeth swifte.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay;
By whom they passing spake unto them nought.
But th' Elfin Knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a litte dore he brought,
That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a litte stride,
That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth
divide.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure thereingard:
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thether-ward
Approch, albe⁶ his drowsy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleepe to be compar'd;
Therefore his house is unto his annex:
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and hel-gate them both
betwext.

So soone as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
To him did open and afforded way:
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darknesse him ne daunger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore streightway

¹ Reign, kingdom.² Company.³ Grief.⁴ Woe.⁵ Riven.⁶ Although.

Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lepte
 An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day:¹
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him
 stept,
 And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
 If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on thing that likte him best,
 Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untie,
 Should be his pray: and therefore still on hye
 He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
 Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,
 And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
 If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
 Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches
 hong
 Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,²
 And with rich metall loaded every rifte,
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat;
 And over them Arachne high did lifte
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtil net,
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black
 then iett.

Both rooffe, and floore, and walls, were all of
 gold,
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darkenes, that none could behold
 The hew thereof: for vew of cherefull day
 Did never in that house itselfe display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertein light;
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;
 Or as the moone, cloathed with clowdy night,
 Does shew to him that walkes in feare and sad
 affright.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
 But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,
 All bard with double bends,³ that none could
 weene
 Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
 On every side they placed were along.
 But all the grownd with soules was scattered
 And dead mens bones, which round about were
 flong;
 Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were
 shed,
 And their vile carcases now left unburied.

* * *
 Thence, forward he him ledd and shortly
 brought
 Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright

To him did open as it had beene taught:
 Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,¹
 And hundred founnaces all burning bright;
 By every founnace many feendes did hyde,
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
 And every feend his busie paines applyde
 To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

One with great bellows gathered filling ayre,
 And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
 Another did the dying bronds repayre
 With yron tonges, and sprinkled ofte the same
 With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,
 Who, maystring² them, renewd his former heat:
 Some scumd the drosse that from the metall
 came;
 Some stird the molten owre with ladles great:
 And every one did swinke,³ and every one did
 sweat.

But, when an earthly wight they present saw
 Glistring in armes and battailous array,
 From their whot work they did themselves
 withdraw
 To wonder at the sight; for, till that day,
 They never creature saw that cam that way:
 Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fyre
 And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
 That, were it not for shame, he would retyre;
 Till that him thus bespake their souveraine lord
 and syre:

“Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
 That living eye before did never see!
 The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly,
 To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by
 mee
 Proceeded, lo! now is reveald to thee.
 Here is the fountaine of the worldës good!
 Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
 Advise⁴ thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull
 mood;
 Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be with-
 stood.”

The Faerie Queene, Book II. Canto 7.

GARDEN OF PROSERPINE.

MAMMON emmoved was with inward wrath;
 Yet, forcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd,
 Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
 Into a gardin goodly garnished
 With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not
 be redd;⁵
 Not such as earth out of her fruitfull wombe
 Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,

¹ Death.

² Gift; i. e. gifted with glorious richness.

³ Bands.

¹ Placed.

² Mastering, or subduing.

³ Toil.

⁴ Bethink.

⁵ Conceived of.

But direfull deadly black, both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead and deck the dreary
toombe.

There mournfull cypresse grew in greatest
store;

And trees of bitter gall; and heben¹ sad;
Dead sleeping poppy; and black hellebore;
Cold coloquintida; and tetra mad;
Mortall samnitis; and cicuta² bad,
With which th' uniust Atheniens made to dy
Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
Poured out his life and last philosophy
To the fayre Critias, his dearest belamy!³

The Gardin of Prosérpina this hight:
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arber goodly oversight,⁴
In which she often usd from open heat
Herselfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.⁵
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote
see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold;
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those, which Hercules with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those, with which th' Eubæan young man
wan
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out ran.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse
suit;
Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which emongest the gods false Ate threw;
For which th' Idæan Ladies disagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt⁶ it Venus dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greekes and Troians made to
bleed.

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So fayre and great, that shadowed all the
ground;
And his broad branches, laden with rich fee,⁷
Did stretch themselves without the utmost
bound

Of this great gardin, compast with a mound:
Which overhanging, they themselves did steepe
In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round;
That is the river of Cocytus deepe.
In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and
weepe.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,
And, looking downe, saw many damned wightes
In those sad waves, which direfull deadly
stancke,
Plonged continually of¹ cruell sprighites,
That with their piteous cryes, and yelling
shrighites,²
They made the further shore resounden wide:
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
One cursed creature he by chauceance espide,
That drenched lay full deepe under the garden
side.

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
Yet gaped still, as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquour which he waded in;
And, stretching forth his hand, did often
thinke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from
mouth,
Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swinke;³
The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with
drouth
He daily dyde, yet never throughly⁴ dyen couth.⁵

The Knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby?
Who, groning deepe, thus answered him againe:
"Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
Lo Tantalus, I here tormented lye!
Of whom high Iove wont whylome⁶ feasted bee;
Lo, here I now for want of food doe dye!
But, if that thou be such as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee give to eat and drinke to
mee!"

"Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," quoth he,
"Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And, unto all that live in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to use their present state."
Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
Accusing highest Iove and gods ingrate;
And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
As authour of uniustice, there to let him dye.

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carcass deepe was drent⁷

¹ Ebony.

² Hemlock.

³ (*Bel ami*, Fr.) fair friend.

⁴ Overspread.

⁵ Woo, or enjoy.

⁶ Deemed, adjudged.

⁷ Property.

¹ By.

² Shrieks.

³ Labor.

⁴ Thoroughly.

⁵ Could.

⁶ Formerly.

⁷ Drenched.

Within the river which the same did hyde :
But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,¹
And faynd² to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye ;
So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

The Knight, him calling, asked who he was ?
Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus :
" I Pilate am, the falsest iudge, alas !
And most uniuert ; that, by unrighteous
And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous³
Delivered up the Lord of Life to dye,
And did acquite a murdrer felonous ;
The whiles my handes I washt in purity,⁴
The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle in-
iquity."

Infinite moe⁵ tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told :
Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake : " Thou fearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruite of gold ?
Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole ? "

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt ;
To which if he inclyned had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him
wayt,
Would him have rent in thousand peeces strait :
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust⁶ his safety to betray :
So goodly did beguile the guyler of his pray.

And now he has⁷ so long remained theare,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and
wan
For want of food and sleepe, which two up-
beare,
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
That none without the same endure can :
For now three dayes of men were full out-
wrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began :
Forthy⁷ great Mammon fayrely he besought
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him
brought.

The God, though loth, yet was constraynd
t' obay ;
For longer time then that, no living wight

Below the earth might suffred be to stay :
So backe againe him brought to living light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.
The Faerie Queene, Book II. Canto 7.

GYUYON GUARDED BY AN ANGEL.

AND is there care in heaven? And is there
love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evilles move?
There is:—else much more wretched were
the cace
Of men then beasts. But O th' exceeding
grace
Of Highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked
foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The fitting¹ skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us
plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O, why should heavenly God to men have such
regard!

During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mamons house, the Palmer, whom why-
leare²
That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found else-
where;
And, being on his way, approched neare
Where Guyon lay in trauince; when suddenly
He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
" Come hether, hether, O come hastily!"
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

The Palmer lent his eare unto the noyce,
To weet who called so impörtunely:
Again he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haste. He by and by³
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delve⁴ him brought at last,
Where Mammon earst did sunne his threasury:

¹ Raised.

² Pretended, seemed.

³ Malicious.

⁴ In pure water.

⁵ More.

⁶ Desire (of gold).

⁷ Therefore.

¹ Yielding.

² A little while before.

³ Immediately.

⁴ Dell.

There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
In seeneles dreame; which sight at first him sore
aghast.¹

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And florish faire above his equall peares:
His snowy front, curled with golden heares,
Like Phœbus face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone; and two sharpe winged sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted iayes,
Were fixed at his backe to cut his avery wayes.

Like as Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruell bow away
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murderous spoiles and bloody
pray,

With his faire mother he him dights² to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three;
The goddesse, pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herselfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
The whiles the other ladies mind theyr mery glee.

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through fear and wonder, that he nought
could say,
Till him the childe bespoke: "Long lackt,
alas!

Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,³
Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay.
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend Sire!
But dread of death and dolor⁴ doe away;
For life ere long shall to her home retire,
And he, that breathlesse seems, shal corage bold
respire.

"The charge, which God doth unto me arrett,⁵
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
The care thereof myselfe unto the end,
But evermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine. Watch thou, I pray;
For evill is at hand him to offend."

So having said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

The Faerie Queene, Book II. Canto 7.

IMPERSONATIONS OF IMAGINATION, REASON, AND MEMORY.

THE first of them could things to come foresee;
The next could of thinges present best advize;
The third thinges past could keepe in memorie:
So that no time nor reason could arize,
But that the same could one of these comprize.

¹ Terrified.
² Prepares.

³ Trial.
⁴ Grief.

⁵ Appoint.

Forthy¹ the first did in the forepart sit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize;²
He had a sharpe foresight and working wit
That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

His chamber was disappointed all within
With sondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of thinges dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yit,
Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
Some daily seene and known by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies doe flit;
Infernall hags, centaurs, feendes, hippodames,³
Apes, lyons, aegles, owles, fooles, lovers, chil-
dren, dames.

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes;
Like many swarms of bees assembled round,
After their hives with honny do abound.
All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies;
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

Emongst them all sate he which wonned⁴ there,
That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
That him full of melánocholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seemd: one by his vew
Mote deeme him borne with ill-disposed skyes,
When oblique⁵ Saturne sate in the house of
agonyes.

Whom Alma having shewed to her guesstes
Thence brought them to the second rowme,
whose wals

Were painted faire with memorable gastes⁶
Of famous wisards; and with picturals
Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commen-wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
Of lawes, of iudgements, and of décrets, all,
All artes, all science, all philosophy,
And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.⁷

Of those that rowme was full; and them among
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practise and uságe
He now was growne right wise and wondrous
sage:

Great plesure had those straunger knightes to see
His goodly reason and grave personage,

¹ Therefore.

² Foresight.

³ River-horses (hippopotamuses).

⁴ Dwelt.

⁵ Unpropitious.

⁶ Deeds.

⁷ Wisely.

That his disciples both desyrd to bee :
But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost rowme
of three.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
Right firme and strong, though somewhat they
declind;¹
And therein sat an old, old man, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompensd him with a better scorse :²
Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled
forse.

This man of infinite remembraunce was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still as they did pas,
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld;³
As all things els the which this world doth
weld;⁴
But laid them up in his immortall scrine,⁵
Where they for ever incorrupted dweld :
The warres he well remembered of King Nine,
Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine.

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd ;
For he remembred both their infancis :
Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd
Of native strength now that he them surviv'd.
His chamber all was hangd about with rolls
And old records from auncient times derivd,
Some made in books, some in long parchment
scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
Tossing and turning them withouten end ;
But for he was unhable them to fett,⁶
A litle boy did on him still attend
To reach, whenever he for ought did send :
And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,
That boy them sought and unto him did lend :⁷
Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is ;
And that old man Eumnestes, by their proprietis.
The Faerie Queene, Book II. Canto 9.

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

THERE the most daintie paradise on ground
Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye ;

¹ From the perpendicular.

² Exchange.

³ Age.

⁴ Control.

⁵ Desk.

⁶ Fetch.

⁷ Hand, reach.

The painted flowres ; the trees upshooting hye ;
The dales for shade ; the hilles for breathing
space ;
The trembling groves ; the christall running
by ;
And, that which all faire workes doth most
aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no
place.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the
rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the
fine,)
That Nature had for wantonnesse ensude²
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify ;
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine ;³
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might
see ;
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively iollitee
To fly about playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did themselves embay⁴ in liquid
ioyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew ;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew :
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That, themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to
weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee ;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom
see,
All pav'd beneath with iaspas shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle
upright.

*

*

*

¹ Give grace to.

² Followed, or imitated.

³ In the end.

⁴ Bathe.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read¹ what manner musicke that mote bee;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonie;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all
agree:

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine responce meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The Faerie Queene, Book II. Canto 12.

THE FLIGHT OF FLORIMELL.

ALL suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby² them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as christall
stone,
And eke, through feare, as white as whalès
bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
Which fledd so fast that nothing mote him hold,
And scarce them leasure gave her passing to be-
hold.

Still as she fledd her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evill that poursewd her fast;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely disperst with puff of every blast:
All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His hearie³ beames, and flaming lockes dis-
predd,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast;
But the sage wisard telles, as he has redd,
That it impörtunes⁴ death and dolefull dreary-
hedd.⁵

The Faerie Queene, Book III. Canto 1.

FROM THE MASQUE OF CUPID.

AFTER all these there marcht a most faire
Daine,
Led of two grysie⁶ villeins, th' one Despight,

¹ Conceive.

² By.

³ Squalid. Probably a misprint for *gryslie*.

⁴ Hairy.

⁵ Portends.

⁶ Sorrow.

The other cleped Cruelty by name:
She dolefull lady, like a dreary spright
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight;
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feete did move a comely
pace.

Her brest all naked, as nett¹ yvory
Without adorne of gold or silver bright
Wherewith the craftsman wounts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight;
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowye
cleene:

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd.²
And those two villeins which her steps upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sus-
taine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did constraene,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

Next after her, the Winged God himselfe
Came riding on a lion ravenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that elfe
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold eies he had awhile unbinde,
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faire dame he might behold in perfect kinde:³
Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell
minde.

Of which ful prowde, himselfe uprearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdayne,
And did surway his goodly company;
And, marshalling the evill-ordered trayne,
With that the darts which his right hand did
straine
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on hye his coulourd winges twaine,
That all his many⁴ it affraide did make:
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did
take.

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce,
Shame;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent be-
hinde:

¹ Pure.

² Bathed.

³ With perfect distinctness.

⁴ Company.

Repentaunce feeble, sorowfull, and lame;
 Reproch despitfull, carelesse, and unkinde;
 Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde:
 Shame lowrd, Repentaunce sigh'd, Reproch
 did scould;
 Reproch sharpe stings, Repentaunce whips
 entwinde,
 Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did
 hold:
 All three to each unlike, yet all made in one
 mould.

And after them a rude confused rout
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to
 read:¹
 Emongst them was sterne Strife; and Anger
 stout;
 Unquiet Care; and fond² Unthriftyhead;
 Lewd Losse of Time; and Sorrow seeming
 dead;
 Inconstant Chaunge; and false Disloyalty;
 Consuming Riotise; and guilty Dread
 Of heavenly vengeance; faint Infirmitie;
 Vile Poverty; and, lastly, Death with infamy.

There were full many moe like maladies,
 Whose names and natures I note³ readen well;
 So many moe, as there be phantasies
 In wavering wemens witt, that none can tell,
 Or paines in love, or punishments in hell:
 All which disguised marcht in masking-wise
 About the chamber by the Damozell;
 And then returned, having marched thrise,
 Into the inner rowme from whence they first did
 rise.⁴

The Faerie Queene, Book III. Canto 12.

COMBAT OF BLANDAMOUR AND PARIDELL

THEIR fire steedes with so untamed force
 Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
 That both their speares with pitillesse re-
 morse
 Through shield and mayle and haberieon⁵ did
 wend,
 And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
 That with the furie of their owne affret⁶
 Each other horse and man to ground did send;
 Where, lying still awhile, both did forget
 The perilous present stownd⁷ in which their lives
 were set.

As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
 With murderous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
 Doe meete together on the watry lea,
 They stemme⁸ ech other with so fell despit,

That with the shooke of their owne heedlesse
 might
 Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder;
 They which from shore behold the dreadfull
 sight
 Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thon-
 der,
 Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted wonder.

At length they both upstart in amaze,
 As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
 And round about themselves a while did gaze;
 Till, seeing her that Florimell did seme,
 In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,¹
 Therewith their dulled sprights thay edgd anew,
 And, drawing both their swords with rage ex-
 treme,
 Like two mad mastiffes each on other flew,
 And shields did share,² and mailles did rash,³ and
 helmes did hew.

So furiously each other did assaile,
 As if their soules they would attonce have rent
 Out of their brests, that streames of bloud did
 rayle⁴
 Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
 That all the ground with purple bloud was
 sprent,⁵
 And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore;
 Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
 So mortall was their malice and so sore
 Become, of fayned friendship which they vow'd
 afore.

The Faerie Queene, Book IV. Canto 2.

THE GRACES AND THE POET'S MISTRESS.

SUCH was the beauty of this goodly band,
 Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:
 But she, that in the midst of them did stand,
 Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
 Crownd with a rosie girlond that right well
 Did her besee: and ever, as the crew
 About her daunst, sweet flowres, that far did
 smell,
 And fragrant odours they uppon her threw;
 But, most of all, those Three did her with gifts
 endew.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
 Handmaidens of Venus, which are wont to haunt
 Uppon this hill, and daunce there day and
 night.

Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
 And all that Venus in herselfe doth vaunt
 Is borrowed of them: but that faire one,
 That in the midst was placed paravaunt,⁶

¹ Tell.

² Foolish.

³ Cannot.

⁴ Come forth.

⁵ Coat of mail.

⁶ Encounter.

⁷ Situation.

⁸ Run against.

¹ Adjudge.

² Shear, cut.

³ Slash.

⁴ Flow.

⁵ Sprinkled.

⁶ In front.

Was she to whom that Shepheard pypt alone ;
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

She was, to weete, that iolly Shepheards lasse,
Which piped there unto that merry rout ;
That iolly Shepheard which there piped was
Poore Colin Clout. (Who knowes not Colin
Clout ?)

He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about.
Pype, iolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy Love, that made thee low to lout ;¹

Thy Love is present there with thee in place ;
Thy Love is there advaunst to be another Grace.
The Faerie Queene, Book VI. Canto 10.

EPITHALAMION.

YE learned Sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But ioyed in theyr praise,
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment,
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
And having all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne Loves prayses to resound :
Ne let the same of any be envie :
So Orpheus did for his owne bride ;
So I unto my selfe alone will sing ;
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho
ring.

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hills doth spread,
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake, and, with fresh lustyhed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved Love,
My truest turtle dove.
Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright tead² that flames with many a
flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,³
For loe ! the wished day is come at last,
That shall for all the paynes and sorrowes past
Pay to her usury of long delight :
And whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
ring.

Bring with you all the nymphes that you can heare,
Both of the rivers and the Forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare,
All with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.⁴
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fayre Love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers :
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewd with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred⁵ lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt ;
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho
ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell,)
And ye likewise which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take,
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my Love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the dere
That on the hoary mountayne use to towre,
And the wyld wolves, which seeke them to de-
voure,
With your steele darts doe chace from coming
neer,
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
ring.

Wake now, my Love, awake ! for it is time :
The rosy Morne long since left Tithons bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme,
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark ! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr
laies,
And carroll of Loves praise :
The merry larke hir mattins sings aloft ;
The thrush replyes ; the mavis⁶ descant⁴ playes ;
The ouzell⁶ shrills ; the ruddock⁶ warbles soft ;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes meriment.
Ah ! my deere Love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,

¹ Bow.² Torch.³ Deck.⁴ Adorned.⁵ Song-thrush.⁶ Blackbird.² Variegated.⁴ Variation.⁶ Redbreast.

T' awayt the comming of your ioyous make,¹
 And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
 The deawy leaves among!
 For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho
 ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreame,
 And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were
 With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly
 beams

More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
 Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
 Helpe quickly her to dight.
 But first come, ye fayre Houres, which were begot,
 In Ioves sweet paradise, of Day and Night,
 Which doe the seasons of the year allot,
 And all that ever in this world is fayre
 Do make and still repayre:
 And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
 The which doe still adorn her beauties pride,
 Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride:
 And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
 Some graces to be seene;
 And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
 The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho
 ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come:
 Let all the virgins therefore well awayt,
 And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
 Prepare your selves, for he is comming strayt.
 Set all your things in seemely good aray,
 Fit for so ioyfull day,
 The ioyfult day that ever sunne did see.
 Fair Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
 And let thy lifull² heat not fervent be,
 For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
 Her beauty to disgrace.
 O fayrest Phœbus! Father of the Muse!
 If ever I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
 Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse,
 But let this day, let this one day, be mine;
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
 That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho
 ring.

Harke! how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud
 Their merry musick that resounds from far,
 The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,³
 That well agree withouten breach or iar.
 But most of all the damzels doe delite,
 When they their tymbrels smyte,
 And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
 That all the sences they doe ravish quite;

The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
 Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
 As if it were one voyce,
 "Hymen, Iō Hymen, Hymen," they do shout;
 That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
 To which the people, standing all about,
 As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
 And loud advance her laud;
 And evermore they "Hymen, Hymen," sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho
 ring.

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
 Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her beseems, that ye would weene
 Some angell she had bene.
 Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
 Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
 Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
 And, being crowned with a girland greene,
 Seem lyke some mayden queene.
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are,
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud, —
 So farre from being proud.
 Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
 ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
 So fayre a creature in your towne before;
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorned with beautyes grace and vertues store?
 Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
 Her forehead yvory white,
 Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath
 rudded,
 Her lips lyke cherries, charming men to byte,
 Her brest like to a bowl of creame uncrudded,¹
 Her paps lyke lylies budded,
 Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
 And all her body like a pallace fayre,
 Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
 To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your eccho
 ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively spright,

¹ Mate. ² Life-fulk. ³ Violin.

¹ Uncruddled.

Garnisht with heavenly giufts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonisht lyke to those which red¹
 Medusæes mazeful hed.
 There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
 Unspotted Fayth, and Comely Womanhood,
 Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
 There Vertue raynes as queene in royal throne,
 And giveth lawes alone,
 The which the base affections doe obay,
 And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
 Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures,
 And unrevealed pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
 That all the woods should answer, and your eccho
 ring.

Open the temple gates unto my Love,
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
 And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
 For to receyve this saynt with honour dew,
 That commeth in to you.
 With trembling steps and humble reverence,
 She commeth in before th' Almightyes view:
 Of her, ye virgins, learne obedience,
 When so ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces.
 Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endlesse matrimony make;
 And let the roring organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
 The whiles, with hollow throates,
 The choristers the ioyous antheme sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their eccho
 ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes
 And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
 How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
 And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,
 Like crimson dyde in grayne:
 That even the angels, which continually
 About the sacred altar doe remaine,
 Forget their service and about her fly,
 Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad² eyes, still fastened on the ground,
 Are governed with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
 Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
 Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band?

Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluya sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
 ring.

Now al is done; bring home the bride againe;
 Bring home the triumph of our victory;
 Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
 With ioyance bring her and with iollity.
 Never had man more ioyfull day than this,
 Whom heaven would heape with blis.
 Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
 This day for ever to me holy is.
 Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
 Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
 Poure out to all that wull,³
 And sprinkle all the posts and wals with wine,
 That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
 Crowne ye god Bacchus with a coronall,
 And Hymen also crowne with wreaths of vine;
 And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
 For they can doo it best:
 The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
 To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho
 ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,
 And leave your wonted labors for this day:
 This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
 That ye for ever it remember may.
 This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
 With Barnaby the bright,
 From whence declining daily by degrees,
 He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
 When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
 But for this time it ill ordained was,
 To choose the longest day in all the yeare,
 And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
 Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
 Ring ye the bells to make it weare away,
 And bonefiers make all day;
 And daunce about them, and about them sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
 ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
 And lende me leave to come unto my Love?
 How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend?
 How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?
 Hast thee, O fayrest planet, to thy home,
 Within the Westernne fome:
 Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
 Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
 And the bright evening-star with golden creast
 Appare out of the East.
 Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampe of love!
 That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
 And guidest lovers through the nights sad dread,

¹ Saw.² Serious.³ Will.

How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As ioying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for ioy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho
ring!

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights fore-
past;

Enough it is that all the day was yours:
Now day is doene, and night is nighing fast;
Now bring the bryde into the brydall bowres.
The night is come; now soon her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken curteins over her display,
And odour sheets, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire Love does ly,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Iove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my Love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho
ring.

* * *

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light,
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More than we men can fayne,
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long pos-
sesse

With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet Love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely ioyes to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho
ring!

Song, made in lieu of many ornaments
With which my Love should duly have been
dect,

Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promist both to recompens,
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment!

FROM THE PROTHALAMION.

CALME was the day, and through the trembling
ayre

Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay¹
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre;
When I (whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brayne)
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes;
Whose ruty² bank, the which his river hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adorn'd with dainty gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their paramours
Against the brydale day, which is not long:³
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my
song.

There, in a meadow by the rivers side,
A flocke of Nymphes I chaunced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
As each had bene a bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled⁴ curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flas-
ket.⁵

And with fine fingers cropt full feateously⁶
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gathered some; the violet, pallid blew,
The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegroomes posies
Against the brydale day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my
song.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the lee:⁷
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near:
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,

¹ Alley.

² Rooty.

³ Distant.

⁴ Interwoven.

⁵ A long, shallow basket.

⁶ Dexterously.

⁷ Stream.

Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
 To wet their silken feathers, least they might
 Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
 And marre their beauties bright,
 That shone as heavens light,
 Against their bydale day, which was not long :
 Sweet Thymmes ! runne softly, till I end my
 song.

SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

BUT ah ! beleeve me there is more then so,
 That workes such wonders in the minds of men ;
 I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,
 And who so list the like assayes to ken
 Shall find by trial, and confesse it then,
 That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
 An outward shew of things that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red
 With which the cheekes are sprinkled, shall de-
 cay,

And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairly spred
 Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
 To that they were, even to corrupted clay :
 That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright,
 Shall turne to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
 That light proceedes which kindleth lovers fire,
 Shall never be extinguisht nor decay ;
 But when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
 Unto her native planet shall retyre ;
 For it is heavenly borne, and cannot die,
 Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which derived was,
 At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
 By whom all live to love, whilome did pas
 Down from the top of purest heavens hight
 To be embodied here, it then tooke light
 And lively spirits from that fayrest starre
 Which lights the world forth from his fire carre.

Which powre retayning still, or more or lesse,
 When she in fleshly seede is eft¹ enraced,²
 Through every part she doth the same impresse,
 According as the heavens have her graced,
 And frames her house, in which she will be
 placed,
 Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
 Of th' heavenly riches which she robd erewhyle.

Thereof it comes that these faire soules which
 have
 The most resemblance of that heavenly light
 Frame to themselves most beautiful and brave

Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
 And the grosse matter by a soveraine might
 Temper so trim, that it may well be seene
 A pallace fit for such a virgin queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
 And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
 So it the fairer bodie doth procure
 To habit in, and it more fairely dight¹
 With chearfull grace and amiable sight :
 For of the soule the bodie forme doth take ;
 For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore, where-ever that thou doest behold
 A comely corpse,² with beautie faire endewed,
 Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
 A beauteous soule with fair conditions thewed,³
 Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed ;
 For all that faire is, is by nature good ;
 That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Hymn in Honour of Beautie.

SONNETS.

WEAKE is th' assurance that weake flesh reposeth
 In her own powre, and scorneth others ayde ;
 That soonest fals, when as she most supposeth
 Her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affrayd.
 All flesh is frailte, and all her strength unstayd,
 Like a vaine bubble blownen up with ayre :
 Devouring tyme and changeful chance have
 prayd⁴

Her glorious pride, that none may it repayre.
 Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
 But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance :
 And he that standeth on the hyghest stayre
 Fals lowest ; for on earth nought hath endurance.

Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme so
 farre,

That to your selfe ye most assured arre !

LACKYNG my Love, I go from place to place,
 Lyke a young fawne that late hath lost the hynd,
 And seekæ each where where last I sawe her face,
 Whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd.
 I seeke the fields with her late footing synd ;
 I seeke her bowre with her late presence dect ;
 Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her fynd,
 Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect.
 But when myne eyes I therunto direct,
 They ydly back return to me agayne ;
 And when I hope to see theyr trew obiect,
 I fynd my self but fed with fancies vayne.

Cease then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to see,
 And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

¹ Afterwards.

² Implanted.

³ Adorn.

⁴ Body.

⁵ Endowed with fair qualities.

⁶ Preyed upon.

AFTER so long a race as I have run
Through Faery land, which those six books com-
pile,

Give leave to rest me being half foredone,
And gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,
Out of my prison I will break anew,
And stoutly will that second work assoyle,¹
With strong endeavour and attention dew.
Till then give leave to me in pleasant mew²
To sport my Muse, and sing my Loves sweet
praise,

The contemplation of whose heavenly hew
My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse.
But let her prayes yet be low and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

LYKE as the culver³ on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his returne, that seemes to linger late,
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my Love;
And wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful
dove:

Ne ioy of ought that under heaven doth hove,⁴
Can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight,
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.

Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.

From Amoretti.

NOBLE MINDS DISPLACED AT COURT.

FOR each mans worth is measured by his weed,⁵
As harts by hornes, or asses by their cares:
Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
Nor yet all harts that hornes the highest beares.
For highest lookes have not the highest mynd,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts:
But are like bladders blowen up with wynd,
That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
Even such is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away:
Such is their glorie that in simple eie
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most
gay.

So they themselves for praise of fooles do sell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
And purchase highest rowmes in bowre and hall:
Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie

Do wander up and downe despyd of all;
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call.

Colin Clouts Come Home Againe.

BEAUTY.

FOR sure, of all that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,
Or that resembleth more th' immortal flame
Of heavenly light, than Beauties glorious beam.
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Frail men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to
see,

At sight thereof so much enravish't bee?

Hymn in Honour of Love.

WOMANKIND.

"INDEED," said Lucid, "I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruell hard;
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire
mayd

To use him so that used her so well?
Or who with blame can iustly her upbrayd,
For loving not? for who can love compell?
And, sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
Rashly to wyten¹ creatures so divine;
For demigods they be, and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailnesse femi-
nine.

And well I wote that oft I heard it spoken,
How one that fairest Helene did revile,
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywro-
ken,²

Lost both his eyes, and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise.
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read³ betimes,
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise."

POWER KEEPING DOWN MERIT.

O GRIEFE of griefes! O gall of all good heartes!
To see that vertue should dispised bee
Of him that first was raise'd for vertuous parts,
And now, broad spreading like an aged tree,
Lets none shoot up that nigh him planted bee.
O let the man of whom the Muse is scorned,
Nor alive nor dead, be of the Muse adorned!

The Ruines of Time.

¹ Discharge.

² Prison, retreat.

³ Dove.

⁴ Hover, exist.

⁵ Dress.

¹ Blame.

² Avenged, punished.

³ Advise.

DELIGHT AND LIBERTY.

WHAT more felicitie can fall to creature
Than to enioy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature,
To take whatever thing doth please the eie?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthie he to taste of wretchednes.

From Muipotmos.

MISERIES OF A SUITOR AT COURT.

MOST miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to court, to sue for had-ywist,
That few have found, and manie one hath mist!
Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To loose good dayes, that might be better spent;
To wast long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;
To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres;
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!

Mother Hubberds Tale.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

1554-1586.

COME, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.
With shield of proof shield me from out the
prease

Of those fierce darts, Despair at me doth throw;
O, make in me those civil wars to cease:
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the
skies,

How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
To me that feel the like thy state describes.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

O HAPPY Thames, that didst my Stella bear!
I saw thee with full many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear;
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravish'd, staid not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine:
And fain those Æol's youth there would their
stay

Have made; but, forced by Nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
She, so dishevell'd, blush'd. From window I,
With sight thereof, cried out, "O fair disgrace;
Let Honour's self to thee grant highest place."

MATHEW ROYDON.

About 1586.

FROM AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR
PHILIP SIDNEY.

"WITHIN these woods of Arcadie
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine Parthenie,
Upon the chrystall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him ev'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

"When he descended downe to the mount,
His personage seemed most divine,
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely, cheerfull eine;
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

"A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes;

I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

"Was never eie did see that face,
Was never eare did heare that tong,
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long;
But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught.



FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

1554-1628.

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.

Crowns, therefore keep your oaths of coronation,
Succession frees no tyranny from those;
Faith is the balance of power's reputation;
That circle broken, where can man repose?

Since sceptre pledges, which should be sincere,
By one false act grow bankrupt every where.
Make not men's conscience, wealth, and liberty,
Servile, without book, to unbounded will;
Procrustes like he racks humanity,
That in power's own mould casts their good will;
And slaves men must be by the sway of time,
When tyranny continues thus sublime.

* * *

Yet above all these, tyrants must have care
To cherish these assemblies of estate
Which in great monarchies true glasses are,
To show men's grief, excesses to abate,
Brave moulds for laws, a medium that in one
Joins with content a people to the throne.



REALITY OF A TRUE RELIGION.

For sure in all kinds of hypocrisy
No bodies yet are found of constant being;
No uniform, no stable mystery,
No inward nature, but an outward seeming;
No solid truth, no virtue, holiness,
But types of these, which time makes more
or less.

And, from these springs, strange inundations
flow,

To drown the sea-marks of humanity,
With massacres, conspiracy, treason, woe,
By sects and schisms profaning Deity:
Besides, with furies, fiends, earth, air, and hell,
They fit, and teach confusion to rebel.

But, as there lives a true God in the heaven,
So is there true religion here on earth;
By nature? No, by grace; not got, but given;
Inspir'd, not taught; from God a second birth;
God dwelleth near about us, even within,
Working the goodness, censuring the sin.

Such as we are to him, to us is he,
Without God there was no man ever good;
Divine the author and the matter be,
Where goodness must be wrought in flesh and
blood:

Religion stands not in corrupted things,
But virtues that descend have heavenly wings.



NICHOLAS BRETON.

1555 (?) - 1624 (?).

A PASTORAL OF PHILLIS AND CORIDON.

On a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty sweet;
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringed all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy,
She that Venus did despise,
And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see;
This is *ipsa quæ*, the which
There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes, yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone:
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor silly Coridon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

HENRY CONSTABLE.

Published in 1594.

SONNET.

To live in hell, and heaven to behold,
 To welcome life, and die a living death,
 To sweat with heat, and yet be freezing cold,
 To grasp at stars, and lie the earth beneath,
 To tread a maze that never shall have end,
 To burn in sighs, and starve in daily tears,
 To climb a hill, and never to descend,
 Giants to kill, and quake at childish fears,
 To pine for food, and watch th' Hesperian tree,
 To thirst for drink, and nectar still to draw,
 To live accurs'd, whom men hold blest to be,
 And weep those wrongs which never creature saw;
 If this be love, if love in these be founded,
 My heart is love, for these in it are grounded.

GEORGE PEELE.

1552 (?) - 1598 (?).

ENGLAND.

ILLUSTRIOUS England, ancient seat of kings,
 Whose chivalry hath royalis'd thy fame,
 That, sounding bravely through terrestrial vale,
 Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
 Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world!
 What warlike nation, train'd in feats of arms,
 What barbarous people, stubborn, or untamed,
 What climate under the meridian signs,
 Or frozen zone under his brumal stage,
 Erst have not quak'd and trembled at the name
 Of Britain and her mighty conquerors?
 Her neighbour realms, as Scotland, Denmark,
 France,
 Awed with their deeds, and jealous of her arms,
 Have begged defensive and offensive leagues.
 Thus Europe, rich and mighty in her kings,
 Hath fear'd brave England, dreadful in her kings.
 And now, to eternise Albion's champions,
 Equivalent with Trojan's ancient fame,
 Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,
 Veering before the wind, ploughing the sea;
 His stretched sails fill'd with the breath of men,
 That through the world admire his manliness.
 And lo, at last arrived in Dover road,
 Longshank, your king, your glory, and our son,
 With troops of conquering lords and warlike
 knights,
 Like bloody-crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
 Higher than all his army by the head,

Marching along as bright as Phœbus' eyes!
 And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
 And England's peers shall see their sovereign.

DAVID AND BETHSABE.

BRIGHT Bethsabe shall wash in David's bower
 In water mixed with purest almond flower,
 And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids;
 Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires,
 Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,
 To flowers sweet odours, and to odours wings,
 That carries pleasures to the hearts of kings.

* * *

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
 And brings my longings tangled in her hair:
 To 'joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
 Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
 That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
 Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests,
 In oblique turnings wind the nimble waves
 About the circles of her curious walks,
 And with their murmur summon easeful sleep,
 To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

THE AGED MAN-AT-ARMS.

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
 O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
 His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
 But spurned in vain; youth waneth by en-
 creasing.
 Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading
 seen;
 Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms;
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms:
 But though from court to cottage he depart,
 His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:
 "Bless'd be the hearts that wish my Sovereign
 well,
 Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong."
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
 To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

CUPID'S ARROWS.

At Venus' entreaty for Cupid her son
 These arrows by Vulcan were cunningly done.
 The first is Love, as here you may behold,

His feathers, head, and body, are of gold :
 The second shaft is Hate, a foe to love,
 And bitter are his torments for to prove :
 The third is Hope, from whence our comfort
 springs,
 His feathers [they] are pulled from Fortune's
 wings :
 Fourth Jealousy in basest minds doth dwell,
 This metal Vulcan's Cyclops sent from hell.

ROBERT GREENE.

1560 (?) - 1592.

SAMELA.

LIKE to Diana in her summer weed,
 Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
 Goes fair Samela ;
 Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
 When washed by Arethusa faint they lie,
 Is fair Samela ;
 As fair Aurora in her morning gray,
 Decked with the ruddy glisters of her love,
 Is fair Samela ;
 Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
 Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
 Shines fair Samela ;
 Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
 Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
 Of fair Samela ;
 Her cheeks, like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
 Her brows' bright arches framed of ebony ;
 Thus fair Samela
 Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
 And Juno in the show of majesty,
 For she's Samela :
 Pallas in wit, all three, if you will view,
 For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity
 Yield to Samela.

CONTENT.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content :
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown :
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent :
 The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep,
 such bliss,
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
 The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
 The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
 The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
 Obscured life sets down a type of bliss ;
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

A MOTHER'S SONG TO A CHILD.

MOTHER's wag, pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy,
 When thy father first did see
 Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe,
 Fortune changed made him so ;
 When he had left his pretty boy,
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.
 Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leap'd ;
 More he crow'd, more he cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide ;
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bless ;
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.
 Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

A YOUNG MAIDEN.

AH, when she sings, all music else be still,
 For none must be compared to her note ;
 Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
 Nor from the morning singer's swelling throat,
 And when she riseth from her blissful bed,
 She comforts all the world, as doth the sun.

PRÓDIGALITY.

THAT which gilded over his imperfections,
 Is wasted and consumed, even like ice,
 Which by the vehemence of heat dissolves,
 And glides to many rivers ; so his wealth,
 That felt a prodigal hand, hot in expense,
 Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers
 Ran like a violent stream to other men's.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE KING.

AH ! what is love ! It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
 And sweeter too :
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest cares to frown :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

His flocks are folded ; he comes home at night
 As merry as a king in his delight,
 And merrier too :
 For kings bethink them what the state require,
 Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
 His cream and curd, as doth the king his meat,
 And blither too :
 For kings have often fears when they sup,
 Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
 As doth the king upon his beds of down,
 More sounder too :
 For cares cause kings full off their sleep to spill,
 Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
 As doth the king at every tide or syth,
 And blither too :
 For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
 When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

THOMAS LODGE.

1555 (?) - 1625.

ROSALINE.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere
 Where all imperial glory shines ;
 Of selfsame color is her hair,
 Whether unfolded, or in twines :
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
 Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
 Resembling Heaven by every wink ;
 The Gods do fear whereas they glow,
 And I do tremble when I think
 Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
 That beautifies Aurora's face,
 Or like the silver crimson shroud

That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace ;
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
 Her lips are like two budded roses
 Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,
 Within which bounds she balm encloses
 Apt to entice a deity :
 Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her neck is like a stately tower
 Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
 To watch for glances every hour
 From her divine and sacred eyes :
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
 Her paps are centres of delight,
 Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
 Where Nature moulds the dew of light
 To feed perfection with the same :
 Heigh ho, would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
 With marble white, with sapphire blue,
 Her body every way is fed,
 Yet soft in touch and sweet in view :
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
 Nature herself her shape admires ;
 The Gods are wounded in her sight ;
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
 And at her eyes his brand doth light :
 Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
 The absence of fair Rosaline,
 Since for a fair there's fairer none,
 Nor for her virtues so divine :
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
 Heigh ho, my heart ! would God that she were
 mine !

ROSADER'S SONETTO.

TURN I my looks unto the skies,
 Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes ;
 If so I look upon the ground,
 Love then in every flower is found ;
 Search I the shade to flee my pain,
 Love meets me in the shades again ;
 Want I to walk in secret grove,
 E'en there I meet with sacred love ;
 If so I bathe me in the spring,
 E'en on the brink I hear him sing ;
 If so I meditate alone,
 He will be partner of my moan ;
 If so I mourn, he weeps with me
 And where I am there will he be ;
 When as I talk of Rosalind,
 The God from coyness waxeth kind,
 And seems in selfsame frame to fly,
 Because he loves as well as I.

Sweet Rosalind, for pity rue,
For why, than love I am more true:
He, if he speed, will quickly fly,
But in thy love I live and die.

—♦—
LOVE IN MY BOSOM, LIKE A BEE.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye?

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

—♦—
THOMAS NASH.

1564 (?) - 1601 (?)

THE DECAY OF SUMMER.

FAIR summer droops, droop men and beasts
therefore,
So fair a summer look for never more:

All good things vanish less than in a day,
Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.

Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is hell when thou leavest to appear.
What, shall those flowers that decked thy garland
erst,

Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?
O trees consume your sap in sorrow's source,
Streams turn to tears your tributary course.
Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is hell when thou leavest to appear.

—♦—
DESPAIR OF A POOR SCHOLAR.

WHY is 't damnation to despair and die,
When life is my true happiness' disease?
My soul, my soul, thy safety makes me fly
The faulty means that might my pain appease:
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell.

Ah, worthless wit! to train me to this woe:
Deceitful arts! that nourish discontent:
I'll thrive the folly that bewitched me so!
Vain thoughts, adieu! for now I will repent,—
And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
For none take pity of a scholar's need.

Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth,
And ban the air wherein I breathe a wretch,
Since misery hath daunted all my mirth,
And I am quite undone through promise breach;
Ah, friends!—no friends that then ungentle frown,
When changing fortune casts us headlong down.

Without redress complains my careless verse,
And Midas' ears relent not at my moan,
In some far land will I my griefs rehearse,
'Mongst them that will be moved when I shall
groan.

England, adieu! the soil that brought me forth,
Adieu! unkind, where skill is nothing worth.

—♦—
SPRING.

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant
king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a
ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit,
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
 Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.
 Spring, the sweet Spring.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

1557 - 1634.

THE MASTER SPIRIT.

GIVE me a spirit that on life's rough sea
 Loves to have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
 Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
 And his rapt ship run on her side so low,
 That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs
 air.

There is no danger to a man, that knows
 What life and death is : there 's not any law
 Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful
 That he should stoop to any other law :
 He goes before them, and commands them all,
 That to himself is a law rational.

FALL OF A WARRIOR FIGHTING.

THEN, as in Arden I have seen an oak
 Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
 Bent to his root, which being at length made loose
 (Even groaning with his weight) he 'gan to nod
 This way and that, as loth his curled brows
 (Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storms)
 Should stoop ; and yet, his radical fibres burst,
 Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth.

INSINUATING MANNERS.

WE must have these lures, when we hawk for
 friends :
 And wind about them like a subtle river,
 That, seeming only to run on his course,
 Doth search yet, as he runs, and still finds out
 The easiest parts of entry on the shore,
 Gliding so slyly by, as scarce it touch'd,
 Yet still eats something in it.

PASSION AND REASON.

WHEN our diseas'd affections
 Harmful to human freedom, and storm-like
 Inferring darkness to th' infected mind,
 Oppress our comforts ; 't is but letting in

The light of reason, and a purer spirit
 Take in another way ; like rooms that fight
 With windows 'gainst the wind, yet let in light.

SONNET.

MUSES, that sing Love's sensual empirie,
 And lovers kindling your enraged fires
 At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,
 Blown with the empty breath of vain desires ;
 You, that prefer the painted cabinet
 Before the wealthy jewels it doth store ye,
 That all your joys in dying figures set,
 And stain the living substance of your glory ;
 Abjure those joys, abhor their memory ;
 And let my love the honour'd subject be
 Of love and honour's complete history !
 Your eyes were never yet let in to see
 The majesty and riches of the mind,
 That dwell in darkness ; for your god is blind.

VIRTUE.

MAN is a torch borne in the wind ; a dream
 But of a shadow, summed with all his substance ;
 And as great seamen, using all their wealth
 And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
 In tall ships richly built and ribbed with brass,
 To put a girdle round about the world,
 When they have done it (coming near their haven)
 Are fain to give a warning piece, and call
 A poor strayed fisherman, that never past
 His country's sight, to waft and guide them in :
 So when we wander furthest through the waves
 Of glassy glory and the gulfs of state,
 Topped with all titles, spreading all our reaches,
 As if each private arm would sphere the earth,
 We must to Virtue for her guidé resort,
 Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port.

A KING.

IN a king
 All places are contained. His words and looks
 Arc like the flashes and the bolts of Jove ;
 His deeds inimitable, like the sea
 That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no tracks,
 Nor prints of precedent for mean men's acts.

A GREAT HEART.

His great heart will not down : 't is like the sea,
 That partly by his own internal heat,
 Partly the stars' daily and nightly motion,
 Their heat and light, and partly of the place
 The divers frames, but chiefly by the moon

Bristled with surges, never will be won,
(No, not when th' hearts of all those powers are
burst,)

To make retreat into his settled home,
Till he be crowned with his own quiet foam.

INVOCATION TO REST.

Now, all ye peaceful regents of the night,
Silently gliding exhalations,
Languishing winds, and murmuring falls of waters,
Sadness of heart, and ominous secureness,
Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of rest
That ever wrought upon the life of man
Extend your utmost strengths; and this charmed
hour
Fix like the centre.

OMNISCIENCE.

THERE is One
That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can bind:
He sees through doors and darkness and our
thoughts.

SIN.

O, THE dangerous siege
Sin lays about us! and the tyranny
He exercises when he hath expugned:
Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
Mixed with a gushing storm, that suffer nothing
To stir abroad on earth but their own rages,
Is sin, when it hath gathered head above us.

INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

TERROR of darkness! O thou king of flames!
That with thy music-footed horse doth strike
The clear light out of crystal, on dark earth,
And hurl'st instinctive fire about the world,
Wake, wake, the drowsy and enchanted night,
That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle:
O thou great prince of shades, where never sun
Sticks his far-darted beams, whose eyes are made
To shine in darkness, and see ever best
Where men are blindest! open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle, that for fear
Of some ill it includes would feign lie hid,
And rise thou with it in thy greater light.

THE PRAISE OF HOMER.

O, 'T is wondrous much
Though nothing prosed, that the right virtuous
touch

Of a well written soul to virtue moves.
Nor have we souls to purpose, if their loves
Of fitting objects be not so inflamed.
How much, then, were this kingdom's main soul
maimed

To want this great inflamer of all powers
That move in human souls! All realms but
yours

Are honored with them, and hold blest that
state

That have his works to read and contemplate,
In which humanity to her height is raised;
Which all the world, yet none enough hath
praised.

Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in verse com-
prise,

Outsung the Muses, and did equalize
Their King Apollo; being so far from cause
Of princes' light thoughts, that their gravest
laws

May find stuff to be fashioned by his lines.
Through all the pomp of kingdoms still he shines,
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
Your lutes and viols, and more loftily
Make the heroics of your Homer sung;
To drums and trumpets set his angel tongue;
And, with the princely sport of hawks you use,
Behold the kingly flight of his high muse,
And see how, like the Phoenix, she renews
Her age and starry feathers in your sun,
Thousands of years attending; every one
Blowing the holy fire, throwing in
Their seasons, kingdoms, nations, that have been
Subverted in them; laws, religions, all
Offered to change, and greedy funeral,
Yet still your Homer lasting, living, reigning,
And proves how firm Truth builds in poets
feigning.

A prince's statue, or in marble carved,
Or steel, or gold, and shrined, to be preserved
Aloft on pillars and pyramides,
Time into lowest ruins may depress;
But, drawn with all his virtues in learned verse,
Fame shall resound them on Oblivion's hearse,
Till graves gasp with their blasts, and dead men
rise.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

1560 - 1595.

LOOK HOME.

RETIRED thoughts enjoy their own delights,
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye:
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,
A brief wherein all miracles summed lie;

Of fairest forms, and sweetest shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them
more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create,
To nature's patterns adding higher skill
Of finest works; wit better could the state,
If force of wit had equal power of will.
Devise of man in working hath no end;
What thought can think, another thought can
mend.

Man's soul of endless beauties image is,
Drawn by the work of endless skill and might:
This skilful might gave many sparks of bliss;
And, to discern this bliss, a native light,
To frame God's image as his worth required;
His might, his skill, his word and will conspired.

All that he had, his image should present;
All that it should present, he could afford;
To that he could afford his will was bent;
His will was followed with performing word.
Let this suffice, by this conceive the rest,
He should, he could, he would, he did the best.

LOVE'S SERVILE LOT.

Love mistress is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they serve;
They reckon least how little hope
Their service doth deserve.

The will she robbeth from the wit,
The sense from reason's lore;
She is delightful in the rind,
Corrupted in the core.

She shroudeth vice in virtue's veil,
Pretending good in ill;
She offereth joy, but bringeth grief;
A kiss — where she doth kill.

Her watery eyes have burning force,
Her floods and flames conspire;
Tears kindle sparks, sobs fuel are,
And sighs but fan the fire.

A honey shower rains from her lips,
Sweet lights shine in her face;
She hath the blush of virgin mind,
The mind of viper's race.

She makes thee seek, yet fear to find;
To find, but nought enjoy;
In many frowns, some passing smiles
She yields to more annoy.

She letteth fall some luring baits,
For fools to gather up;

Now sweet, now sour, for every taste
She tempereth her cup.

* * *
May never was the month of love;
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April, wet by kind;
For love is full of showers.

With soothing words intralld souls
She chains in servile bands!
Her eye in silence hath a speech
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours,
Short hap, immortal harms;
Her loving looks are murdering darts,
Her songs bewitching charms.

Like winter rose, and summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first, in fine unseemly.

Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain;
Seek other mistress for your minds,
Love's service is in vain.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

1561 - 1612.

A PRECISE TAILOR.

A TAILOR, thought a man of upright dealing —
True, but for lying — honest, but for stealing —
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance;
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry colour'd silks display'd a banner
Which he had stolen, and wish'd, as they did
tell,

That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian:
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he show'd great reformation;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons
weekly;

He vow'd to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but truly;
And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest;
And lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,

That if the stuff, allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done (I scant can tell the rest for laughter)
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet and three
quarters,

To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three quarters of the stuff;
His man, espying it, said in derision,
“Master, remember how you saw the vision!”
“Peace, knave!” quoth he, “I did not see one rag
Of such a colour’d silk in all the flag.”

TREASON.

TREASON doth never prosper: what’s the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

WRITERS WHO CARP AT OTHER MEN’S BOOKS.

THE readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest;
But what care I? for when I make a feast
I would my guests should praise it, not the
cooks.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

1563 - 1618.

TO RELIGION.

RELIGION, O thou life of life,
How worldlings, that profane thee rife,
Can wrest thee to their appetites!
How princes, who thy power deny,
Pretend thee for their tyranny,
And people for their false delights!

Under thy sacred name, all over,
The vicious all their vices cover;
The insolent their insolence,
The proud their pride, the false their fraud,
The thief his theft, her filth the bawd,
The impudent their impudence.

Ambition under thee aspires,
And Avarice under thee desires;
Sloth under thee her ease assumes,
Lux under thee all overflows,
Wrath under thee outrageous grows,
All evil under thee presumes.

Religion, erst so venerable,
What art thou now but made a fable,
A holy mask on Folly’s brow,
Where under lies Dissimulation,
Lined with all abomination.
Sacred Religion, where art thou?

Not in the church with Simony,
Not on the bench with Bribery,
Nor in the court with Machiavel,
Nor in the city with deceits,
Nor in the country with debates;
For what hath Heaven to do with Hell?

SAMUEL DANIEL.

1562 - 1619.

EPISTLE TO THE COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear’d the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same;
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey?

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil?
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch’s wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best fac’d-enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t’ appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;

Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Pow'r, that proudly sits on others' crimes:
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he
checks.

The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near ally'd to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your pow'rs can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment, that hath carry'd you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inur'd to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain:
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;

Whilst all what Malice from without procures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than women use to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better check'd by being condemn'd,
Than being pursu'd; leaving to him t' avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate: whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, being pow'rless to redress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

And how turmoil'd they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from
thence;

That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death; that when ability expires,
Desire lives still: so much delight they have,
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reck'nings of their glory. And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come.
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumed are,
Either in war, or peace-conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tun'd mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his
worst

To put it out by discords most unkind;
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be fore'd
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

SONNETS.

I MUST not grieve, my love, whose eyes would read
 Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
 Flowers have time before they come to seed,
 And she is young, and now must sport the while.
 And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
 And learn to gather flowers before they wither;
 And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
 Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither,
 Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
 And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise;
 Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
 Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
 Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
 Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

FAIR is my love, and cruel as she's fair;
 Her brow shades frown, altho' her eyes are sunny;
 Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair;
 And her disdains are gall, her favours honey.
 A modest maid, deck'd with a blush of honour,
 Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love;
 The wonder of all eyes that look upon her:
 Sacred on earth; design'd a saint above;
 Chastity and Beauty, which are deadly foes,
 Live reconciled friends within her brow;
 And had she Pity to conjoin with those,
 Then who had heard the complaints I utter now?
 For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
 My Muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
 Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
 With dark forgetting of my care, return.
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torments of the night's untruth.
 Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
 To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
 Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
 To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

RESTORE thy tresses to the golden ore;
 Yield Cytherea's son those arcs of love;
 Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore;
 And to the orient do thy pearls remove.
 Yield thy hand's pride unto the ivory white;
 To Arabian odors give thy breathing sweet;
 Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright;
 To Thetis give the honour of thy feet.
 Let Venus have thy graces, her resigned;
 And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres;

But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
 To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears;
 Yield to the marble thy hard heart again;
 So shalt thou cease to plague and I to pain.

EARLY LOVE.

AN, I remember well (and how can I
 But evermore remember well?) when first
 Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
 The flame we felt; when as we sat and sigh'd
 And look'd upon each other, and conceived
 Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail,
 And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
 And what was our disease we could not tell.
 Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
 In that first garden of our simpleness
 We spent our childhood. But when years began
 To reap the fruit of knowledge, — ah, how then
 Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow,
 Check my presumption and my forwardness!
 Yet still would give me flowers, still would show
 What she would have me, yet not have me know.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

1563 - 1631.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry;
 But putting to the main,
 At Kause, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 Marched toward Agincourt
 In happy hour;
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopped his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide
 To the King sending;
 Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vile,

Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed;
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there:
O Lord! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake.
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,

That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound rent
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent,
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

QUEEN ISABELLA AND MORTIMER.

THE night wax'd old (not dreaming of these things)
And to her chamber is the queen withdrawn,

To whom a choice musician plays and sings,
 Whilst she sat under an estate of lawn,
 In night-attire more god-like glittering,
 Than any eye had seen the cheerful dawn,
 Leaning upon her most-loved Mortimer,
 Whose voice, more than the music, pleased her ear.

Where her fair breasts at liberty were let,
 Whose violet veins in branched riverets flow,
 And Venus' swans and milky doves were set
 Upon those swelling mounts of driven snow;
 Whereon whilst Love to sport himself doth get,
 He lost his way, nor back again could go,
 But with those banks of beauty set about,
 He wander'd still, yet never could get out.

Her loose hair look'd like gold (O word too base!
 Nay, more than sin, but so to name her hair)
 Declining, as to kiss her fairer face,
 No word is fair enough for thing so fair,
 Nor ever was there epithet could grace
 That, by much praising which we much impair;
 And where the pen fails, pencils cannot show it,
 Only the soul may be supposed to know it.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
 The Gods' pure sceptres and the darts of Love,
 That with their touch might make a tiger meek,
 Or might great Atlas from his seat remove;
 So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,
 As she had worn a lily for a glove;
 As might beget life where was never none,
 And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

The fire of precious wood; the light perfume,
 Which left a sweetness on each thing it shone,
 As everything did to itself assume
 The scent from them, and made the same their own:

So that the painted flowers within the room
 Were sweet, as if they naturally had grown;
 The light gave colours, which upon them fell,
 And to the colours the perfume gave smell.

MORNING IN WARWICKSHIRE.

WHEN Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
 No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
 At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
 But hunts-up to the morn the feath' red sylvans sing:
 And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,
 Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
 Those quiristers are percht, with many a speckled breast,

Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring east
 Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
 Bespangled had with-pearl, to please the morning's sight;
 On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
 Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
 That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
 Seems all composed of sounds, about them every-where.
 The throistle, with shrill sharps; as purposely he song
 T' awake the listless sun; or chiding, that so long
 He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill;
 The ouzel near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
 As nature him had markt of purpose, t' let us see
 That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
 For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
 Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.
 When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by
 In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
 As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.
 And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
 Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
 They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night,
 (The more to use their ears,) their voices sure would spare,
 That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
 As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.
 To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;
 And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place we then,
 The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and the wren.
 The yellow-pate; which though she hurt the blooming tree,
 Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
 And of these chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
 That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
 The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
 The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay.
 The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
 Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
 Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,
 Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
 And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps

To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.

And near to these our thicks, the wild and frightful herds,
Not hearing other noise but this of chattering birds,
Feed fairly on the lawns; both sorts of seasoned deer:
Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there:
The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals strew'd,
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

TO HIS COY LOVE

I PRAY thee, love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me;
I but in vain that saint adore,
That can, but will not save me:
These poor half kisses kill me quite;
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanch'd.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell!
By me thou art prevented;
'T is nothing to be plagued in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms
Nor thy life's comfort call me;
O, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthrall me.
But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coil about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

SONNET.

In pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my labouring pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my name
Won grace and credit in the ears of men;
With those the thronged theatres that press,
I in the circuit for the laurel strove,
Where the full praise, I freely must confess,
In heat of blood, a modest mind might move.
With shouts and claps, at every little pause,
When the proud round on every side hath rung,

Sadly I sit unmoved with the applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No public glory vainly I pursue;
The praise I strive, is to eternize you.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

1564 - 1593.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hill and valley, grove and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals,
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

DESCRIPTION OF TAMBURLAINE.

Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned;
Like his desire, lift upwards and divine.
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders, as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burthen. 'T wixt his manly pitch
A pearl more worth than all the world is placed
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight:
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres:
That guides his steps and actions to the throne
Where Honour sits invested royally.
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms.
His lofty brows in folds do figure death;
And in their smoothness amity and life.
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was;

On which the breath of heaven delights to
play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty.
His arms and fingers long and sinewy,
Betokening valor and excess of strength ;
In every part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdue to Tamburlaine.

RICHES.

GIVE me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould ;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones ;
Receive them free and sell them by the weight,
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topas, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price
As one of them, indifferently rated,
And of a caract of this quality,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth :
And thus methinks should men of judgment
frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And, as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.

FAUST'S VISION OF HELENA.

WAS this the face that launch'd a thousand
ships,
And burnt the topmost towers of Ilium ?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. —
Her lips suck forth my soul ! see where it
flies.
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heav'n is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris ; and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd ;
And I will combat with the weak Menelaus,
And wear my colors on my pluméd crest ;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars ;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appear'd to hapless Semele ;
More lovely than the monarch of the sea,
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms ;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour !

BEAUTY BEYOND EXPRESSION.

If all the pens that ever poet held
Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
And ev'ry sweetness that inspired their hearts,
And minds, and muses on admiréd themes ;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit ;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads,
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the
best,
Which into words no virtue can digest.

DESCRIPTION OF HERO AND LEANDER.

ON Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might ;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt ; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn ;
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a
grove.
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies ;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground be-
neath :
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast de-
ceives :
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When 't was the odour which her breath forth
cast ;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds
shone.
She ware no gloves ; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her
mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silvered, used she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee ;

Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would cherup through the bills.

Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,
And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother;
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rock, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffered wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.

Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung,)
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allured the venturous youth of Greece

To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.

His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops' shoulder: I could tell ye,
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly;

And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods: let it suffice
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes;
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and, despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamoured of his beauty had he been:
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast outlandish country dwelt;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with naught,

Was moved with him, and for his favour sought.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.*

1564 - 1616.

SONNETS.

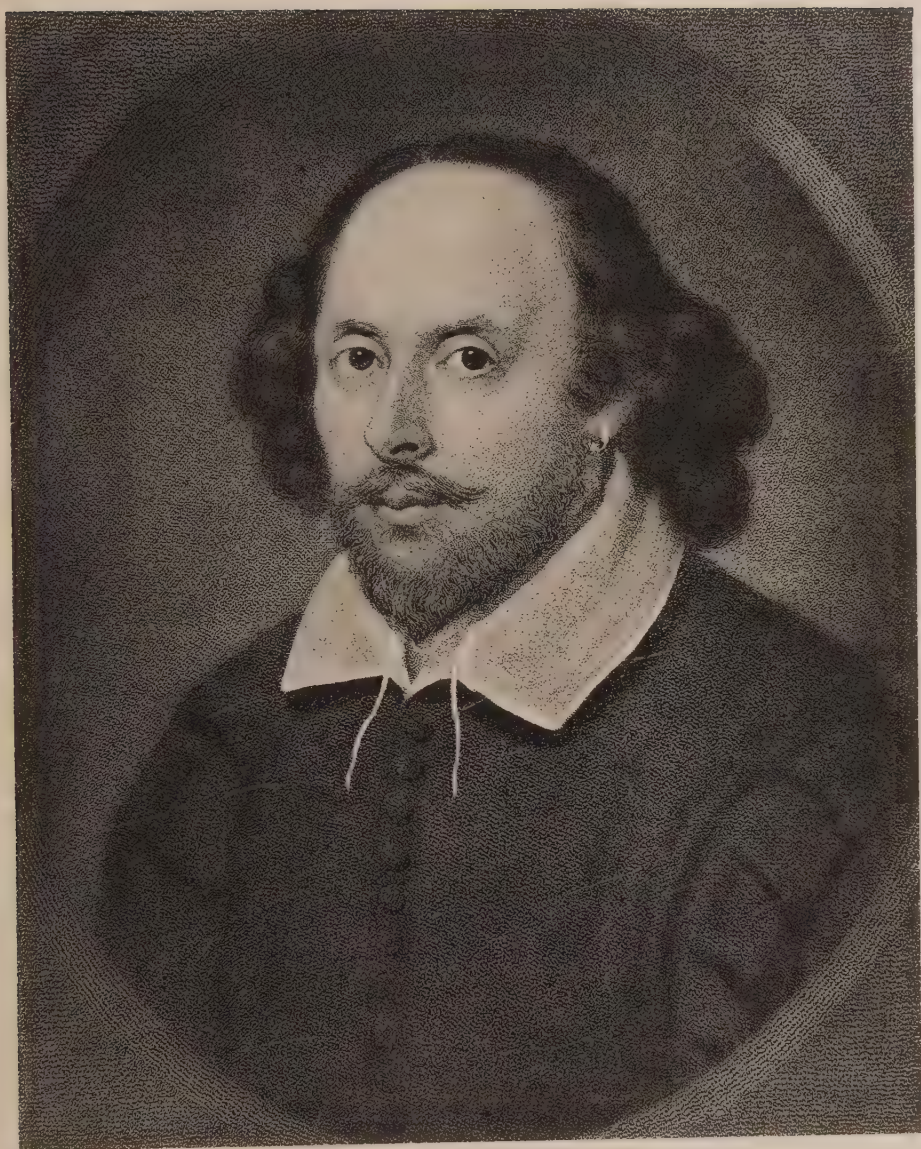
SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd:

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

LET those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd-for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried;
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising;
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings:

* On being shown a book called "Beauties of Shakespeare," a lover of the poet asked, "Where are the other eleven volumes?" The editors of this work have, in the spirit of that question, concluded that it would be needless to cite passages from plays in everybody's hands, and have limited their selections to Shakespeare's songs and poems.



William Shakespeare

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
 And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ;
 But, out, alack ! he was but one hour mine ;
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me
 now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
 staineth.

NOR marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find
 room,

Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

TIR'D with all these, for restful death I cry ; —
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,

And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill :
 Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

THAT thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure, unstained prime.
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd ;
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd :
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell.
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 Oh ! if (I say) you look upon this verse,
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay ;
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with
 him :

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
 grew :

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
 Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose ;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you ; you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play.

WHERE art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so
 long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?

Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, restive Muse! my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mark their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are
spent.

ALAS, 't is true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view;
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
most dear,
Made old offences of affections new:
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the
best,
Even to thy pure, and most, most loving breast.

OH! for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd,
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eyself 'gainst my strong infection:
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and, till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and, no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and, prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows
well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

THOSE lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woful state,

Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
 And taught it thus anew to greet:
 "I hate," she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
 From heaven to hell is flown away:
 "I hate" from hate away she threw,
 And sav'd my life, saying, — "not you."

SO ON THE TIP OF HIS SUBDUING TONGUE.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
 All kind of arguments and question deep,
 All replication prompt, and reason strong,
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
 To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
 He had the dialect and different skill,
 Catching all passions in his craft of will:

That he did in the general bosom reign
 Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
 In personal duty, following where he haunted:
 Consents, bewitch'd, ere he desire have granted;
 And dialogued for him what he would say,
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
 Like fools that in th' imagination set
 The goodly objects which abroad they find
 Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought as-
 sign'd;

And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
 Than the true gouty landlord, which doth owe
 them.

So, many have, that never touch'd his hand,
 Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
 My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
 And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,
 Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

A Lover's Complaint.

THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE.

LET the bird of loudest lay,
 On the sole Arabian tree,
 Herald sad and trumpet be,
 To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But, thou shrieking harbinger,
 Foul precurrer of the fiend,

Augur of the fever's end,
 To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
 Every fowl of tyrant wing,
 Save the eagle, feather'd king:
 Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
 That defunctive music can,
 Be the death-divining swan,
 Lest the requiem lack his right:

And thou, treble-dated crow,
 That thy sable gender mak'st
 With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
 Love and constancy is dead;
 Phoenix and the turtle fled
 In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
 Had the essence but in one;
 Two distincts, division none:
 Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
 Distance, and no space was seen
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
 But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
 That the turtle saw his right
 Flaming in the phoenix's sight:
 Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
 That the self was not the same;
 Single nature's double name
 Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
 Saw division grow together;
 To themselves yet either neither,
 Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, — How true a twain
 Seemeth this concordant one!
 Love hath reason, reason none,
 If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne¹
 To the phoenix and the dove,
 Co-supremes and stars of love,
 As chorus to their tragic scene:

¹ A funeral song.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'T was not their infirmity;
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 't is not she:
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair,
That are either true or fair:
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

DESCRIPTION OF A HORSE.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Venus and Adonis.

THE BEAUTY OF ADONIS.

BUT if thou fall, O then imagine this:
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,

Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's
despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.
Venus and Adonis.

THE LARK.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.
Venus and Adonis.

LUCRECE SLEEPING.

HER lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side, to want his bliss,
Between whose hills her head entombed is;
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd, unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her
breath;
O, modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

The Rape of Lucrece.

OPPORTUNITY.

UNRULY blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;

Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may
get;

Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season:
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth:
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame;
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end,
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for
thee;

But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder rages,
The heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

* * *

Missshapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's packhorse, virtue's
snare;

Thou nursest all, and murder'st all that are.
O, hear me, then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings;
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light;

To stamp the seal of time in aged things;
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night;
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden
towers;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments;
To feed oblivion with decay of things;
To blot old books, and alter their contents;
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings;
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

To show the beldame daughters of her daughter;
To make the child a man, the man a child;
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter;
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand
friends,

Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour
come back,

I could prevent this storm, and shun thy
wrack.

The Rape of Lucrece.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

CRABBED age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do adore thee:
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee:
O, sweet shepherd! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

FORSWORN FOR LOVE.

ON a day, (alack the day !)
 Love, whose month was ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air :
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alas ! my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee :
 Thou, for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

SONGS FROM THE DRAMAS.

SILVIA.

Who is Silvia ? What is she,
 That all our swains commend her ?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she,
 The heavens such grace did lend her,
 That she might admir'd be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
 For beauty lives with kindness :
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness ;
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling ;
 She excels each mortal thing,
 Upon the dull earth dwelling :
 To her let us garlands bring.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

WHITE AND RED.

If she be made of white and red,
 Her faults will ne'er be known ;
 For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
 And fears by pale-white shown ;
 Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
 By this you shall not know ;
 For still her cheeks possess the same,
 Which native she doth own.

Love's Labour Lost.

SPRING AND WINTER.

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver-white,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,

Cuckoo ;

Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,

Cuckoo ;

Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who ;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel¹ the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who ;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Love's Labour Lost.

SONG OF THE FAIRY.

OVER hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs^a upon the green ;
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
 In their gold coats spots you see,
 These be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours :

¹ Skim.

^a The rings on the sward, dried up by the feet of the fairies in dancing their rounds.

I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

TITANIA IN THE WOOD.

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here:
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, etc.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

BIRDS.

THE woosel-cock,¹ so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

THE DEAD OF NIGHT, — APPROACH OF THE FAIRIES.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritchingly loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the churchway paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,

¹ The blackbird.

From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me,
Sing, and dance it, trippingly.
First, rehearse this song by rote;
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
We will sing, and bless this place.

SONG.

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace:
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blessed.

Trip away;

Make no stay:

Meet me all by break of day.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

INCONSTANCY OF MEN.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The fraud of men was ever so

Since summer first was leavy,
Then sigh not so, etc.

Much Ado about Nothing.

HERO'S EPITAPH.

DONE to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies;

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies:

So the life that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.

Much Ado about Nothing.

HYMN AT THE TOMB.

PARDON, goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight;

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:

Graves yawn, and yield your dead,

Till death be utteréd,

Heavenly, heavenly.

Much Ado about Nothing.

ONE GOOD WOMAN IN TEN.

WAS this fair face the cause, quoth she,

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Fond done, done fond,

Was this King Priam's joy?

With that she sighed as she stood,

With that she sighed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then:

Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

All's Well that Ends Well.

THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF FANCY.¹

TELL me where is fancy bred,

Or in the heart, or in the head?

How begot, how nourishéd?

Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,

With gazing fed; and fancy dies

In the cradle where it lies:

Let us all ring fancy's knell;

I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.

Ding, dong, bell.

Merchant of Venice.

¹ Fancy is constantly used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in the sense of love.

SWEET-AND-TWENTY.

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 't is not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Twelfth Night.

SLAIN BY LOVE.

COME away, come away, death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid;

Fly away, fly away, breath;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O, prepare it;

My part of death no one so true

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,

On my black coffin let there be strown;

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O where

Sad true lover never find my grave,

To weep there.

Twelfth Night.

THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY.

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

By swaggering could I never thrive,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

With toss-pots still had drunken head,

For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.¹
Twelfth Night.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune² his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall we see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

As You Like It.

INGRATITUDE.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green
holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,³

¹ The Fool in *King Lear* sings a snatch of a ballad with the same burthen:—

"He that has and a little tiny wit,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day."

² In some editions *turn*.

³ There was an old Saxon proverb, *Winter shall warp water.*

Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! etc.
As You Like It.

THE HOMILY OF LOVE.

WHY should this desert silent be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings shew.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write:
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charged
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide enlarged:
Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

As You Like It.

THE MESSAGE OF HOPELESS LOVE.

ART thou god to shepherd turned,
That a maiden's heart hath burned?
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warrest thou with a woman's heart?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chide me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that by youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;

Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

As You Like It.

THE BETROTHAL.

THEN is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

As You Like It.

WEDLOCK.

WEDDING is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honour'd:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

As You Like It.

TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

TAKE, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,

Bring again.

Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain.

Measure for Measure.

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR.

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's
pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they
sing!

Doth set thy pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with hey! the thrush and the
jay:
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

A Winter's Tale.

A MERRY HEART FOR THE ROAD.

JOG on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

A Winter's Tale.

THE PEDLER AT THE DOOR.

LAWN, as white as driven snow;
Cypress, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy, etc.

A Winter's Tale.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtesied when you have, and kissed,
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bowgh, wowgh.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bowgh, wowgh.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

The Tempest.

FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES.

FULL fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange,
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
The Tempest.

THE WARNING.

WHILE you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed Conspiracy
His time doth take;
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

The Tempest.

THE BLESSING OF JUNO AND CERES.

HONOUR, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Earth's increase, and foison¹ plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;

Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

The Tempest.

ARIEL SET FREE.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

The Tempest.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by —
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

King Henry VIII.

OPHELIA'S SONGS.

I.

How should I your true love know
From another one?

¹ Abundance.

By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

II.

AND will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God 'a' mercy on his soul!

Hamlet.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK AT HEAVEN'S GATE SINGS!

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin:¹
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

Cymbeline.

THE DIRGE OF IMOGEN.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone.
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:

¹ Printed *is* in the folio, changed by Hammer to *bin*.

All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee :
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave !

Cymbeline.

THE WILLOW SONG.

THE poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow ;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow :
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her
moans ;
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the
stones ;
Sing willow, willow, willow ;
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Othello.

THE FOOL'S SONG.

FOOLS had ne'er less grace in a year ;
For wise men are grown foppish ;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fool among.

King Lear.

A CYNIC'S GRACE.

IMMORTAL gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man but myself :
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;
Or a harlot for her weeping ;
Or a dog that seems a sleeping ;
Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't :
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

Timon of Athens.

BACCHANALIAN ROUND.

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :
In thy vats our cares be drowned ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned ;
Cup us, till the world go round ;
Cup us, till the world go round !

Antony and Cleopatra.

EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

1534 (?) - 1604.

A RENUNCIATION.

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
I would not marvel that they make men bond
By service long to purchase their good-will ;
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they
change,
How oft from Phœbus they do flee to Pan ;
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man ;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the
nest,
And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list ?

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease ;
And then we say when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, O, what a fool was I !



FRANCIS BACON, BARON VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

1561 - 1626.

LIFE.

(THE World 's a bubble, and the Life of Man
Less than a span :
In his conception wretched, from the womb
So to the tomb ;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.
Yet since with sorrow here we live oppress,
What life is best ?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools :
The rural parts are turn'd into a den
Of savage men :
And where 's a city from all vice so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all the three ?
Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head :
Those that live single, take it for a curse,
Or do things worse :

Some would have children; those that have them,
moan

Or wish them gone:

What is it, then, to have, or have no wife,
But single thralldom, or a double strife?

Our own affection still at home to please
Is a disease:

To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil:

Wars with their noise affright us: when they cease,
We are worse in peace.

What then remains, but that we still should cry
Not to be born, or, being born, to die?



RICHARD BARNFIELD.

About 1570.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made;
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn;
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Teru, teru, by and by;
That, to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing!
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
But, if store of crowns be scant,

No man will supply thy want.

If that one be prodigal,

Bountiful they will him call;

And with such-like flattering,

"Pity but he were a king."

If he be addict to vice,

Quickly him they will entice;

But if fortune once do frown,

Then farewell his great renown:

They that fawn'd on him before

Use his company no more.

He that is thy friend indeed,

He will help thee in thy need;

If thou sorrow, he will weep,

If thou wake he cannot sleep:

Thus, of every grief in heart

He with thee doth bear a part.

These are certain signs to know

Faithful friend from flattering foe.



ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

- 1607 (?).

NIGHT IS NIGH GONE.

HEY, now the day's dawning;
The jolly cock's crowing;
The eastern sky's glowing;
Stars fade, one by one;
The thistle-cock's crying
On lovers long lying,
Cease vowing and sighing;
The night is nigh gone.

The fields are o'erflowing
With gowans all glowing,
And white lilies growing,
A thousand as one;
The sweet ring-dove cooing,
His love-notes renewing,
Now moaning, now suing;
The night is nigh gone.

The season excelling,
In scented flowers smelling,
To kind love compelling
Our hearts every one;
With sweet ballads moving
The maids we are loving,
Mid musing and roving
The night is nigh gone.

Of war and fair women
The young knights are dreaming,
With bright breastplates gleaming,
And plumed helmets on;

The barbed steed neighs lordly,
And shakes his mane proudly,
For war-trumpets loudly
Say night is nigh gone.

I see the flags flowing,
The warriors all glowing,
And, snorting and blowing,
The steeds rushing on;
The lances are crashing,
On broad blades come flashing,
Mid shouting and dashing, —
The night is nigh gone.

KING JAMES VI., OF SCOTLAND, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

1566 - 1625.

ANE SCHORT POEME OF TYME.

As I was pasing in a morning aire,
And could not sleip nor nawyis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was so faire,
Athort the fields, it seemed to me the best.

The East was cleare, whereby belyve I gest
That fyrie Titan cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chaste Diana by his light.

Who by his rising in the azure skyes,
Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,
Which made the soile to savour sweet and smell,
By dew that on the night before downe fell,
Which then was soukit up by the Delphienus heit
Up in the aire: it was so light and weit.

Whose hie ascending in his purpoure chere
Provokit all from Morpheus to flee:
As beasts to feid, and birds to sing with beir,
Men to their labour, bissie as the bee:
Yet idle men devysing did I see,
How for to drive the tyme that did them irk,
By sindrie pastymes, quhile that it grew mirk.

Then woundred I to see them seik a wyle,
So willingly the precious tyme to tine:
And how they did themselves so farr begyle,
To fushe of tyme, which of itself is fyne.
Fra tyme be past to call it backward syne
Is bot in vaine: therefore men sould be warr,
To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
Which gives him dayis his God aright to know?
Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe,
So spedelie our selfis for to withdraw

Evin from the tyme, which is on nowayes slaw
To fle from us, suppose we fled it nocht?
More wyse we were, if we the tyme had sought.

But sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
I wald we sould bestow it into that
Which were most pleasour to our heavenly King.
Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat;
Bot, sen that death to all is destinat,
Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us,
In doing weill, that good men may commend us.

RICHARD ALISON.

About 1606.

CHEERRY RIPE

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow:
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

An Hour's Recreation in Music.

THOMAS CAMPION.

1540 (?) - 1623 (?).

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SYLVAN AND AN HOUR.

SYLVAN. Tell me, gentle Hour of Night,
Wherein dost thou most delight?

HOURL. Not in sleep.

SYL. Wherein, then?

HOURL. In the frolic view of men.

SYL. Lov'st thou music?

HOURL. O, 't is sweet.

SYL. What's dancing?

HOOR. *Even the mirth of feet.*

SYL. Joy you in fairies and in elves ?

HOOR. We are of that sort ourselves :

But, Sylvan, say, why do you love

Only to frequent the grove ?

SYL. Life is fullest of content,

Where delight is innocent.

HOOR. Pleasure must vary, not be long ;

Come, then, let's close and end our song.

BEN JONSON.

1574 - 1637.

VOLPONE (THE FOX) AND HIS DUPES.

SCENE, *a room in VOLPONE'S house.*

Enter VOLPONE and MOSCA.

VOLPONE. Good morning to the day : and next,
my gold ! —

Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.

MOSCA *withdraws the curtain, and discovers piles
of gold, plate, jewels, etc.*

Hail the world's soul, and mine ! more glad than is
The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendor darkening his ;
That, lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Show'st like a flame by night, or like the day
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
With adoration thee and every relic
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age which they would have the best ;
Thou being the best of things, and far transcend-
ing

All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth.

Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given her twenty thousand
Cupids :

Such are thy beauties and our loves ! Dear saint,
Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,
Thou canst do naught, and yet mak'st men do all
things ;

(The price of souls ; even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven. [Thou art virtue, fame,
Honour, and all things else.] Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise —

MOSCA. And what he will, sir. Riches are in
fortune

A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

VOLP. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory

More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in the glad possession, since I gain
No common way ; I use no trade, no venture ;
I wound no earth with ploughshares, fat no beasts
To feed the shambles ; have no mills for iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder :
I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships
To threatenings of the furrow-faced sea ;
I turn no moneys in the public bank,
Nor usure private.

Mos. No, sir, nor devour
Soft prodigals. You shall have some will
swallow

A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
Will pills of butter ;
Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
In some kind claspings prison, where their bones
May be forthcoming, when the flesh is rotten :
But your sweet nature doth abhor these courses ;
You lothe the widow's or the orphan's tears
Should wash your pavements, or their piteous
cries

Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for vengeance.

VOLP. Right, Mosca ; I do lothe it.

Mos. And besides, sir,
You are not like the thresher that doth stand
With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,
And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
But feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbs ;
Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his vaults
With Romagna, and rich Candian wines,
Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar :

You will lie not in straw, whilst moths and worms
Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds ;
You know the use of riches, and dare give now
From that bright heap, to me, your poor observer.

VOLP. (*gives him money*). Take of my hand ;
thou strik'st on truth in all,

And they are envious term thee parasite.

I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,

To give my substance to ; but whom I make

Must be my heir : and this makes men observe
me :

This draws new clients daily to my house,

Women and men of every sex and age,

That bring me presents, send me plate, coin,
jewels,

With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it shall then return

Tenfold upon them ; whilst some, covetous

Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,

And counter-work the one unto the other,

Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love :

All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,

And am content to coin them into profit,

And look upon their kindness, and take more,

And look on that ; still bearing them in hand,

Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again.

(*Knocking without.*)

VOLP. Who's that?

Mos. 'Tis Signior Voltore, the advocate;
I know him by his knock.

VOLP. Fetch me my gown,
My furs and night-caps; say, my couch is chang-
ing.

And let him entertain himself awhile,
Without i' the gallery. (*Exit MOSCA.*) Now,
now, my clients

Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,
Raven, and gorerow, all my birds of prey,
That think me turning carcase, now they come;
I am not for them yet—

Re-enter MOSCA with the gown, etc.

How now! the news?

Mos. A piece of plate, sir.

VOLP. Of what bigness?

Mos. Huge,
Massy, and antique, with your name inscribed,
And arms engraven.

VOLP. Good! and not a fox
Stretch'd on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow? ha, Mosca!

Mos. Sharp, sir.

VOLP. Give me my furs. (*Puts on his sick
dress.*) Why dost thou laugh so, man?

Mos. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has without now, as he walks:
That this might be the last gift he should give;
That this would fetch you; if you died to-day,
And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow;
What large return would come of all his ventures;
How he should worshipp'd be, and revered;
Ride with his furs, and foot-cloths; waited on
By herds of fools, and clients; have clear way
Made for his mule, as letter'd as himself;
Be call'd the great and learned advocate:
And then concludes, there's naught impossible.

VOLP. Yes, to be learned, Mosca.

Mos. O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.

VOLP. My caps, my caps, good Mosca. Fetch
him in.

Mos. Stay, sir; your ointment for your eyes.

VOLP. That's true;
Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have possession
Of my new present.

Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.

VOLP. Thanks, kind Mosca.

Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended dust,
And hundred such as I am, in succession—

VOLP. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.

Mos. You shall live,

Still, to delude these harpies.

VOLP. Loving Mosca!

'Tis well: my pillow now, and let him enter.

[*Exit MOSCA.*]

Now, my feign'd cough, my phthisic, and my gout,
My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs,
Help, with your forc'd functions, this my posture,
Wherein, this three year, I have milk'd their
hopes.

He comes; I hear him—Uh! (*coughing*) uh! uh!
uh! O—

*Re-enter MOSCA, introducing VOLTORE, with a piece
of plate.*

Mos. (*to VOLTORE*). You still are what you were,
sir. Only you,

Of all the rest, are he commands his love;
And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early visitation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron! sir!
Here's Signior Voltore is come.

(*Speaking loudly in his ear.*)

VOLP. (*faintly*). What say you?

Mos. Sir, Signior Voltore is come this morning
To visit you.

VOLP. I thank him.

Mos. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,
With which he here presents you.

VOLP. He is welcome.
Pray him to come more often.

Mos. Yes.

VOLT. What says he?

Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him
often.

VOLP. Mosca.

Mos. My patron!

VOLP. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand.

Mos. The plate is here, sir.

VOLT. How fare you, sir?

VOLP. I thank you, Signior Voltore;
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.

VOLT. (*putting it into his hands*). I'm sorry
To see you still thus weak.

Mos. (*aside*). That he's not weaker.

VOLP. You are too munificent.

VOLT. No, sir; would to Heaven,
I could as well give health to you, as that plate!

VOLP. You give, sir, what you can: I thank
you. Your love

Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswered:
I pray you see me often.

VOLT. Yes, I shall, sir.

VOLP. Be not far from me.

Mos. Do you observe that, sir?

VOLP. Hearken unto me still; it will concern you.

Mos. You are a happy man, sir; know your good.

VOLP. I cannot now last long —

Mos. You are his heir, sir.

VOLT. Am I?

VOLP. I feel me going: Uh! uh! uh!

I'm sailing to my port. Uh! uh! uh! uh!

And I am glad I am so near my haven.

Mos. Alas, kind gentleman! Well, we must all go —

VOLT. But, Mosca —

Mos. Age will conquer.

VOLT. 'Pray thee, hear me:

Am I inscribed his heir for certain?

Mos. Are you!

I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe

To write me in your family. All my hopes

Depend upon your worship: I am lost,

Except the rising sun do shine on me.

VOLT. It shall both shine and warm thee, Mosca.

Mos. Sir,

I am a man that hath not done your love

All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,

See all your coffers and your caskets lock'd,

Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,

Your plate and moneys; am your steward, sir,

Husband your goods here.

VOLT. But am I sole heir?

Mos. Without a partner, sir; confirm'd this morning:

The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
Upon the parchment.

VOLT. Happy, happy, me!

By what good chance, sweet Mosca?

Mos. Your desert, sir;

I know no second cause.

VOLT. Thy modesty

Is not to know it; well, we shall requite it.

Mos. He ever liked your course, sir; that first took him.

I oft have heard him say, how he admired
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agility could turn,
And [re-] return; [could] make knots, and un-
do them;

Give forked counsel; take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up: these men,
He knew, would thrive with their humility.
And, for his part, he thought he should be blest
To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor
scarce

Lie still, without a fee: when every word
Your worship but lets fall, is a chequin!

(Knocking without.)

Who's that? one knocks; I would not have you
seen, sir.

And yet — pretend you came, and went in haste:

I'll fashion an excuse — and, gentle sir,

When you do come to swim in golden lard,

Up to the arms in honey, that your chin

Is borne up stiff with fatness of the flood,

Think on your vassal; but remember me:

I have not been your worst of clients.

VOLT. Mosca —

Mos. When will you have your inventory
brought, sir?

Or see a copy of the will? — Anon! —

I'll bring them to you, sir. Away, begone.

Put business in your face. [Exit VOLTORE.]

VOLP. (springing up). Excellent Mosca!

Come hither, let me kiss thee.

Mos. Keep you still, sir.

Here is Corbaccio.

VOLP. Set the plate away;

The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come!

Mos. Betake you to your silence, and your
sleep.

Stand there and multiply. (Putting the plate to
the rest.) Now shall we see

A wretch who is indeed more impotent

Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop

Over his grave —

Enter CORBACCIO.

Signior Corbaccio!

You're very welcome, sir.

CORBACCIO. How does your patron?

Mos. Troth, as he did, sir, no amends.

CORB. What! mends he?

Mos. No, sir; he's rather worse.

CORB. That's well. Where is he?

Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.

CORB. Does he sleep well?

Mos. No wink, sir, all this night.
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

CORB. Good! he should take

Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor.

Mos. He will not hear of drugs.

CORB. Why I myself
Stood by while it was made, saw all the ingre-
dients:

And know, it cannot but most gently work:

My life for his, 't is but to make him sleep.

VOLP. (aside). Ay, his last sleep, if he would
take it.

Mos. Sir,

He has no faith in physic.

CORB. Say you, say you?

Mos. He has no faith in physic: he does think

Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, to escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir.

CORB. Not I his heir?

Mos. Not your physician, sir.

CORB. O, no, no, no,

I do not mean it.

Mos. No, sir, nor their fees

He cannot brook: he says, they flay a man
Before they kill him.

CORB. Right, I do conceive you.

Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve them,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth
To hire his death, so.

CORB. It is true, they kill

With as much license as a judge.

Mos. Nay, more;

For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.

CORB. Ay, or me;

Or any man. How does his apoplex?

Is that strong on him still?

Mos. Most violent.

His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 't was wont?

CORB. How! how!

Stronger than he was wont?

Mos. No, sir: his face

Drawn longer than 't was wont.

CORB. O good!

Mos. His mouth

Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.

CORB. Good.

Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his
joints,

And makes the color of his flesh like lead.

CORB. 'T is good.

Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.

CORB. Good symptoms still.

Mos. And from his brain —

CORB. I do conceive you; good.

Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual
rheum,

Forth the resolv'd corners of his eyes.

CORB. Is 't possible? Yet I am better, ha!

How does he, with the swimming of his head?

Mos. O, sir, 't is past the scotomy;¹ he now

Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:

You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.

CORB. Excellent, excellent! sure I shall out-
last him:

This makes me young again, a score of years.

Mos. I was a-coming for you, sir.

CORB. Has he made his will?

What has he given me?

Mos.

No, sir.

CORB. Nothing! ha?

Mos. He has not made his will, sir.

CORB. Oh, oh, oh!

What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?

Mos. He smelt a carcase, sir, when he but
heard

My master was about his testament;

As I did urge him to it for your good —

CORB. He came unto him, did he? I thought
so.

Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of
plate.

CORB. To be his heir?

Mos. I do not know, sir.

CORB. True:

I know it too.

Mos. (*aside*). By your own scale, sir.

CORB. Well,

I shall prevent him, yet. See, Mosca, look,
Here, I have brought a bag of bright chequines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.

Mos. (*taking the bag*). Yea, marry, sir.

This is true physic, this your sacred medicine;

No talk of opiates to this great elixir!

CORB. 'T is aurum *palpabile*, if not *potabile*.

Mos. It shall be minister'd to him, in his
bowl.

CORB. Ay, do, do, do.

Mos. Most blessed cordial!

This will recover him.

CORB. Yes, do, do, do.

Mos. I think it were not best, sir.

CORB. What?

Mos. To recover him.

CORB. O, no, no, no; by no means.

Mos. Why, sir, this

Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.

CORB. 'T is true, therefore forbear; I'll take
my venture:

Give me it again.

Mos. At no hand; pardon me:

You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I

Will so advise you, you shall have it all.

CORB. How?

Mos. All, sir; 't is your right, your own: no
man

Can claim a part: 't is yours, without a rival,
Decreed by destiny.

CORB. How, how, good Mosca?

Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall re-
cover.

CORB. I do conceive you.

Mos. And on first advantage

Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him

Unto the making of his testament:

And show him this. (*Pointing to the money.*)

CORB. Good, good.

¹ Darkness coming over the eyes.

Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, sir.
CORB. Yes, with all my heart.
Mos. Now, would I counsel you, make home
with speed;
There, frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.
CORB. And disinherit
My son!
Mos. O, sir, the better: for that colour
Shall make it much more taking.
CORB. O, but colour?
Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to inforce, as I will do,
Your cares, your watchings, and your many
prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
And last, produce your will; where, without
thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting,
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir;
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of conscience, and mere gratitude —
CORB. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true.
CORB. This plot
Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
CORB. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
CORB. Mine own project.
Mos. Which, when he hath done, sir —
CORB. Publish'd me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive him —
CORB. Ay.
Mos. Being so lusty a man —
CORB. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir —
CORB. I thought on that too. See, how he
should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done yourself a good —
CORB. But multiplied it on my son.
Mos. 'Tis right, sir.
CORB. Still, my invention.
Mos. 'Las, sir! Heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care,
(I e'en grow gray withal) how to work things —
CORB. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
Mos. You are he,
For whom I labor here.
CORB. Ay, do, do, do:
I'll straight about it. (*Going.*)
Mos. Rook go with you, raven!
CORB. I know thee honest.
Mos. (*aside.*) You do lie, sir!

CORB. And —
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your
ears, sir.
CORB. I do not doubt to be a father to thee.
Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.
CORB. I may have my youth restored to me,
why not?
Mos. (*in an undertone.*) Your worship is a pre-
cious ass!
CORB. What say'st thou?
Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste,
sir.
CORB. 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. [*Exit.*
VOLP. (*leaping from his couch.*) O, I shall
burst!
Let out my sides, let out my sides —
Mos. Contain
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.
VOLP. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.
Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give them words;
Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence.
VOLP. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare pun-
ishment
Is avarice to itself!
Mos. Ay, with our help, sir.
VOLP. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with them, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them;
Yet this is reckon'd life! nay, here was one,
Is now gone home; that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his gout, nor palsy: feigns himself
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age
With confident belying it, hopes he may,
With charms, like Æson, have his youth restored:
And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate —
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turns air! (*Knocking within.*) Who's
that there, now? a third!
Mos. Close, to your couch again; I hear his
voice:
It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.
VOLP. (*lies down as before.*) Dead.
Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes.
(*Anointing them.*) — Who's there?
Enter CORVINO.
Signior Corvino! come most wish'd for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!
CORV. Why? what? wherein?
Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.

CORV. He is not dead?

Mos. Not dead, sir, but as good:

He knows no man.

CORV. How shall I do then?

Mos. Why, sir?

CORV. I have brought him here a pearl.

Mos. Perhaps he has

So much remembrance left, as to know you, sir:

He still calls on you; nothing but your name

Is in his mouth. Is your pearl orient, sir?

CORV. Venice was never owner of the like.

VOLF. (*faintly*). Signior Corvino!

Mos. Hark.

VOLF. Signior Corvino!

Mos. He calls you; step and give it him. —

He's here, sir, (*Bawling to VOLFONE.*)

And he has brought you a rich pearl.

CORV. How do you, sir?

Tell him, it doubles the twelfth carat.

Mos. Sir,

He cannot understand, his hearing's gone;

And yet it comforts him to see you —

CORV. Say,

I have a diamond for him, too.

Mos. Best show it, sir;

Put it into his hand; 't is only there

He apprehends: he has his feeling, yet.

See how he grasps it!

CORV. 'Las, good gentleman!

How pitiful the sight is!

Mos. Tut! forget, sir,

The weeping of an heir should still be laughter

Under a visor.

CORV. Why, am I his heir?

Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not show the will

Till he be dead: but here has been Corbaccio,

Here has been Voltore, here were others too,

I cannot number 'em, they were so many;

All gaping here for legacies; but I,

Taking the vantage of his naming you,

Signior Corvino, Signior Corvino, took

Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I asked him,

Whom he would have his heir? Corvino. Who

Should be executor? Corvino. And,

To any question he was silent to,

I still interpreted the nods he made,

Through weakness, for consent; and sent home th' others,

Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and curse.

CORV. O, my dear Mosca! (*They embrace.*)

Does he not perceive us?

Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows no man,

No face of friend, nor name of any servant,

Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him drink;

Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember.

CORV. Has he children?

Mos. Bastards;

Some dozen, or more; but he has given them nothing.

CORV. That's well, that's well! Art sure he does not hear us?

Mos. Sure, sir! why, look you, credit your own sense. (*Shouts in VOLFONE's ear.*)

The — approach, and add to your diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, sir,
For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
Thoroughly, and thoroughly, and the plague to boot! —

You may come near, sir. — Would you would once close

Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
Like two frog-pits; and those same hanging cheeks,

Cover'd with hide instead of skin — Nay, help, sir —

That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end!

CORV. (*aloud*). Or like an old smoked wall,
on which the rain

Ran down in streaks!

Mos. Excellent! I could stifle him.

CORV. Do as you will; but I'll be gone.

Mos. Be so:

It is your presence makes him last so long.

CORV. I pray you, use no violence.

Mos. No, sir! why?

Why should you be thus scrupulous, pray you, sir?

CORV. Nay, at your discretion.

Mos. Well, good sir, begone.

CORV. I will not trouble him now, to take my pearl.

Mos. Puh! nor your diamond. What a needless care

Is this afflicts you! Is not all here yours?

Am not I here, whom you have made your creature,

That owe my being to you?

CORV. Grateful Mosca!

Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes.

[*Exit CORVINO.*]

Mos. Now is he gone: we had no other means

To shoot him hence, but this.

VOLF. (*leaping from his couch*). My divine Mosca!

Thou hast to-day outgone thyself. — Prepare

Me music, dances, banquets, all delights;

The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures,

Than will Volpone.

From The Fox.

TOWERING SENSUALITY.

SIR EPICURE MAMMON, *expecting to obtain the Philosopher's Stone, riots in the anticipation of enjoyment.*

Enter MAMMON and SURLY.

MAMMON. Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore

In Novo Orbe: here's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden wines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! he was sailing to 't
Three years; but we have reach'd it in ten months.

This is the day, wherein to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, BE RICH.

* * *

Where is my Subtle there! Within!

Enter FACE.

How now?

Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?

FACE. The evening will set red upon you, sir;
You have color for it, crimson: the red ferment
Has done his office: three hours hence prepare you

To see projection.

MAM. Pertinax, my Surly,
Again I say to thee, aloud, BE RICH.
This day thou shalt have ingots; and to-morrow
Give lords the affront. — Is it, my Zephyrus,
right? —

* * *

Thou'rt sure thou saw'st it blood?

FACE. Both blood and spirit, sir.

MAM. I will have all my beds blown up, not stuff'd:

Down is too hard. — My mists
I'll have of perfume, vapored 'bout the room
To lose ourselves in; and my baths, like pits,
To fall into: from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.
Is it arriv'd at ruby? — And my flatterers
Shall be the pure and gravest of divines,
That I can get for money.

* * *

And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
Apiece, made in a plume to gather wind.
We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the medicine.

My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies,
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy:
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have

The beards of barbels serv'd, instead of salads;
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling, unctuous paps

Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite and poignant sauce,
For which I'll say unto my cook, "There's gold;
Go forth, and be a knight."

FACE.

Sir, I'll go look

A little, how it heightens. [*Exit FACE.*]

MAM.

Do. My shirts

I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.
My gloves of fishes and birds' skins, perfum'd
With gums of Paradise and eastern air.

SURLY. And do you think to have the stone
with this?

MAM. No; I do think t' have all this with
the stone!

SUR. Why, I have heard he must be *homo-
frugi*,

A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

MAM. That makes it, Sir; he is so; BUT I
BUY IT.

Abridged from The Alchymist.

THE FALL OF CATILINE.

PETREIUS. The straits and needs of Catiline
being such,

As he must fight with one of the two armies
That then had near inclosed him, it pleas'd fate
To make us the object of his desperate choice,
Wherein the danger almost pois'd the honour:
And, as he rose, the day grew black with him,
And fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay
Had left it to be inquired what Rome was;
And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood,
Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin:
His countenance was a civil war itself;
And all his host had, standing in their looks,
The paleness of the death that was to come;
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stay'd we longer for 'em, but himself
Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,
Which out, it seem'd a narrow neck of land
Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
Flow'd into other; for so did the slaughter;
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides

Meet and not yield. The Furies stood on hills,
 Circling the place, and trembling to see men
 Do more than they; whilst pity left the field,
 Griev'd for that side, that in so bad a cause
 They knew not what a crime their valour was.
 The sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud
 The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
 His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove
 backward:

And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame,
 Consum'd all it could reach, and then itself,
 Had not the fortune of the commonwealth,
 Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought;
 Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops
 Cover'd the earth they 'ad fought on with their
 trunks,

Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,
 Collected all his fury, and ran in
 (Arm'd with a glory high as his despair)
 Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
 Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
 Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about
 him,

Till he had circled in himself with death:
 Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
 And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
 Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
 One of the giant brethren felt himself
 Grow marble at the killing sight; and now,
 Almost made stone, began to inquire what flint,
 What rock, it was that crept through all his limbs;
 And, ere he could think more, was that he fear'd:
 So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
 Became his tomb; yet did his look retain
 Some of his fierceness, and his hands still mov'd,
 As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state
 With those rebellious parts.

CATO.

A brave bad death!

Had this been honest now, and for his country,
 As 't was against it, who had e'er fall'n greater?

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER,
 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE
 HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
 While I confess thy writings to be such
 As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
 'T is true, and all men's suffrage. But these
 ways

Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
 For silliest ignorance on these would light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
 Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
 The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance;
 Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,

And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise. . . .
 But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
 Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
 I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
 My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
 Chancer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further off, to make thee room:
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
 I mean with great but disproportion'd Muses:
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line.
 And though thou had small Latin and less Greek,
 From thence to honour thee I will not seek
 For names; but call forth thund'ring Eschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm!
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines!
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of nature's family.
 Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
 Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
 For a good poet's made as well as born.
 And such wert thou! Look how the father's
 face

Lives in his issue, even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly
 shines
 In his well turned and true filed lines:
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,

As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our water yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
 That so did take Eliza and our James!
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage
 Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned
 like night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

THIS figure that thou here seest put,
 It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
 Wherein the graver had a strife
 With nature, to outdo the life:
 O could he but have drawn his wit,
 As well in brass, as he hath hit
 His face; the print would then surpass
 All that was ever writ in brass:
 But since he cannot, reader, look,
 Not on his picture, but his book.

TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

O Holy, blessed, glorious Trinity
 Of Persons, still one God in unity,
 The faithful man's believ'd mystery,
 Help, help to lift
 Myself up to thee, harrow'd, torn, and bruised
 By sin and Satan, and my flesh misused
 As my heart lies in pieces, all confused,
 O, take my gift.

All-gracious God, the sinner's sacrifice,
 A broken heart thou wert not wont despise;
 But, 'bove the fat of rams and bulls, to prize —
 An offering meet
 For thy acceptance. O, behold me right,
 And take compassion on my grievous plight!
 What odour can be than a heart contrite
 To thee more sweet?

Eternal Father, God, who didst create
 This all of nothing, gav'st it form and fate,
 And breath'st into it life and light, and state
 To worship thee!

Eternal God, the Son, who not denied'st
 To take our nature; becam'st man, and died'st
 To pay our debts, upon thy cross, and cried'st —
 "Al! 's done in me!"

Eternal Spirit, God from both proceeding,
 Father and Son — the Comforter, in breeding

Pure thoughts in man; with fiery zeal them feeding
 For acts of grace!
 Increase those acts, O glorious Trinity
 Of Persons, still one God in Unity;
 Till I attain the longed-for mystery
 Of seeing your face.

Beholding One in Three, and Three in One,
 A Trinity to shine in Union;
 The gladdest light dark man can think upon.
 O, grant it me!
 Father and Son, and Holy Ghost, you three
 All co-eternal in your Majesty,
 Distinct in Persons, yet in Unity —
 One God to see.

My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier!
 To hear, to meditate, sweeten my desire
 With grace, and love, with cherishing entire;
 O, then how blest!
 Among thy saints elected to abide,
 And with thy angels placéd, side by side,
 But in thy presence truly glorified,
 Shall I there rest.

A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
 Wherein my lady rideth!
 Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
 And well the car Love guideth.
 As she goes all hearts do duty
 Unto her beauty;
 And, enamour'd, do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
 That they still were to run by her side,
 Through swords, through seas, whither she would
 ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
 All that Love's world compriseth!
 Do but look on her hair, it is bright
 As Love's star when it riseth!
 Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
 Than words that soothe her!
 And from her arched brows such a grace
 Sheds itself through the face,
 As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
 Before rude hands have touch'd it?
 Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
 Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
 Have you felt the wool of beaver?
 Or swan's down ever?

Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
 Or the nard in the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

FOLLOW A SHADOW, IT STILL FLIES YOU.

SONG.

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you;
 Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
 So court a mistress, she denies you;
 Let her alone, she will court you.
 Say are not women truly, then,
 Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest;
 At noon they are or short or none:
 So men at weakest they are strongest,
 But grant us perfect, they're not known.
 Say are not women truly, then,
 Styled but the shadows of us men?

SONG TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine:
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not wither'd be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me:
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

**THE PROCLAMATION OF THE GRACES AGAINST
 CUPID, THE RUNAWAY.**

FIRST GRACE.

BEAUTIES, have you seen this toy,
 Called love, a little boy,
 Almost naked, wanton, blind;
 Cruel now, and then as kind?
 If he be amongst ye, say;
 He is Venus' runaway.

SECOND GRACE.

She that will but now discover
 Where the winged wag doth hover,

Shall to-night receive a kiss,
 How or where herself would wish;
 But who brings him to his mother,
 Shall have that kiss, and another.

THIRD GRACE.

He hath marks about him plenty;
 You shall know him among twenty.
 All his body is a fire,
 And his breath a flame entire,
 That, being shot like lightning in,
 Wounds the heart but not the skin.

FIRST GRACE.

At his sight the sun hath turn'd,
 Neptune in the waters burn'd;
 Hell hath felt a greater heat;
 Jove himself forsook his seat;
 From the centre to the sky
 Are his trophies reared high.

SECOND GRACE.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
 He will leap from lip to lip,
 Over liver, lights, and heart,
 But not stay in any part;
 And if chance his arrow misses,
 He will shoot himself in kisses.

THIRD GRACE.

He doth bear a golden bow,
 And a quiver hanging low,
 Full of arrows, that outbrave
 Dian's shafts; where, if he have
 Any head more sharp than other,
 With that first he strikes his mother.

FIRST GRACE.

Still the fairest are his fuel.
 When his days are to be cruel,
 Lovers' hearts are all his food,
 And his baths their warmest blood;
 Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
 And he hates none like to Reason.

SECOND GRACE.

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
 Seldom with his heart do meet.
 All his practice is deceit;
 Every gift it is a bait;
 Not a kiss but poison bears;
 And most treason in his tears.

THIRD GRACE.

Idle minutes are his reign;
 Then the straggler makes his gain,
 By presenting maids with toys,
 And would have ye think them joys;
 'T is the ambition of the elf
 To have all childish as himself.

FIRST GRACE.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

SECOND GRACE.

Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye 'll not abide him.

THIRD GRACE.

Since you hear his falser play,
And that he 's Venus' runaway.

ECHO MOURNING THE DEATH OF NARCISSUS.

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt
tears;

Yet slower, yet, O faintly gentle springs :
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers ;
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours ;
O, I could still,

Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is, now, a withered daffodil.

THE KISS.

O, THAT joy so soon should waste !
Or so sweet a bliss
As a kiss
Might not forever last !
So sugared, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lies on roses,
When the morn herself discloses,
Is not so precious.
O rather than I would it smother,
Were I to taste such another ;
It should be my wishing
That I might die kissing.

THE GLOVE OF THE DEAD LADY.

THOU more than most sweet glove,
Unto my more sweet love,
Suffer me to store with kisses
This empty lodging that now misses
The pure rosy hand that wore thee,
Whiter than the kid that bore thee.
Thou art soft, but that was softer ;
Cupid's self hath kissed it after
Than e'er he did his mother's doves,
Supposing her the queen of loves,
That was thy mistress,
Best of gloves.

HYMN TO DIANA.

QUEEN, and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us then with wishéd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

WANTON CUPID.

LOVE is blind, and a wanton ;
In the whole world, there is scant [one]
One such another :
No, not his mother.
He hath plucked her doves and sparrows,
To feather his sharp arrows,
And alone prevaileth,
While sick Venus waileth.
But if Cypris once recover
The wag ; it shall behove her
To look better to him,
Or she will undo him.

WAKE! MUSIC AND WINE.

WAKE, our mirth begins to die,
Quicken it with tunes and wine,
Raise your notes ; you're out : fie, fie !
This drowsiness is an ill sign.
We banish him the quire of gods,
That droops again :
Then all are men,
For here 's not one but nods.

LOVE WHILE WE CAN.

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of love ;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever ;

Spend not then his gifts in vain,
 Suns that set may rise again :
 But if once we lose this light,
 'Tis with us perpetual night.
 Why should we defer our joys ?
 Fame and rumour are but toys.
 Cannot we delude the eyes
 Of a few poor household spies ?
 Or his easier ears beguile,
 Thus removéd by our wile ?
 'T is no sin love's fruits to steal ;
 But the sweet thefts to reveal :
 To be taken, to be seen,
 These have crimes accounted been.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

So beauty on the waters stood,
 When love had severed earth from flood ;
 So when he parted air from fire,
 He did with concord all inspire ;
 And there a matter he then taught
 That elder than himself was thought ;
 Which thought was yet the child of earth,
 For Love is older than his birth.

CUPIDS SHOOTING AT RANDOM.

If all these Cupids now were blind,
 As is their wanton brother,
 Or play should put it in their mind
 To shoot at one another,
 What pretty battle they would make,
 If they their object should mistake,
 And each one wound his mother.

THE GRACE OF SIMPLICITY.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast ;
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed :
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace ;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
 Than all the adulteries of art ;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

A VISION OF BEAUTY.

It was a beauty that I saw
 So pure, so perfect, as the frame

Of all the universe was lame,
 To that one figure could I draw,
 Or give least line of it a law !
 A skein of silk without a knot !
 A fair march made without a halt !
 A curious form without a fault !
 A printed book without a blot !
 All beauty, and without a spot !

LOVE AND DEATH.

THOUGH I am young and cannot tell
 Either what death or love is well,
 Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
 And both do aim at human hearts ;
 And then again, I have been told,
 Love wounds with heat, as death with cold ;
 So that I fear they do but bring
 Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

As in a ruin we it call,
 One thing to be blown up, or fall ;
 Or to our end, like way may have,
 By a flash of lightning, or a wave :
 So love's inflaméd shaft or brand
 May kill as soon as death's cold hand ;
 Except love's fires the virtue have
 To fright the frost out of the grave.

THE SHEPHERD'S LOVE.

HERE she was wont to go ! and here ! and
 here !
 Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow :
 The world may find the Spring by following
 her ;
 For other print her airy steps ne'er left :
 Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
 Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk !
 But like the soft west-wind she shot along,
 And where she went the flowers took thickest
 root,
 As she had sowed them with her odorous foot !

O, DO NOT WANTON WITH THOSE EYES.

O, do not wanton with those eyes,
 Lest I be sick with seeing ;
 Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
 Lest shame destroy their being.

O, be not angry with those fires,
 For then their threats will kill me ;
 Nor look too kind on my desires,
 For then my hopes will spill me.

O, do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

TO THE COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

THERE, like a rich and golden pyramid,
Borne up by statues, shall I rear your head
Above your under-carv'd ornaments,
And show how to the life my soul presents
Your form imprest there, not with tickling
rhymes
Or commonplaces filched, that take these times,
But high and noble matter, such as flies
From brains entranced, and filled with ecstasies,
Moods which the godlike Sidney oft did
prove,
And your brave friend and mine so well did love.

EPITAPH.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lye
As much beauty as could dye;
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth —
The other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it dyed to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

EPIGRAM ON SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

THE stars above will make thee known,
If man were silent here:
The sun himself cannot forget
His fellow-traveller.

FANTASY.

BREAK, Fantasy, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings,
Now all thy figures are allowed,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream,
It must have blood, and naught of phlegm,
And, though it be a waking dream,
Yet let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!

CHARACTER OF A POET.

HIS learning savours not the school-like gloss,
That most consists in echoing words and terms:
And soonest wins a man an empty name:
Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance,
Wrapt in the curious general'ties of arts;
But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.
And for his poesy, 't is so ramm'd with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And live hereafter more admired than now.

LOVE

THERE is no life on earth, but being in love!
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
But what is love! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love!
And now I can out-wake the nightingale,
Out-watch an usurer, and out-walk him too,
Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure;
And all that fancied treasure, it is love!

BOUNTY.

HE gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
Then shower'd his bounties on me, like the Hours,
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men!

THE MORNING OF A CONSPIRACY.

IT is methinks a morning full of fate,
It riseth slowly, as her sullen car
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it.
She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoln black.
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
As if she threaten'd night ere noon of day.
It does not look as it would have a hail
Or health wish'd in it, as on other morns.

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be,
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far, in May,
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of light!
 In small proportions we just beauties see:
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

EPITAPH ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER.

HERE lies, to each her parents ruth,
 Mary, the daughter of their youth:
 Yet all Heaven's gifts being Heaven's due,
 It makes the father less to rue.
 At six months' end she parted hence
 With safety of her innocence;
 Whose soul Heaven's queen (whose name she
 bears)
 In comfort of her mother's tears,
 Hath placed amongst her virgin train:
 Where, while that, sever'd, doth remain,
 This grave partakes the fleshly birth;
 Which cover lightly, gentle earth.

THOMAS DEKKER.

1574 (?) - 1641 (?)

THE CHRISTIAN LADY AND HER ANGEL.

*An ANGEL, in the guise of a Page, attends on
 DOROTHEA.*

DOROTHEA. My book and taper.

ANGEL. Here, most holy mistress.

DOR. Thy voice sends forth such music, that
 I never

Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound.
 Were every servant in the world like thee,
 So full of goodness, angels would come down
 To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
 And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
 Thy youth with too much watching is oppress.

ANG. No, my dear lady; I could weary stars,
 And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
 By my late watching, but to wait on you.
 When at your prayers you kneel before the
 altar,

Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,
 So blest I hold me in your company:
 Therefore, my most lov'd mistress, do not bid

Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
 For then you break his heart.

DOR. Be nigh me still then.
 In golden letters down I'll set that day
 Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
 To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
 This little, pretty body, when I, coming
 Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
 My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an
 alms,

Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand!
 And when I took thee home, my most chaste
 bosom

Methought was filled with no hot wanton fire,
 But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
 On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

ANG. Proud am I, that my lady's modest eye
 So likes so poor a servant.

DOR. I have offer'd
 Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
 I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some
 To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
 Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
 He that got him must do it ten times more.
 I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents;
 Be not ashamed.

ANG. I am not: I did never
 Know who my mother was; but by yon palace,
 Fill'd with bright heavenly courts, I dare assure
 you,

And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
 My father is in heaven; and, pretty mistress,
 If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand,
 No worse than yet it does, upon my life,
 You and I both shall meet my father there,
 And he shall bid you welcome!

DOR. O blessed day!
 We all long to be there, but lose the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

*DOROTHEA is executed; and the ANGEL visits THE-
 OPILUS, the Judge that condemned her.*

THEOPHILUS (*alone*). This Christian slut was
 well,

A pretty one; but let such horror follow
 The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
 Shall hear it, her foundation at the sound
 May feel an earthquake. How now? (*Music.*)

ANG. Are you amazed, sir?
 So great a Roman spirit, and doth it tremble?

THEOPH. How cam'st thou in? to whom thy
 business?

ANG. To you.
 I had a mistress, late sent hence by you
 Upon a bloody errand; you entreated,
 That, when she came into that blessed garden
 Whither she knew she went, and where, now
 happy,
 She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you

Some of that garden fruit and flowers; which here,
To have her promise sav'd, are brought by me.

THEOPH. Cannot I see this garden?

ANG. Yes, if the master
Will give you entrance. (*He vanishes.*)

THEOPH. 'Tis a tempting fruit,
And the most bright-check'd child I ever view'd;
Sweet-smelling, goodly fruit. What flowers are
these?

In Dioclesian's gardens, the most beauteous
Compar'd with these are weeds: is it not February,

The second day she died? frost, ice, and snow
Hang on the beard of winter: where's the sun
That gilds this summer? pretty, sweet boy, say,
In what country shall a man find this garden? —
My delicate boy, — gone! vanish'd! within
there,

Julianus! Geta!

BOTH. My lord.

THEOPH. Are my gates shut?

GETA. And guarded.

THEOPH. Saw you not

A boy?

JULIANUS. Where?

THEOPH. Here he enter'd, a young lad;

A thousand blessings danc'd upon his eyes;

A smooth-fac'd glorious thing, that brought this
basket.

GETA. No, sir.

THEOPH. Away! but be in reach, if my voice
calls you.

*The Virgin Martyr,
by Dekker and Massinger.*

FORTUNATUS CHOOSES AMONG THE GIFTS OF FORTUNE.

O, WHITHER am I wrapt beyond myself?
More violent conflicts fight in every thought
Than his whose fatal choice Troy's downfall
wrought.

Shall I contract myself to wisdom's love?
Then I lose riches; and a wise man poor
Is like a sacred book that's never read;
To himself he lives and to all else seems dead.
This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
Than of a threadbare saint in Wisdom's school.
I will be strong: then I refuse long life;
And though mine arm should conquer twenty
worlds,

There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors:
The greatest strength expires with loss of breath,
The mightiest in one minute stoop to death.
Then take long life, or health; should I do so,
I might grow ugly, and that tedious scroll
Of months and years much misery might enroll:
Therefore I'll beg for beauty; yet I will not:

The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
Leprous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
The wisdom of this world is idiotism;
Strength a weak reed; health sickness' enemy,
And it at length will have the victory.
Beauty is but a painting; and long life
Is a long journey in December gone,
Tedious and full of tribulation.
Therefore, dread sacred Empress, make me rich:
My choice is store of gold; the rich are wise,
He that upon his back rich garments wears
Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears.
Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world,
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heaven's physick, life's restorative;
O, therefore make me rich.

THE SUMMER'S QUEEN.

O, THE month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so
green,

O, and then did I unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest's quire,
Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true
love's tale:

Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo;
See where she sitteth; come away, my joy:
Come away, I prithee, I do not like the cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy.

O, the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so
green;

And then did I unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

VIRTUE's branches wither, virtue pines,
O pity! pity! and alack the time!
Vice doth flourish, vice in glory shines,
Her gilded boughs above the cedar climb.

Vice hath golden cheeks, O pity, pity!
She in every land doth monarchize:
Virtue is exiled from every city,
Virtue is a fool, Vice only wise.

O pity, pity! Virtue weeping dies!
Vice laughs to see her faint, alack the time!

This sinks ; with painted wings the other flies ;
Alack, that best should fall, and bad should climb.

O pity, pity, pity ! mourn, not sing ;
Vice is a saint, Virtue an underling ;
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,
Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines.

LULLABY.

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby :
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you ;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby :
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

PATIENCE.

PATIENCE, my lord ! why, 't is the soul of peace ;
Of all the virtues 't is nearest kin to heaven ;
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.
The stock of patience then cannot be poor ;
All it desires, it has ; what a ward more ?
It is the greatest enemy to law
That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs,
And so chains up lawyers' and women's tongues :
'T is the perpetual prisoner's liberty,
His walks and orchards : 't is the bond-slave's
freedom,
And makes him seem proud of his iron chain,
As though he wore it more for state than pain :
It is the beggar's music, and thus sings, —
Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings.
O, my dread liege ! it is the sap of bliss,
Bears us aloft, makes men and angels kiss ;
And last of all, to end a household strife,
It is the honey 'gainst a waspish wife.

BEAUTY, ARISE!

BEAUTY, arise, show forth thy glorious shining ;
Thine eyes feed love, for them he standeth pining.
Honour and youth attend to do their duty
To thee, their only sovereign beauty.
Beauty, arise, whilst we, thy servants, sing,
Io to Hymen, wedlock's jocund king.

Io to Hymen, Io, Io, sing,
Of wedlock, love, and youth, is Hymen king.

Beauty, arise, thy glorious lights display,
Whilst we sing Io, glad to see this day.
Io, Io, to Hymen, Io, Io, sing,
Of wedlock, love, and youth, is Hymen king.

SWEET CONTENT.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
O, sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?
O, punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?
O, sweet content ! O, sweet, etc.

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring ?
O, sweet content !
Swimmest thou in wealth, yet sinkest in thine
own tears ?

O, punishment !
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king !
O, sweet content ! etc.
Work apace, apace, etc.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.*

AN old song made by an aged old pate
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great
estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages,
That every quarter paid their old servants their
wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen,
footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and
badges ;
Like an old courtier, etc.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books ;
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know
him by his looks ;

* This celebrated song has no author's name attached to it. Leigh Hunt declares he "should not wonder if it had been written by Dekker," as "it has all his humor, moral sweetness, and flow."

With an old buttery hatch, worn quite off the
hooks ;
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen
old cooks ;
Like an old courtier, etc.

With an old hall hung about with pikes, guns,
and bows ;
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne
many shrewd blows,
And an old frieze coat to cover his worship's
trunk hose ;
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper
nose ;
Like an old courtier, etc.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was
come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and
drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old
room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak and a
man dumb ;
Like an old courtier, etc.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel
of hounds,
That never hawk'd, nor hunted, but in his own
grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his
own bounds,
And when he died, gave every child a thousand
good pounds ;
Like an old courtier, etc.

But to his eldest son his house and land he
assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful
mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neigh-
bours be kind ;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he
was inclin'd :
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to
his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his
command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his father's
land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither
go nor stand ;
Like a young courtier, etc.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice,
and spare,

Who never knew what belong'd to good house-
keeping, or care,
Who buys gaudy-color'd fans to play with a
wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other
women's hair ;
Like a young courtier, etc.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old
one stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor
no good ;
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns
neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovel-board, whereon no
victuals ne'er stood ;
Like a young courtier, etc.

With a new study stuff full of pamphlets and
plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he
prays ;
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in
four or five days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kick-
shaws and toys ;
Like a young courtier, etc.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing
on,
On a new journey to London straight we all
must be gone,
And leave none to keep house but our new por-
ter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back
with a stone,
Like a young courtier, etc.

With a new gentleman usher, whose carriage is
complete ;
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to
carry up the meat ;
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is
very neat,
Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the servants
not eat ;
Like a young courtier, etc.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's
old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors
are sold ;
And this is the course most of our new gallants
hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now
grown so cold,
Among our young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

1570 (?) - 1627 (?).

HAPPINESS OF MARRIED LIFE.

How near am I now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not! not another like it:
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.

. Now for a welcome,
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
[And full as long!

VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

'LIFE, had he not his answer? what strange
impudence
Governs in man, when lust is lord of him!
Thinks he me mad? 'cause I have no moneys on
earth,
That I'll go forfeit my estate in heaven,
And live eternal beggar? he shall pardon me;
That's my soul's jointure; I'll starve ere I sell
that.

DEATH.

WHEN the heart's above, the body walks here
But like an idle serving-man below,
Gaping and waiting for his master's coming.
He that lives fourscore years, is but like one
That stays here for a friend: when death comes,
then
Away he goes, and is ne'er seen again.

THE THREE STATES OF WOMAN.

In a maiden-time professed,
Then we say that life is blessed;
Tasting once the married life,
Then we only praise the wife;
There's but one state more to try,
Which makes women laugh or cry, —
Widow, widow: of these three
The middle's best, and that give me.

THE PARTING OF LOVERS.

WEEP eyes, break heart!
My love and I must part.
Cruel fates true love do soonest sever;
O, I shall see thee never, never, never!

O, happy is the maid whose life takes end
Ere it knows parent's frown or loss of friend!
Weep eyes, break heart!
My love and I must part.

WHAT LOVE IS LIKE.

LOVE is like a lamb, and love is like a lion;
Fly from love, he fights; fight, then does he fly on;
Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leasing:

Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in loathing;
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing.

PITY, PITY, PITY!

PITY, pity, pity!

Pity, pity, pity!

That word begins that ends a true-love ditty.

Your blessed eyes, like a pair of suns,

Shine in the sphere of smiling;

Your pretty lips, like a pair of doves,

Are kisses still compiling.

Mercy hangs upon your brow like a precious jewel:

O, let not then,

Most lovely maid, best to be loved of men,

Marble lie upon your heart, that will make you cruel!

Pity, pity, pity!

Pity, pity, pity!

That word begins that ends a true-love ditty.

JOHN MARSTON.

- 1603 (?).

MISERY ALMOST WITHOUT HOPE.

ANDRUGIO, *Duke of Genoa, banished his country, with the loss of a son, supposed drowned, is cast upon the territory of his mortal enemy the DUKE OF VENICE with no attendants but LUCIO, an old nobleman, and a Page.*

ANDRUGIO. Is not yon gleam the shudd'ring
Morn that flakes

With silver tincture the east verge of heaven?

LUCIO. I think it is, so please your Excellence.

ANDR. Away, I have no Excellence to please.
Prithee observe the custom of the world ;
That only flatters greatness, states exalts.
And please my Excellence ! O Lucio,
Thou hast been ever held respected, dear,
Even precious to Andrugio's inmost love :
Good, flatter not.
My thoughts are fixt in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal
That eats her children, should not have eyes and ears.

Philosophy maintains that Nature's wise,
And forms no useless nor unperfect thing.
Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature ?
For earthly dirt makes all things, makes the man,

Moulds me up honour, and, like a cunning Dutchman,

Paints me a puppet even with seeming breath,
And gives a sot appearance of a soul.

Go to, go to ; thou ly'st, Philosophy.

Nature forms things unperfect, useless, vain.

Why made she not the earth with eyes and ears ?

That she might see desert and hear men's plaints ;
That when a soul is splitted, sunk with grief,
He might fall thus upon the breast of Earth,
And in her ear halloo his misery,
Exclaiming thus : O thou all bearing Earth,
Which men do gape for till thou cramm'st their mouths

And choak'st their throats with dust : open thy breast,

And let me sink into thee : look who knocks ;
Andrugio calls. But O, she's deaf and blind.
A wretch but lean relief on earth can find.

LUC. Sweet Lord, abandon passion ; and disarm.

Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea
We are roll'd up upon the Venice marsh,
Let's clip all fortune, lest more low'ring fate —

ANDR. More low'ring fate ! O Lucio, choke that breath.

Now I defy chance. Fortune's brow hath frown'd,

Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend :
Her venom's spit. Alas ! what country rests,
What son, what comfort, that she can deprive ?
Triumphs not Venice in my overthrow ?
Gapes not my native country for my blood ?
Lies not my son tomb'd in the swelling main ?
And in more low'ring fate ? There's nothing left

Unto Andrugio but Andrugio :

And that

Nor mischief, force, distress, nor hell can take :
Fortune my fortunes not my mind shall shake.

LUC. Speak like yourself ; but give me leave, my Lord,

To wish you safety. If you are but seen,
Your arms display you ; therefore put them off,
And take —

ANDR. Wouldst have me go unarm'd among my foes ?

Being besieg'd by Passion, entering lists
To combat with Despair and mighty Grief :
My soul beleagu'rd with the crushing strength
Of sharp Impatience. Ha, Lucio ; go unarm'd ?
Come, soul, resume the valor of thy birth ;
Myself myself will dare all opposites :
I'll muster forces, an unvanquish'd power :
Cornets of horse shall press th' ungrateful earth :
This hollow-wombed mass shall inly groan
And murmur to sustain the weight of arms :
Ghastly Amazement, with upstart hair,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whilst trumpets clamor with a sound of death.

History of Antonio and Melida.

THE SCHOLAR AND HIS DOG.

I was a scholar : seven useful springs

Did I deflower in quotations

Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man ;

The more I learnt, the more I learn to doubt.

Delight my spaniel slept, whilst I haus'd leaves,

Toss'd o'er the dunces, pored on the old print

Of titled words : and still my spaniel slept.

Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,

Shrunk up my veins : and still my spaniel slept.

And still I held converse with Zabarell,

Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw

Of antick Donate : still my spaniel slept.

Still on went I ; first, *an sit anima* ;

Then, an it were mortal. O, hold, hold ; at that

They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain

Pell-mell together ; still my spaniel slept.

Then, whether 't were corporeal, local, fixt,

Ex traduce, but whether 't had free will

Or no, hot philosophers

Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,

I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part,

But thought, quoted, read, observ'd and pryed,

Stufft noting-books : and still my spaniel slept.

At length he wak'd, and yawned ; and by yon sky,

For aught I know he knew as much as I.

WHEREIN FOOLS ARE HAPPY.

EVEN in that, note a fool's beatitude ;

He is not capable of passion ;

Wanting the power of distinction,

He bears an untur'd sail with every wind :
Blow east, blow west, he steers his course
alike.

I never saw a fool lean : the chub-faced fop
Shines sleek with full cram'd fat of happi-
ness :

Whilst studious contemplation sucks the juice
From wisard's cheeks, who making curious
search

For nature's secrets, the First Innating Cause
Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes
When they will zany men.

DAY BREAKING.

SEE, the dapple gray coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver
hoofs,
And chase it through the sky.

ONE WHO DIED, SLANDERED.

LOOK on those lips,
Those now lawn pillows, on whose tender soft-
ness
Chaste modest Speech, stealing from out his
breast,
Had wont to rest itself, as loth to post
From out so fair an inn : look, look, they seem
To stir,
And breathe defiance to black obloquy.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

1570(?) -

GO, PRETTY BIRDS.

YE little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks,
Within her garden-alleys ;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower ;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower ;
Ah, me ! methinks I see her frown !
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her, through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so ;
See that your notes strain not too low,

For still, methinks, I see her frown.
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover ;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her.
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice ;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown.
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

O, fly ! make haste ! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber.
Sing round about her rōsy bed,
That, waking, she may wonder.
Say to her, 't is her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you ;
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

THE LARK.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow :
Sweet air blow soft, mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow :
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I 'll borrow :
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I 'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

THE DEATH BELL.

COME, list and hark, the bell doth toll
For some but now departing soul.
And was not that some ominous fowl,
The bat, the night-crow, or screech-owl ?
To these I hear the wild wolf howl,
In this black night that seems to scowl.
All these my black-book death enroll,
For hark, still, still, the bell doth toll
For some but now departing soul.

CYRIL TOURNEUR.

About 1580.

VINDICI ADDRESSES THE SKULL OF HIS DEAD LADY.

HERE 's an eye,
 Able to tempt a great man — to serve God;
 A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dis-
 semble.
 Methinks this mouth should make a swearer
 tremble;
 A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
 To suffer wet damnation to run thro' 'em,
 Here's a cheek keeps her color let the wind go
 whistle:
 Spout rain, we fear thee not: be hot or cold,
 All's one with us: and is not he absurd,
 Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
 That fear no other God but wind and wet?
 Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labors
 For thee? for thee does she undo herself?
 Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,
 For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
 Why does yon fellow falsify highways,
 And put his life between the judge's lips,
 To refine such a thing? keep his horse and
 men,
 To beat their valours for her?
 Surely we're all mad people, and they
 Whom we think are, are not.
 Does every proud and self-affecting dame
 Camphire her face for this? and grieve her
 maker
 In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant
 starves,
 For her superfluous outside, for all this?

EVIL REPORT AFTER DEATH.

WHAT is it to have
 A flattering false insculption on a tomb,
 And in men's hearts reproach? the 'bowel'd
 corps
 May be sear'd in, but (with free tongue I
 speak)
 The faults of great men through their sear-
 clothes break.

LOVE AND COURAGE.

O, do not wrong him. 'Tis a generous mind
 That led his disposition to the war;
 For gentle love and noble courage are
 So near allied, that one begets another:

Or love is sister, and courage is the brother.
 Could I affect him better than before,
 His soldier's heart would make me love him
 more.

THE INCORRUPTIBLE MAID.

VINDICI, *the brother of CASTIZA, bears to her feigned dishonorable proposals from the Duke's son, and is sustained in his suit by her mother.*

CASTIZA. Madam, what makes yon evil-offic'd
 man

In presence of you?

MOTHER.

Why?

CAST.

He lately brought

Immodest writing sent from the duke's son,

To tempt me to dishonourable act.

MOTH. Dishonourable act? — good honoura-
 ble fool.

That wouldst be honest, 'cause thou wouldst be so,
 Producing no one reason but thy will;

And it has a good report, prettily commended,

But pray by whom? poor people: ignorant
 people;

The better sort, I'm sure, cannot abide it.

And by what rule should we square out our lives

But by our betters' actions? O, if thou knew'st

What 't were to lose it, thou wouldst never keep
 it;

But there's a cold curse laid upon all maids,

Whilst others clip the sun, they clasp the shades.

Deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!

CAST. I cry you mercy, lady, I mistook you;

Pray did you see my mother? which way went
 you?

Pray God I have not lost her.

VINDICI.

Prettily put by.

[*Aside.*]

MOTH. Are you as proud to me, as coy to him?
 Do you not know me now?

CAST.

Why, are you she?

The world's so chang'd, one shape into another,
 It is a wise child now that knows her mother.

VIN. Most right, i' faith.

[*Aside.*]

MOTH.

I owe your cheek my hand

For that presumption now, but I'll forget it;

Come, you shall leave those childish 'haviours,

And understand your time. Fortunes flow to you.

What will you be a girl?

If all fear'd drowning that spy waves ashore,

Gold would grow rich, and all the merchants poor.

CAST. It is a pretty saying of a wicked one;
 but methinks now

It does not show so well out of your mouth;

Better in his.

VIN.

Faith, bad enough in both,

Were I in earnest, as I'll seem no less. [*Aside.*]

I wonder, lady, your own mother's words

Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.

'Tis honesty you urge; what's honesty?

'Tis but heaven's beggar; and what woman is so foolish to keep honesty,

And be not able to keep herself? no, Times are grown wiser, and will keep less charge.

A maid that has small portion now, intends To break up house, and live upon her friends.

How blest are you! you have happiness alone:

Others must fall to thousands, you to one;

Sufficient in himself to make your forehead

Dazzle the world with jewels, and petitionary people

Start at your presence.

O, think upon the pleasure of the palace!

Secured ease and state! the stirring meats,

Ready to move out of the dishes, that e'en now quicken when they're eaten!

Banquets abroad by torchlight! music! sports!

Bare-headed vassals, that had ne'er the fortune

To keep on their own hats, but let horns wear 'em!

Nine coaches waiting—hurry, hurry, hurry—

CAST. Aye, to the devil—

VIN. Aye, to the devil! to the duke, by my faith.

MOTH. Aye, to the duke. Daughter, you'd scorn to think

Of the devil, and you were there once.

VIN. Who'd sit at home in a neglected room, Dealing her short-liv'd beauty to the pictures,

That are as useless as old men, when those

Poorer in face and fortune than herself

Walk with a hundred acres on their backs,

Fair meadows cut into green fore-parts?—

Fair trees, those comely foretops of the field,

Are cut to maintain head-tires:—much untold—All thrives but Chastity, she lies cold.

Nay, shall I come near to you? mark but this:

Why are there so few honest women, but because

't is the poorer profession? that's ac-

counted best, that's best followed; least

in trade, least in fashion; and that's not

honesty, believe it; and do but note the

low and dejected price of it:

Lose but a pearl, we search and cannot brook it:

But that once gone, who is so mad to look it?

MOTH. Troth, he says true.

CAST. False: I defy you both.

I have endur'd you with an ear of fire;

Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.

Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.

MOTH. Where?

CAST. Do you not see her? she's too inward then.

Slave, perish in thy office. You heavens please, Henceforth to make the mother a disease,

Which first begins with me; yet I've outgone you. *[Exit.]*

VIN. O angels, clap your wings upon the skies, And give this virgin crystal plaudities! *[Aside.]*

MOTH. Peevish, coy, foolish!—but return this answer,

My lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure

Conducts him this way; I will sway mine own;

Women with women can work best alone. *[Exit.]*

VIN. Forgive me, heaven, to call my mother wicked!

O, lessen not my days upon the earth.

I cannot honour her.

The Revenger's Tragedy.

JOHN WEBSTER.

1585 (?)–1654 (?).

THE DUCHESS OF MALFY.

The DUCHESS is kept awake by noises of madmen; and, at last, is strangled by executioners.

DUCESS. CARIOLA.

DUCESS. What hideous noise was that?

CARIOLA. 'T is the wild consort

Of madmen, Lady: which your tyrant brother

Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny

I think was never practis'd till this hour.

DUCH. Indeed I thank him; nothing but noise and folly

Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason

And silence make me stark mad; sit down,

Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

CAR. O, 't will increase your melancholy.

DUCH. Thou art deceived.

To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.

This is a prison?

CAR. Yes: but thou shalt live

To shake this durance off.

DUCH. Thou art a fool.

The Robin-redbreast and the Nightingale

Never live long in cages.

CAR. Pray, dry your eyes.

What think you of, Madam?

DUCH. Of nothing:

When I muse thus, I sleep.

CAR. Like a madman, with your eyes open?

DUCH. Dost thou think we shall know one another

In the other world?

CAR. Yes, out of question.

DUCH. O, that it were possible we might

But hold some two days' conference with the dead,

From them I should learn somewhat I am sure I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle;

I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,

The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad :
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar ;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now ?

CAR. Like to your picture in the gallery ;
A deal of life in show, but none in practice :
Or rather, like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.

DUCH. Very proper :
And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight,
To behold my tragedy : how now,
What noise is that ?

A SERVANT enters.

SERVANT. I am come to tell you,
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
(Being full of change and sport) forc'd him to laugh,

And so th' imposthume broke : the selfsame cure
The duke intends on you.

DUCH. Let them come in.

Here follows a Dance of Madmen, with Music answerable thereto : after which BOSOLA (like an old Man) enters.

DUCH. Is he mad too ?

BOSOLA. I am come to make thy tomb.

DUCH. Ha : my tomb ?

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my deathbed :
Gasping for breath : dost thou perceive me sick ?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since
thy sickness is insensible.

DUCH. Thou art not mad sure : dost know me ?

Bos. Yes.

DUCH. Who am I ?

Bos. Thou art a box of wormseed ; at best
but a salutary of green mummy. What's this
flesh ? a little cruddled milk, fantastical puff-paste.
Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons
boys use to keep flies in, more contemptible ;
since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst
thou ever see a lark in a cage ? Such is the
soul in the body : this world is like her little
turf of grass ; and the heaven o'er our heads
like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable
knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

DUCH. Am not I thy duchess ?

Bos. Thou art some great woman sure, for
riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in gray
hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milk-

maid's. Thou sleepest worse, than if a mouse
should be forced to take up her lodging in a
cat's ear : a little infant that breeds its teeth,
should it lie with thee would cry out, as if thou
wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

DUCH. I am Duchess of Malfy still.

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken :
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright ;
But, look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.

DUCH. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the
living. I am a tomb-maker.

DUCH. And thou comest to make my tomb ?

Bos. Yes.

DUCH. Let me be a little merry.
Of what stuff wilt thou make it ?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first ; of what fashion ?

DUCH. Why, do we grow fantastical in our
death-bed ?

Do we affect fashion in the grave ?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on
their tombs do not lie as they were wont, seem-
ing to pray up to heaven : but with their hands
under their cheeks (as if they died of the tooth-
ache) : they are not carved with their eyes fixed
upon the stars ; but, as their minds were wholly
bent upon the world, the same way they seem
to turn their faces.

DUCH. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel.

Bos. Now I shall.

(A Coffin, Cords, and a Bell, produced.)

Here is a present from your princely brothers ;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

DUCH. Let me see it,
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.
Bos. This is your last presence chamber.

CAR. O my sweet lady.

DUCH. Peace, it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bell-man,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

DUCH. Even now thou saidst,
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'T was to bring you
By degrees to mortification : Listen

DIRGE.

Hark, now everything is still ;
This screech-owl, and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent ;
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind ;

Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin, their conception; their birth, weeping:
Their life, a general mist of error,
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet:
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'T is now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.

CAR. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.

DUCH. To whom; to our next neighbors?

They are mad folks.

Farewell, Carion.

I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold; and let the girl
Say her pray'rs ere she sleep. — Now what you
please;

What death?

Bos. Strangling. Here are your executioners.

DUCH. I forgive them.

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

DUCH. Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world.

Bos. Yet methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict
you;

This cord should terrify you.

DUCH. Not a whit.

What would it pleasure me to have my throat
cut

With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know, death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits; and 't is found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way: (for
heav'n sake)

So I were out of your whispering: tell my
brothers,

That I perceive, death (now I'm well awake)
Best gift is, they can give or I can take.

I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I'd not be tedious to you.

Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.

Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for Mandragora to make me sleep,
Go tell my brothers; when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

(*They strangle her kneeling.*)

FERDINAND *enters.*

FERD. Is she dead?

Bos. She is what you would have her.

Fix your eye here.

FERD. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep?

Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.

The element of water moistens the earth,

But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.

FERD. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she
died young.

Bos. I think not so: her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.

FERD. She and I were twins;
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

Duchess of Malfy.

SINGLE LIFE.

O, FIE upon this single life: forego it.
We read how Daphne, for her peevish flight,
Became a fruitless bay-tree: Syrinx turn'd
To the pale empty reed: Anaxarate
Was frozen into marble; whereas those
Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends,
Were, by a gracious influence, trans-shap'd
Into the olive, pomegranate, mulberry;
Became flowers, precious stones, or eminent
stars.

REPUTATION, LOVE, AND DEATH.

Upon a time, Reputation, Love, and Death
Would travel o'er the world: and 't was con-
cluded
That they should part, and take three several
ways.
Death told them, they should find him in great
battles,
Or cities plagued with plagues: Love gives them
counsel
To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shep-
herds,
Where dowries were not talked of; and some-
times,
'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left
By their dead parents: Stay, quoth Reputation;
Do not forsake me, for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again.

FUNERAL DIRGE.

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover

The friendless bodies of unburied men.
 Call unto his funeral dole
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
 To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
 And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no
 harm;
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

HONOURABLE EMPLOYMENT.

O MY lord, lie not idle:
 The chiefest action for a man of great spirit
 Is never to be out of action. We should think;
 The soul was never put into the body,
 Which has so many rare and curious pieces
 Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
 Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds:
 In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful
 study
 For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
 For men of our profession: of all which
 Arise and spring up honour.

NATURAL DEATH.

O THOU soft natural death! that art joint twin
 To sweetest slumber!—no rough-bearded comet
 Stares on thy mild departure; the dull owl
 Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse wolf
 Scents not thy carrion. Pity winds thy corse,
 Whilst horror waits on princes.

VOW OF MURDER REBUKED.

MISERABLE creature,
 If thou persist in this 't is damnable.
 Dost thou imagine thou canst slide on blood,
 And not be tainted with a shameful fall?
 Or like the black and melancholic yew-tree,
 Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves
 And yet to prosper!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, 1586-1616.
 JOHN FLETCHER, 1576-1625.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KICKS AND BEATINGS.

"Bessus, a beaten poltroon, applies to a couple of professional bullies, also poltroons, to sit in judgment on his case, and testify to his character for valor. They accompany him to the house of Bacurius to do so, and bring an unexpected certificate on the whole party."—LEIGH HUNT.

SCENE, *a room in the house of BESSUS.*

Enter BESSUS, two SWORDSMEN, and a Boy.

BESSUS. You're very welcome, both!—Some stools there, boy;
 And reach a table.—Gentlemen o' th' sword,
 Pray sit, without more compliment.—Begone, child!—

I have been curious in the searching of you,
 Because I understand you wise and valiant.

1ST SWORDSMAN. We understand ourselves, sir.

BES. Nay, gentlemen, and dear friends o' the sword,

No compliment, I pray; but to the cause
 I hang upon, which, in few, is my honor.

2D SWORDSMAN. You cannot hang too much, sir,
 for your honour.

But to your cause.

BES. Be wise and speak the truth.
 My first doubt is, my beating by my prince.

1ST Sw. Stay there a little, sir; do you doubt
 a beating?

Or have you had a beating by your prince?

BES. Gentlemen o' th' sword, my prince has
 beaten me.

2D Sw. Brother, what think you of this case?

1ST Sw. If he has beaten him, the case is
 clear.

2D Sw. If he have beaten him, I grant the
 case.

But how? we cannot be too subtle in this business.

I say, but how?

BES. Even with his royal hand.

1ST Sw. Was it a blow of love, or indignation?

BES. 'T was twenty blows of indignation, gentlemen;

Besides two blows o' th' face.

2D Sw. Those blows o' th' face have made a
 new cause on't;

The rest were but an honorable rudeness.

1ST Sw. Two blows o' th' face, and given by
 a worse man,

I must confess, as the swordmen say, had turn'd
 The business: Mark me, brother, by a worse
 man:

But, being by his prince, had they been ten,
 And those ten drawn ten teeth, besides the hazard

Of his nose for ever, all this had been but
 favors.

This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

2D Sw. The king may do much, captain,
 believe it;

For had he crack'd your skull through, like a
 bottle,

Or broke a rib or two with tossing of you,

Yet you had lost no honour. This is strange,
You may imagine; but this is truth now, cap-
tain.

BES. I will be glad to embrace it, gentlemen.
But how far may he strike me?

1st Sw. There's another;
A new cause rising from the time and distance,
In which I will deliver my opinion.
He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten;
For these are natural to man:
Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth
As his dominion reaches; that's for the dis-
tance;

The time, ten miles a day, I take it.

2d Sw. Brother, you err, 't is fifteen miles a
day;

His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

BES. 'Tis of the longest, but we subjects
must—

1st Sw. Be subject to it. You are wise and
virtuous.

BES. Obedience ever makes that noble use
on't,

To which I dedicate my beaten body.

I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o'
th' sword.

2d Sw. No trouble at all to us, sir, if we may
Profit your understanding. We are bound,
By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinion
Shortly and discreetly.

BES. My sorest business is, I've been kick'd.

2d Sw. How far, sir?

BES. Not to flatter myself, all over:
My sword lost, but not forced; for discreetly
I render'd it, to save that imputation.

1st Sw. It show'd discretion, the best part of
valour.

2d Sw. Brother, this is a pretty cause; pray
ponder on't:

Our friend here has been kick'd.

1st Sw. He has so, brother.

2d Sw. Sorely, he says. Now, had he set
down here

Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly.

1st Sw. I think, it had been cowardly, in-
deed.

2d Sw. But our friend has redeem'd it, in
delivering

His sword without compulsion; and that man
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,
And his kicks nullities.

He should have kick'd him after the deliver-
ing,

Which is the confirmation of a coward?

1st Sw. Brother, I take it you mistake the
question;

For say, that I were kick'd.

2d Sw.

I must not say so:

Nor I must not hear it spoke by th' tongue of
man.

You kick'd, dear brother! You are merry.

1st Sw. But put the case, I were kick'd.

2d Sw. Let them put it,

That are things weary of their lives, and know
Not honour! Put the case, you were kick'd!

1st Sw. I do not say I was kick'd.

2d Sw. No; nor no silly creature that wears
his head

Without a case, his soul in a skin coat.

You kick'd, dear brother!

BES. Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we
shall do,

Truly and honestly. Good sirs, to the question.

1st Sw. Why, then, I say, suppose your boy
kick'd, captain.

2d Sw. The boy, may be supposed, is liable.
But, kick my brother!

1st Sw. A foolish forward zeal, sir, in my
friend.

But to the boy: Suppose the boy were kick'd.

BES. I do suppose it.

1st Sw. Has your boy a sword?

BES. Surely, no; I pray, suppose a sword
too.

1st Sw. I do suppose it. You grant, your
boy was kick'd then.

2d Sw. By no means, captain; let it be sup-
posed still.

The word "grant" makes not for us.

1st Sw. I say, this must be granted.

2d Sw. This must be granted, brother?

1st Sw. Ay, this must be granted.

2d Sw. Still, this must?

1st Sw. I say, this must be granted.

2d Sw. Ay! give me the must again! Brother,
you palter.

1st Sw. I will not hear you, wasp.

2d Sw. Brother,

I say you palter; the must three times to-
gether!

I wear as sharp steel as another man,

And my fox bites as deep. Musted, my dear
brother!

But to the cause again.

BES. Nay, look you, gentlemen!

2d Sw. In a word, I ha' done.

1st Sw. A tall man, but intemperate; 't is
great pity.

Once more, suppose the boy kick'd.

2d Sw. Forward.

1st Sw. And, being thoroughly kick'd,
laughs at the kicker.

2d Sw. So much for us. Proceed.

1st Sw. And in this beaten scorn, as I may
call it,

Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?

BES. It lies i' the beating, sir; I found it four days since.

2D SW. The error, and a sore one, as I take it, Lies in the thing kicking.

BES. I understand that well; 'tis sore indeed, sir.

1ST SW. That is according to the man that did it.

2D SW. There springs a new branch: Whose was the foot?

BES. A lord's.

1ST SW. The cause is mighty; but, had it been two lords,

And both had kick'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis clear.

BES. I did laugh; but how will that help me, gentlemen?

2D SW. Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.

BES. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, sir.

1ST SW. My reason now: The valiant man is known

By suffering and contemning: you have had Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2D SW. If he be sure he has been kick'd enough: For that brave sufferance you speak of, brother, Consists not in a beating and away, But in a cudgell'd body, from eighteen To eight and thirty; in a head rebuked With pots of all size, daggers, stools, and bed-staves:

This shows a valiant man.

BES. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest;

For these are all familiar things to me: Familiar as my sleep, or want of money; All my whole body's but one bruise, with beating. I think I have been cudgell'd with all nations, And almost all religions.

2D SW. Embrace him, brother! this man is valiant;

I know it by myself, he's valiant.

1ST SW. Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman, To bide upon, a very valiant man.

BES. My equal friends o' th' sword, I must request

Your hands to this.

2D SW. 'T is fit it should be.

BES. Boy,

Get me some wine, and pen and ink, within.— Am I clear, gentlemen?

1ST SW. Sir, when the world Has taken notice of what we have done, Make much of your body; for I'll pawn my steel, Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

BES. I must request you go along, and testify To the lord Bacurius, whose foot has struck me, How you find my cause.

2D SW. We will; and tell that lord he must be ruled;

Or there be those abroad will rule his lordship.

A King and No King.

SCENE, *the house of* BACURIUS.

Enter BACURIUS *and a* SERVANT.

BACURIUS. Three gentlemen without, to speak with me?

SERVANT. Yes, sir.

BAC. Let them come in.

Enter BESSUS *with the two* SWORDMEN.

SERV. They are enter'd, sir, already.

BAC. Now, fellows, your business? Are these the gentlemen?

BES. My lord, I have made bold to bring these gentlemen,

My friends o' th' sword, along with me.

BAC. I am

Afraid you'll fight, then.

BES. My good lord, I will not; Your lordship is mistaken; fear not, lord.

BAC. Sir, I am sorry for't.

BES. I ask no more In honour. — Gentlemen, you hear my lord Is sorry.

BAC. Not that I have beaten you, But beaten one that will be beaten; One whose dull body will require a lamming, As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall. Now, to your swordmen:

What come they for, good Captain Stockfish?

BES. It seems your lordship has forgot my name.

BAC. No, nor your nature neither; though they are

Things fitter, I must confess, for anything Than my remembrance, or any honest man's: What shall these billets do? be piled up in my wood-yard!

BES. Your lordship holds your mirth still, heaven continue it!

But, for these gentlemen, they come —

BAC. To swear you are a coward? Spare your book;

I do believe it.

BES. Your lordship still draws wide; They come to vouch, under their valiant hands, I am no coward.

BAC. That would be a show, indeed, worth seeing. — Sirs,

Be wise and take money for this motion, travel with't:

And where the name of Bessus has been known, Or a good coward stirring, 't will yield more than A tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you, If you be thrifty, than your captainship,

And more natural. Men of most valiant hands,
Is this true?

2D Sw. It is so, most renowned.

BAC. 'T is somewhat strange.

1st Sw. Lord, it is strange, yet true.

We have examined, from your lordship's foot
there

To this man's head, the nature of the beatings;
And we do find his honour is come off

Clean and sufficient. This, as our swords shall
help us.

BAC. You are much bounden to your bilbo-
men;

I am glad you're straight again, captain. 'T were
good

You would think some way how to gratify
them;

They have undergone a labour for you, Bessus,
Would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour.

2D Sw. Your lordship must understand we are
no men

Of the law, that take pay for our opinions;
It is sufficient we have cleared our friend.

BAC. Yet there is something due, which I, as
touch'd

In conscience, will discharge. — Captain, I'll pay
This rent for you.

BES. Spare yourself, my good lord;

My brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.

BAC. That's but a cold discharge, sir, for the
pains.

2D Sw. O lord! my good lord!

BAC. Be not so modest; I will give you
something.

BES. They shall dine with your lordship,
that's sufficient.

BAC. Something in hand the while. You
rogues, you apple-squires,

Do you come hither, with your bottled valour,
Your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?

(Kicks them.)

1st Sw. I do beseech your lordship.

2D Sw. O good lord!

BAC. 'Sfoot, what a bevy of beaten slaves are
here! —

Get me a cudgel, sirrah, and a tough one.

[Exit SERVANT.]

2D Sw. More of your foot, I do beseech your
lordship.

BAC. You shall, you shall, dog, and your
fellow beagle.

1st Sw. O' this side, good my lord.

BAC. Off with your swords;

For if you hurt my foot, I'll have you flead,
You rascals.

1st Sw. Mine's off, my lord.

(They take off their swords.)

2D Sw. I beseech your lordship, stay a little;
my strap's tied.

Now, when you please.

BAC. Captain, these are your valiant friends;
You long for a little too?

BES. I am very well, I humbly thank your
lordship.

BAC. What's that in your pocket hurts my
toe, you mungrel?

2D Sw. (takes out a pistol). Here 't is, sir; a
small piece of artillery,

That a gentleman, a dear friend of your lord-
ship's,

Sent me with to get it mended, sir; for, if you
mark,

The nose is somewhat loose.

BAC. A friend of mine, you rascal?
I was never wearier of doing nothing,
Than kicking these two foot-balls.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Here's a good cudgel, sir.

BAC. It comes too late; I am weary; pr'ythee,
Do thou beat them.

2D Sw. My lord, this is foul play,
I' faith, to put a fresh man upon us:

Men are but men, sir.

BAC. That jest shall save your bones. —
Captain, rally up your rotten regiment, and be-
gone. — I had rather thresh than be bound to
kick these rascals, till they cried, "Ho!" Bes-
sus, you may put your hand to them now, and
then you are quit. Farewell! as you like this,
pray visit me again; 't will keep me in good
health. [Exit.]

2D Sw. He has a devilish hard foot; I never
felt the like.

1st Sw. Nor I; and yet, I am sure, I have
felt a hundred.

2D Sw. If he kick thus i' the dog-days, he will
be dry-foundred.

What cure now, captain, besides oil of bays?

BES. Why, well enough, I warrant you: you
can go?

2D Sw. Yes, Heaven be thank'd! but I feel a
shrewd ache;

Sure, he's sprang my huckle-bone.

1st Sw. I ha' lost a haunch.

BES. A little butter, friend, a little butter;
Butter and parsley is a sovereign matter:

Probatum est:

2D Sw. Captain, we must request
Your hand now to our honours.

BES. Yes, marry, shall ye,
And then let all the world come; we are val-
iant

To ourselves, and there's an end.

1st Sw. Nay, then, we must be valiant. O,
my ribs!

2D SW. O,—

A plague upon these sharp-toed shoes; they're murderers.

[*Exeunt.*]

A King and No King.

DESCRIPTION OF ASPATIA.

THIS lady

Walks discontented, with her watry eyes
Bent on the earth: the unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief
That strikes all her beholders, she will sing
The mournfull'st things that ever ear have heard.
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course that fill the room
With laughter, she will with so sad a look
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping one by one away.

The Maid's Tragedy.

THE GRIEF OF ASPATIA.

ASPATIA. ANTIPHILA. OLYMPIAS.

ASPATIA. Come, let's be sad, my girls,
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shows a fine sorrow; mark, Antiphila,
Just such another was the nymph CEnone,
When Paris brought home Helen: now a tear,
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage Queen, when from a cold sea rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships, and having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear, Antiphila.
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying
god

Turn'd her to marble: 't is enough, my wench;
Show me the piece of needlework you wrought.

ANTIPHILA. Of Ariadne, madam?

ASP. Yes, that piece.

This should be Theseus, h' as a cozening face;
You meant him for a man?

ANT. He was so, madam.

ASP. Why then 't is well enough. Never look
back,

You have a full wind, and a false heart, Theseus.
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?

ANT. Not as I remember.

ASP. It should ha' been so: could the gods
know this,

And not of all their number raise a storm?

But they are all as ill. This false smile was well
expressed,

Just such another caught me; you shall not go
so, Antiphila;

In this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it, and then a fear.
Do that fear to the life, wench.

ANT. 'T will wrong the story.

ASP. 'T will make the story, wrong'd by
wanton poets,
Live long and be believ'd; but where's the lady?

ANT. There, madam.

ASP. Fie, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila,
You are much mistaken, wench;
These colors are not dull and pale enough,
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was; do it by me,
Do it again by me the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
I stand upon the sea-beach now, and think
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the
wind,

Wild as that desert, and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken, do my face,

(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)

Thus, thus, Antiphila, strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about
me,

Let them be dry and leaveless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation; look, look, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture.

OLYMPIAS. Dear madam!

ASP. I have done, sit down, and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there;
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls.

The Maid's Tragedy.

PHILASTER'S FIRST MEETING WITH BELLARIO.

HUNTING the buck,

I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon them he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.

He told me that his parents gentle died,
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
 Which gave him roots ; and of the crystal springs,
 Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,
 Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
 Then took he up his garland, and did show
 What every flower, as country people hold,
 Did signify ; and how all, order'd thus,
 Express'd his grief : and to my thoughts did read
 The prettiest lecture of his country art
 That could be wish'd ; so that methought I could
 Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him
 Who was as glad to follow.

Philaster.

BELLARIO'S LOVE FOR PHILASTER.

My father oft would speak
 Your worth and virtue ; and, as I did grow
 More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
 To see the man so prais'd ; but yet all this
 Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
 As soon as found ; till, sitting in my window,
 Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
 I thought (but it was you), enter our gates.
 My blood flew out, and back again as fast
 As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
 Like breath. Then was I called away in haste
 To entertain you. Never was a man
 Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre raised
 So high in thoughts as I : you left a kiss
 Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
 From you forever. I did hear you talk,
 Far above singing ! After you were gone,
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
 What stir'd it so. Alas ! I found it love ;
 Yet far from lust ; for could I but have lived
 In presence of you, I had had my end.
 For this I did delude my noble father
 With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
 In habit of a boy ; and for I knew
 My birth no match for you, I was past hope
 Of having you. And, understanding well
 That when I made discovery of my sex,
 I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
 By all the most religious things a maid
 Could call together, never to be known,
 Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
 For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
 Abide with you : then sat I by the fount
 Where first you took me up.

Philaster.

CÆSAR'S LAMENTATION OVER POMPEY.

O THOU Conqueror,
 Thou glory of the world once, now the pity ;
 Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus ?

What poor fate followed thee and plucked thee on
 To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian ? —
 The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger
 That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
 Nor worthy circumstance showed what a man
 was ? —

That never heard thy name sung but in banquets
 And loose lascivious pleasures ? — to a boy
 That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
 No study of thy life to know thy goodness ? —
 And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
 Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with
 thee, —

In soft relenting tears ? Hear me, great Pompey,
 If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee,
 Thou hast most unnobly robbed me of my victory,

My love and mercy.

* * *

Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
 Built to outdure the sun, as you suppose,
 Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
 Are monuments fit for him ? No, brood of Nilus,
 Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven ;
 No pyramids set off his memories,
 But the eternal substance of his greatness,
 To which I leave him.

Fletcher's False One.

CARATACH ON THE ROMANS.

I LOVE an enemy, I was born a soldier ;
 And he that in the head of's troop defies me,
 Bending my manly body with his sword,
 I make a mistress. Yellow-tressed Hymen
 Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
 Than I am married to that man that wounds me :
 And are not all these Romans ? Ten struck
 battles

I suck'd these honor'd scars from, and all Roman.
 Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
 When many a frozen storm sung through my
 cuirass,

And made it doubtful whether that or I
 Were the more stubborn metal, have I wrought
 through,

And all to try these Romans. Ten times a night
 I have swain the rivers, when the stars of Rome
 Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
 Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
 Charging my batter'd sides with troops of agues,
 And still to try these Romans ; whom I found
 (And if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
 And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)
 As ready, and as full of that I brought
 (Which was not fear nor flight) as valiant,
 As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
 Ever advanc'd as forward as the Britons ;

Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours.
Aye, and as subtle, Lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And follow'd will be impudence, Bonduca,
And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.

Fletcher's Bonduca.

ADDRESS OF SUETONIUS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

AND, gentlemen, to you now:
To bid you fight is needless; ye are Romans,
The name will fight itself.

* * *
Go on in full assurance: draw your swords
As daring and as confident as justice;
The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls
ye,
Pitched on the topless Apennine, and blows
To all the under-world, all nations, the seas,
And unfrequented deserts where the snow
dwells;

Wakens the ruined monuments; and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.
Go on, I say; valiant and wise rule heaven,
And all the great aspects attend 'em. Do but
blow

Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes,
Cannot deserve that name; and like a mist,
A lazy fog, before your burning valours
You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all.
We have swords, and are the sons of ancient
Romans,
Heirs to their endless valours: fight and con-
quer!

Fletcher's Bonduca.

THE MUTUAL LOVE OF TWO YOUNG GIRLS.

EMILIA. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars, when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' th'
moon
(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our
count
Was each eleven.

HIPPOLYTA. 'T was Flavinia.

EMIL. Yes.

You talk of Perithous and Theseus' love;
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely sea-
son'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their
needs

The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I
And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things inno-
cent,
Loved for we did, and like the elements,

That know not what, nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance, our souls
Did so to one another; what she liked,
Was then of me approved; what not condemned,
No more arraignment; the flower that I would
pluck,

And put between my breasts (O, then but begin-
ning

To swell about the blossom) she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phoenix-like
They died in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections (pretty,
Though happily her careless wear) I followed
For my most serious decking; had mine ear
Stolen some new air, or at adventure humm'd one
From musical coinage, why it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell
on)

And sing it in her slumbers; this rehearsal
(Which every innocent wots well comes in
Like old Importment's bastard) has this end:
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.

Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen.

SONG TO PAN.

ALL ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and lov'd lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess.

THE SATYR'S LEAVE-TAKING.

Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most bless'd,
Eyes of stars, and golden tress'd

Like Apollo ! tell me, sweetest,
 What new service now is meetest
 For the Satyr ? Shall I stray
 In the middle air, and stay
 The sailing rack, or nimbly take
 Hold by the moon, and gently make
 Suit to the pale queen of night
 For a beam to give thee light ?
 Shall I dive into the sea,
 And bring thee coral, making way
 Through the rising waves that fall
 In snowy fleeces ? Dearest, shall
 I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
 Whose woven wings the summer dyes
 Of many colours ? get thee fruit,
 Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus' lute ?
 All these I'll venture for, and more,
 To do her service all these woods adore.

Holy virgin, I will dance
 Round about these woods as quick
 As the breaking light, and prick
 Down the lawns and down the vales
 Faster than the wind-mill sails.
 So I take my leave, and pray
 All the comforts of the day,
 Such as Phœbus' heat doth send
 On the earth, may still befriend
 Thee and this labour !

Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess.

CONSTANCY.

LAY a garland on my hearse
 Of the dismal yew ;
 Maidens, willow branches bear ;
 Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
 From my hour of birth.
 Upon my buried body lie
 Lightly, gentle earth !

THE STUDENT AWAKENED BY LOVE.

BEAUTY clear and fair,
 Where the air
 Rather like a perfume dwells ;
 Where the violet and the rose
 Their blue veins in blush disclose,
 And came to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,
 And planted there,
 Is to live, and still live new ;
 Where to gain a favour is

More than light, perpetual bliss, —
 Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall
 To this light,
 A stranger to himself and all ;
 Both the wonder and the story
 Shall be yours, and eke the glory :
 I am your servant, and your thrall.

FICKLENESS.

I COULD never have the power
 To love one above an hour,
 But my head would prompt mine eye
 On some other man to fly.
 Venus, fix thou mine eyes fast,
 Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

THE LOVE PHILTER.

RISE from the shades below,
 All you that prove
 The helps of loose love !
 Rise, and bestow
 Upon this cup whatever may compel,
 By powerful charm and unresisted spell,
 A heart unwarmed to melt in love's desires !
 Distil into liquor all your fires ;
 Heats, longings, tears ;
 But keep back frozen fears ;
 That she may know, that has all power defied,
 Art is a power that will not be denied.

THE INVITATION.

COME hither, you that love, and hear me sing
 Of joys still growing,
 Green, fresh, and lusty as the pride of spring,
 And ever blowing.
 Come hither, youths that blush, and dare not
 know
 What is desire ;
 And old men, worse than you, that cannot blow
 One spark of fire ;
 And with the power of my enchanting song,
 Boys shall be able men, and old men young.

Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry ;
 Leave off complaining ;
 Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never die,
 Are here remaining.
 Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so long
 From being blessed ;

And mad men, worse than you, that suffer
 wrong,
 Yet seek no rest;
 And in an hour, with my enchanting song,
 You shall be ever pleased, and young maids
 long.

THE PRAISES OF PAN.

SING his praises that doth keep
 Our flocks from harm,
 Pan, the father of our sheep;
 And arm in arm
 Tread we softly in a round,
 Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
 Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
 Thus do we sing!
 Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
 As the young spring;
 Ever be thy honour spoke,
 From that place the morn is broke,
 To that place day doth unyoke!

DIRGE FOR THE FAITHFUL LOVER.

COME, you whose loves are dead,
 And, whiles I sing,
 Weep, and wring
 Every hand, and every head
 Bind with cypress and sad yew;
 Ribbons black and candles blue
 For him that was of men most true!

Come with heavy moaning,
 And on his grave
 Let him have
 Sacrifice of sighs and groaning;
 Let him have fair flowers enow,
 White and purple, green and yellow,
 For him that was of men most true!

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

O FAIR sweet face! O eyes celestial bright,
 Twin stars in heaven, that now adorn the
 night!

O fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
 And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties
 blow!

O thou, from head to foot divinely fair!
 Cupid's most cunning net's made of that hair;
 And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,
 "O me, O me, I'm caught myself!" he cries:
 Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep,

Soft peaceful thoughts your hourly watches
 keep,
 Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
 To beauty sacred, and those angel eyes!

WHAT WOMEN MOST DESIRE.

QUESTION.

TELL me what is that only thing
 For which all women long;
 Yet having what they most desire,
 To have it does them wrong?

ANSWER.

'Tis not to be chaste, nor fair,
 (Such gifts malice may impair,
 Richly trimmed, to walk or ride,
 Or to wanton unespied;
 To preserve an honest name,
 And so to give it up to fame:
 These are toys. In good or ill
 They desire to have their will;
 Yet, when they have it, they abuse it,
 For they know not how to use it.

HEAR WHAT LOVE CAN DO.

HEAR, ye ladies that despise,
 What the mighty love has done;
 Fear examples, and be wise:
 Fair Calisto was a nun;
 Leda, sailing on the stream
 To deceive the hopes of man,
 Love accounting but a dream,
 Doated on a silver swan;
 Danaë, in a brazen tower,
 Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
 What the mighty love can do;
 Fear the fierceness of the boy:
 The chaste moon he makes to woo;
 Vesta, kindling holy fires,
 Circled round about with spies,
 Never dreaming loose desires,
 Doting at the altar dies;
 Ilion, in a short hour, higher
 He can build, and once more fire.

TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.*

TAKE, O, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn,

* "The first stanza of this song is found in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*.—The origin of both verses may be traced to the fragment *Ad Lydiam*, ascribed to Cornelius Gallus."—R. BELL.

And those eyes, like break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn !
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are yet of those that April wears !
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

TO THE BLEST EVANTHE.

LET those complain that feel Love's cruelty,
 And in sad legends write their woes ;
 With roses gently h' has corrected me,
 My war is without rage or blows :
 My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,
 And hope springs up inflamed with her new
 fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,
 With folded arms, and sighs all day,
 Reckoning the torments of my hell,
 And flinging my sweet joys away :
 I am called home again to quiet peace ;
 My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows cease.

Yet, what is living in her eye,
 Or being blessed with her sweet tongue,
 If these no other joys imply ?
 A golden gyve, a pleasing wrong :
 To be your own but one poor month, I'd give
 My youth, my fortune, and then leave to live.

A BRIDAL SONG.

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
 Not royal in their smells alone,
 But in their hue ;
 Maiden-pinks of odour faint,
 Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
 And sweet thyme true ;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
 Merry spring-time's harbinger,
 With her bells dim ;
 Oxlips in their cradles growing,
 Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
 Lark-heels trim.

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
 Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
 Blessing their sense !
 Not an angel of the air,
 Bird melodious, or bird fair,
 Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
 The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
 Nor chattering pie,
 May on our bride-house perch or sing,
 Or with them any discord bring,
 But from it fly !

MELANCHOLY.

HENCE, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly !
 There's naught in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see 't,
 But only melancholy,
 O, sweetest melancholy !
 Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
 A sight that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fastened to the ground,
 A tongue chained up without a sound !
 Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves !
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we feed upon ;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

LOOK OUT, BRIGHT EYES, AND BLESS THE AIR.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air !
 Even in shadows you are fair.
 Shut-up beauty is like fire,
 That breaks out clearer still and higher.
 Though your beauty be confin'd,
 And soft Love a prisoner bound,
 Yet the beauty of your mind,
 Neither check nor chain hath found,
 Look out nobly, then, and dare
 Ev'n the fetters that you wear !

TO SLEEP.

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
 Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
 On this afflicted prince : fall like a cloud
 In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud
 Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, light,
 And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
 Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain
 Like hollow murmuring wind or gentle rain.
 Into this prince, gently, O, gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !

A LOVER'S LEGACY TO HIS CRUEL MISTRESS.

Go, happy heart ! for thou shalt lie
Intombed in her for whom I die,
Example of her cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide
Me for slowness, in her pride,
That it was for her I died.

If a tear escape her eye,
'Tis not for my memory,
But thy rites of obsequy.

The altar was my loving breast,
My heart the sacrificéd beast,
And I was myself the priest.

Your body was the sacred shrine,
Your cruel mind the power divine,
Pleased with the hearts of men, not kine.

THE WARNING OF ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS I am, come from the deeps below,
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love-to show.
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass
through hell :
Hark, and beware ! unless thou hast loved,
ever
Beloved again, thou shalt see those joys never.

Hark ! how they groan that died despairing !
O, take heed, then !
Hark, how they howl for over-daring !
All these were men.

They that be fools, and die for fame,
They lose their name ;
And they that bleed
Hark how they speed.
Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires
They sit, and curse their lost desires ;
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and
fears,
Till women waft them over in their tears.

TO VENUS.

O FAIR sweet goddess, queen of loves,
Soft and gentle as thy doves,
Humble-eyed, and ever ruing
These poor hearts, their loves pursuing !
O thou mother of delights,
Crownèd of all happy nights,
Star of dear content and pleasure,
Of mutual loves the endless treasure !

Accept this sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual youth and spring ;
Grant this lady her desires,
And every hour we'll crown thy fires.

THE BATTLE OF PELUSIUM.

ARM, arm, arm, arm ! the scouts are all come in ;
Keep your ranks close, and now your honours
win.

Behold from yonder hill the foe appears ;
Bows, bills, glaves, arrows, shields, and spears !
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring ;
O, view the wings of horse the meadows scour-
ing.

The vanguard marches bravely. Hark, the drums !
Dub, dub.

They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes :
See how the arrows fly,
That darken all the sky !
Hark how the trumpets sound,
Hark how the hills rebound,
Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara.

Hark how the horses charge ! in, boys, boys, in !
The battle totters ; now the wounds begin :
O, how they cry !
O, how they die !
Room for the valiant Memnon, armed with
thunder !

See how he breaks the ranks asunder !
They fly ! they fly ! Eumenes has the chase,
And brave Polybius makes good his place.
To the plains, to the woods,
To the rocks, to the floods,
They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow !
Hark how the soldiers hollow ! Hey, hey !
Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his soldiers fled ;
The battle's won and lost,
That many a life hath cost.

A SATYR PRESENTS A BASKET OF FRUIT TO
CLOLIN.

By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods, for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live : therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land

From her fertile womb doth send
 Of her choice fruits: and but lend
 Belief to that the Satyr tells,
 Fairer by the famous wells
 To this present day ne'er grew,
 Never better, nor more true.
 Here be grapes whose lusty blood
 Is the learned poet's good,
 Sweeter yet did never crown
 The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
 Than the squirrels' teeth that crack them:
 Deign, O fairest fair, to take them:
 For these, black-eyed Driope
 Hath oftentimes commanded me
 With my clasped knee to climb.
 See how well the lusty time
 Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
 Such as on your lips is spread.
 Here be berries for a queen,
 Some be red, some be green,
 These are of that luscious meat
 The great god Pan himself doth eat:
 All these, and what the woods can yield,
 The hanging mountain, or the field,
 I freely offer, and ere long
 Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
 Till when, humbly leave I take,
 Lest the great Pan do awake
 That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
 Under a broad beech's shade.
 I must go, I must run,
 Swifter than the fiery sun.

Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess.

CLOE TO MENOT.

HERE be all new delights, cool streams and wells;
 Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines; caves and
 dells;
 Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
 Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
 For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love;
 How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
 First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
 She took eternal fire that never dies;
 How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
 His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
 Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
 Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
 To kiss her sweetest.

Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess.

THE MERMAID TAVERN.

WHAT things have we seen
 Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have
 been

So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
 As if that every one from whence they came
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
 And had resolved to live a fool the rest
 Of his dull life: then when there hath been
 thrown
 Wit able enough to justify the town
 For three days past; wit that might warrant
 be
 For the whole city to talk foolishly
 Till that were cancelled; and when that was
 gone,
 We left an air behind us, which alone
 Was able to make the two next companies
 (Right witty, though but downright fools) more
 wise.

Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER.

MORTALITY, behold and fear!
 What a charge of flesh is here!
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within this heap of stones:
 Here they lie, had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands;
 Where, from their pulpits soil'd with dust,
 They preach — in greatness is no trust.
 Here 's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest, royal'st seed,
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man died for sin:
 Here the bones of birth have cried,
 "Though gods they were, as men they died":
 Here are sands, ignoble things,
 Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.
 Here 's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

Francis Beaumont.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE she lies whose spotless fame
 Invites a stone to learn her name:
 The rigid Spartan that denied
 An epitaph to all that died,
 Unless for war, in charity
 Would here vouchsafe an elegy.
 She died a wife, but yet her mind,
 Beyond virginity refined,
 From lawless fire remain'd as free
 As now from heat her ashes be:
 Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest;
 Till it be call'd for let it rest;
 For while this jewel here is set,
 The grave is like a cabinet.

Francis Beaumont.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

1584 - 1640.

SIR GILES OVERREACH AND LORD LOVEL.

OVERREACH. To my wish we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you
have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours
too.

LOVEL. You are a right kind father.

OVER. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well-wooded and well-water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich: would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer's progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

LOV. 'T is a wholesome air,
And well built, and she that is mistress of it
Worthy the large revenue.

OVER. She the mistress?
It may be so for a time; but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it;
I say, ere long 't is his.

LOV. Impossible.

OVER. You do conclude too fast; not knowing
me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'T is not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands; but point out any
man's

In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship; and once more,
I say aloud, they are yours.

LOV. I dare not own
What 's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me
Than so to expose 'em to be censured by
The public voice.

OVER. You run, my lord, no hazard:
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now:
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For though I do condemn report myself
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestion'd integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable; which my lord can make her:

And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovel, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own; for though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find
you.

LOV. Are you not frighted with the imprecations

And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

OVER. Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her
brightness.

I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints,
Breath'd out in bitterness; as, when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand encloser
Of what was common to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my thresh-
old,

I only think what 't is to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 't is a powerful charm,
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

LOV. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

OVER. 'T is for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.
A New Way to pay Old Debts.

MARCELIA TEMPTED BY FRANCISCO.

FRANCISCO. Let them first know themselves,
and how you are
To be served and honour'd; which, when they
confess,

You may again receive them to your favour:
And then it will show nobly.

MARCELIA. With my thanks
The duke shall pay you his, if he return
To bless us with his presence.

FRAN. There is nothing
That can be added to your fair acceptance;
That is the prize, indeed; all else are blanks,
And of no value. As, in virtuous actions,

The undertaker finds a full reward,
Although conferr'd upon unthankful men;
So, any service done to so much sweetness,
However dangerous, and subject to
An ill construction, in your favour finds
A wish'd and glorious end.

MARC. From you, I take this
As loyal duty; but, in any other,
It would appear gross flattery.

FRAN. Flattery, madam!
You are so rare and excellent in all things,
And raised so high upon a rock of goodness,
As that vice cannot reach you; who but looks on
This temple, built by nature to perfection,
But must bow to it; and out of that zeal,
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it?

MARC. Whither will this fellow? (*Aside.*)

FRAN. Pardon, therefore, madam,
If an excess in me of humble duty,
Teach me to hope, and though it be not in
The power of man to merit such a blessing,
My piety, for it is more than love,
May find reward.

MARC. You have it in my thanks;
And, on my hand, I am pleased that you shall
take

A full possession of it: but, take heed
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it;
If you do, it will prove fatal.

FRAN. Be it death,
And death with torments tyrants ne'er found out,
Yet I must say, I love you.

MARC. As a subject;
And 't will become you.

FRAN. Farewell, circumstance!
And since you are not pleased to understand me,
But by a plain and usual form of speech;
All superstitious reverence laid by,
I love you, lady. Why do you start, and fly me?
I am no monster, and you but a woman,
A woman made to yield, and by example
Told it is lawful: favours of this nature
Are, in our age, no miracles in the greatest;
And, therefore, lady—

MARC. Keep off!—O you Powers!—
Libidinous beast! and, add to that, unthankful!
A crime which creatures wanting reason fly from.
Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,
Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,
Thy lord and raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three days' absence buried? Hath he made
thee,

A thing obscure, almost without a name,
The envy of great fortunes? Have I graced thee,
Beyond thy rank, and entertain'd thee, as
A friend, and not a servant? and is this,
This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,
The fair return of both our ventured favours!

FRAN. Hear my excuse.

MARC. The devil may plead mercy,
And with as much assurance, as thou yield one.
Is passion so mad in thee? or is thy pride
Grown up to such a height, that, but a princess,
No woman can content thee; and, add to it,
His wife and princess, to whom thou art tied
In all the bonds of duty?—Read my life;
And find one act of mine so loosely carried,
That could invite a most self-loving fool,
Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,
To the least hope to find way to my favour.

FRAN. 'T is acknowledged, madam,
That your whole course of life hath been a pat-
tern

For chaste and virtuous women. In your beauty,
Which I first saw, and loved, as a fair crystal,
I read your heavenly mind, clear and untainted!
And while the duke did prize you to your value,
Could it have been in man to pay that duty,
I well might envy him, but durst not hope
To stop you in your full career of goodness:
But now I find that he's fall'n from his fortune,
And, howsoever he would appear doting,
Grown cold in his affection: I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true service. Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the courtesies of him,
That, of all living men, is most unthankful.

MARC. Unheard-of impudence!

FRAN. You 'll say I am modest,
When I have told the story. Can he tax me,
That have received some worldly trifles from him,
For being ungrateful; when he, that first tasted,
And hath so long enjoy'd, your sweet affection,
In which all blessings that our frail condition
Is capable of, are wholly comprehended,
As cloy'd with happiness, contemns the giver
Of his felicity; and, as he reach'd not
The masterpiece of mischief which he aims at
Unless he pay those favours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly hate!—You think he loves
you

With unexampled fervour, nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than woman:
When, on my knowledge, he long since hath
wish'd

You were among the dead;—and I, you scorn so,
Perhaps, am your preserver.

MARC. Bless me, good angels,
Or I am blasted! Lies so false and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human tongue.
My husband hate me! give thyself the lie,
False and accurs'd! Thy soul, if thou hast any,
Can witness, never lady stood so bound
To the unfeign'd affection of her lord,
As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work

Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather,
That the earth moves; the sun and stars stand
still;

The ocean keeps nor floods nor ebbs; or that
There's peace between the lion and the lamb;
Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove
Keep in one aerie, and bring up their young;
Or any thing that is averse to nature:
And I will sooner credit it, than that
My lord can think of me but as a jewel
He loves more than himself, and all the world.

FRAN. O innocence abused! simplicity coz-
en'd!

It were a sin, for which we have no name,
To keep you longer in this wilful error.
Read his affection here (*gives her a paper*), and
then observe

How dear he holds you! 'T is his character,
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.

MARC. 'T is his hand, I'm resolved of it. I'll
try

What the inscription is.

FRAN. Pray you, do so.

MARC. (*reads*).

"You know my pleasure, and the hour of Marcella's
death, which fail not to execute, as you will answer
the contrary, not with your head alone, but with the
ruin of your whole family. And this, written with
mine own hand, and signed with my privy signet,
shall be your sufficient warrant.

"LODOVICO SFORZA."

I do obey it! every word's a poniard,
And reaches to my heart. (*Swoons*.)

FRAN. What have I done?

Madam! for Heaven's sake, madam!—O my fate!
I'll bend her body forward. Dearest lady!—
She stirs. For the duke's sake, for Sforza's
sake—

MARC. Sforza's! stand off! though dead, I
will be his,

And even my ashes shall abhor the touch
Of any other.—O unkind and cruel!

Learn, women, learn to trust in one another;
There is no faith in man: Sforza is false,
False to Marcella!

FRAN. But I am true,

And live to make you happy. All the pomp,
State, and observance you had, being his,
Compared to what you shall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more remember'd. Lose his memory,
And look with cheerful beams on your new crea-
ture;

And know, what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate cannot alter. If the emperor
Take not his life, at his return he dies,
And by my hand; my wife, that is his heir,
Shall quickly follow:—then we reign alone!
For with this arm I'll swim through seas of blood,

Or make a bridge, arch'd with the bones of men.
But I will grasp my aims in you, my dearest,
Dearest, and best of women!

MARC. Thou art a villain!

All attributes of arch-villains made into one
Cannot express thee. I prefer the hate
Of Sforza, though it mark me for the grave,
Before thy base affection. I am yet
Pure and unspotted in my true love to him;
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted:
Nor will I part with innocence, because
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art
A thing, that, equal with the devil himself,
I do detest and scorn.

FRAN. Thou, then, art nothing:
Thy life is in my power, disdainful woman!
Think on't and tremble.

MARC. No, though thou wert now
To play thy hangman's part.—Thou well mayst
be

My executioner, and art only fit
For such employment; but ne'er hope to have
The least grace from me. I will never see thee,
But as the shame of men: so, with my curses
Of horror to thy conscience in this life,
And pains in hell hereafter, I spit at thee;
And, making haste to make my peace with Heaven,
Expect thee as my hangman. [*Exit.*

The Duke of Milan.

THE APPEAL OF ATHENAIS TO PULCHERIA.

ATHENAIS (*kneeling*). As low as misery
Can fall, for proof of my humility,
A poor distressed virgin bows her head,
And lays hold on your goodness, the last altar
Calamity can fly to for protection.
Great minds erect their never-falling trophies
On the firm base of mercy; but to triumph
Over a suppliant, by proud fortune captived,
Argues a bastard conquest:—'t is to you
I speak, to you, the fair and just Pulcheria,
The wonder of the age, your sex's honour;
And as such deign to hear me. As you have
A soul moulded from heaven, and do desire
To have it made a star there, make the means
Of your ascent to that celestial height
Virtue, wing'd with brave action: they draw
near

The nature and the essence of the gods,
Who imitate their goodness.

PULCHERIA. If you were
A subject of the empire, which your habit
In every part denies—

ATHEN. O, fly not to
Such an evasion! Whate'er I am,
Being a woman, in humanity

You are bound to right me. Though the difference

Of my religion may seem to exclude me
From your defence, which you would have confined,

The moral virtue, which is general,
Must know no limits. By these blessed feet,
That pace the paths of equity, and tread boldly
On the stiff neck of tyrannous oppression,
By these tears by which I bathe them, I conjure
you

With pity to look on me !

PUL. Pray you, rise;
And, as you rise, receive this comfort from me.
Beauty, set off with such sweet language, never
Can want an advocate ; and you must bring
More than a guilty cause if you prevail not.
You shall have hearing, and as far as justice
Will warrant me, my best aids.

The Emperor of the East.

LUKE GLOBYING OVER HIS WEALTH.

Thou dumb magician (*to the key*), that without
a charm

Didst make my entrance easy to possess
What wise men wish and toil for. *Hermes'*
Moly,

Sybilla's golden bough, the great elixir
Imagin'd only by the alchymist,
Compar'd with thee, are shadows, thou the substance

And guardian of felicity. No marvel,
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugg'd ever. In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver, in bags heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold,
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light, the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp forever banish'd.
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract, or epitome ; rubies, sapphires,

And robes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
But look on gold with contempt. And yet I
found,

What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these. Here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment ;
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting.

Here a sure deed of gift for a market town,
If not redeem'd this day ; which is not in
The unthrift's power. There being scarce one
shire

In Wales or England, where my moneys are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more.

The City Madam.

A WIFE PARTING FROM HER HUSBAND.

SINCE you are not
To be diverted, sir, from what you purpose,
All arguments to stay you here are useless.
Go when you please, sir. Eyes, I charge you,
waste not

One drop of sorrow ; look you hoard all up,
Till in my widow'd bed I call upon you :
But then be sure you fail not. You blest angels,
Guardians of human life, I at this instant
Forbear t' invoke you at our parting ; 't were
To personate devotion. My soul

Shall go along with you ; and when you are
Circled with death and horror, seek and find you ;
And then I will not leave a saint unused to
For your protection. To tell you what
I will do in your absence, would show poorly ;
My actions shall speak me. 'T were to doubt
you,

To beg I may hear from you where you are ;
You cannot live obscure : nor shall one post,
By night or day, pass unexamined by me.
If I dwell long upon your lips, consider
After this feast the griping fast that follows ;
And it will be excusable ; pray, turn from me :
All that I can is spoken.

The Picture.

UNWITHHOLDING LOVE.

Not far from where my father lives, a lady,
A neighbour by, blest with as great a beauty
As Nature durst bestow without undoing,
Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,
And bless'd the house a thousand times she
dwelt in.

This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,
In all the bravery my friends could show me,
In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could tell
me,

And all the broken sighs my sick heart lent me,
I sued, and serv'd. Long did I love this lady,
Long was my travail, long my trade, to win her :
With all the duty of my soul I serv'd her.

A Very Woman.

DEATH.

WHY art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,
 To stop a wretch's breath,
 That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart
 A prey unto thy dart?
 I am nor young nor fair; be, therefore, bold:
 Sorrow hath made me old,
 Deform'd, and wrinkled; all that I can crave
 Is quiet in my grave.
 Such as live happy hold long life a jewel;
 But to me thou art cruel,
 If thou end not my tedious misery;
 And I soon cease to be.
 Strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me,
 In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

JOHN FORD.

1586-1639 (?).

CONTENTION OF A NIGHTINGALE WITH A
MUSICIAN.*

PASSING from Italy to Greece, the tales
 Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
 To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
 Desire of visiting that paradise.
 To Thessaly I came, and living private,
 Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
 Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
 I day by day frequented silent groves,
 And solitary walks. One morning early
 This accident encounter'd me: I heard
 The sweetest and most ravishing contention
 That art or nature ever were at strife in.
 A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
 Indeed entranc'd my soul: as I stole nearer,
 Invited by the melody, I saw
 This youth, this fair-fac'd youth, upon his lute
 With strains of strange variety and harmony
 Proclaiming (as it seem'd) so bold a challenge
 To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
 That as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
 Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.
 A Nightingale,
 Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
 The challenge; and, for every several strain
 The well-shap'd youth could touch she sung her
 down;
 He could not run division with more art
 Upon his quaking instrument, than she
 The nightingale did with her various notes
 Reply to.

* Lamb declares that this description "almost equals the strife it celebrates."

Some time thus spent, the young man grew at
 last

Into a pretty anger; that a bird,
 Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or
 notes,

Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
 Had busied many hours to perfect practice:

To end the controversy, in a rapture,
 Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,

So many voluntaries, and so quick,
 That there was curiosity and cunning,

Concord in discord, lines of differing method
 Meeting in one full centre of delight.

The bird (ordained to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate

These several sounds: which when her warbling
 throat

Fail'd in, for grief down dropt she on his lute
 And brake her heart! It was the quaintest sad-
 ness,

To see the conqueror upon her hearse
 To weep a funeral elegy of tears.

He looks upon the trophies of his art,
 Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd,
 and cried,

"Alas, poor creature, I will soon revenge
 This cruelty upon the author of it.

Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
 Shall never more betray a harmless peace

To an untimely end": and in that sorrow,
 As he was pashing it against a tree,

I suddenly slept in.*

The Lover's Melancholy.

DEATH OF CALISTA.

CALISTA. NOW I turn to thee, thou shadow
 (to the dead body of ITHOCLES)

Of my contracted Lord: bear witness all,

I put my mother's wedding-ring upon

His finger; 't was my father's last bequest:

Thus I new marry him, whose wife I am;

Death shall not separate us. O my lords,

I but deceiv'd your eyes with antick gesture,

When one news straight came huddling on
 another,

Of death! and death! and death! still I danc'd
 forward;

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.

Be such mere women, who with shrieks and
 outeries

Can vow a present end to all their sorrows:

Yet live to vow new pleasures, and outlive them.

They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-
 strings:

Let me die smiling.

* Crashaw has imitated this story in his "Music's Duel."

NEARCHUS. 'T is a truth too ominous.

CALISTA. One kiss on these cold lips; my
last. Crack, crack.

Argos now 's Sparta's King. (*Dies.*)
The Broken Heart.

IRREVERENT REASONING.

DISPUTE no more in this, for know, young man,
These are no school-points; nice philosophy
May tolerate unlikely arguments,
But heaven admits no jests! wits that presumed
On wit too much, by striving how to prove
There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
Discover'd first the nearest way to hell;
And fill'd the world with devilish atheism.
Such questions, youth, are fond; far better 't is
To bless the sun, than reason why it shines;
Yet he thou talk'st of is above the sun.
No more; I may not hear it.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

FANCIES are but streams
Of vain pleasure;
They, who by their dreams
True joys measure,
Feasting starve, laughing weep,
Playing smart; whilst in sleep
Fools, with shadows smiling,
Wake and find
Hopes like wind,
Idle hopes, beguiling.
Thoughts fly away; Time hath passed them:
Wake now, awake! see and taste them!

FLY HENCE, SHADOWS!

FLY hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charmed in sleep!
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts, chained up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares:
Love and griefs are so exprest,
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charmed in sleep.

A DIRGE.

GLORIES, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease,
Can but please
The outward senses, when the mind
Is or untroubled or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay,

Beauties shine, but fade away.
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

BIRDS' SONGS.

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail?
'T is Philomel, the nightingale;
Jugg, jugg, jugg, terue she cries,
And, hating earth, to heaven she flies.
Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckoos sing
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring.

Brave prick-song! who is 't now we hear?
'T is the lark's silver leer-a-leer.
Chirrup the sparrow flies away;
For he fell to 't ere break of day.
Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckoos sing
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring.

IZAACK WALTON.

1593-1683.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I wish my Angle would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove,
Court his chaste mate to acts of love:

Or on that bank, feel the west-wind
Breathe health and plenty, please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then wash off by April showers:
Here hear my Kenna sing a song,
There see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest;
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice:

Or with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford Brook;*

* Shawford Brook is the name of that part of the river Sow, that runs through the land which Walton bequeathed to the Corporation of Stafford to find coals for the poor.

There sit by him, and eat my meat,
 There see the sun both rise and set;
 There bid good morning to next day;
 There meditate my time away;
 And angle on, and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

1596 - 1666.

THE EQUALITY OF THE GRAVE.

THE glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still:
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds:
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

THE COMMON DOOM.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
 Proclaim how wide your empires are;
 Though you bind in every shore,
 And your triumphs reach as far
 As night or day,
 Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
 Each able to undo mankind,
 Death's servile emissaries are;
 Nor to these alone confined,

He hath at will
 More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
 A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

LOVE'S HUE AND CRY.

IN Love's name you are charged hereby
 To make a speedy hue and cry,
 After a face, who t' other day,
 Came and stole my heart away;
 For your directions in brief
 These are best marks to know the thief:
 Her hair a net of beams would prove,
 Strong enough to captive Jove,
 Playing the eagle; her clear brow
 Is a comely field of snow.
 A sparkling eye, so pure a gray
 As when it shines it needs no day.
 Ivory dwelleth on her nose;
 Lillies, married to the rose,
 Have made her cheek the nuptial bed;
 Her lips betray their virgin red,
 As they only blushed for this,
 That they one another kiss;
 But observe, beside the rest,
 You shall know this felon best
 By her tongue; for if your ear
 Shall once a heavenly music hear,
 Such as neither gods nor men
 But from that voice shall hear again,
 That, that is she, O, take her t' ye,
 None can rock heaven asleep but she.

JOY FOLLOWING GRIEF.

CLEONA and her Page DULCINO.

CLEONA. The day breaks glorious to my
 darken'd thoughts.
 He lives, he lives yet! Cease, ye amorous fears,
 More to perplex me. Prithee speak, sweet
 youth;
 How fares my lord? Upon my virgin heart
 I'll build a flaming altar, to offer up
 A thankful sacrifice for his return
 To life and me. Speak, and increase my com-
 forts.
 Is he in perfect health?
 DULCINO. Not perfect, madam,
 Until you bless him with the knowledge of
 Your constancy.
 CLE. O, get thee wings and fly then;
 Tell him my love doth burn like vestal fire,
 Which, with his memory richer than all spices,
 Disperses odours round about my soul,

And did refresh it when 't was dull and sad,
With thinking of his absence.

Yet stay,
Thou goest away too soon; where is he? speak.
DUL. He gave me no commission for that,
lady;

He will soon save that question by his presence.

CLE. Time has no feathers; he walks now on
crutches.

Relate his gestures when he gave thee this.

What other words? Did mirth smile on his
brow?

I would not for the wealth of this great world
He should suspect my faith. What said he,
prithce?

DUL. He said what a warm lover, when desire
Makes eloquent, could speak; he said you were
Both star and pilot.

CLE. The sun's lov'd flower, that shuts his
yellow curtain
When he declineth, opens it again
At his fair rising: with my parting lord
I clos'd all my delight; till his approach
It shall not spread itself.

FRIENDSHIP.

WOULDST thou be more than friend? it is a name
Virtue can only answer to: couldst thou
Unite into one all goodness whatsoever
Mortality can boast of, thou shalt find
The circle narrow-bounded to contain
This swelling treasure; every good admits
Degrees, but this being so good, it cannot:
For he's no friend is not superlative.
Indulgent parents, brethren, kindred, tied
By the natural flow of blood, alliances,
And what you can imagine, are too light
To weigh with name of friend: they execute
At best but what a nature prompts them to;
Are often less than friends, when they remain
Our kinsmen still: but friend is never lost.

A TEAR AND A SMILE.

HER eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but overweigh'd,
With its own swelling, dropt upon her bosom,
Which, by reflection of her light, appear'd
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they had gain'd a victory o'er grief;
And with it many beams twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
To and again from heaven.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

1605 - 1634.

FEAR, RASHNESS, AND FLATTERY.

These qualities are impersonated in the following dialogue,
under the Greek names of Deilus, Aphobus, and Colax.

DEILUS. Good Aphobus, no more such terrible
stories:

I would not for a world lie alone to-night:

I shall have such strange dreams!

APHOBUS. What can there be
That I should fear? The gods? if they be
good,

'Tis sin to fear them: if not good, no gods;
And then let them fear me. Or are they devils
That must affright me!

DEIL. Devils! where, good Aphobus?
I thought there was some conjuring abroad;
'Tis such a terrible wind! O, here it is;
Now it is here again! O, still, still, still.

APHO. What is the matter?

DEIL. Still it follows me!
The thing in black, behind; soon as the sun
But shines, it haunts me? Gentle spirit, leave
me!

Cannot you lay him? What ugly looks it has!
With eyes as big as saucers, nostrils wider
Than barbers' basons!

APHO. It is nothing, Deilus,
But your weak fancy that from every object
Draws arguments of fear. This terrible black
thing—

DEIL. Where is it, Aphobus?

APHO. Is but your shadow, Deilus.

DEIL. And should we not fear shadows?

APHO. No, why should we?

DEIL. Who knows but they come leering
after us,
To steal away the substance? Watch him,
Aphobus.

APHO. I fear nothing.

COLAX (*aside to APHOBUS*). I do commend
your valour,
That fixes your great soul fast as a centre,
Not to be mov'd with dangers. Let slight cock-
boats

Be shaken with a wave, while you stand firm
Like an undaunted rock, whose constant hard-
ness

Rebeats the fury of the raging sea,
Dashing it into froth. Base fear doth argue
A low degenerate soul.

DEIL. (*in answer to APHOBUS*). Now I fear
everything.

COL. (*aside to DEILUS*). 'Tis your discretion.
Everything has danger.

And therefore everything is to be fear'd.
I do applaud this wisdom. 'Tis a symptom
Of wary providence. His too confident rashness
(*Secretly making a gesture towards APHOBUS*)

Argues a stupid ignorance in the soul,
A blind and senseless judgment. Give me
fear

To man the fort; 'tis such a circumspect
And wary sentinel; but daring valour,
Uncapable of danger, sleeps securely,
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.

DEIL. What, are they landed?

APHO. Who?

DEIL. The enemies
That Colax talks of.

APHO. If they be, I care not;
Though they be giants all, and arm'd with
thunder.

DEIL. Why, do you not fear thunder?

APHO. Thunder? No!
No more than squibs and crackers.

DEIL. Squibs and crackers!
I hope there be none here! s'lid, squibs and
crackers!—

The mere epitomes of the gunpowder treason!
Faux in a lesser volume!

APHO. Let fools gaze
At bearded stars. It is all one to me,
As if they had been shav'd. Thus, thus would I
Outbeard a meteor; for I might as well
Name it a prodigy when my candle blazes.

DEIL. Is there a comet, say you? Nay, I
saw it;

It reach'd from Paul's to Charing, and por-
tends

Some certain imminent danger to the inhabi-
tants

'Twixt those two places. I'll go get a lodg-
ing

Out of its influence.

COL. Will that serve you?—I fear
It threatens general ruin to the kingdom.

DEIL. I'll to some other country.

COL. There is danger
To cross the seas.

DEIL. Is there no way, good Colax,
To cross the sea by land? O the situation,
The horrible situation of an island!

COL. (*aside to APHOBUS*). You, sir, are far
above such frivolous thoughts.

You fear not death.

APHO. Not I.

COL. Not sudden death.

APHO. No more than sudden sleeps. Sir, I
dare die.

DEIL. I dare not. Death to me is terrible.

I will not die.

APHO. How can you, sir, prevent it?

DEIL. Why, I will kill myself.

COL. A valiant course;
And the right way to prevent death indeed.

Your spirit (*aside to DEILUS*) is true Roman!—

But yours (*aside to APHOBUS*) greater,
That fears not death, nor yet the manner of it.
(*Aloud.*) Should heaven fall—

APHO. Why, then we should have larks.

DEIL. I shall never eat larks again while I
breathe.

COL. Or should the earth yawn like a sepul-
chre,
And with an open throat swallow you quick?

APHO. 'T would save me the expenses of a
grave.

DEIL. I had rather trouble my executors by
th' half.

APHO. Cannons to me are popguns.

DEIL. Popguns to me
Are cannons. The report will strike me dead.

APHO. A rapier's but a bodkin.

DEIL. But a bodkin!
It's a most dangerous weapon. Since I read
Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture
Into a tailor's shop for fear of bodkins.

APHO. O that the valiant giants should again
Rebel against the gods, and besiege heaven,
So I might be their leader.

COL. (*aside to APHOBUS*). Had Enceladus
Been half so valiant, Jove had been his pris-
oner.

APHO. Why should we think there be such
things as dangers?

Scylla, Charybdis, Python, are but fables;

Medea's bull and dragon very tales;

Sea-monsters, serpents, all poetical figments;

Nay, hell itself, and Acheron, mere inven-
tions;

Or were they true, as they are false, should I
be

So tim'rous as to fear these bugbear Har-
pies,

Medusas, Centaurs, Gorgons?

DEIL. O good Aphobus,
Leave conjuring, or take me into the circle.

What shall I do, good Colax?

COL. Sir, walk in.

There is, they say, a looking-glass, a strange
one

Of admirable virtues, that will render you

Free from enchantments.

DEIL. How! a looking-glass?

Dost think I can endure it? Why, there lies

A man within 't in ambush to entrap me.

I did but lift my hand up, and he presently

Catch'd at it.

COL. 'T was the shadow, sir, of yourself;

Trust me, a mere reflection.

DEIL. (*mustering up all his forces*). I will trust thee.

APHO. What glass is that?

COL. (*aside to APHOBUS*). A trick to fright the idiot

Out of his wits; a glass so full of dread,
Rend'ring to the eye such horrid spectacles
As would amaze even you, sir. I do think
Your optic nerves would shrink in the behold-
ing.

This if your eye endure, I will confess you
The prince of eagles.

APHO. Look to it, eyes: if ye refuse this
right,

My nails shall damn you to eternal night.

COL. (*aside to himself*). Seeing no hope of gain,
I pack them hence.

'T is gold gives flattery all her eloquence.

Muses' Looking-Glass.

TO A LADY ADMIRING HERSELF IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

FAIR lady, when you see the grace
Of beauty in your looking-glass;
A stately forehead, smooth and high,
And full of princely majesty;
A sparkling eye no gem so fair,
Whose lustre dims the Cyprian star;
A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
Wherein both roses kindly meet;
A cherry lip that would entice
Even gods to kiss at any price;
You think no beauty is so rare
That with your shadow might compare;
That your reflection is alone
The thing that men most dote upon.
Madam, alas! your glass doth lie,
And you are much deceived; for I
A beauty know of richer grace
(Sweet, be not angry), 't is your face.
Hence, then, O, learn more mild to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me:
If me your real substance move,
When you so much your shadow love,
Wise nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright majesty;
Which, had you once but gazed upon,
You could, except yourself, love none:
What then you cannot love, let me,
That face I can, you cannot see.

Now you have what to love, you'll say,
What then is left for me, I pray?
My face, sweet heart, if it please thee;
That which you can, I cannot see:
So either love shall gain his due,
Yours, sweet, in me, and mine in you.

RICHARD BROME.

- 1652.

FATHERS, OBEY YOUR CHILDREN.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER, SON, SERVANT, GENTLEMAN,
and LADY, natives of the Antipodes.

SERVANT (*to his young master*). How well
you saw

Your father to school to-day, knowing how apt
He is to play the truant!

SON. But is he not

Yet gone to school?

SERV. Stand by, and you shall see.

Enter three OLD MEN, with satchels.

ALL THREE (*sing*). Domine, domine, duster;
Three knaves in a cluster.

SON. O, this is gallant pastime! Nay, come
on.

Is this your school? was that your lesson, hay?

1ST OLD MAN. Pray now, good son, indeed,
indeed, —

SON. Indeed

You shall to school. Away with him; and take
Their washships with him, the whole cluster of
'em.

2D OLD MAN. You sha' n't send us now, so
you sha' n't —

3D OLD MAN. We be none of your father, so
we be n't.

SON. Away with 'em, I say; and tell their
schoolmistress

What truants they are, and bid her pay 'em
soundly.

ALL THREE. Oh! oh! oh!

LADY. Alas! will nobody beg pardon for
The poor old boys?

ENGLISH TRAVELLER. Do men of such fair
years

Here go to school?

GENTLEMAN. They would die dunces else.
These were great scholars in their youth; but
when

Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes,
And so decays, that if they live until

Threescore, their sons send them to school again;
They'd die as speechless else as new-born chil-
dren.

ENG. TRAV. 'T is a wise nation: and the piety
Of the young men most rare and commendable.
Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg
Their liberty this day.

SON. 'T is granted.

Hold up your heads, and thank the gentleman
Like scholars, with your heels now.

ALL THREE.

Gratias, gratias.

From The Antipodes.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

1568 - 1639.

FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.*

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies ! pleasing troubles ;
 Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles ;
 Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
 Honour the darling but of one short day,
 Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin,
 State but a golden prison to live in
 And torture free-born minds ; embroider'd trains
 Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins ;
 And blood, allied to greatness, is alone
 Inherited, not purchased, nor our own :
 Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and
 birth,
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
 Level his rays against the rising hill ;
 I would be high, but see the proudest oak
 Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke ;
 I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
 Dig in the bowels of the richest mind ;
 I would be wise, but that I often see
 The fox suspected while the ass goes free ;
 I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
 Like the bright sun oft setting in a cloud ;
 I would be poor, but know the humble grass
 Still trampled on by each unworthy ass ;
 Rich, hated ; wise, suspected ; scorn'd if poor ;
 Great, fear'd ; fair, tempted ; high, still envied
 more :
 I have wish'd all, but now I wish for neither ;
 Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair, — poor I'll be
 rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
 Would beauty's queen entitle me " the fair,"
 Fame speak me fortune's minion, could I vie
 Angels with India ; with a speaking eye
 Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice
 dumb

As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
 To stones by epitaphs ; be call'd great master
 In the loose rhymes of every poetaster ;
 Could I be more than any man that lives,
 Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives ;
 Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
 Than ever fortune would have made them mine ;
 And hold one minute of this holy leisure
 Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts ! welcome, ye silent
 groves !
 These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly
 loves.

* Also ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh.

Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
 My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring ;
 A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
 In which I will adore sweet virtue's face ;
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
 No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears :
 Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
 And learn to affect a holy melancholy ;
 And if Contentment be a stranger, then
 I'll ne'er look for it but in heav'n again.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the worldly care
 Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Or vice ; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend ;

This man is freed from servile bands,
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

A MEDITATION.

O THOU great Power ! in whom we move,
 By whom we live, to whom we die,
 Behold me through thy beams of love,
 Whilst on this couch of tears I lie,
 And cleanse my sordid soul within
 By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallow'd oils, no gums I need,
 No new-born drams of purging fire ;
 One rosy drop from David's seed
 Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire :
 O precious ransom ! which once paid,
 That *Consummatum est* was said.

And said by him, that said no more,
 But seal'd it with his sacred breath :
 Thou then, that hast dispurged our score,
 And dying wert the death of death,
 Be now, whilst on thy name we call,
 Our life, our strength, our joy, our all !

FALL OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET.

DAZZLED thus with height of place,
 Whilst our hopes our wits beguile,
 No man marks the narrow space
 'Twixt a prison and a smile.

Yet since Fortune's favours fade,
 You that in her arms do sleep,
 Learn to swim and not to wade,
 For the hearts of kings are deep.

But if greatness be so blind
 As to trust in towers of air,
 Let it be with goodness lined,
 That at least the fall be fair.

Then though dark and you shall say,
 When friends fail and princes frown,
 Virtue is the roughest way,
 But proves at night a bed of down.

IN PRAISE OF ANGLING.

QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,
 Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
 Fly, fly to courts,
 Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
 Where strained sardonic smiles are glosing still,
 And grief is forced to laugh against her will,
 Where mirth's but mummery,
 And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
 Sad troops of human misery,
 Come, serene looks,
 Clear as the crystal brooks,
 Or the pure azure heaven that smiles to see
 The rich attendance on our poverty ;
 Peace and a secure mind,
 Which all men seek, we only find.

Abuséd mortals ! did you know
 Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
 You'd scorn proud towers,
 And seek them in these bowers,
 Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps
 may shake,
 But blustering care could never tempest make ;

Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
 Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,
 But of our kids that frisk and prance ;
 Nor wars are seen,
 Unless upon the green,
 Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
 Which done, both bleating run, each to his
 mother ;
 And wounds are never found,
 Save what the ploughshare gives the
 ground.

Here are no entrapping baits
 To hasten to too hasty fates ;
 Unless it be
 The fond credulity
 Of silly fish, which (worldling like) still look
 Upon the bait, but never on the hook ;
 Nor envy, 'less among
 The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
 For gems, hid in some forlorn creek ;
 We all pearls scorn,
 Save what the dewy morn
 Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
 Which careless shepherds beat down as they
 pass ;
 And gold ne'er here appears,
 Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, O, may you be
 Forever mirth's best nursery !
 May pure contents
 Forever pitch their tents
 Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks,
 these mountains,
 And peace still slumber by these purling foun-
 tains,
 Which we may every year
 Meet, when we come a-fishing here.

TO HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light !
 You common people of the skies !
 What are you, when the sun shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your voices understood
 By your weak accents ! what's your praise
 When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known,
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own !
 What are you, when the rose is blown ?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind ;
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen !
 Tell me, if she were not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

HE first deceased ; she for a little tried
 To live without him, liked it not, and died.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

1570 - 1638.

ON WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
 Thine be the grief as is the blame ;
 Thou art not what thou wast before,
 What reason I should be the same ?
 He that can love unlov'd again,
 Hath better store of love than brain :
 God send me love my debts to pay,
 While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
 If thou hadst still continued mine ;
 Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
 I might perchance have yet been thine.
 But thou thy freedom did recall,
 That if thou might elsewhere intral ;
 And then how could I but disdain
 A captive's captive to remain ?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
 And chang'd the object of thy will,
 It had been lethargy in me,
 Not constancy, to love thee still.
 Yea, it had been a sin to go
 And prostitute affection so,
 Since we are taught no prayers to say
 To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
 Thy choice of his good fortune boast ;
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
 To see him gain what I have lost ;

The height of my disdain shall be,
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;
 To love thee still, but go no more
 A begging to a beggar's door.

A FICKLE WOMAN.

I do confess thou 'rt sweet, yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
 Thy favours are but like the wind,
 That kisses everything it meets.
 And since thou can with more than one,
 Thou 'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
 Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells !
 But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
 Her sweet no longer with her dwells ;
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her, one by one.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

1570 - 1626.

THE SOUL'S RECOIL UPON HERSELF.

No, doubtless ; for the mind can backward cast
 Upon herself, her understanding's light,
 But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
 As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the fable of the lady fair,
 Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow,
 When thirsty to a stream she did repair,
 And saw herself transform'd she wist not
 how :

At first she startles, then she stands amazed ;
 At last with terror she from thence doth fly,
 And loathes the wat'ry glass wherein she gazed,
 And shuns it still, though she for thirst doth
 die :

E'en so man's soul which did God's image bear,
 And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure,
 Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
 Doth of all sights her own sight least endure :

For e'en at first reflection she espies
 Such strange chimeras, and such monsters
 there,
 Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,
 As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear.

And as the man loves least at home to be,
That hath a sluttish house haunted with sprites;
So she impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself, and in strange things delights.

For this few know themselves: for merchants
broke

View their estate with discontent and pain,
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if Affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feeble sense with sword and
fire,

The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire:

As spiders touch'd, seek their web's inmost part;
As bees in storms back to their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns, when foes the country
burn.

THE SOUL IS MORE THAN A PERFECTION OR REFLECTION OF THE SENSE.

ARE they not senseless, then, that think the soul
Naught but a fine perfection of the sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enroll;
A quick resulting, and a consequence?

What is it, then, that doth the sense accuse,
Both of false judgment, and fond appetites?
What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,
Which oft in torment of the sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets' spheres not much
asunder:

What tells us, then, the distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the
thunder:

What tells us, then, they both together are?

When men seem crows far off upon a tow'r,
Sense saith, they're crows: what makes us
think them men?

When we in agues think all sweet things sour,
What makes us know our tongue's false judg-
ment then?

What pow'r was that, whereby Medea saw,
And well approv'd, and prais'd the better
course;

When her rebellious sense did so withdraw
Her feeble pow'rs, that she pursu'd the worse?

Did sense persuade Ulysses not to hear
The mermaid's songs which so his men did
please,

That they were all persuaded, through the ear,
To quit the ship and leap into the seas?

Could any pow'r of sense the Roman move,
To burn his own right hand with courage stout?
Could sense make Marius sit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtless, in man there is a nature found,
Besides the senses, and above them far;
"Though most men being in sensual pleasures
drown'd,
It seems their souls but in their senses are."

If we had naught but sense, then only they
Should have sound minds which have their
senses sound:

But wisdom grows, when senses do decay;
And folly most in quickest sense is found.

If we had naught but sense, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more sharp
than we;

As having sense's apprehensive might
In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick discoursing pow'r,
Which doth in us the erring sense correct;
Therefore the bee did suck the painted flow'r,
And birds, of grapes, the cunning shadow
peck'd.

Sense outsides knows, the soul through all things
sees:

Sense, circumstance; she doth the substance
view:

Sense sees the bark, but she the life of trees;
Sense hears the sounds, but she the concords
true.

But why do I the soul and sense divide,
When sense is but a pow'r, which she extends;
Which being in divers parts diversify'd,
The divers forms of objects apprehends?

This pow'r spreads outward, but the root doth
grow

In th' inward soul, which only doth perceive;
For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know,
Than glasses know what faces they receive.

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
Though our eyes open be, we cannot see:
And if one pow'r did not both see and hear,
Our sights and sounds would always double be.

Then is the soul a nature, which contains
 The pow'r of sense, within a greater pow'r;
 Which doth employ and use the sense's pains,
 But sits and rules within her private bow'r.

THE SOUL IS MORE THAN THE TEMPERATURE OF THE HUMOURS OF THE BODY.

If she doth then the subtle sense excel,
 How gross are they that drown her in the
 blood?

Or in the body's humours temper'd well;
 As if in them such high perfection stood?

As if most skill in that musician were,
 Which had the best, and best tun'd instru-
 ment?

As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
 Had pow'r to make the painter excellent?

Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
 And good complexion rectify the will?
 Why doth not health bring wisdom still with it?
 Why doth not sickness make men brutish
 still?

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
 Or air, or fire, or earth, or water find?
 What alchymist can draw, with all his skill,
 The quintessence of these out of the mind?

If th' elements which have nor life, nor sense,
 Can breed in us so great a pow'r as this,
 Why give they not themselves like excellence,
 Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If she were but the body's quality,
 Then she would be with it sick, maim'd, and
 blind:

But we perceive where these privations be,
 An healthy, perfect, and sharp-sighted mind.

If she the body's nature did partake,
 Her strength would with the body's strength
 decay:

But when the body's strongest sinews slake,
 Then is the soul most active, quick, and gay.

If she were but the body's accident,
 And her sole being did in it subsist,
 As white in snow, she might herself absent,
 And in the body's substance not be miss'd.

But it on her, not she on it depends;
 For she the body doth sustain and cherish;
 Such secret pow'rs of life to it she lends,
 That when they fail, then doth the body per-
 ish.

Since then the soul works by herself alone,
 Springs not from sense, nor humours well
 agreeing,

Her nature is peculiar, and her own;
 She is a substance, and a perfect being.

IN WHAT MANNER THE SOUL IS UNITED TO THE BODY.

But how shall we this union well express?
 Naught ties the soul, her subtlety is such;
 She moves the body, which she doth possess;
 Yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch.

Then dwells she not therein, as in a tent;
 Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit;
 Nor as the spider in his web is pent;
 Nor as the wax retains the print in it;

Nor as a vessel water doth contain;
 Nor as one liquor in another shed;
 Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain;
 Nor as a voice, throughout the air is spread:

But as the fair and cheerful morning light
 Doth here and there her silver beams im-
 part,
 And in an instant doth herself unite
 To the transparent air, in all and ev'ry part:

Still resting whole, when blows the air divide;
 Abiding pure, when th' air is most corrupted;
 Throughout the air, her beams dispersing wide;
 And when the air is toss'd, not interrupted.

So doth the piercing soul the body fill,
 Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd;
 Indivisible, incorruptible still;
 Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the sun above the light doth bring,
 Though we behold it in the air below;
 So from th' Eternal Light the soul doth spring,
 Though in the body she her pow'rs do show.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

AGAIN, how can she but immortal be,
 When with the motions of both will and wit,
 She still aspireth to eternity,
 And never rests, till she attain to it?

Water in conduit pipes can rise no higher
 Than the well-head from whence it first doth
 spring:
 Then since to eternal God she doth aspire,
 She cannot be but an eternal thing.

"All moving things to other things do move,
Of the same kind which shews their nature
such":

So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains:

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make:
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake:

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which in this earthly mould
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views:

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly
things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heav'nly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health?
Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh
and gay:
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all;
But, pleas'd with none, doth rise and soar
away:

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing
take,

She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause ascends,
And never rests, till it the first attain:
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends;
But never stays, till it the last do gain.

Now God the truth, and first of causes is;
God is the last good end, which lasteth still;
Being Alpha and Omega nam'd for this;
Alpha to wit, Omega to the will.

Since then her heavenly kind she doth display,
In that to God she doth directly move;
And on no mortal thing can make her stay,
She cannot be from hence, but from above.

And yet this first true cause, and last good end,
She cannot here so well and truly see;
For this perfection she must yet attend,
Till to her Maker she espoused be.

As a king's daughter, being in person sought
Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
On none of them can fix a constant thought,
Though she to all do lend a gentle ear:

Yet can she love a foreign emperor,
Whom of great worth and pow'r she hears
to be,
If she be woo'd but by ambassador,
Or but his letters, or his pictures see:

For well she knows, that when she shall be
brought
Into the kingdom where her spouse doth reign,
Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought,
Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin soul on earth doth stay,
She woo'd and tempted in ten thousand ways,
By these great powers which on earth bear
sway;
The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure,
praise:

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
These do by fits her fantasy possess;
But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a tediousness;

But if upon the world's Almighty King
She once doth fix her humble loving thought,
Who by his picture drawn in every thing
And sacred messages, her love hath sought;

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much;
This honey tasted still, is ever sweet;
The pleasure of her ravish'd thought is such,
As almost here she with her bliss doth meet.

But when in heaven she shall his essence see,
This is her sov'reign good, and perfect bliss;
Her longing, wishings, hopes, all finish'd be;
Her joys are full, her motions rest in this:

There is she crown'd with garlands of content;
There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink:

That presence doth such high delights present,
As never tongue could speak, nor heart could
think.

* * *

Were she a body, how could she remain
Within the body which is less than she ?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
And in our narrow breasts contain'd be ?

All bodies are confined within some place,
But she all place within herself confines ;
All bodies have their measure and their space ;
But who shall draw the soul's dimensive lines ?

THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

O, WHAT is man, great Maker of mankind !
That thou to him so great respect dost bear ;
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer ?

O, what a lively life, what heav'nly pow'r,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dow'r
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire !

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine,
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like thee, it should be infinite :

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath rais'd man, since God a man became ;
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonish'd when they view the same :

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend ;
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye ;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

THE DANCING OF THE AIR.

AND now behold your tender nurse, the air,
And common neighbour, that aye runs around,
How many pictures and impressions fair
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses dancing do propound ;
For what are breath, speech, echoes, music,
winds,
But dancings of the air in sundry kinds ?

For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
Now in, now out, in time and measure true ;
And when you speak, so well she dancing loves,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand forms she doth herself endue :
For all the words that from your lips repair,
Are naught but tricks and turnings of the air.

Hence is her prattling daughter, Echo, born,
That dances to all voices she can hear :
There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,
Nor any time wherein she will forbear
The airy pavement with her feet to wear :
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth ev'ry trick.

And thou, sweet Music, dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones
can teach,
That when the air doth dance her finest
measure,
Then art thou born, the gods' and men's sweet
pleasure.

Lastly, where keep the Winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling ways,
But in the air's translucent gallery ?
Where she herself is turn'd a hundred ways,
While with those maskers wantonly she plays :
Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encumber not the place.

THE DANCING OF THE SEA.

For lo, the sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand :
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fix'd fast :
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere
So danceth he about the centre here.

Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
One after other flow into the shore,
Which when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order as before ;
And to make known his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-fork'd mace,
And with his arms the timorous earth em-
brace.

JOHN DONNE.

1573 - 1631.

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better ; her next change is night :
But her fair larger guest, to whom sun and moon
Are sparks, and short-lived claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier,
 Her appetite and her digestion mend;
 We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
 With woman's milk and pap unto the end.

Our soul, whose country's Heaven, and God her
 father,
 Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
 Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,
 That she returns home wiser than she went.

RELIGION.

If our souls have stained their first white, yet we
 May clothe them with faith and dear honesty.
 Which God imputes as native purity.

There is no virtue but religion:
 Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names which none
 Want, which want not vice-covering discretion.

FROM "THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL."

SHE,* of whose soul if we may say, 't was gold,
 Her body was the electrum, and did hold
 Many degrees of that; we understood
 Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
 That one might almost say her body thought.

She who in the art of knowing Heaven was grown
 Here upon earth to such perfection,
 That she hath, ever since to heaven she came,
 In a far fairer print but read the same;
 She, she not satisfied with all this weight
 (For so much knowledge as would overfreight
 Another, did but ballast her), is gone
 As well to enjoy, as get, perfection,
 And calls us after her, in that she took
 (Taking herself) our best and worthiest book.

She, who being to herself a state, enjoyed
 All royalties, which any state employed;
 For she made wars, and triumphed; reason still
 Did not o'erthrow, but rectify her will;
 And she made peace; for no peace is like this,
 That beauty and chastity together kiss;
 She did high justice; for she crucified
 Every first motion of rebellious pride;
 And she gave pardons, and was liberal,
 For, only herself except, she pardoned all;
 She coined; in this, that her impression gave
 To all our actions all the worth they have;
 She gave protections; the thoughts of her breast
 Satan's rude officers could ne'er arrest.
 As these prerogatives being met in one,

* Mistress Elizabeth Drury.

Made her a sovereign state, religion
 Made her a church; and these two made her all.

Who by a faithful confidence was here
 Betrothed to God, and now is married there;
 Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-
 day;

Who dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray;

She, who left such a body, as even she
 Only in heaven could learn, how it can be
 Made better; for she rather was two souls,
 Or like to full on-both-sides-written rolls,
 Where eyes might read upon the outward skin
 As strong records for God, as minds within;
 She, who, by making full perfection grow,
 Pieces a circle, and still keeps it so,
 Longed for, and longing for 't, to heaven is
 gone,
 Where she receives and gives addition.

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

IN that, O Queen of queens, thy birth was free
 From that which others doth of grace bereave,
 When in their mother's womb thy life receive,
 God, as his sole-born daughter, loved thee.

To match thee like thy birth's nobility,
 He thee his Spirit for his spouse did leave,
 By whom thou didst his only Son conceive,
 And so wast linked to all the Trinity.

Cease then, O queens, that earthly crowns do
 wear,
 To glory in the pomp of earthly things;
 If men such high respects unto you bear,
 Which daughters, wives, and mothers are of
 kings,
 What honour can unto that Queen be done,
 Who had your God for Father, Spouse, and Son?

ON THE SACRAMENT.

HE was the Word, that spake it;
 He took the bread and brake it;
 And what that Word did make it,
 I do believe and take it.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
 And whisper to their souls to go,
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say
 The breath goes now, and some say no;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'T were profanation of our joys,
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of the earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if the other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like the other foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

LOVE'S DEITY.

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who died before the god of Love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then loved most,
Sunk so low, as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produced a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they, which made him god, meant not so
much,
Nor he in his young godhead practised it;
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives, correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
Love, if I love who loves not me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove;
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlieu of the god of Love.
O, were we wakened by this tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I
As though I felt the worst that love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which, since she loves before, I'm loath to see;
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,
If she whom I love should love me.

BISHOP VALENTINE.

HAIL, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other bird are thy parishioners:
Thou marriest every year
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love;
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the haleyon;
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed;
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Val-
entine.

THE WILL.

BEFORE I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies: here I bequeathe
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had too
much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.¹

¹ No good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
 All my good works unto the schismatics
 Of Amsterdam; my best civility
 And courtship to a University;
 My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
 My patience let gamesters share;
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
 Love her, that holds my love disparity,
 Only to give to those that count my gifts indig-
 nity.

I give my reputation to those
 Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;
 To schoolmen I bequeathe my doubtfulness;
 My sickness to physicians, or excess;
 To Nature all, that I in rhyme have writ;
 And to my company my wit.
 Thou, Love, by making me adore
 Her, who begot this love in me before,
 Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I
 do but restore.

To him, for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
 I give my physic-books; my written rolls
 Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give:
 My brazen medals unto them which live
 In want of bread; to them which pass among
 All foreigners, mine English tongue;
 Thou, Love, by making me love one
 Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
 For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus dispo-
 sition.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
 The world by dying; because love dies too.
 Then all your beauties will be no more worth
 Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it
 forth;
 And all your graces no more use shall have,
 Than a sundial in a grave.
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
 Love her, who doth neglect both me and
 thee,
 To invent and practise this one way to annihilate
 all three.

A HYMN TO CHRIST, AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.

In what torn ship soever I embark,
 That ship shall be my emblem of thy Ark;
 What sea soever swallow me, that flood
 Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
 Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
 Thy face, yet through that mask I know those
 eyes,
 Which, though they turn away sometimes,
 They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,
 And all whom I love here, and who love me;
 When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
 Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee.
 As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
 In winter, in my winter now I go
 Where none but thee, the eternal root
 Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost control
 The amorosness of a harmonious soul;
 But thou wouldst have that love thyself: as thou
 Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now.
 Thou lov'st not, till from loving more thou free
 My soul: whoever gives, takes liberty:
 O, if thou car'st not whom I love,
 Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all
 On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;
 Marry those loves, which in youth scattered be
 On face, wit, hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
 Churches are best for prayer that have least light;
 To see God only, I go out of sight:
 And to 'scape stormy days, I choose
 An everlasting night.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

THOU art not gone being gone; where'er thou art,
 Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy
 loving heart.

JOSEPH HALL.

1574 - 1656.

A PRIVATE TUTOR.

A GENTLE squire would gladly entertain
 Into his house some trencher-chaplain:
 Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
 And that would stand to good conditions.
 First that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
 While his young master lieth o'er his head.
 Second, that he do, on no default,
 Ever presume to sit above the salt.
 Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
 Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
 Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
 Last, that he never his young master beat,
 But he must ask his mother to define,
 How many jerks he would his breech should line.
 All these observed, he could contented be,
 To give five marks and winter livery.

A POOR GALLANT.

SEEST thou how gayly my young master goes,
 Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;
 And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
 And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-
 tide?

'T is Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he dined to-
 day?

In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humphrey.
 Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
 Keeps he for every straggling cavalier;
 An open house, haunted with great resort;
 Long service mixt with musical disport.
 Many fair younker with a feather'd crest,
 Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
 To fare so freely with so little cost,
 Than stake his twelvence to a meaner host.
 Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
 He touch'd no meat of all this live-long day.
 For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
 His eyes seem'd sunk for very hollowness,
 But could he have (as I did it mistake)
 So little in his purse, so much upon his back?
 So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his
 belt,

That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
 Seest thou how side it hangs beneath his hip?
 Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
 Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
 All trapped in the new-found bravery.
 The nuns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
 In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
 What needed he fetch that from farthest Spain,
 His grandame could have lent with lesser pain?
 Though he perhaps ne'er pass'd the English
 shore,

Yet fain would counted be a conqueror.
 His hair, French-like, stares on his frighted
 head,

One lock amazon-like dishevelled,
 As if he meant to wear a native cord,
 If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
 All British bare upon the bristled skin,
 Close notched is his beard, both lip and chin;
 His linen collar labyrinthian set,
 Whose thousand double turnings never met:
 His sleeves half hid with elbow pinionings,
 As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
 But when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
 What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
 So slender waist with such an abbot's loin,
 Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
 Lik'st a strawn scarecrow in the new-sown
 field,

Rear'd on some stick, the tender corn to shield,
 Or, if that semblance suit not every deal,
 Like a broad shake-fork with a slender steel.

GEORGE SANDYS.

1577-1644.

PSALM XLII.

LORD! as the hart embost with heat
 Brays after the cool rivulet,

So sighs my soul for thee.
 My soul thirsts for the living God:
 When shall I enter his abode,
 And there his beauty see?

Tears are my food both night and day;
 While Where's thy God? they daily say;
 My soul in plaints I shed;
 When I remember how in throngs
 We fill'd thy house with praise and songs;
 How I their dances led.

My soul, why art thou so deprest?
 Why, oh! thus troubled in my breast,
 With grief so overthrown?
 With constant hope on God await:
 I yet his name shall celebrate,
 For mercy timely shown.

My fainting heart within me pants;
 My God, consider my complaints;
 My songs shall praise thee still,
 Even from the vale where Jordan flows,
 Where Hermon his high forehead shows,
 From Mitzar's humble hill.

Deepes unto deeps enraged call,
 When thy dark spouts of waters fall,
 And dreadful tempest raves:
 For all thy floods upon me burst,
 And billows after billows thrust
 To swallow in their graves.

But yet by day the Lord will charge
 His ready mercy to enlarge
 My soul, surprised with cares;
 He gives my songs their argument;
 God of my life, I will present
 By night to thee my prayers.

And say, my God, my rock, O, why
 Am I forgot, and mourning die,
 By foes reduced to dust?
 Their words, like weapons, pierce my bones,
 While still they echo to my groans,
 Where is the Lord thy trust?

My soul, why art thou so deprest?
 O why so troubled in my breast?
 Sunk underneath thy load!
 With constant hope on God await;
 For I his name shall celebrate,
 My Saviour and my God.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING.

1580 (?) - 1640.

SONNET.

I SWEAR, Aurora, by thy starry eyes,
And by those golden locks, whose lock none slips,
And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
And by the naked snows which beauty dyes;
I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solid judgment, and thy generous thought,
Which in this darken'd age have clearly shin'd;
I swear by those, and by my spotless love,
And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
That I have never nurst but chaste desires,
And such as modesty might well approve.
Then, since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not love this virtuous mind in me?

SONNET.

O, if thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm,
And dost prejudice thy bliss, and spoil my rest;
Then thou wouldst melt the ice out of thy breast
And thy relenting heart would kindly warm.
O, if thy pride did not our joys control,
What world of loving wonders shouldst thou see!
For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
Then in thy bosom I would pour my soul;
Then all my thoughts should in thy visage shine,
And if that aught mischanced thou shouldst not
moan
Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone;
No, I would have my share in what were thine:
And whilst we thus should make our sorrows one,
This happy harmony would make them none.

EDWARD FAIRFAX.

1580 (?) - 1632 (?).

SATAN SUMMONING HIS PEERS TO PLOT AGAINST THE CHRISTIANS.

WHILE thus their work went on with lucky speed,
And reared rams their horned fronts advance,
The ancient foe to man and mortal seed
His wannish eyes upon them bent askance;
And when he saw their labors well succeed,
He wept for rage, and threat'ned dire mis-
chance,
He chok'd his curses, to himself he spake,
Such noise wild bulls that softly bellow make.

At last, resolving in his damned thought
To find some let to stop their warlike feat,
He gave command his princes should be brought
Before the throne of his infernal seat.
O fool! as if it were a thing of naught
God to resist, or change his purpose great,
Who on his foes doth thunder in his ire,
Whose arrows hailstones be and coals of fire.

The dreary trumpet blew a dreadful blast,
And rumbled through the lands and kingdoms
under,
Through wasteness wide it roar'd, and hollows
vast,
And fill'd the deep with horror, fear, and won-
der;
Not half so dreadful noise the tempests cast,
That fall from skies with storms of hail and
thunder,
Nor half so loud the whistling winds do sing,
Broke from the earthen prisons of their king.

Translation of Tasso, Book IV.

THE COMBAT OF ARGANTES AND TANCRED.

THESE sons of Mavors bore, instead of spears,
Two knotty masts, which none but they could
lift;
Each foaming steed so fast his master bears,
That never beast, bird, shaft, flew half so swift:
Such was their fury, as when Boreas tears
The shatter'd crags from Taurus' northern
clift;
Upon their helms their lances long they broke,
And up to heav'n flew splinters, sparks, and
smoke.

The shock made all the towers and turrets quake,
And woods and mountains all nigh-hand re-
sound;
Yet could not all that force and fury shake
The valiant champions, nor their persons
wound:
Together hurtled both their steeds, and brake
Each other's neck; the riders lay on ground:
But they (great masters of war's dreadful art)
Pluck'd forth their swords, and soon from earth
upstart.

Close at his surest ward each warrior lieth;
He wisely guides his hand, his foot, his eye;
This blow he proveth, that defence he trieth;
He traverseth, retireth, preaseth nigh;
Now strikes he out, and now he falsifieth;
This blow he wardeth, that he lets slip by;
And for advantage oft he lets some part
Discover'd seem; thus art deludeth art.

Translation of Tasso, Book VI.

ARMIDA IN THE CHRISTIAN CAMP.

WITHIN few days the nymph arrived there,
 Where puissant Godfrey had his tents ypight;
 Upon her strange attire, and visage clear,
 Gazed each soldier, gazed every knight:
 As when a comet doth in skies appear,
 The people stand amazed at the light,
 So wonder'd they, and each at other sought,
 What mister wight she was, and whence ybrought.

Yet never eye to Cupid's service vow'd
 Beheld a face of such a lovely pride;
 A tinsel veil her amber locks did shroud,
 That strove to cover what it could not hide;
 The golden sun, behind a silver cloud,
 So streameth out his beams on every side;
 The marble goddess, set at Guido's, naked,
 She seem'd, were she uncloth'd, or that awaked.

The gamesome wind among her tresses plays,
 And curleth up those glowing riches short;
 Her spareful eye to spread his beams denays,
 But keeps his shot where Cupid keeps his fort;
 The rose and lily on her cheek assays
 To paint true fairness out in bravest sort;
 Her lips, where blooms naught but the single
 rose,
 Still blush, for still they kiss while still they
 close.

Her breasts, two hills o'erspread with purest snow,
 Sweet, smooth and supple, soft and gently
 swelling,
 Between them lies a milken dale below,
 Where love, youth, gladness, whiteness, make
 their dwelling;
 Her breasts half hid, and half were laid to show;
 Her envious vesture greedy sight repelling:
 So was the wanton clad, as if thus much
 Should please the eye, the rest unseen the touch.

Translation of Tasso, Book IV.

THE GARDEN OF ARMIDA.

WHEN they had passed all those troubled ways,
 The garden sweet spread forth her green to
 show,
 The moving crystal from the fountains plays,
 Fair trees, high plants, strange herbs, and
 flow'rets new,
 Sunshiny hills, dales hid from Phœbus' rays,
 Groves, arbors, mossy caves, at once they view;
 And that which beauty most, most wonder
 brought,
 Nowhere appear'd the art which all this wrought.

So with the rude the polish'd mingled was,
 That natural seem'd all, and every part

Nature would craft in counterfeiting pass,
 And imitate her imitator art.
 Mild was the air, the skies were clear as glass,
 The trees no whirlwind felt nor tempest's
 smart,
 But ere their fruit drop off the blossom comes;
 This springs, that falls, that rip'neth, and this
 blooms.

The leaves upon the selfsame bough did hide,
 Beside the young, the old and ripened fig;
 Here fruit was green, there ripe with vermeil
 side,
 The apples new and old grew on one twig;
 The fruitful vine her arms spread high and wide,
 That bended underneath their clusters big;
 The grapes were tender here, hard, young, and
 sour,
 There purple, ripe, and nectar sweet forth pour.

The joyous birds, hid under greenwood shade,
 Sung merry notes on every branch and bough;
 The wind, that in the leaves and waters play'd,
 With murmur sweet now sang, and whistled
 now;
 Ceased the birds, the wind loud answer made,
 And while they sung it rumbled soft and low:
 Thus, were it hap or cunning, chance or art,
 The wind in this strange music bore his part.

With party-color'd plumes and purple bill,
 A wondrous bird among the rest there flew,
 That in plain speech sung love-lays loud and shrill,
 Her leden was like human language true;
 So much she talk'd, and with such wit and skill,
 That strange it seemed how much good she
 knew;
 Her feather'd fellows all stood hush'd to hear,
 Dumb was the wind, the waters silent were.

The gently-budding rose (quoeth she) behold,
 The first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,
 Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth upfold
 In their dear leaves, and less seen fairer seems,
 And after spreads them forth more broad and
 bold,

Then languisheth and dies in last extremes:
 For seems the same that decked bed and bow'r
 Of many a lady late and paramour:

So in the passing of a day doth pass
 The bud and blossom of the life of man,
 Nor e'er doth flourish more, but like the grass
 Cut down, becometh withered, pale, and wan;
 O, gather then the rose while time thou has,
 Short is the day, done when it scant began;
 Gather the rose of love while yet thou mayst,
 Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd.

She ceas'd; and as approving all she spoke
 The choir of birds their heav'nly tunes renew;

The turtles sigh'd and sighs with kisses broke,
 The fowls to shades unseen by pairs withdrew;
 It seem'd the laurel chaste and stubborn oak,
 And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,
 It seem'd the land, the sea, and heav'n above,
 All breath'd out fancy sweet and sigh'd out love.

Translation of Tasso, Book XVI.

ARMIDA AND RINALDO.

SHE turns, and, ere she knows, her lord she spies,
 Whose coming was unwish'd, unthought, un-
 known;

She shrieks, and twines away her 'sdeignful eyes
 From his sweet face; she falls dead in a swoon;
 Falls as a flow'r half cut that bending lies:

He held her up, and, lest she tumble down,
 Under her tender side his arm he plac'd,
 His hand her girdle loos'd, her gown unlac'd;

And her fair face, fair bosom, he bedews
 With tears, tears of remorse, of ruth, of sorrow.
 As the pale rose her color lost renews
 With the fresh drops fall'n from the silver
 morrow;

So she revives, and cheeks empurpled shows,
 Moist with their own tears, and with tears they
 borrow;

Thrice look'd she up, her eyes thrice closed she,
 As who say, let me die ere look on thee.

And his strong arm, with weak and feeble hand,
 She would have thrust away, loos'd, and un-
 twin'd:

Oft strove she, but in vain, to break that band,
 For he the hold he got not yet resign'd;
 Herself fast bound in those dear knots she fand,
 Dear, though she feigned scorn, strove, and
 repin'd,

At last she speaks, she weeps, complains, and
 cries,

Yet durst not, did not, would not see his eyes:—

Cruel at thy departure, at return
 As cruel! say, what chance thee hither guideth?
 Wouldst thou prevent her death, whose heart
 forlorn

For thee, for thee death's strokes each hour
 divideth?

Com'st thou to save my life? alas! what scorn,
 What torment for Armida poor abideth!

No, no; thy crafts and sleights I will descry,
 But she can little do that cannot die.

Thy triumph is not great, nor well array'd,
 Unless in chains thou lead a captive dame;
 A dame now ta'en by force, before betray'd,
 This is thy greatest glory, greatest fame:

Time was that thee of love and life I pray'd,
 Let death now end my love, my life, my shame;
 Yet let not thy false hand bereave this breath,
 For if it were thy gift, hateful were death.

Cruel! myself an hundred ways can find
 To rid me from thy malice, from thy hate;
 If weapons sharp, if poisons of all kind,
 If fire, if strangling fail in that estate,
 Yet ways enough I know to stop this wind,
 A thousand entries hath the house of fate.
 Ah, leave these flatt'ries! leave weak hope to
 move;
 Cease, cease! my hope is dead, dead is my love.

Thus mourned she, and from her watery eyes
 Disdain and love dropt down, roll'd up in tears.
 From his pure fountains ran two streams likewise,
 Wherein chaste pity and mild ruth appears.
 Thus with sweet words the Queen he pacifies:
 Madam, appease your grief, your wrath, your
 fears,
 For to be crown'd, not scorn'd, your life I save:
 Your foe nay, but your friend, your knight, your
 slave.

But if you trust no speech, no oath, no word,
 Yet in mine eyes my zeal, my truth behold;
 For to that throne, whereof thy sire was lord,
 I will restore thee, crown thee with that gold;
 And if high heav'n would so much grace afford
 As from thy heart this cloud, this veil unfold
 Of Paganism, in all the East no dame
 Should equalize thy fortune, state, and fame.

Thus plaineth he, thus prays, and his desire
 Endears with sighs that fly, and tears that fall;
 That, as against the warmth of Titan's fire
 Snow-drifts consume on tops of mountains tall,
 So melts her wrath, but love remains entire:
 Behold (she says) your handmaid and your
 thrall,

My life, my crown, my wealth, use at your
 pleasure.

Thus death her life became, loss prov'd her
 treasure.

Translation of Tasso, Book XX.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

1581-1613.

THE WIFE.

THEN may I trust her body with her mind,
 And, thereupon secure, need never know
 The pangs of jealousy: and love doth find
 More pain to doubt her false than find her so;

For Patience is, of evils that are known,
The certain remedy; but doubt hath none.

And be that thought once stirr'd, 't will never
die,

Nor will the grief more mild by custom prove,
Nor yet amendment can it satisfy; *
The anguish more or less is as our love;
This misery doth from jealousy ensue,
That we may prove her false, but cannot true.

* * *

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art;
Some knowledge on her part will, all her life,
More scope of conversation impart;
Besides her inborn virtue fortify;
They are most firmly good that best know
why.

A passive understanding to conceive,
And judgment to discern, I wish to find;
Beyond that all as hazardous I leave;
Learning and pregnant wit, in womankind,
What it finds malleable (it) makes frail,
And doth not add more ballast, but more sail.

Books are a part of man's prerogative;
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old;
Our life fame pieceth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward do extend.

* * *

So fair at least let me imagine her;
That thought to me is truth. Opinion
Cannot in matters of opinion err;
And as my fancy her conceives to be,
Ev'n such my senses both do feel and see.

* * *

Beauty in decent shape and colour lies;
Colours the matter are, and shape the soul;
The soul — which from no single part doth
rise,

But from the just proportion of the whole; —
And is a mere spiritual harmony
Of every part united in the eye.

No circumstance doth beauty fortify
Like graceful fashion, native comeliness;

* * *

But let that fashion more to modesty
Tend than assurance — Modesty doth set
The face in her just place, from passion free;
'T is both the mind's and body's beauty met.

All these good parts a perfect woman make;
Add love to me, they make a perfect wife;

Without her love, her beauty I should take
As that of pictures dead — *that* gives it life;
Till then her beauty, like the sun, doth shine
Alike to all; — *that* only makes it mine.



SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

1582 - 1628.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

WHY should vain sorrow follow him with tears,
Who shakes off burdens of declining years?
Whose thread exceeds the usual bounds of life,
And feels no stroke of any fatal knife?
The destinies enjoin their wheels to run,
Until the length of his whole course be spun.
No envious clouds obscure his struggling light,
Which sets contented at the point of night:
Yet this large time no greater profit brings,
Than every little moment whence it springs;
Unless employ'd in works deserving praise,
Must wear out many years and live few days.
Time flows from instants, and of these each one
Should be esteem'd as if it were alone
The shortest space, which we so lightly prize
When it is coming, and before our eyes:
Let it but slide into the eternal main,
No realms, no worlds, can purchase it again:
Remembrance only makes the footsteps last,
When winged time, which fixed the prints, is
past.



ON MY DEAR SON, GERVASE BEAUMONT.

CAN I, who have for others oft compiled
The songs of death, forget my sweetest child,
Which like a flower crush'd with a blast is
dead,

And ere full time hangs down his smiling head,
Expecting with clear hope to live anew,
Among the angels fed with heavenly dew?
We have this sign of joy, that many days,
While on the earth his struggling spirit stays,
The name of Jesus in his mouth contains
His only food, his sleep, his ease from pains.
O, may that sound be rooted in my mind,
Of which in him such strong effect I find!
Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
To me was like a friendship, far above
The course of nature, or his tender age;
Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage:
Let his pure soul — ordain'd seven years to be
In that frail body, which was part of me —
Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show
How to this port at every step I go.

RICHARD CORBET.

1582-1635.

FAREWELL TO THE FAIRIES.

FAREWELL rewards and fairies,
 Good housewives now may say,
 For now foul sluts in dairies
 Do fare as well as they.
 And though they sweep their hearths no less
 Than maids were wont to do;
 Yet who of late, for cleanliness,
 Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbeys,
 The fairies' lost command;
 They did but change priests' babies,
 But some have changed your land;
 And all your children sprung from thence
 Are now grown Puritans;
 Who live as changelings ever since,
 For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both,
 You merry were and glad,
 So little care of sleep or sloth
 These pretty ladies had;
 When Tom came home from labour,
 Or Cis to milking rose,
 Then merrily went their tabor,
 And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
 Of theirs, which yet remain,
 Were footed in Queen Mary's days
 On many a grassy plain;
 But since of late Elizabeth,
 And later, James came in,
 They never danc'd on any heath
 As when the time hath been.

By which we note the fairies
 Were of the old profession,
 Their songs were Ave-Maries,
 Their dances were procession:
 But now, alas! they all are dead,
 Or gone beyond the seas;
 Or farther for religion fled,
 Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
 They never could endure,
 And whoso kept not secretly
 Their mirth, was punish'd sure;
 It was a just and Christian deed,
 To pinch such black and blue:
 O, how the commonwealth doth need
 Such justices as you!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

1585-1649.

TO HIS LUTE.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
 With thy green mother in some shady grove,
 When immelodious winds but made thee move,
 And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
 Since that dear Voice which did thy sounds ap-
 prove,

Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
 Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
 What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
 Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
 But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
 Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a
 tear;

For which be silent as in woods before:
 Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
 Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

SPRING.

SWEET Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly
 train,

Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with
 flowers,

The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
 The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their
 showers.

Sweet Spring, thou com'st — but, ah! my
 pleasant hours,

And happy days, with thee come not again;
 The sad memorials only of my pain
 Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to
 sour.

Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
 Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
 But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome
 air

Is gone; nor gold nor gems can her restore.
 Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
 When thine forgot lie closéd in a tomb!

LOVE AND MUTABILITY.

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
 And what by mortals in this world is brought
 In Time's great periods, shall return to nought;
 The fairest states have fatal nights and days.
 I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays
 With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
 As idle sounds, of few or none are sought;
 That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
 I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
 To which one morn oft birth and death affords,

That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under Reason's
power :

Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that, alas ! I both must write and love.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird ! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care ;
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling
flowers :

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and
wrongs,

And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?
Sweet artless songster ! thou my mind dost
raise

To airs of spheres, — yes, and to angels' lays.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

THE last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man, and
mild ;

His food was locusts, and what there doth
spring,

With honey that from virgin hives distill'd ;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing,
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled,
There burst he forth ; all ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn !
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry ?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, Repent, Repent !

THE LESSONS OF NATURE.

Of this fair volume which we World do name
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with
care,

Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare :
Find out his power which wildest powers doth
tame,

His providence extending everywhere,

His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same.
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of
gold,

Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold ;
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

SUMMONS TO LOVE.

PHŒBUS, arise !

And paint the sable skies

With azure, white, and red :

Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,

That she may thy career with roses spread :

The nightingales thy coming each where sing :

Make an eternal spring !

Give life to this dark world which lieth dead ;

Spread forth thy golden hair

In larger locks than thou wast wont before,

And emperor-like decore

With diadem of pearl thy temples fair :

Chase hence the ugly night

Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

— This is that happy morn,

That day, long-wishéd day

Of all my life so dark,

(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn

And fates my hopes betray,)

Which, purely white, deserves

An everlasting diamond should it mark.

This is the morn should bring unto this grove

My Love, to hear and recompense my love.

Fair King, who all preserves,

But show thy blushing beams,

And thou two sweeter eyes

Shalt see than those which by Penéus' streams

Did once thy heart surprise.

Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise :

If that ye winds would hear

A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,

Your furious chiding stay ;

Let Zephyr only breathe,

And with her tresses play.

— The winds all silent are,

And Phœbus in his chair

Ensaffroning sea and air

Makes vanish every star :

Night like a drunkard reels

Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels :

The fields with flowers are deck'd in every
hue,

The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue ;

Here is the pleasant place —

And nothing wanting is, save She, alas !

GILES FLETCHER.

1588 (?) - 1623.

MERCY BRIGHTENING THE RAINBOW.

HIGH in the airy element there hung
 Another cloudy sea, that did disdain,
 As though his purer waves from heaven sprung,
 To crawl on earth, as doth the sluggish main :
 But it the earth would water with his rain,
 That ebb'd and flow'd as wind and season would ;
 And off the sun would cleave the limber mould
 To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

Beneath those sunny banks a darker cloud,
 Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
 And bent itself into a hollow shroud,
 On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
 A thousand colours did the bow enchain,
 That wonder was to see the silk disdain'd
 With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
 And Iris paint her locks with beams so lively
 feign'd.

About her head a cypress heaven she wore,
 Spread like a veil, upheld with silver wire,
 In which the stars so burnt in golden ore,
 As seem'd the azure web was all on fire :
 But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,
 A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
 That on his curdled wave swift Argus wore,
 And the immortal swan, that did her life deplore.

Yet strange it was so many stars to see,
 Without a sun to give their tapers light ;
 Yet strange it was not that it so should be ;
 For, where the sun centres himself by right,
 Her face and locks did flame, that at the sight
 The heavenly veil, that else should nimbly move,
 Forgot his flight, and all incensed with love,
 With wonder and amazement, did her beauty
 prove.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
 Not of rich tissue nor of spangled gold,
 But of a substance, though not animate,
 Yet of a heavenly and spiritual mould,
 That only eyes of spirits might behold :
 Such light as from main rocks of diamond,
 Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
 And little angels, holding hands, danced all
 around.

THE SORCERESS OF VAIN DELIGHT.

THE garden like a lady fair was cut,
 That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
 And to the open skies her eyes did shut :
 The azure fields of Heaven were 'sembled right

In a large round, set with the flowers of light :
 The flowers-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
 That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
 Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening
 blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
 On which the bower of Vain Delight was built.
 White and red roses for her face were plac'd,
 And for her tresses marigolds were spilt :
 Them broadly she display'd, like flaming gilt,
 Till in the ocean the glad day was drown'd :
 Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
 And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them
 bound.

What should I here depaint her lily hand,
 Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
 Which there in orient colours living stand :
 Or how her gown with silken leaves is drest,
 Or how her watchman, arm'd with boughy crest,
 A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears
 Shaking at every wind their leafy spears,
 While she supinely sleeps, nor to be waked fears.

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
 Whose greener head, empurpled in wine,
 Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
 And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
 Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine ;
 For well he knew such fruit he never bore :
 But her weak arms embraced him the more,
 And she with ruby grapes laugh'd at her para-
 mour.

* * *

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three
 boys,
 Three gaping mermaids with their ewers did feed,
 Whose breasts let fall the stream, with sleepy
 noise,
 To lions' mouths, from whence it leap'd with
 speed ;
 And in the rosy laver seem'd to bleed ;
 The naked boys unto the water's fall
 Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
 When Zephyr breath'd into their watery interall.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
 A herd of charmed beasts aground were spread,
 Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
 And them in willing bondage fettered :
 Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
 And turn'd to beasts ; so fabled Homer old,
 That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
 Used manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bower,
 (Whom thousand souls devoutly idolize,)
 Our first destroyer led our Saviour ;
 There, in the lower room, in solemn wise,

They danc'd a round and pour'd their sacrifice
To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
Chanted wild orgials, in honour of the feast.

High over all, Panglorie's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of heaven, shone:
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were taught,
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that, most like her glass
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depicted:
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Such watery orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their soapy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easy breath till it be raised higher;
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came she 'gan for music call,
And sung this wooing song to welcome him
withal:

"Love is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows:
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love;
Like the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild
Softened by love grow tame and mild:
Love no medicine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench;
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
And of all love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.

Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

"See, see, the flowers that below
Now as fresh as morning blow,
And of all the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows:
How they all unleaved lie

Losing their virginity;
Like unto a summer shade,
But now born and now they fade.
Everything doth pass away,
There is danger in delay;
Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sands of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne;
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine;
While ten thousand kings as proud
To carry up my train have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me;
All the stars in heaven that shine,
And ten thousand more are mine:
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be."

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
Her guileful bait to have embosomed:
But he her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic glasses shattered.
So with her sire to hell she took her flight
(The starting air flew from the damned sprite),
Where deeply both aggrieved plunged themselves
in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his father him a banquet brought
Through the fine element, for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew:
And as he fed, the holy choirs combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine;
All thought to pass, and each was past all thought
divine.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

1584 (?) - 1650 (?).

HAPPINESS OF THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

THRICE, O, thrice happy, shepherd's life and
state!

When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns!
His cottage low and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns and
fawns:

No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Syrian worms he knows, that with their thread
 Draw out their silken lives : nor silken pride :
 His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
 Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed :
 No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright ;
 Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite :
 But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
 Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise ;
 The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
 And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes :
 In country plays is all the strife he uses ;
 Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses ;
 And but in music's sports all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
 Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content :
 The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
 With coolest shades, till noontide rage is spent ;
 His life is neither toss'd in boisterous seas
 Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease :
 Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God
 can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
 While by his side his faithful spouse hath place ;
 His little son into his bosom creeps,
 The lively picture of his father's face :
 Never his humble house nor state torment him :
 Less he could like, if less his God had sent him ;
 And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb,
 content him.

LOVE.

Love is the sire, dam, nurse, and seed
 Of all that air, earth, waters breed.
 All these, — earth, water, air, and fire, —
 Though contraries, in love conspire.
 Fond painters, love is not a lad
 With bow, and shafts, and feathers clad,
 As he is fancied in the brain
 Of some loose loving idle swain.
 Much sooner is he felt than seen ;
 Substance subtle, slight and thin,
 Oft leaps he from the glancing eyes ;
 Oft in some smooth mount he lies ;
 Soonest he wins, the fastest flies ;
 Oft lurks he 'twixt the ruddy lips,
 Thence, while the heart his nectar sips,
 Down to the soul the poison slips ;
 Oft in a voice creeps down the ear ;
 Oft hides his darts in golden hair ;
 Oft blushing cheeks do light his fires ;
 Oft in a smooth soft skin retires ;
 Often in smiles, often in tears,
 His flaming heat in water bears ;
 When nothing else kindles desire,

Even virtue's self shall blow the fire.
 Love with a thousand darts abounds,
 Surest and deepest virtue wounds,
 Oft himself becomes a dart,
 And love with love doth love impart.
 Thou painful pleasure, pleasing pain,
 Thou gainful life, thou losing gain,
 Thou bitter sweet, easing disease,
 How dost thou by displeasing please ?
 How dost thou thus bewitch the heart,
 To love in hate, to joy in smart,
 To think itself most bound when free,
 And freest in its slavery ?
 Every creature is thy debtor ;
 None but loves, some worse, some better.
 Only in love they happy prove
 Who love what most deserves their love.

GEORGE WITHER.

1588 - 1607.

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE MUSE.

SEE'ST thou not, in clearest days,
 Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays ;
 And the vapours that do breathe
 From the earth's gross womb beneath,
 Seem they not with their black steams
 To pollute the sun's bright beams,
 And yet vanish into air,
 Leaving it, unblemish'd, fair ?
 So, my Willy, shall it be
 With Detraction's breath and thee :
 It shall never rise so high,
 As to stain thy poesy.
 As that sun doth oft exhale
 Vapours from each rotten vale ;
 Poesy so sometime drains
 Gross conceits from muddy brains ;
 Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
 'Twixt men's judgments and her light :
 But so much her power may do,
 That she can dissolve them too.
 If thy verse do bravely tower,
 As she makes wing she gets power ;
 Yet the higher she doth soar,
 She 's affronted still the more ;
 Till she to the high'st hath past,
 Then she rests with fame at last :
 Let naught therefore thee affright,
 But make forward in thy flight ;
 For, if I could match thy rhyme,
 To the very stars I 'd climb ;
 There begin again, and fly
 Till I reach'd eternity.
 But, alas ! my muse is slow ;

For thy page she flags too low :
 Yea, the more 's her hapless fate,
 Her short wings were clipt of late :
 And poor I, her fortune ruina,
 Am myself put up a-mewing :
 But if I my cage can rid,
 I 'll fly where I never did :
 And though for her sake I 'm crost,
 Though my best hopes I have lost,
 And knew she would make my trouble
 Ten times more than ten times double :
 I should love and keep her too,
 Spite of all the world could do.
 For, though banish'd from my flocks,
 And confin'd within these rocks,
 Here I waste away the light,
 And consume the sullen night,
 She doth for my comfort stay,
 And keeps many cares away.
 Though I miss the flowery fields,
 With those sweets the springtide yields,
 Though I may not see those groves,
 Where the shepherds chant their loves,
 And the lasses more excel
 Than the sweet-voiced Philomel.
 Though of all those pleasures past,
 Nothing now remains at last,
 But Remembrance, poor relief,
 That more makes than mends my grief,
 She 's my mind's companion still,
 Mauge Envy's evil will.
 (Whence she would be driven, too,
 Were 't in mortal's power to do.)
 She doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow :
 Makes the desolate place
 To her presence be a grace ;
 And the blackest discontents
 Be her fairest ornaments.
 In my former days of bliss,
 Her divine skill taught me this,
 That from everything I saw,
 I could some invention draw :
 And raise pleasure to her height,
 Through the meanest object's sight,
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rustleing.
 By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed ;
 Or a shady bush or tree,
 She could more infuse in me,
 Than all Nature's beauties can
 In some other wiser man.
 By her help I also now
 Make this churlish place allow
 Some things that may sweeten gladness,
 In the very gall of sadness.
 The lone dullness, the black shade,

That these hanging vaults have made ;
 The strange music of the waves,
 Beating on these hollow caves ;
 This black den which rocks emboss,
 Overgrown with eldest moss :
 The rude portals that give light
 More to terror than delight :
 This my chamber of neglect,
 Wall'd about with disrespect.
 From all these, and this dull air,
 A fit object for despair,
 She hath taught me by her might
 To draw comfort and delight.
 Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
 I will cherish thee for this.
 Poesy, thou sweet'st content
 That e'er heaven to mortals lent :
 Though they as a trifle leave thee,
 Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
 Though thou be to them a scorn,
 That to naught but earth are born,
 Let my life no longer be
 Than I am in love with thee,
 Though our wise ones call thee madness,
 Let me never taste of gladness,
 If I love not thy madd'st fits
 Above all their greatest wits.
 And though some, too seeming holy,
 Do account thy raptures folly,
 Thou dost teach me to contemn
 What make knaves and fools of them.

— — — — —
 THE STEADFAST SHEPHERD.

HENCE away, thou Syren, leave me,
 Pish ! unclasp these wanton arms ;
 Sugar'd words can ne'er deceive me
 (Though thou prove a thousand charms).
 Fie, fie, forbear ;
 No common snare
 Can ever my affection chain :
 Thy painted baits,
 And poor deceits,
 Are all bestowed on me in vain.
 I 'm no slave to such as you be ;
 Neither shall that snowy breast,
 Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
 Ever rob me of my rest ;
 Go, go, display
 Thy beauty's ray
 To some more-soon enamour'd swain :
 Those common wiles,
 Of sighs and smiles,
 Are all bestowed on me in vain.
 I have elsewhere vow'd a duty ;
 Turn away thy tempting eye :

Show not me a painted beauty,
 These impostures I defy :
 My spirit loathes
 Where gaudy clothes
 And feigned oaths may love obtain :
 I love her so
 Whose look swears No,
 That all your labours will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
 Which on every breast are worn,
 That may pluck the virgin roses
 From their never-touched thorn ?
 I can go rest
 On her sweet breast,
 That is the pride of Cynthia's train ;
 Then stay thy tongue ;
 Thy mermaid song
 Is all bestow'd on me in vain.

He 's a fool, that basely dallies,
 Where each peasant mates with him :
 Shall I haunt the thronged valleys,
 Whilst there 's noble hills to climb ?
 No, no, though clowns
 Are scar'd with frowns,
 I know the best can but disdain :
 And those I 'll prove,
 So will thy love
 Be all bestow'd on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty,
 Where each lustful lad may woo ;
 Give me her, whose sunlike beauty,
 Buzzards dare not soar unto :
 She, she, it is
 Affords that bliss,
 For which I would refuse no pain ;
 But such as you,
 Fond fools, adieu,
 You seek to captive me in vain.

Leave me, then, thou Syren, leave me ;
 Seek no more to work my harms ;
 Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
 Who am proof against your charms :
 You labour may
 To lead astray
 The heart, that constant shall remain ;
 And I the while
 Will sit and smile
 To see you spend your time in vain.

SONNET UPON A STOLEN KISS.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
 Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe ;
 And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
 From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.

Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
 From those two melting rubies one poor kiss ;
 None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
 Nor rob I her of aught what she can miss :
 Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
 There would be little sign I would do so ;
 Why then should I this robbery delay ?
 O, she may wake, and therewith angry grow !
 Well, if she do, I 'll back restore that one,
 And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

1590 - 1645.

MORNING.

By this had chanticleer, the village cock,
 Bidden the goodwife for her maids to knock ;
 And the swart ploughman for his breakfast stayed,
 That he might till those lands were fallow laid ;
 The hills and valleys here and there resound
 With the re-echoes of the deep-mouth'd hound ;
 Each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly pail
 Was come a-field to milk the morning's meal ;
 And ere the sun had climbed the eastern hills,
 To gild the muttering bourns and pretty rills,
 Before the labouring bee had left the hive,
 And nimble fishes, which in rivers dive,
 Began to leap and catch the drowned fly,
 I rose from rest, not infelicity.

INVOCATION TO HIS NATIVE SOIL.

HAIL thou, my native soil ! thou blessed plot
 Whose equal all the world affordeth not !
 Show me who can ? so many crystal rills,
 Such sweet-clothed valleys, or aspiring hills,
 Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy
 mines,
 Such rocks in whom the diamond fairly shines :
 And if the earth can show the like again,
 Yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men.
 Time never can produce men to o'erake
 The fames of Grenville, Davis, Gilbert, Drake,
 Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more,
 That by their power made the Devonian shore
 Mock the proud Tagus ; for whose richest spoil
 The boasting Spaniard left the Indian soil
 Bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
 By winning this, though all the rest were lost.

THE SYRENS' SONG.

STEER hither, steer your winged pines,
 All beaten mariners,

Here lie undiscover'd mines
 A prey to passengers;
 Perfumes far sweeter than the best
 Which make the phoenix urn and nest;
 Fear not your ships,
 Nor any to oppose you save our lips;
 But come on shore,
 Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves our panting breasts,
 Where never storms arise,
 Exchange; and be awhile our guests;
 For stars, gaze on our eyes.
 The compass, love shall hourly sing,
 And as he goes about the ring,
 We will not miss
 To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

PASTORAL ENJOYMENTS.

BUT since her stay was long: for fear the sun
 Should find them idle, some of them begun
 To leap and wrestle, others threw the bar,
 Some from the company removed are
 To meditate the songs they meant to play,
 Or make a new round for next holiday;
 Some, tales of love their love-sick fellows told;
 Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.
 This, all alone, was mending of his pipe;
 That, for his lass, sought fruits, most sweet, most
 ripe.

Here (from the rest), a lovely shepherd's boy
 Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy
 Would still endure, or else that age's frost
 Should never make him think what he had lost,
 Yonder a shepherdess knits by the springs,
 Her hands still keeping time to what she sings;
 Or seeming, by her song, those fairest hands
 Were comforted in working. Near the sands
 Of some sweet river sits a musing lad,
 That moans the loss of what he sometime had,
 His love by death bereft: when fast by him
 An aged swain takes place, as near the brim
 Of 's grave as of the river.

HENRY KING.

1591 - 1669.

SIC VITA.*

LIKE to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are;
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew;

* This poem, of which there are nine imitations, is claimed for Francis Beaumont by some authorities.

Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood:
 Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
 Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
 The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
 The dew dries up, the star is shot;
 The flight is past — and man forgot.

THE DIRGE.

WHAT is the existence of man's life
 But open war or slumber'd strife?
 Where sickness to his sense presents
 The combat of the elements,
 And never feels a perfect peace
 Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm — where the hot blood
 Outvies in rage the boiling flood;
 And each loud passion of the mind
 Is like a furious gust of wind,
 Which beats the bark with many a wave,
 Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower — which buds, and grows,
 And withers as the leaves disclose;
 Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
 Like fits of waking before sleep,
 Then shrinks into that fatal mould
 Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream — whose seeming truth
 Is moralized in age and youth;
 Where all the comforts he can share
 As wand'ring as his fancies are,
 Till in a mist of dark decay
 The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial — which points out
 The sunset as it moves about;
 And shadows out in lines of night
 The subtle stages of Time's flight,
 Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
 His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude —
 Which doth short joys, long woes, include:
 The world the stage, the prologue tears;
 The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
 The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
 And leaves no epilogue but Death!

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

SLEEP on, my Love, in thy cold bed,
 Never to be disquieted!
 My last good night! Thou wilt not wake,
 Till I thy fate shall overtake:

Till age or grief or sickness must
 Marry my body to that dust
 It so much loves; and fill the room
 My heart keeps empty in thy Tomb.
 Stay for me there; I will not faile
 To meet thee in that hollow Vale:
 And think not much of my delay;
 I am already on the way,
 And follow thee with all the speed
 Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
 Each minute is a short degree,
 And ev'ry houre a step towards thee.
 At night, when I betake to rest,
 Next morn I rise nearer my West
 Of life, almost by eight houres saile
 Then when sleep breath'd his drowsie gale.

Thus from the Sun my Bottom steers,
 And my dayes Compass downward bears;
 Nor labour I to stemme the tide,
 Through which to Thee I swiftly glide.

'T is true, with shame and grief I yield,
 Thou, like the Vann, first took'st the field,
 And gotten hast the victory,
 In thus adventuring to dy
 Before me, whose more years might crave
 A just precedence in the grave.
 But heark! My Pulse, like a soft Drum,
 Beats my approach, tells Thee I come;
 And slow howere my marches be,
 I shall at last sit down by Thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
 And wait my dissolution
 With hope and comfort. Dear, (forgive
 The crime,) I am content to live
 Divided, with but half a heart,
 Till we shall meet and never part.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

1605 - 1682.

BEFORE SLEEP.

THE night is come like to the day, —
 Depart not thou, great God, away;
 Let not my sins, black as the night,
 Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
 Keep still in my horizon; for to me
 The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
 Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
 On my temples sentry keep;
 Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
 Whose eyes are open while mine close.
 Let no dreams my head infest

But such as Jacob's temples blest.
 While I do rest, my soul advance,
 Make my sleep a holy trance,
 That I may, my rest being wrought,
 Awake into some holy thought,
 And with as active vigor run
 My course, as doth the nimble sun.
 Sleep is a death: O, make me try
 By sleeping, what it is to die;
 And as gently lay my head
 On my grave, as now my bed.
 Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
 Awake again at least with thee;
 And thus assured, behold I lie
 Secure, or to awake or die.
 These are my drowsy days; in vain
 I do now wake to sleep again; —
 O, come that hour, when I shall never
 Sleep again, but wake forever.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

Born about 1575.

THE WITCH'S CAVE.

HER cell was hewn out of the marble rock,
 By more than human art; she need not knock;
 The door stood always open, large and wide,
 Grown o'er with woolly moss on either side,
 And interwove with ivy's flattering twines,
 Through which the carbuncle and diamond shines,
 Not set by Art, but there by Nature sown
 At the world's birth, so star-like bright they
 shone.

They serv'd instead of tapers, to give light
 To the dark entry, where perpetual night,
 Friend to black deeds, and sire of ignorance,
 Shuts out all knowledge, lest her eye by chance
 Might bring to light her follies: in they went,
 The ground was strew'd with flowers, whose
 sweet scent,

Mix'd with the choice perfumes from India
 brought,

Intoxicates his brain, and quickly caught
 His credulous sense; the walls were gilt, and set
 With precious stones, and all the roof was fret
 With a gold vine, whose straggling branches
 spread

All o'er the arch; the swelling grapes were red;
 This, Art had made of rubies, cluster'd so,
 To the quick'st eye they more than seem'd to
 grow;

About the walls lascivious pictures hung,
 Such as were of loose Ovid sometimes sung.
 On either side a crew of dwarfish elves
 Held waxen tapers, taller than themselves:

Yet so well-shap'd unto their little stature,
So angel-like in face, so sweet in feature;
Their rich attire so diff'ring; yet so well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell
Which was the fairest, which the handsomest
deck'd,

Or which of them desire would soon'st affect.
After a low salute, they all 'gan sing,
And circle in the stranger in a ring.
Orandra to her charms was stepp'd aside,
Leaving her guest half won and wanton-ey'd.
He had forgot his herb: cunning delight
Had so bewitch'd his ears, and blear'd his sight,
And captivated all his senses so,
That he was not himself: nor did he know
What place he was in, or how he came there,
But greedily he feeds his eye and ear
With what would ruin him.

* * *

Next unto his view

She represents a banquet, usher'd in
By such a shape as she was sure would win
His appetite to taste; so like she was
To his Clarinda, both in shape and face.
So voic'd, so habited, of the same gait
And comely gesture; on her brow in state
Sat such a princely majesty, as he
Had noted in Clarinda; save that she
Had a more wanton eye, that here and there
Roll'd up and down, not settling anywhere.
Down on the ground she falls his hands to kiss,
And with her tears bedews it; cold as ice
He felt her lips, that yet inflam'd him so,
That he was all on fire the truth to know,
Whether she was the same she did appear,
Or whether some fantastic form it were,
Fashion'd in his imagination
By his still working thoughts; so fix'd upon
His lov'd Clarinda, that his fancy strove,
Even with her shadow, to express his love.

THE PRIESTESS OF DIANA.

WITHIN a little silent grove hard by,
Upon a small ascent he might espy
A stately chapel, richly gilt without,
Beset with shady sycamores about:
And ever and anon he might well hear
A sound of music steal in at his ear
As the wind gave it being: — so sweet an air
Would strike a syren mute.

* * *

A hundred virgins there he might espy
Prostrate before a marble deity,
Which, by its portraiture, appear'd to be
The image of Diana: — on their knee
They tender'd their devotions: with sweet airs,
Offering the incense of their praise and prayers.

Their garments all alike; beneath their paps
Buckled together with a silver clasp;
And cross their snowy silken robes they wore
An azure scarf, with stars embroider'd o'er.
Their hair in curious tresses was knit up,
Crown'd with a silver crescent on the top.
A silver bow their left hand held; their right,
For their defence, held a sharp-headed flight,
Drawn from their 'broider'd quiver, neatly tied
In silken cords, and fasten'd to their side.
Under their vestments, something short before,
White buskins, lac'd with ribanding, they wore.
It was a catching sight for a young eye,
That love had fir'd before: — he might espy
One, whom the rest had sphere-like circled round,
Whose head was with a golden chaplet crown'd.
He could not see her face, only his ear
Was blest with the sweet words that came from
her.

—◆—

THE VOTARESS OF DIANA.

CLARINDA came at last

With all her train, who, as along she pass'd
Thorough the inward court, did make a lane,
Opening their ranks, and closing them again
As she went forward, with obsequious gesture,
Doing their reverence. Her upward vesture
Was of blue silk, glistening with stars of gold,
Girt to her waist by serpents, that enfold
And wrap themselves together, so well wrought
And fashion'd to the life, one would have thought
They had been real. Underneath she wore
A coat of silver tinsel, short before,
And fring'd about with gold: white buskins hide
The naked of her leg; they were loose tied
With azure ribands, on whose knots were seen
Most costly gems, fit only for a queen.
Her hair bound up like to a coronet,
With diamonds, rubies, and rich sapphires set;
And on the top a silver crescent plac'd,
And all the lustre by such beauty grac'd,
As her reflection made them seem more fair;
One would have thought Diana's self were there;
For in her hand a silver bow she held,
And at her back there hung a quiver fill'd
With turtle-feather'd arrows.

Thealma and Clearchus.

—◆◆◆—

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

1609 - 1642 (?).

A SESSION OF THE POETS.

A SESSION was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it, they say.

The Laurel, that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd;

And therefore the wits of the town came thither,
'T was strange to see how they flock'd together;
Each, strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to bear the laurel away that day.

There was Selden, and he sat close by the
chair;

Wenman, not far off, which was very fair,
Sands with Townsend, for they kept no order,
Digby and Chillingworth a little further.

There was Lucan's translator too,* and he
That makes God speak so big in his poetry;
Selwin, and Waller, and Bartlets, both the
brothers;
Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine;
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,
For his were call'd "Works," where others were
but Plays.

And bid them remember how he had purg'd the
stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age;
And he hop'd they did n't think the Silent Wo-
man,
The Fox and the Alchymist, outdone by no man.

Apollo stopt him there, and bid him not go on;
'T was merit, he said, and not presumption
Must carry it; at which Ben turn'd about,
And in great choler offer'd to go out.

But those that were there, thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit;
And therefore Apollo call'd him back again,
And made him mine host of his own New Inn.

Tom Carew † was next, but he had a fault
That would n't well stand with a Laureat;
His muse was hard bound, and the issue of 's
brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and
pain;

And all that were present there did agree
A Laureat-muse should be easy and free.
Yet sure 't was n't that; but 't was thought that
his grace
Consider'd he was well he had a cup-bearer's
place.

Will Davenant, asham'd of a foolish mischance
That he had got lately travelling in France,

Modestly hoped the handsomeness of 's muse
Might any deformity about him excuse.

And surely the company would have been con-
tent

If they could have found any precedent;
But in all their records, either in verse or prose,
There was not one Laureat without a nose.

To Will Bartlet sure all the wits meant well,
But first they would see how his "Snow" would
sell;

Will smil'd, and swore in their judgments they
went less

That concluded of merit upon success.

Suddenly taking his place again,
He gave way to Selwin, who straight stept in;
But alas! he had been so lately a wit,
That Apollo himself scarce knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (plague on him, how came he
there?)

Was whispering nothing in somebody's ear,
When he had the honour to be nam'd in court;
But, sir, you must thank my Lady Carlisle for 't;

For had not her "Character" furnish'd you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt
You and your sorry lady-muse had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

In haste from the court two or three came in,
And they brought letters, forsooth, from the
Queen!

'T was discreetly done, too, for if they had come
Without them, they had scarce been let into the
room.

This made a dispute; for 't was plain to be seen
Each man had a mind to gratify the Queen;
But Apollo himself could not think it fit;
There was difference, he said, betwixt fooling
and wit.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear;
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i' th' ear,
That of all men living he ear'd not for 't;
He lov'd not the Muses so well as his sport;

And priz'd black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;
But Apollo was angry, and publicly said
'T were fit that a fine were set on 's head.

Wat Montagu next stood forth to his trial,
And did not so much as suspect a denial;
But witty Apollo ask'd him first of all
If he understood his own "Pastoral."

* May.

† Pronounced *Carey*.

For if he cou'd do it, 't would plainly appear
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the bays above all the rest,
But the Monsieur was modest, and silence con-
fest.

During these troubles in the court was hid
One that Apollo soon miss'd, — little Cid;
And having spy'd him, call'd him out of the
throng,
And advis'd him in his ear not to write so strong.

Murray was summon'd; but 't was urg'd, that
he
Was chief already of another company.

Hales, set by himself, most gravely did smile
To see them about nothing keep such a coil;
Apollo had spy'd him, but knowing his mind
Past by, and call'd Falkland, that sat just be-
hind:

But he was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his poetry;
Though to say the truth, and Apollo did know it,
He might have been both his priest and his poet.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which Will Davenant began to swear;
But wiser Apollo bade him draw nigher,
And, when he was mounted a little higher,

He openly declar'd, that the best sign
Of good store of wit was to have good store of
coin;

And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the laurel on the Alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in such amaze,
That, for a good while, they did nothing but
gaze

One upon another; not a man in the place
But had discontent writ at large in his face.

Only the small Poets cheer'd up again
Out of hope, as 't was thought, of borrowing;
But sure they are out; for he forfeits his
"crown,"

When he lends to any Poet about the town.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen:

O, things without compare!

Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,

Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs:
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine,)
Walk'd on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king (God bless him) 't would undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' the town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid — and thereby hangs a tale —
For such a maid no Whitson ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring.
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

* * *
Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison
(Who sees them is undone);
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.

But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

* * *
Passion o' me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride:
The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated:
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company were seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Heaths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 't was named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O' the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

* * *

LOVE AND HONOUR.

'T is now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent!) a year, and more;
And still I did my part, —

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes;

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in:
And brought myself to lie at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief?
A spy inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march (quoth I); the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves for love,
Only to feed her pride.

CONSTANCY.

Out upon it, I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

I PRYTHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

I PRYTHEE send me back my heart,
 Since I cannot have thine;
 For if from yours you will not part,
 Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
 To find it were in vain;
 For thou 'st a thief in either eye
 Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
 And yet not lodge together?
 O love! where is thy sympathy,
 If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
 I cannot find it out;
 For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
 I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
 I will no longer pine;
 For I'll believe I have her heart
 As much as she has mine.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER!

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover!
 Prythee why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner!
 Prythee why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do 't?
 Prythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:—
 The devil take her!

A WOMAN'S FACE.

HER face is like the milky way i' the sky,
 A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

THOMAS CAREW.

1589 (?) - 1639 (?)

ASK ME NO MORE WHERE JOVE BESTOWS.

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose;

For in your beauties' orient deep
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day;
 For in pure love heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale when May is past;
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more if east or west
 The Phoenix builds her spicy nest;
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies!

THE COMPLIMENT.

I do not love thee for that fair
 Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
 Though the wires thereof be drawn
 Finer than the threads of lawn,
 And are softer than the leaves
 On which the subtle spider weaves.

I do not love thee for those flowers
 Growing on thy cheeks (love's bowers);
 Though such cunning them hath spread,
 None can paint them white and red:
 Love's golden arrows there are shot,
 Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft
 Red coral lips I've kiss'd so oft;
 Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
 To speech, whence music still is heard;
 Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
 Might tyrants melt, and death awaken.

I do not love thee, O my fairest!
 For that richest, for that rarest
 Silver pillar, which stands under
 Thy sound head, that globe of wonder;
 Though that neck be whiter far
 Than towers of polish'd ivory are.

SONG.

WOULD you know what's soft? I dare
 Not bring you to the down or air;
 Nor to stars to show what's bright,
 Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
 Call the orbs to take your ear;
 Nor to please your sense bring forth
 Bruised nard or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you nectar, for a taste :
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 't is done.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return ;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find naught but pride and scorn ;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

GIVE ME MORE LOVE, OR MORE DISDAIN.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain ;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Brings equal ease unto my pain ;
The temperate affords me none ;
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love,
Like Danae in a golden shower.
I swim in pleasure ; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes ; and he's possess'd
Of heaven that's but from hell released :
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

LET FOOLS GREAT CUPID'S YOKE DISDAIN.

LET fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better ;
Whilst, proud of my triumphant chain,
I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdering glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles so please me,
As *he* brings ruin, *that* repairs
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow
With envious veils from my beholding ;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
The restless fate of every lover,
Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
And wounds, themselves have made, discover.

APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream ;
But the warm sun thaws the benumb'd earth,
And makes it tender ; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow ; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble-bee ;
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
Now all things smile.

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE.

THINK not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
Y' are fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning star,
That you are so ; or, though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem ;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake :
For that lovely face will fail ;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail !
'T is sooner past, 't is sooner done,
Than summer's rain or winter's sun ;
Most fleeting when it is most dear ;
'T is gone while we but say — 't is here.
These curious locks, so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White and cold as winter's snow.
That eye, which now is Cupid's nest,
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow ; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose ;
And what will then become of all
Those whom now you servants call ?
Like swallows, when your summer's done,
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely choose one to your friend
Whose love may (when your beauties end)
Remain still firm ; be provident,
And think, before the summer's spent,

Of following winter; like the ant,
 In plenty hoard for time of scant.
 For when the storms of Time have moved
 Waves on that cheek which was beloved;
 When a fair lady's face is pin'd,
 And yellow spread where red once shin'd;
 When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
 Love may return, but lovers never:
 And old folks say there are no pains
 Like itch of love in aged veins.
 O love me then, and now begin it,
 Let us not lose this present minute;
 For time and age will work that wrack
 Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
 The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
 And eagles change their aged plumes;
 The faded rose, each spring, receives
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
 But if your beauties once decay,
 You never know a second May.
 O, then, be wise, and whilst your season
 Affords you days for sport, do reason;
 Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
 But crop in time your beauties' flower,
 Which will away, and doth together
 Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

ROBERT HERRICK.

1591 - 1674.

UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY.

DROOP, droop no more, or hang the head,
 Ye roses almost withered!
 Now strength, and newer purple get,
 Each here declining violet!
 O Primroses! let this day be
 A resurrection unto ye;
 And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
 Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood:
 For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
 Clarret and creame commingled:
 And those her lips doe now appeare
 As beames of corall, but more cleare.

THE ROCK OF RUBIES: AND THE QUARRIE OF PEARLS.

SOME ask'd me where the rubies grew,
 And nothing I did say,
 But with my finger pointed to
 The lips of Julia.

Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where,
 Then spoke I to my girle,

To part her lips, and shew'd them there
 The quarelets of pearl.

One ask'd me where the roses grew,
 I bade him not go seek;
 But forthwith bade my Julia show
 A bud in either cheek.

TO ROBIN RED-BREST.

Laid out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be
 With leaves and mosse-work for to cover me;
 And while the wood-nimphs my cold corps inter,
 Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister!
 For epitaph, in foliage, next write this:—
 Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dresse
 Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse.
 A lawne about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction;
 An erring lace, which here and there
 Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
 A cuffe neglectfull, and thereby
 Ribbands to flow confusedly;
 A winning wave (deserving note)
 In the tempestuous petticoat;
 A careless shooc-string, in whose tye
 I see a wilde civility;—
 Doe more bewitch me then when art
 Is too precise in every part.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

ABOUT the sweet bag of a bee,
 Two cupids fell at odds;
 And whose the pretty prize shu'd be,
 They vow'd to ask the gods.
 Which Venus hearing, thither came,
 And for their boldness stript them;
 And taking thence from each his flame,
 With rods of myrtle whipt them.
 Which done, to still their wanton cries,
 When quiet grown sh'ad seen them,
 She kist and wip'd their dove-like eyes,
 And gave the bag between them.

AN EPITAPH UPON A CHILD.

VIRGINS promis'd when I dy'd,
 That they wo'd each primrose-tide,
 Duely, morne and ev'ning, come,
 And with flowers dresse my tomb.
 Having promis'd, pay your debts,
 Maids, and here strew violets.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

GET up, get up for shame, the blooming morne
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.

See how Aurora throwes her faire
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire !

Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangling herbe and tree.

Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an houre since ; yet you not drest,

Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?

When all the birds have mattens seyd,

And sung their thankful hymnes, 't is sin,

Nay, profanation to keep in,

When as a thousand virgins on this day,

Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seene
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and
greene

And sweet as Flora. Take no care

For jewels for your gowne or haire.

Fear not ; the leaves will strew

Gemms in abundance upon you.

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,

Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :

Come, and receive them while the light

Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,

And Titan on the eastern hill

Retires himselfe, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe
in praying :

Few beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and comming, marke
How each field turns a street, each street a parke

Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see
how

Devotion gives each house a bough

Or branch : each porch, each doore, ere this,

An arke, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove ;

As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street

And open fields, and we not see 't ?

Come, we 'll abroad ; and let's obay

The proclamation made for May,

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;

But, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girle, this day,

But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deale of youth, ere this, is come

Back, and with white-thorn laden home.

Some have dispatcht their cakes and creame,

Before that we have left to dreame :

And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted
troth,

And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth.

Many a greene-gown has been given ;

Many a kisse, both odde and even ;

Many a glance too has been sent

From out the eye, love's firmament ;

Many a jest told of the keyes betraying

This night, and locks pickt, yet w'are not a
Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime,

And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die

Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short, and our dayes run

As fast away as do's the sunne ;

And as a vapour, or a drop of raine,

Once lost, can ne'er be found againe,

So when or you or I are made

A fable, song, or fleeting shade,

All love, all liking, all delight,

Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decay-
ing ;

Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

UPON A CHILD THAT DYED.

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,

Lately made of flesh and blood :

Who as soone fell fast asleep,

As her little eyes did peep.

Give her strewings, but not stir

The earth that lightly covers her.

TO MUSIQUE, TO BECALME HIS FEVER.

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so,

With thy delicious numbers,

That being ravisht, hence I goe

Away in easie slumbers.

Ease my sick head,

And make my bed,

Thou power that canst sever

From me this ill,

And quickly still,

Though thou not kill,

My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same

From a consuming fire,

Into a gentle-licking flame,

And make it thus expire.

Then make me weep

My paines asleep,

And give me such repouses,

That I, poore I,

May think thereby,

I live and die

'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
 Or like those maiden shows,
 Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew
 A baptisme o're the flowers.
 Melt, melt my paines,
 With thy soft straines,
 That having ease me given,
 With full delight,
 I leave this light,
 And take my flight
 For heaven.

TO VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honour!
 You doe bring
 In the Spring,
 And wait upon her.

She has virgins many
 Fresh and faire;
 Yet you are
 More sweet than any.

Y'are the maiden posies,
 And so grac't,
 To be plac't
 'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
 By and by
 Ye doe lie,
 Poore girles! neglected.

TO MUSICK. A SONG.

MUSICK, thou queen of heaven, care-charming
 spel,
 That striketh stillnesse into hell;
 Thou that tam'st tygers, and fierce storms that
 rise,
 With thy soule-melting lullabies;
 Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming
 spheres,
 To charme our soules as thou enchant'st our eares.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old time is still a flying,
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And neerer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer;
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may, goe marry;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

TO PRIMROSES FILL'D WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY doe ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
 Speak griefe in you,
 Who were but borne

Just as the modest morne
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?
 Alas, you have not known that shower

That marres a flower;
 Nor felt th' unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worne with yeares,
 Or warpt, as we,

Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young
 To speak by teares before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop and weep.

Is it for want of sleep,
 Or childish lullabie?
 Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?

Or brought a kisse
 From that sweet-heart to this? —
 No, no, this sorrow shown
 By your teares shed,
 Wo'd have this lecture read:
 That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceiv'd with grief are and with teares brought
 forth.

TO MEDDOWS.

YE have been fresh and green,
 Ye have been fill'd with flowers;
 And ye the walks have been
 Where maids have spent their houres.

You have beheld how they
 With wicker arks did come,
 To kisse and beare away
 The richer couslips home.

Y'ave heard them sweetly sing,
 And seen them in a round:
 Each virgin, like a spring,
 With hony-succles crown'd.

But now we see none here
Whose silv'rie feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd haire,
Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock and needy grown,
Y' are left here to lament
Your poor estates, alone.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY
THING.

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall doe so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despaire, and I'll despaire,
Under that cypresse tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

UPON A CHILD. AN EPITAPH.

BUT borne, and like a short delight,
I glided by my parents sight.
That done, the harder fates deny'd
My longer stay, and so I dy'd.
If, pitying my sad parents teares,
You 'l spil a tear or two with theirs,
And with some flowrs my grave bestrew,
Love and they 'l thank you for 't. Adieu.

TO DAFFADILLS.

FAIRE Daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soone:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noone.

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will goe with you along!

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.

We die,
As your hours doe, and drie
Away
Like to the summers raine,
Or as the pearles of morning's dew
Ne'r to be found againe.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIRE pledges of a fruitfull tree,
Why do yee fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were yee borne to be
An houre or half's delight,
And so to bid goodnight?
'T was pitie nature brought yee forth
Meerly to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'r so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, a while, they glide
Into the grave.

UPON HER FEET.

HER pretty feet
Like snail's did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in agen.

THE PRIMROSE.

ASKE me why I send you here
This sweet infanta of the yeere?
Aske me why I send to you
This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your eares,
The sweets of love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower do's show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?

Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break?

I will answer, these discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting starres attend thee;

And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will o' th' Wispe mis-light thee,
Nor snake or slow-worme bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost ther's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber
What though the moon do's slumber?
The starres of the night,
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare without number.

Then Julia let me wooe thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soule I'll pour into thee.

UPON A CHILD.

HERE a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies:
Pray be silent, and not stirre
Th' easie earth that covers her.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

WHEN as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, me thinks, how sweetly flowes
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration, each way free,
O how that glittering taketh me!

UPON BEN JONSON.

HERE lyes Jonson with the rest
Of the poets, but the best.
Reader, wo'dst thou more have known?
Aske his story, not this stone.
That will speake what this can't tell
Of his glory: so farewell.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty bowle
Up to the brim,
That I may drink
Unto my Jonsons soule.

Crowne it agen, agen,
And thrice repeat
That happy heat,
To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaffe, I see,
To th' number five,
Or nine; but thrive
In frenzie ne'r like thee.

AN ODE FOR HIM.

AH Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyrick feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the triple Tunne?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My Ben!
Or come agen,
Or send to us
Thy wits great over-plus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that tallent spend,
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

TO FINDE GOD.

WEIGH me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watrie theater,
And tast thou them as saltlesse there,
As in their channell first they were;
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdomes of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud againe,
Beshiver'd into seeds of raine;
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares
Of corn, when summer shakes his cares;
Shew me that world of starres, and whence
They noiselesse spill their influence:
This if thou canst, then shew me him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION.

FOR those my unbaptized rhimes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times;
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book, that is not thine.
But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one
Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

1592 - 1644.

MORS TUA.

CAN he be fair, that withers at a blast?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?
So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;
So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He's old enough to-day, to die to-morrow:
Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five feet
long?
Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor
rich, nor young.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth;
She is my Maker's creature: therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse — she gives me food;
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with
thee?

Or what's my mother, or my nurse to me?

I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd quire sustains me with their
flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee?

* * *

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possess'd of heaven, heaven unpossess'd of thee.

WHAT IS LIFE?

AND what's a life? — a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life? — the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day! hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit! — how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy: here's nothing worth a
smile.

GEORGE HERBERT.

1593 - 1633.

THE CHURCH PORCH.

PERIRRHANTERIUM.

THOU whose sweet youth and early hopes inance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Ryme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may finde him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

* * *

Yet, if thou sinne in wine or wantonnesse,
Boast not thereof; nor make thy shame thy glorie.
Frailtie gets pardon by submissivenesse;
But he that boasts, shuts that out of his storie;
He makes flat warre with God, and doth defie
With his poore clod of earth the spacious sky.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.

Lust and wine plead a pleasure; avarice, gain:
But the cheap swearer, through his open sluice,
Lets his soul runne for nought, as little fearing:
Were I an epicure, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell anothers jest, therein
Omit the oathes, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sinne.
He pares his apple, that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the vertue of that name,*
Which is the best stake, when griefs make thee
tame.

When thou dost purpose ought (within thy
power),
Be sure to doe it, though it be but small:
Constance knits the bones, and makes us stowre,
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Slight those who say, amidst their sickly healths,
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so, but man?
Houses are built by rule, and common-wealths.
Entice the trusty sunne, if that you can,
From his ecliptick line; becken the skie.
Who lives by rule, then, keeps good companie.

Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,
Whose every parcell under-writes a law.
Lose not thyself, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 't is thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows finde,
He breaks up house, turns out of doores his
minde.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the yeare; but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends, upon thee call;
Before thy journey, fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil;
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dimme
To all things els. Wealth is the conjurer's
devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath
him.
Gold thou mayst safely touch; but, if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

* That of a Christian.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;
Take starres for money; starres not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.

None is so wastefull as the scraping dame:
She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profanenesse, filthinesse, abusivenesse,
These are the scumme, with which coarse wits
abound:

The fine may spare these well, yet not go lesse.
All things are bigge with jest: nothing that's
plain
But may be wittie, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer:
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But, if thou want it, buy it not too deere.
Many, affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

Towards great persons use respective boldnesse:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine: in service, care or coldnesse
Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.
Feed no man in his sinnes; for adulation
Doth make thee parcell-devil in damnation.

Thy friend put in thy bosome: wear his eies
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice;
Thy drops of bloud must pay down all his fear;
But love is lost; the way of friendship's gone;
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his
John.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
Love is a personall debt. I cannot give
My childrens right, nor ought he take it: rather
Both friends should die, than hinder them to
live.

Fathers first enter bonds to natures ends;
And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's.

Man is God's image; but a poore man is
Christ's stamp to boot; both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, So much giv'n to God; thou shalt be
heard.

Let thy almes go before, and keep heav'n's
gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou; for thou art there
Onely by his permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.

Kneeling ne're spoil'd silk stocking: quit thy
state.

All equal are within the churches gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest;
Stay not for th' other pin: why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extreemly flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose
about thee.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The worst speak something good: if all want
sense,

God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

SINNE.

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round!

Parents first season us: then schoolmasters

Deliver us to laws; they send us bound

To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundayes, sorrow dogging sinne,

Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,

Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulnesse,

The sound of glorie ringing in our eares;

Without, our shame; within, our consciences;

Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences, and their whole aray,

One cunning bosome-sinne blows quite away.

PRAYER.

PRAYER, the churches banquet, angels age,

Gods breath in man returning to his birth,

The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,

The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and
earth;

Engine against th' Almighty, sinner's towre,

Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,

The six-daies-world transposing in an houre,

A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear;

Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,

Exalted manna, gladnesse of the best,

Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,

The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,

Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the souls
bloud,

The land of spices, something understood.

SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright!

The fruit of this, the next worlds bud;

Th' indorsement of supreme delight,

Writ by a friend, and with his bloud;

The couch of time; cares balm and bay;—

The week were dark, but for thy light:

Thy torch doth show the way.

The other dayes and thou

Make up one man; whose face thou art,

Knocking at heaven with thy brow:

The worky-daies are the back-part;

The burden of the week lies there,

Making the whole to stoup and bow,

Till thy release appeare.

Man had straight forward gone

To endlesse death: but thou dost pull

And turn us round to look on one,

Whom, if we were not very dull,

We could not choose but look on still;

Since there is no place so alone

The which he doth not fill.

Sundaies the pillars are,

On which heav'n's palace arched lies:

The other dayes fill up the spare

And hollow room with vanities.

They are the fruitfull beds and borders

In Gods rich garden: that is bare

Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundaies of mans life,

Thredded together on times string,

Make bracelets to adorn the wife

Of the eternall, glorious King.

On Sunday, heavens gate stands ope;

Blessings are plentifull and rife,

More plentifull than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,

And did inclose this light for his:

That, as each beast his manger knows,

Man might not of his fodder misse.

Christ hath took in this piece of ground,

And made a garden there for those

Who want herbs for their wound.

VANITIE.

THE fleet astronomer can bore

And thread the spheres with his quick-piercing
minde:

He views their stations, walks from doore to doore,

Surveys, as if he had design'd
To make a purchase there : he sees their dances,
And knoweth, long before,
Both their full-ey'd aspects and secret glances.

The nimble diver with his side
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch

His dearely-earned pearl, which God did hide
On purpose from the ventrous wretch ;
That he might save his life, and also hers
Who with excessive pride
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtil chymick can deuest
And strip the creature naked, till he finde
The callow¹ principles within their nest :

There he imparts to them his minde,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appeare trim and drest
To ordinarie suitours at the doore.

What hath not man sought out and found,
But his deare God ? who yet his glorious law
Embosomes in us, mellowing the ground

With showers and frosts, with love and aw ;
So that we need not say, Where's this command ?
Poore man ! thou searchest round
To finde out death, but missest life at hand.

— ♦ —
VERTUE.

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and skie ;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angrie and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie ;
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

— ♦ —
MAN.

My God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation

But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man ? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is every thing
And more : he is a tree, yet bears no fruit ;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more :
Reason and speech we onely bring.
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetric,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides :
Each part may call the farthest, brother :
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre,
But Man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre :
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the windes do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains
flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure :
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed ;
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne with-
draws :
Musick and light attend our head,
All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their descent and being ; to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie :
Waters united are our navigation ;
Distinguished, our habitation ;
Below, our drink ; above, our meat :
Both are our cleannesse. Hath one such
beautie ?
Then how are all things neat !

More servants wait on Man,
Than he'll take notice of : in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sicknesse makes him pale and wan.
O mightie love ! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last !

¹ Unfeathered.

Till then, afford us so much wit;
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

LIFE.

I MADE a posie, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Times gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly deaths sad taste convey,
Making my minde to smell my fatall day,
Yet sugring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye
spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaints or grief;
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I hum-
bly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.
A hollow winde did seem to answer, No:
Go, seek elsewhere.

I did; and, going, did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peaces coat:
I will search out the matter.
But, while I lookt, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperiall: Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.
But, when I digg'd, I saw a worme devour
What show'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man;
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:—
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly liv'd; yet sweetnesse did not save
His life from foes.
But, after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:
Which many wondring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That vertue lies therein;
A secret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sinne.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you:
Make bread of it; and that repose
And peace, which ev'ry where
With so much earnestnesse you do pursue,
Is only there.

THE PULLEY.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by,
Let us, said he, poure on him all we can:
Let the worlds riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beautie flow'd; then wisdom, honour,
pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay.

For if I should, said he,
Bestow this jewell also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts in stead of me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlesnesse:
Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to my breast.

THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greennesse? It was gone

Quite under ground ; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown ;
Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an houre ;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amisse,
This or that is :
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy paradise, where no flower can wither !
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at heav'n, growing and groning thither ;
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-showre,
My sinnes and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline :
What frost to that ? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown ?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write ;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing : O my onely light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide ;
Which when we once can finde and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

THE ELIXER.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee :

Not rudely, as a beast,
To runne into an action ;
But still to make thee prepossess,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glasse,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heav'n espie.

All may of thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgerie divine :
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold :
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for lesse be told.

WILLIAM STRODE.

1600 - 1644.

MUSIC.

WHEN whispering strains with creeping wind
Distil soft passions through the heart ;
And when at every touch we find
Our pulses beat and bear a part ;
When threads can make
A heartstring ache,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls are made of harmony.

When unto heavenly joys we faine
Whate'er the soul affecteth most,
Which only thus we can explain
By music of the heavenly host ;
Whose lays we think
Make stars to wink,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls consist of harmony.

O, lull me, lull me, charming air !
My senses rock with wonder sweet ;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are ;
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet !
Grief who needs fear
That hath an ear ?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

1605 - 1645.

DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

LIKE the violet which, alone,
 Prospers in some happy shade,
 My Castara lives unknown,
 To no looser eye betray'd,
 For she 's to herself untrue,
 Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
 Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace;
 Her high birth no pride imparts,
 For she blushes in her place.
 Folly boasts a glorious blood,
 She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
 What a wanton courtship meant;
 Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit;
 In her silence eloquent:
 Of herself survey she takes,
 But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
 Her grave parents' wise commands;
 And so innocent, that ill
 She nor acts, nor understands:
 Women's feet run still astray,
 If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
 Where oft honour splits her mast;
 And retiredness thinks the port,
 Where her fame may anchor cast:
 Virtue safely cannot sit,
 Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
 Where sin waits not on delight;
 Without masque, or ball, or feast,
 Sweetly spends a winter's night:
 O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
 Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
 While wild passions captive lie:
 And, each article of time,
 Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
 All her vows religious be,
 And her love she vows to me.

IMPARTIAL CONTEMPLATION OF LIFE.

BLOOD is, too,
 A price for glory: honour doth appear
 To statesmen like a vision in the night,

And juggler-like works o' the deluded sight.
 The unbusied only wise: for no respect
 Endangers them to error; they affect
 Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
 Man with an equal eye, nor bright in gold
 Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
 As virtue raiseth him above his clay.
 Thus let us value things: and since we find
 Time bends us toward death, let 's in our mind
 Create new youth; and arm against the rude
 Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
 O' the country dead our thoughts, nor busy
 care
 O' the towne make us not think, where now we
 are
 And whither we are bound. Time ne'er forgot
 His journey, though his steps we numbered not.

TO ROSES IN THE BOSOM OF CASTARA.

YE blushing virgins happy are
 In the chaste nunnery of her breasts,
 For he'd profane so chaste a fair,
 Whoe'er should call them Cupid's nests.

Transplanted thus how bright ye grow,
 How rich a perfume do ye yield?
 In some close garden, cowslips so
 Are sweeter than i' the open field.

In those white cloisters live secure
 From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
 Each hour more innocent and pure,
 Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you room,
 Your glorious sepulchre shall be:
 There wants no marble for a tomb,
 Whose breast hath marble been to me.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

1605 - 1668.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VIRGIN BIRTHA.

To Astragon, heaven for succession gave
 One only pledge, and Birtha was her name,
 Whose mother slept where flowers grew on her
 grave,
 And she succeeded her in face and fame.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
 Unless, like poets, for their morning theme;
 And her mind's beauty they would rather choose,
 Which did the light in beauty's lanthorn seem.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone

With untaught looks, and an unpractised heart;
Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun,
For nature spread them in the scorn of art.

She never had in busy cities been,
Ne'er warm'd with hopes, nor e'er allay'd with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business fill'd the hours;
In spring she gather'd blossoms for the still;
In autumn, berries; and in summer, flowers.

And as kind nature, with calm diligence,
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she unheard, does ripening growth dis-
pense,
So were her virtues busy without noise.

Whilst her great mistress, Nature, thus she tends,
The busy household waits no less on her;
By secret law, each to her beauty bends,
Though all her lowly mind to that prefer.

Gracious and free she breaks upon them all
With morning looks; and they, when she does
rise,
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,
And droop like flowers when evening shuts her
eyes.

* * *

Beneath a myrtle covert she does spend,
In maid's weak wishes, her whole stock of
thought;
Fond maids! who love with mind's fine stuff would
mend,
Which nature purposely of bodies wrought.

She fashions him she loved of angels' kind;
Such as in holy story were employ'd
To the first fathers from the Eternal Mind,
And in short vision only are enjoy'd.

As eagles, then, when nearest heaven they fly,
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;
Feeling their bodies find no rest so high,
And therefore perch on earthly things below;

So now she yields; him she an angel deem'd
Shall be a man, the name which virgins fear;
Yet the most harmless to a maid he seem'd,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,
Affection turns to faith; and then love's fire
To heaven, though bashfully, she does impart,
And to her mother in the heavenly quire.

"If I do love," said she, "that love, O Heaven!
Your own disciple, Nature, bred in me;
Why should I hide the passion you have given,
Or blush to show effects which you decree?"

"And you, my alter'd mother, grown above
Great Nature, which you read and reverenc'd
here,
Chide not such kindness as you once call'd love,
When you as mortal as my father were."

This said, her soul into her breast retires;
With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Herself into possession of desires,
And trusts unanchor'd hopes in fleeting streams.

She thinks of Eden-life; and no rough wind
In their pacific sea shall wrinkles make;
That still her lowliness shall keep him kind,
Her ears keep him asleep, her voice awake.

She thinks, if ever anger in him sway
(The youthful warrior's most excus'd disease),
Such chance her tears shall calm, as showers allay
The accidental rage of winds and seas.

Gondibert.

THE LARK NOW LEAVES HIS WATERY NEST.

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings;
He takes your window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings,
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes;
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

TO THE QUEEN.

FAIR as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swell'd by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd,
Ere tides began to strive or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are;
You that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you
here?

Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach at
green;

You come, as if the silver planet were
 Misled a while from her much injured sphere;
 And, t' ease the travels of her beams to-night,
 In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

— — —
 THE COQUET.

'T IS, in good truth, a most wonderful thing
 (I am even ashamed to relate it)
 That love so many vexations should bring,
 And yet few have the wit to hate it.

Love's weather in maids should seldom hold fair:
 Like April's mine shall quickly alter;
 I'll give him to-night a lock of my hair,
 To whom next day I'll send a halter.

I cannot abide these malapert males,
 Pirates of love, who know no duty;
 Yet love with a storm can take down their sails,
 And they must strike to Admiral Beauty.

— — —
 GRIEVE NOT FOR THE PAST.

WEEP no more for what is past,
 For time in motion makes such haste
 He hath no leisure to descry
 Those errors which he passeth by.
 If we consider accident,
 And how repugnant unto sense
 It pays desert with bad event,
 We shall disparage Providence.

— — —
 LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

About 1613.

REVENGE OF INJURIES.

THE fairest action of our human life
 Is scorning to revenge an injury;
 For who forgives without a further strife,
 His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
 And 't is a firmer conquest truly said,
 To win the heart than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
 To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
 But if of baser metal be his mind,
 In base revenge there is no honour won.
 Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
 And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
 Because they cannot yield, it proves them
 poor:

Great hearts are task'd beyond their power,
 but sold;
 The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
 Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
 High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn.
 To scorn to owe a duty overlong;
 To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
 To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong.
 To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
 To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
 Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
 Do we his body from our fury save,
 And let our hate prevail against our mind?
 What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
 Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

Had Mariam scorn'd to leave a due unpaid,
 She would to Herod then have paid her love,
 And not have been by sullen passion sway'd.
 To fix her thoughts all injury above
 Is virtuous pride. Had Mariam thus been proud,
 Long famous life to her had been allow'd.

Mariam.

— — —
 EDMUND WALLER.

1605 - 1687.

A PANEGYRIC TO THE LORD PROTECTOR
 (CROMWELL).

WHILE with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
 You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
 Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
 Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
 Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign,
 And own no liberty, but where they may
 Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune show'd his face,
 To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race;
 So has your highness, rais'd above the rest,
 Storms of ambition, tossing us, repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
 Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
 The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
 And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now all nations greet,
 With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
 Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
 Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle !

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent,
Or thus created ; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court ;
And then your highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your wingéd navy, flies
Through every land, that near the ocean lies ;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest :
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embracéd by the sea and you ?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea ;
And every coast may trouble, or relieve :
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive :
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves,
And all that 's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky ;
So, what our Earth, and what our Heaven, de-
nies,

Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow :
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine ;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth, we weary not our limbs ;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds,
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds :
Rome, though her eagle through the world had
flown,

Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince
too,

France-conquering Henry flourish'd, and now
you ;

For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet : a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede,
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind :
Here foreign gold no more shall make them
come ;

Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun ; but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Prefer'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one :
So kind dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate
Advanced to be a portion of our state ;
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the sea are join'd.

Holland to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out-guard on the continent :
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour princes trembled at their roar ;
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,
And now you heal us with the acts of peace ;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone :
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing, and to punish, loth,
 You strike with one hand, but you heal with
 both ;
 Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
 You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or error had our age misled,
 And o'er this nation such confusion spread ;
 The only cure, which could from Heaven come
 down,
 Was so much power and piety in one.

One ! whose extraction from an ancient line
 Gives hope again, that well-born men may
 shine ;
 The meanest in your nature, mild and good :
 The noblest rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
 A mind proportion'd to such things as these ;
 How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
 And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
 How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live ;
 Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
 Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
 Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
 Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
 To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still, as you rise, the state, exalted too,
 Finds no distemper while 't is chang'd by you ;
 Chang'd like the world's great scene ! when with-
 out noise,
 The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
 Run, with amazement we should read your story :
 But living virtue, all achievements past,
 Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found ; and that ungrateful age,
 With losing him, went back to blood and rage ;
 Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
 But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
 Gave a dim light to violence and wars ;
 To such a tempest as now threatens all,
 Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that
 sword,
 Which of the conquer'd world had made them
 lord ;
 What hope had ours, while yet their power was
 new,
 To rule victorious armies, but by you ?

You ! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
 Could order teach, and their high spirits com-
 pose :

To every duty could their minds engage,
 Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
 And angry grows, if he that first took pain
 To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
 He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
 Itself into Augustus' arms did cast ;
 So England now does, with like toil oppress,
 Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
 Instruct us what belongs unto our peace !
 Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
 And draw the image of our Mars in fight ;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
 And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won ;
 How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did
 choke
 Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
 And every conqueror creates a Muse :
 Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing :
 But there, my lord ! we'll bays and olive bring,

To crown your head, while you in triumph ride
 O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside ;
 While all your neighbour princes unto you,
 Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

ON LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words or blows,
 Itself discharges on our foes ;
 And sorrow, too, finds some relief
 In tears, which wait upon our grief :
 So ev'ry passion, but fond love,
 Unto its own redress does move ;
 But that alone the wretch inclines
 To what prevents his own designs ;
 Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
 Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep ;
 Postures which render him despised,
 Where he endeavours to be prized,
 For women (born to be controll'd)
 Stoop to the forward and the bold ;
 Affect the haughty and the proud,
 The gay, the frolic, and the loud,
 Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,
 Not kneeling did salute the beast ;
 But with high courage, life, and force,
 Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser East
 Pity, supposing them oppress
 With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
 By which they govern, spoil, and kill;
 Each nymph, but moderately fair,
 Commands with no less rigour here.
 Should some brave Turk, that walks among
 His twenty lasses, bright and young,
 Behold as many gallants here,
 With modest guise and silent fear,
 All to one female idol bend,
 While her high pride does scarce descend
 To mark their follies, he would swear
 That these her guard of eunuchs were,
 And that a more majestic queen,
 Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
 In vain I struggled with the yoke
 Of mighty Love: that conquering look,
 When next beheld, like lightning strook
 My blasted soul, and made me bow
 Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
 Of some smooth stream, about to drink,
 Surveying there his arm'd head,
 With shame remembers that he fled
 The scorn'd dogs, resolves to try
 The combat next; but if their cry
 Invades again his trembling ear,
 He straight resumes his wonted care;
 Leaves the untasted spring behind,
 And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

AT PENSHURST.

WHILE in this park I sing, the listening deer
 Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
 When to the beeches I report my flame,
 They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
 To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
 With loud complaints, they answer me in
 showers.

To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
 More deaf than trees, and prouder than the
 heaven!

Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely
 feign

Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
 He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
 Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
 That all we can of love or high desire,
 Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
 Nor call her mother who so well does prove
 One breast may hold both chastity and love.
 Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
 In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
 One so destructive. To no human stock
 We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock;

That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
 Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
 Of such stern beauty, placed those healing
 springs

Which not more help than that destruction
 brings.

Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
 I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous
 moan

Melt to compassion; now my traitorous song
 With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;

While thus I suffer not myself to lose

The memory of what augments my woes;

But with my own breath still foment the fire,
 Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!

This last complaint the indulgent ears did
 pierce

Of just Apollo, president of verse;

Highly concerned that the Muse should bring

Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:

Thus he advised me: "On yon aged tree

Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,

That there with wonders thy diverted mind

Some truce, at least, may with this passion
 find."

Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble
 swain

Flies for relief unto the raging main,

And from the winds and tempests does expect

A milder fate than from her cold neglect!

Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove

Blest in her choice; and vows this endless
 love

Springs from no hope of what she can confer,

But from those gifts which Heaven has heap'd on
 her.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined

Shall now my joyful temples bind;

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,

The pale which held that lovely deer;

My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,

Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there

Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.

Give me but what this ribbon bound,

Take all the rest the sun goes round.

THE BUD.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,

Big with many a coming rose,

This early bud began to blush,

And did but half itself disclose;

I pluck'd it though no better grown,

And now you see how full 't is blown.

Still, as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flower my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

GO, LOVELY ROSE!

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has
made:

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

TO AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know,
What you unto Thyrsis owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love, and you.

Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.

If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains:
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine,
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain;
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection;
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 't is sure some power above,
Which controls our wills in love!

If not a love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.

'T is amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 't is to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which how easily I may do,
Heaven (as easily scaled) does know!

Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline:
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
The devotion, which I use
Unto that ador'd dame:
For 't is not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send.
So that if it could take end,
'T would to Heaven itself be due,
To succeed her, and not you:
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry:

Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter-lived than love.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS ! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day ?
Could we (which we never can !)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time ;
Change in love to Heaven does climb.
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis ! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two :
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our past desire ;
On what shepherd you have smiled,
Or what nymphs I have beguiled :
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do :
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

OF THE QUEEN.

THE lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field ;
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora, smiling, bids her rise and play,
Then straight she shows 't was not for want of
voice

Or power to climb she made so low a choice :
Singing she mounts ; her airy wings are stretch'd
Towards heaven, as if from heaven her note she
fetch'd.

So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain the ambition of our song ;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.

* * *

For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.
Such guard and comfort the distressed find,
From her large power, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill Fate would ruin, it prefers,
For all the miserable are made hers.
So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds,

Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds,
shields :

The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.

ON MY LADY SYDNEY'S PICTURE.

SUCH was Philoclea, and such D'orus' flame !
The matchless Sydney, that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars placed,
Not his high fancy could one pattern, graced
With such extremes of excellence, compose
Wonders so distant in one face disclose !
Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,
Moves certain love, but with as doubtful fate
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.

All the rich flowers through his Arcadia found,
Amazed we see in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artist took
From the fair picture of that noble book)
Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends had
jarr'd,

And, rivals made, the ensuing story marr'd.
Just Nature, first instructed by his thought,
In his own house thus practised what he taught,
This glorious piece transcends what he could
think,
So much his blood is nobler than his ink !

OF MY LADY ISABELLA PLAYING THE LUTE.

SUCH moving sounds from such a careless
touch !

So unconcern'd herself, and we so much !
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns ?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud.
Small force there needs to make them tremble so ;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble
too ?

Here love takes stand, and while she charms the
ear,

Empties his quiver on the listening deer.
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes ;
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

TO A LADY

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,

That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he went to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave,
Resolved my country and my friends
All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,
None but those eyes could have o'erthrown;
The nymph I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm; but build the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from heaven endure.

ON LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

Not caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from myself how far behind
Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this deep?
No: 't is so reckless and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Paved all with precious things; not torn
From shipwreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace,
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy;
Can with a single look inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

APOLOGY FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up:
Neither do, nor care to, know,
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclined,
Sway'd by chance, nor choice or art,
To the first that's fair or kind
Make a present of their heart:
'T is not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in the evening made,
Stars gave the first delight;
Admiring in the gloomy shade
Those little drops of light.

Then, at Aurora, whose fair hand
Removed them from the skies,
He gazing toward the east did stand,
She entertained his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise.

He neither might nor wished to know
A more refulgent light;
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employed his utmost sight.

THE SELF-BANISHED.

It is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay;
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for everything
Which I have known belong to you
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which Phœbus through his veins has shot.

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made — to love you too.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, OR A PICTURE DRAWN IN
THE DARK.

DARKNESS, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:

Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.

Her speech is graced with sweeter sound
Than in another's song is found;
And all her well-placed words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright stars and Milky-way,
Show'd by the night, are hid by day;
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the splendour of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her shining image is a light
Fix'd in our hearts, and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get;
There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.

Yet friendied by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays,
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.
All near approaches threaten death;
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath:
Love favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven or the rock of love.

So we the Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow!
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

WHEN Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,

Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.

And now some months, encamping on the
main,

Our naval army had besieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red Cross they triumphant
see,

Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with the inconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

1607 - 1666.

A RICH FOOL.

THEE, senseless stock, because thou 'rt richly
gilt,

The blinded people without cause admire,
And superstition impiously hath built
Altars to that which should have been the fire.

Where shall my tongue consent to worship
thee,

Since all 's not gold that glisters and is fair;
Carving but makes an image of a tree:
But gods of images are made by prayer.

Sabeian incense in a fragrant cloud
Illustriously suspended o'er thy crown
Like a king's canopy, makes thee allow'd
For more than man. But let them take thee
down,

And thy true value be once understood,
Thy dull idolaters will find thou 'rt wood.

A ROSE.

THOU blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes!

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon:
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes
thee?

Thou 'rt wondrous frolic being to die so soon:
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know, then, the thing that swells thee is thy
bane;

For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet
flower,

If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn:
And many Herods lie in wait each hour
To murder thee as soon as thou art born;
Nay, force thy bud to blow; their tyrant
breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death.

JOHN TAYLOR, THE WATER POET.

1580 - 1654.

DEDICATION OF "THAME ISIS" TO "ANYBODY."

I THAT ne'er tasted the Castalian fount,
Or came in ken of the Thessalian mount;
I that could ne'er attain to wet my lips
With Tempe's liquor, or sweet Aganipps,
Who never yet have so much favor won
To purchase one carouse from Helicon,
Who with good poets dare compare no way
But one, which is in being poor as they;
And having never seen the Muses' hill,
Am plentifully stored with want of skill,
Then Fount, or Mount, nor sacred treble trine,
Are no assistants in this work of mine;
But ancient Isis' current, crystal spring
Inspires my brain, and I her praises sing,
And Thame with Isis joins his pearly streams,
Whose combination are my ample themes.

FROM TAYLOR ON "THAME ISIS."

Our patron Phœbus, whose sweet influence
Doth quicken all our reason, life, and sense,
'T is he makes grass to grow, and rivers
spring;
He makes my songs, my subject, and me sing;
His beams the waters do extenuate
To vapors, and those vapors elevate
Into the middle region, where they tumble,
And melt, and then descend and are made hum-
ble,
Moistening the face of many a spacious hill,
Where soaking deep the hollow vaults they
fill,
Where into rivers they again break out:
So nature in a circle runs about.

JOHN MILTON.

1608 - 1674.

SPEECH OF THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD.

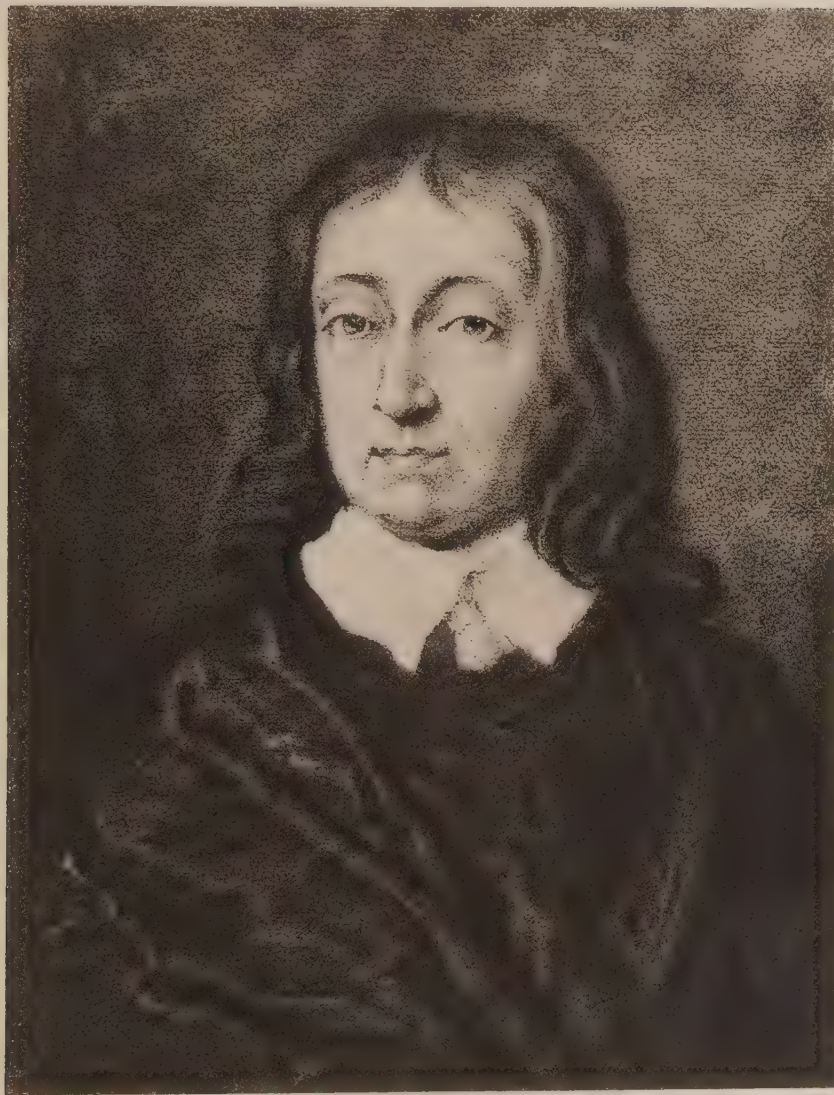
STAY, gentle Swains, for though in this dis-
guise,

I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alphéus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskined Nymphs, as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame has left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings
wove;

And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground;
And early, ere the odorless breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to
bless;

But else, in deep of night when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.

Arcades.



John Milton.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bestead,
 Or fill the fix'd mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's-hue ;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseeem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended :
 Yet thou art higher far descended ;
 Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore ;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing :
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheel'd throne,
 The cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,

In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak ;
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way ; •
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still remov'd place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm :
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
 And of those Demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,

On which the Tartar king did ride ;
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear,
 Not tricked and frounced as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or ushered with a shower still,
 • When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To archéd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe with heavéd stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
 There in close covert by some broók,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honeyed thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feathered sleep ;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in aery stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 Softly on my eyelids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowéd roof,
 With antic pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light :
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced choir below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth show,
 And every herb that sips the dew ;

Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathéd Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born !
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
 unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
 wings,
 And the night raven sings ;
 There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come thou goddess fair and free,
 In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
 And by Men heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more,
 To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore ;
 Or whether (as some sages sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a Maying ;
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
 Filled her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest, and youthful Jollity,
 Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and wreathéd Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe ;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unprovéd pleasures free ;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine :
 While the cock with lively din

Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before :
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn-
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
 While the ploughman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landscape round it measures
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead,
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the checkered shade ;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail ;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat ;
 She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
 And he by friars' lanthorn led,
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,

His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end ;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And stretched out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
 Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted trees.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers ; and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse !
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
 And to our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturbéd song of pure concent
 Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;

Where the bright seraphim in burning row
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;
 And the cherubic host in thousand choirs
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms

Hymns devout and holy psalms

Singing everlastingly :

That we on earth, with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportioned sin
 Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh
 din

Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion
 swayed

In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O, may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God erelong
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of
 light !

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal king,
 Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring ;
 For so the holy sages once did sing,
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
 Wherewith he wont at heaven's high council-table
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside ; and here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal
 clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the Infant God ?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain
 To welcome him to this his new abode,
 Now while the heaven by the sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squad-
 rons bright ?

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet :
 O, run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the Angel choir,
 From out his secret altar touched with hallowed
 fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff't her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
 Confounded that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
 She, crowned with olive green, came softly
 sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and
 land.

Nor war, or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around :
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
 The hooked chariot stood
 Unstained with hostile blood,
 The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng,
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord
 was by.

But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :
 The winds with wonder whist
 Smoothly the waters kist,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
 wave.

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them
 go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new enlightened world no more should
need ;

He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could
bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav-
enly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won

To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shamefaced night
arrayed ;

The helméd Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings dis-
played,

Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born
Heir.

Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,

And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song

Inwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,

Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
steering :

And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace
hall.

But wisest Fate says, no,
This must not yet be so,

The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;

So both himself and us to glorify ;
Yet first to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,

While the red fire, and smouldering clouds
out brake :

The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread
his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurpéd sway,
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb :
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiv-
ing.

Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leav-
ing.
No nightly trance, or breathéd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edgéd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight
plaint ;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted
seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered God of Palestine ;
And moonéd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Tham-
muz mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue :
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings
loud :
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;

In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipped
ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnéd
crew.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave :
And the yellow-skirtéd Fayses
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-
loved maze.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have
ending ;
Heaven's youngest teeméd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attend-
ing ;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend, un-
fortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish
seas, 1637 ; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted
clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due :
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse ;
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade and rill.
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What-time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening bright,
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering
 wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Tempered to the oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven
 heel

From the glad sound not be absent long,
 And old Dametas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorse-
 less deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
 Ay me ! I fondly dream !

Had ye been there, for what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slightéd shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears ;
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glittering foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies ;
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal
 reeds !

That strain I heard was of a higher mood ;
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea ;
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle
 swain ?

And questioned every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beakéd promontory :
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed ;
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
 Ah ! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake ;
 How well could I have spared for thee, young
 swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold ?
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how
 to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs !
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They
 are sped ;

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,

But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they
draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing
brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks:
Throw lither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strow the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores, and sounding
seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no
more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the
waves,
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,

In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and
rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twined his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC
POET, W. SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honoured
bones,
The labour of an age in piléd stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy
name?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER
THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
To seize the widowed whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with
Paul,
Must now be named and printed Heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'-ye-call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of
Trent,

That so the Parliament
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears
 Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,
 And succour our just fears,
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
 New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large.

SONNETS.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
 Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF
TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 Than I to manhood am arrived so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of
 Heaven:

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great task-master's eye.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE
CITY.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
 seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground: and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
 Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
 Who lived in both, unstained with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till sad the breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chæroneia, fatal to liberty,
 Killed with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourished, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe
 rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North dis-
 plays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
 While avarice and rapine share the land.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a
 cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast
 ploughed,
 And on the neck of crown'd fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pur-
 sued,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots im-
 brued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,

And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much
remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war: new fœcs arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular
chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms re-
pelled
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled,
Then to advise how war may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learned, which few
have done:
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose
bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and
stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their
moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes
sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learned thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"

I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his
state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, this three years' day these eyes, though
clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star, throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou
ask?
The conscience, Friend, t' have lost them over-
plied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the
world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband
gave,
Rescued from death by force though pale and
faint,
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed
taint
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my
night.

LADY AND COMUS.

The Lady enters.

LADY. A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong-siding champion, Conscience. —
 O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemished form of Chastity!
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassailed.
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enlivened spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Enter COMUS.

COMUS. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence:
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now.

Comus.

CHASTITY.

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.

Comus.

TO THE OCEAN NOW I FLY.

To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid air
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree:
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring;
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west-winds, with musky wing,
 About the cedarn alleys fling
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purpled scarf can shew,
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,
 After her wandering labours long,
 Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free ;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime :
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Comus.

SABRINA FAIR.

SABRINA fair,

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,

Listen, and save.

Listen, and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus :
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace ;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook ;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell ;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands ;
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet ;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance, —
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.

Listen, and save.

Comus.

VIRTUE.

VIRTUE could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her
wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day :
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun ;
Himself is his own dungeon.

Comus.

PHILOSOPHY.

How charming is divine philosophy !
Not harsh and crabbéd, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Comus.

THE SUPREMACY OF VIRTUE.

VIRTUE may be assailed, but never hurt ;
Surprised by unjust force, but not intralld ;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed : if this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

Comus.

INVOCATION TO THE HEAVENLY MUSE.

Or Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos ; or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God ; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st ; thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Paradise Lost, Book I.

CONFERENCE OF SATAN AND BEËLZEBUB IN
THE FIERY GULF.

SAY first, for heaven hides nothing from thy
view,

Nor the deep tract of hell; say first, what cause
Moved our grand parents in that happy state,
Favoured of heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in heaven and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and weltering by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub: To whom the arch-enemy,

And thence in heaven called Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.

If thou beest he — But O how fallen! how
changed

From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst out-
shine

Myriads, though bright! If he, whom mutual
league,

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what height fallen, so much the stronger
proved

He with his thunder; and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign; and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field
be lost?

All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me: to bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair:
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer.

O Prince, O chief of many thronéd Powers,
That led the imbattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy;
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,
Too well I see and rue the dire event,

That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as gods and heavenly essences
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallowed up in endless misery.
 But what if he our conqueror, whom I now
 Of force believe almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'erpowered such force as
 ours,

Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
 By right of war, whate'er his business be,
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep:
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?

Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied.

Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
 To do aught good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight;
 As being the contrary to his high will,
 Whom we resist. If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil;
 Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
 But see! the angry victor hath recalled
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail,
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of heaven received us falling, and the thunder,
 Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
 Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
 Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
 And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
 How overcome this dire calamity;
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
 If not, what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
 With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
 Briareüs, or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
 Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
 Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam
 The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
 So stretched out huge in length the arch-fiend lay,
 Chained on the burning lake, nor ever thence
 Had risen or heaved his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs;
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others, and enraged might see
 How all his malice served but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown
 On man by him seduced; but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
 Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and
 rolled

In billows leave it the midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
 He lights, if it were land that ever burned
 With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire;
 And such appeared in hue, as when the force
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
 Of thundering Etna, whose combustible
 And fuelled entrails thence conceiving fire,
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a singed bottom, all involved
 With stench and smoke: such resting found the
 sole

Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate,
 Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood,
 As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
 Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
 Said then the lost archangel, this the seat
 That we must change for heaven, this mournful
 gloom

For that celestial light? be it so, since he,
 Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid

What shall be right : farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made
supreme

Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells : hail horrors ; hail
Infernal world ; and thou profoundest hell
Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater ? here at least
We shall be free ; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell :
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion ; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in heaven, or what more lost in hell ?

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebuë
Thus answered : Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foiled,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed,
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height.

Paradise Lost, Book I.

SATAN ROUSES AND ASSEMBLES THE REBEL ANGELS.

HE scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore ; his ponderous
shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolè
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in their spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walked with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime

Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so indured, till on the beach
Of that inflaméd sea he stood, and called
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High overarched embower ; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'er-
threw

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels : so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded : Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now
lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits ; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven ?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conqueror ? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven gates discern
The advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkéd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be forever fallen !

They heard, and were abashed, and up they
sprung

Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel ;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's Son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast up called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile :
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires ;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain ;
A multitude like which the populous north
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass

Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great commander; God-like shapes and
forms

Excelling human, princely dignities,
And powers, that erst in heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and razed
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names; till wandering o'er the earth
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Off to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.

Say, Muse, their names then known, who first,
who last,

Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth,
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?
The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with curséd things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that past through
fire

To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob, and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of hell.
Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild

Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleälé, to the Asphaltic pool:
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
With these came they, who, from the bordering
flood

Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,
These feminine: for spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they
choose,

Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
His eyes surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers:
Dagon his name; sea monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high

Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,
And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold :
A leper once he lost, and gained a king,
Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage, and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared
A crew, who under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanaatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms,
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
The infection, when their borrowed gold composed
The calf in Oreb ; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazéd ox,
Jehovah, who in one night, when he passed
From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, òr more gross to love
Vice for itself : to him no temple stood
Or altar smoked ; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
With lust and violence the house of God ?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury, and outrage : and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime in order and in might ;
The rest were long to tell, though far renowned,
The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue, held
Gods, yet confessed later than heaven and earth,
Their boasted parents. Titan, heaven's first-born,
With his enormous brood and birthright seized
By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found ;
So Jove usurping reigned : these first in Crete
And Ida known ; thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven ; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land ; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking ; but with
looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their
chief

Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself ; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue : but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.
Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be upreared
His mighty standard : that proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall ;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich inblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving : with them rose
A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable : anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders ; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle ; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil ; and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose : he through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views ; their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods ;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories ; for never, since created man,
Met such imbodied force, as named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes ; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined

That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander: he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs: darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
Far other once beheld in bliss, condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered: as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal spirits, O powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of heaven,

If counsels different or danger shunned
By me have lost our hopes: but he, who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our
own,

So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
There went a fame in heaven, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despaired;
For who can think submission? war then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved.

He spake: and to confirm his words outflow
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell: highly they raged
Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,
A numerous brigade hastened: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
Fore-run the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for even in heaven his looks and
thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also and by his suggestion taught
Ransacked the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best

Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
 Of Babel and the works of Memphian kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame
 In strength and art are easily outdone
 By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.
 Nigh on the plain in many cells prepared,
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
 Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion
 dross.

A third as soon had formed within the ground
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook :
 As in an organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
 Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave ; nor did there want
 Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptur'd graven ;
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately height, and straight the
 doors,

Opening their brazen folds, discover ; wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
 And level pavement : from the arched roof,
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With naptha and asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude
 Admiring entered, and the work some praise,
 And some the architect : his hand was known
 In heaven by many a towered-structure high,
 Where sceptred angels held their residence,
 And sat as princes ; whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unadored
 In ancient Greece ; and in Ausonian land
 Men called him Mulciber ; and how he fell
 From heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements ; from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day ; and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling star,
 On Lemnos the Ægean isle ; thus they relate,
 Erring ; for he with this rebellious rout

Fell long before ; nor aught availed him now
 To have built in heaven high towers ; nor did he
 'scape

By all his engines, but was headlong sent
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.

Meanwhile the wingéd heralds by command
 Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony
 And trumpets' sound, throughout the host pro-
 claim

A solemn council forthwith to be held
 At Pandemonium, the high capital
 Of Satan and his peers : their summons called
 From every band and squared regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest ; they anon
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping
 came

Attended : all access was thronged, the gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall,
 Though like a covered field, where champions bold
 Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
 Defied the best of Panim chivalry
 To mortal combat or career with lance,
 Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the
 air,

Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
 In springtime, when the sun with Taurus rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
 In clusters ; they among fresh dews and flower
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothéd plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer
 Their state affairs : So thick the aery crowd
 Swarmed and were straitened ; till, the signal
 given,

Behold a wonder ! they, but now who seemed
 In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
 Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
 Wheels her pale course ; they, on their mirth
 and dance

Intent, with jocund music charm his ear ;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
 Reduced their shapes immense, and were at
 large,

Though without number still, amidst the hall
 Of that infernal court. But far within,
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,
 The great seraphic lords and cherubim
 In close recess and secret conclave sat,
 A thousand demigods on golden seats,
 Frequent and full. After short silence then
 And summons read, the great consult began.

THE CONCLAVE OF THE REBEL ANGELS IN
HELL.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heaven, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus displayed.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of heaven,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right and the fixed laws of heaven
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred
king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse,
He recked not; and these words thereafter spake:

My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms and longing wait

The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose,
Armed with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? the ascent is easy then;
The event is feared; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may
find

To our destruction, if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroyed: What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, con-
demned

In this abhorréd deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Call us to penance? more destroyed than thus
We should be quite abolished and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being.
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit:

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged,
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? the towers of heaven are
filled

With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more: sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war;— We are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?— Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay

Chained on the burning lake? that sure was
worse.

What if the breath that kindled those grim fires
Awaked should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what, if all
Her stores were opened and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwind; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespected, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
War therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heaven's
height

All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven,
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? better these than
worse

By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far removed
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished: whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or inured not feel;
Or changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what
change

Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.

Thus Belial with words clothed in reason's garb
Counselled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.

Either to dis throne the King of heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to un throne we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord
supreme

We overpower? suppose he should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sovereign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of
small,

Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place so e'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling
Sire

Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders
roar

Mustering their rage, and heaven resembles hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? this desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heaven show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed

Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finished, when such murmur
filled

The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night
long

Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men o'er-watched, whose bark by
chance

Or pinnacle anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to heaven.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of
heaven,

Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing style be called
Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of heaven hath
doomed

This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?

War hath determined us, and foiled with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be
given

To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault, or
siege,

Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place,
If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not, another world, the happy seat
Of some new race called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favoured more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirmed.

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtilty. Though heaven be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset, either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive as we were driven
The puny habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. — Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite

The great Creator? but their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved; which from the lowest
deep

Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighbour-
ing arms

And opportune excursion we may chance
Re-enter heaven: or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we
send

In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottomed infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and
each

In others' countenance read his own dismay
Astonished; none among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-warring champions could be
found

So hardy, as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake.

O Progeny of heaven, empyreal Thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed: long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barred over us prohibit all egress.

These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovereignty, adorned
With splendour, armed with power, if aught pro-
posed

And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honoured sits? Go, therefore, mighty
Powers,

Terror of heaven, though fallen, intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they feared;
And so refused might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But
they

Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they
bend

With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the highest in heaven:
Nor failed they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own; for neither do the spirits damned
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory ex-
cites,

Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'er-
spread

Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow, or
shower;

If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace; and God proclaiming peace.
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if, which might induce us to accord,
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers;
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seemed
Alone the antagonist of heaven, nor less
Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme
And God-like imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery seraphim inclosed
With bright emblazonry and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,
By herald's voice explained: the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds, and some-
what raised

By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wandering each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part, on the plain or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games, or Pythian fields:
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their
spears

Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides from Æthalia crowned
With conquest felt the envenomed robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,

And Lichas from the top of Ceta threw
 Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of battle; and complain that fate
 Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance
 Their song was partial; but the harmony,
 What could it less when spirits immortal sing?
 Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more
 sweet,

For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
 Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argued then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy;
 Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
 Another part in squadrons and gross bands,
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps,
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton,
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe the river of oblivion, rolls
 Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure, and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail; which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice;
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
 Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
 Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
 Thither by harpy-footed Furies haled
 At certain revolutions all the damned
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
 fierce,
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice

Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infixed, and frozen round,
 Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this Lethean sound
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
 And wish and struggle, as they pass to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink:
 But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
 In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
 Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
 They passed, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades
 of death,

A universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Paradise Lost, Book II.

SATAN MEETING WITH SIN AND DEATH.

MEANWHILE the adversary of God and man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of
 hell
 Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
 He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the
 left;
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
 Through the wide Æthiopian to the Cape
 Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole; so
 seemed
 Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
 Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof;
 And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were
 brass,
 Three iron, three of adamant rock,
 Impenetrable, unpaled with circling fire,
 Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;

The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting : about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing barked
With wide Cerbercan mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal : yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there ; yet there still barked and
howled

Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these
Vexed Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :
Nor uglier follow the Night-hag, when called
In secret riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be called, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either ; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart ; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides ; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admired ;
Admired, not feared ; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunned ;
And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates ? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured without leave asked of thee.
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied,
Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
Conjured against the Highest ; for which both
thou

And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and
scorn,

Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord ? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering ; or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt
before.

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform : on the other side
Incensed with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim ; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian ; then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air :
So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown, so matched they
stood,

For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe : and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

Paradise Lost, Book II.

INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

HAIL holy light ! offspring of heaven first-born ;
Or of the eternal co-eternal beam
May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachéd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hearest thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell ? before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness
borne,

With other notes, than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp ; but thou
Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their
orbs,

Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt

Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit ; nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,
 So were I equalled with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old.
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note : thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works to me expunged and razed,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her
 powers
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Paradise Lost, Book III.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that, with surpassing glory crowned,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
 Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads, to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless
 King.

Ah, wherefore ! he deserved no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due ! yet all his good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high
 I 'sainted subjection, and thought one step
 higher

Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe ;
 Forgetful what from him I still received,

And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged ; what burden then ?
 O, had his powerful destiny ordained
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
 Ambition ! Yet why not ? some other power
 As great might have aspired, and me though
 mean

Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations armed.
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to
 stand ?

Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what to
 accuse,

But heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
 Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe :
 Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly flies.

Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?

Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide ;

To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

O, then at last relent : is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?

None left but by submission ; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts

Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan ;
 While they adore me on the throne of hell,
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced
 The lower still I fall ; only supreme
 In misery ; such joy ambition finds.

But say I could repent, and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state ; how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon
 unsay

What feigned submission swore : ease would re-
 cant

Vows made in pain, as violent and void ;
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so
 deep ;

Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher ; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace :
 All hope excluded thus, behold instead
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,

Mankind, created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;
 Evil, be thou my good ; by thee at least
 Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
 As man erelong and this new world shall know.

Paradise Lost, Book IV.

SATAN VIEWING THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

BENEATH him with new wonder now he views
 To all delight of human sense exposed
 In narrow room nature's whole wealth, yea more,
 A heaven on earth : for blissful paradise
 Of God the garden was, by him in the east
 Of Eden planted ; Eden stretched her line
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordained ;
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold, and next to Life
 Our death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy
 hill

Passed underneath ingulfed ; for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden mould, high raised
 Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Watered the garden ; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears ;
 And now divided into four main streams
 Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account ;
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flowers worthy of paradise, which not nice art
 In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
 Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade
 Imbrowed the noontide bowers. Thus was this
 place

A happy rural seat of various view :
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and
 balm,

Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
 Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store ;
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant : meanwhile murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their choir apply ; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on the eternal spring. Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
 Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet
 grove

Of Daphne by Orontes and the inspired
 Castalian spring might with this paradise
 Of Eden strive ; nor that Nyseian isle
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
 Hid Amalthea and her florid son .
 Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye :
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
 Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
 True paradise, under the Ethiop line
 By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures new to sight and strange.

Paradise Lost, Book IV.

WEDDED LOVE.

HAIL wedded love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In paradise of all things common else !
 By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
 Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
 Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights

His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared,
 Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
 Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or serenate, which the starved lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
 These, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
 Showered roses, which the morn repaired. Sleep
 on,

Blest pair, and O, yet happiest if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more!

Paradise Lost, Book IV.

THE PRAYER OF ADAM AND EVE.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty; thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven;
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling
 morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou
 fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wandering fires that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
 Air, and ye elements the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.

His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains and ye that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise;
 Join voices, all ye living souls, ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

Paradise Lost, Book V.

THE SON OF GOD ASSAILING THE REBELLIOUS ANGELS.

FORTH rushed with whirlwind sound
 The chariot of paternal Deity,
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel un-
 drawn,
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed
 By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
 Had wondrous, as with stars their bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the
 wheels
 Of beryl, and careering fires between;
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the showery arch.
 He, in celestial panoply all armed
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended; at his right hand Victory
 Sate, eagle-winged, beside him hung his bow
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored,
 And from about him fierce effusion rolled,
 Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints
 He onward came; far off his coming shone,
 And twenty thousand, I their number heard,
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen.
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublime,
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned.
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
 First seen; them unexpected joy surprised,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blazed,
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heaven:
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
 His army, circumfused on either wing,
 Under their head embodied all in one.
 Before him power divine his way prepared;
 At his command the uprooted hills retired
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went

Obsequious; Heaven his wonted face renewed,
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.

This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair:
In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?
They hardened more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy, and, aspiring to his height,
Stood reëmbattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat.

* * *

At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues: they astonished all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropped;
O'ershields, and helms, and helm'd heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
That wished the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold visaged Four,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accurst, that withered all their
strength,

And of their wonted vigour left them drained,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked
His thunder in mid volley, for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.
The overthrown he raised, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together thronged
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of heaven, which opening wide
Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward; but far worse
Urged them behind: headlong themselves they
threw

Down from the verge of heaven, eternal wrath
Burned after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard the unsufferable noise, hell saw
Heaven ruining from heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roared,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout
Incumbered him with ruin: hell at last
Yawning received them whole, and on them closed;
Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburdened heaven rejoiced, and soon repaired
Her mural breach, returning whence it rolled.

Paradise Lost, Book VI.

—♦—

ADAM AND ÈVE EXPELLED FROM EDEN.

High in front advanced
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They looking back all the eastern side beheld
Of paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them
soon;

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

Paradise Lost, Book XII.

—♦—

ATHENS.

Look once more, ere we leave this specular
mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls

His whispering stream; within the walls then
view

The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received,
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne:
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-rooft house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools
Of Academies old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.

Paradise Regained, Book IV.

EDWARD, LORD HERBERT, OF CHERBURY.

1581 - 1648.

CELINDA.

WALKING thus towards a pleasant grove,
Which did, it seemed, in new delight
The pleasures of the time unite
To give a triumph to their love, —
They stayed at last, and on the grass
Reposéd so as o'er his breast
She bowed her gracious head to rest,
Such a weight as no burden was.
Long their fixed eyes to heaven bent,
Unchanged they did never move,
As if so great and pure a love
No glass but it could represent.

"These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
Thy hands again these hands infold,
And all chaste pleasures can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.
Let then no doubt, Celinda, touch,
Much less your fairest mind invade;
Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them such."

RICHARD CRASHAW.

1610 (?) - 1650.

MUSIC'S DUEL.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet lute's master: in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood;
The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their Siren, harmless Siren she, —
There stood she listening, and did entertain
The music's soft report, and mould the same
In her own murmurs, that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.
The man perceived his rival, and her art;
Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it, in a sweet prælude
Of closer strains; and ere the war begin
He slightly skirmishes on every string,
Charged with a flying touch; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily
Into a thousand sweet distinguished tones;
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know
By that shrill taste she could do something too.

His nimble hand's instinct then taught each
string
A capering cheerfulness; and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
Blends all together, then distinctly trips
From this to that, then, quick returning, skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt —
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out —
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note
Through the sleek passage of her open throat:
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it

By short diminutives, that, being reared
 In controverting warbles evenly shared,
 With her sweet self she wrangles; he, amazed
 That from so small a channel should be raised
 The torrent of a voice, whose melody
 Could melt into such sweet variety,
 Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art
 The tattling strings — each breathing in his part —
 Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling bass
 In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;
 The high-perched treble chirps at this, and chides
 Until his finger — moderator — hides
 And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all,
 Hoarse, shrill, at once: as when the trumpets call
 Hot Mars to the harvest of death's field, and woo
 Men's hearts into their hands; this lesson, too,
 She gives him back, her supple breast thrills out
 Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
 Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
 And folds in waved notes, with a trembling bill,
 The pliant series of her slippery song;
 Then starts she suddenly into a throng
 Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys
 float

And roll themselves over her lubric throat
 In panting murmurs, 'stilled out of her breast,
 That ever-bubbling spring, the sugared nest
 Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
 Bathing in streams of liquid melody, —
 Music's best seed-plot; when in ripened airs
 A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
 His honey-dropping tops, ploughed by her breath,
 Which there reciprocally laboureth.
 In that sweet soil it seems a holy choir
 Founded to the name of great Apollo's lyre;
 Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
 Of sweet-lipped angel-imps, that swill their throats
 In cream of morning Helicon; and then
 Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
 That men can sleep while they their matins
 sing; —

Most divine service! whose so early lay
 Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day.
 There might you hear her kindle her soft voice
 In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,
 And lay the groundwork of her hopeful song;
 Still keeping in the forward stream so long,
 Till a sweet whirlwind, striving to get out,
 Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
 And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast;
 Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,
 Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
 Winged with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
 She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
 Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
 On the waved back of every swelling strain,
 Rising and falling in a pompous train;

And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
 Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
 With the cool epode of a graver note;
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
 Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse
 bird;

Her little soul is ravished: and so poured
 Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed
 Above herself, — music's enthusiast!

Shame now and anger mixed a double stain
 In the musician's face; yet once again,
 Mistress, I come. Now reach a strain, my lute,
 Above her mock, or be forever mute;
 Or tune a song of victory to me,
 Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy!
 So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
 And with a quivering coyness tastes the strings:
 The sweet-lipped sisters, musically frightened,
 Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted:
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
 Are fanned and frizzled in the wanton airs
 Of his own breath, which, married to his lyre,
 Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self
 look higher;

From this to that, from that to this, he flies,
 Feels music's pulse in all her arteries;
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
 Following those little rills, he sinks into
 A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
 Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup:
 The humorous strings expound his learned touch
 By various glosses; now they seem to grutch
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle
 In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single;
 Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke,
 Gives life to some new grace: thus doth he invoke
 Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus —
 Fraught with a fury so harmonious —
 The lute's light Genius now does proudly rise,
 Heaved on the surges of swollen rhapsodies,
 Whose flourish, meteor-like, doth curl the air
 With flash of high-born fancies; here and there
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
 Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,
 Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;
 Because those precious mysteries that dwell
 In music's ravished soul he dare not tell,
 But whisper to the world: thus do they vary
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
 Their master's blest soul, snatched out at his ears
 By a strong ecstasy, through all the spheres
 Of music's heaven; and seat it there on high
 In the empyreum of pure harmony.
 At length — after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life

Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution,
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall —
A full-mouthed diapason swallows all. .

This done, he lists what she would say to this;
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
Alas, in vain! for while, sweet soul, she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chattering strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone,
She fails; and failing, grieves; and grieving,
dies; —

She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute. O, fit to have —
That lived so sweetly — dead, so sweet a grave!
The Delights of the Muses.

WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

WHOE'ER she be,
That not impossible she;
That shall command my heart and me :

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny :

Till that ripe birth
Of studied fate, stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth :

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine :

Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glistering shoe-tie.

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face, that's best
By its own beauty dressed,
And can alone command the rest.

A face, made up
Out of no other shop,
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

A cheek, where youth
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write what the reader sweetly rueth.

A cheek, where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks, that oppress
Their richest tires, but dress
And clothe their simplest nakedness.

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and outface
That sunshine by their own sweet grace.

Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems that in their bright shades play.

Each ruby there,
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own tear.

A well-tamed heart,
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on love's bow,
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles, that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm,
That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within.

Joys, that confess
Virtue their mistress,
And have no other head to dress.

* * *
Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind, are day all night.

Nights, sweet as they
Made short by lovers' play,
Yet long by the absence of the day.

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers,
'Bove all — nothing within that lowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of night.

In her whole frame,
Have Nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery,
Picture and poesy,
Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish — no more.

Now, if Time knows
That her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her, whose just bays
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise;

Her, that dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further, it is she.

'T is she, and here,
Lo, I unclothe and clear
My Wish's cloudy character!

May she enjoy it,
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it!

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions but — her story.

AN EPITAPH UPON HUSBAND AND WIFE,
WHO DIED AND WERE BURIED TOGETHER.

To these whom death again did wed,
This grave's the second marriage-bed.

For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep;
Peace, the lovers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till the stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a light
Whose day shall never die in night.

THE WEEPER.

HAIL sister springs,
Parents of silver-forded rills!
Ever-bubbling things!
Thawing crystal! Snowy hills!
Still spending, never spent; I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene.

Heavens thy fair eyes be;
Heavens of ever-falling stars;
'T is seed-time still with thee,
And stars thou sow'st, whose harvest dares
Promise the earth to countershine
Whatever makes Heaven's forehead fine.

But we're deceived all:
Stars they're indeed too true,
For they but seem to fall
As Heaven's other spangles do:
It is not for our earth and us,
To shine in things so precious.

Upwards thou dost weep;
Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream.
Where the milky rivers meet,
Thine crawls above and is the cream.
Heaven, of such fair floods as this,
Heaven the crystal ocean is.

Every morn from hence
A brisk cherub something sips,
Whose soft influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips;
Then to his music: and his song
Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heaven will make a feast,
Angels with their bottles come;
And draw from these full eyes of thine
Their Master's water, their own wine.

The dew no more will weep,
The primrose's pale cheek to deck;
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzled in the lily's neck.
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
Makes sorrow half so rich,
As the drops distilled from thee.
Sorrow's best jewels lie in these
Caskets of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When Sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty,
For she is a queen,
Then is she drest by none but thee.
Then, and only then, she wears
Her richest pearls, I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the Sun that dies,
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

* * *

ON THE BAPTIZED ETHIOPIAN.

LET it no longer be a forlorn hope
To wash an Ethiop:
He's washed, his gloomy skin a peaceful shade
For his white soul is made:
And now, I doubt not, the Eternal Dove
A black-faced house will love.

THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land,
Fall from a steady heart, though trembling hand:
The other's wanton wealth foams high, and brave;
The other cast away, she only gave.

UPON THE INFANT MARTYRS.

To see both blended in one flood,
The mothers' milk, the children's blood,
Makes me doubt if Heaven will gather
Roses hence, or lilies rather.

SAMSON TO HIS DELILAH.

CRUEL, could not once blinding me suffice?
When first I looked on thee I lost mine eyes.

TWO WENT UP INTO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray? O, rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray.
One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye.
One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

UPON FORD'S TWO TRAGEDIES,

LOVE'S SACRIFICE, AND THE BROKEN HEART.

THOU cheat'st us, Ford, mak'st one seem two by
art:
What is love's sacrifice but the broken heart?

LOVE.

O, if Love shall live, O, where
But in her eye, or in her ear,
In her breast, or in her breath,
Shall I hide poor Love from death?
For in the life aught else can give,
Love shall die, although he live.

Or, if Love shall die, O, where,
But in her eye, or in her ear,
In her breath, or in her breast,
Shall I build his funeral nest?
While Love shall thus entombéd lie,
Love shall live, although he die!

WATER TURNED INTO WINE.

THE conscious water saw its God and blushed.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

1611 - 1643.

TO CHLOE,

WHO WISHED HERSELF YOUNG ENOUGH FOR ME.

CHLOE, why wish you that your years
Would backwards run, till they met mine?
That perfect likeness, which endears
Things unto things, might us combine.
Our ages so in date agree,
That twins do differ more than we.

There are two births; the one when light
First strikes the new awakened sense;
The other when two souls unite;
And we must count our life from thence:
When you loved me, and I loved you,
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new souls give,
 And in those souls did plant new powers :
 Since when another life we live,
 The breath we breathe is his, not ours ;
 Love makes those young whom age doth chill,
 And whom he finds young keeps young still.

Love, like that angel that shall call
 Our bodies from the silent grave,
 Unto one age doth raise us all ;
 None too much, none too little have ;
 Nay, that the difference may be none,
 He makes two not alike, but one.

And now since you and I are such,
 Tell me what 's yours, and what is mine ?
 Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,
 Do, like our souls, in one combine ;
 So, by this, I as well may be
 Too old for you, as you for me.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

1612 - 1680.

THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF HUDIBRAS.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
 And men fell out, they knew not why :
 When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
 Set folks together by the ears,
 And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
 For Dame Religion as for punk ;
 Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Though not a man of them knew wherefore :
 When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick :
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a-colonelling.

* * *

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skilled in analytic ;
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and southwest side ;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
 He 'd undertake to prove by force
 Of argument a man 's no horse ;
 He 'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.
 He 'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination :
 All this by syllogism, true

In mood and figure, he would do.
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
 And when he happened to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words, ready to show why,
 And tell what rules he did it by ;
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You 'd think he talked like other folk ;
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleased to show 't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich ;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect :
 It was a party-coloured dress
 Of patched and piebald languages ;
 'T was English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin.
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if h' had talked three parts in one ;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel ;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large :
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit ;
 Words so debased and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on ;
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em ;
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangued, but known his phrase,
 He would have used no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater ;
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale ;
 Resolve, by sines and tangents, strait,
 If bread or butter wanted weight :
 And wisely tell, what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by algebra.

THE RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

FOR his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit.
 'T was Presbyterian true blue ;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true church militant ;
 Such as do build their faith upon

The holy text of pike and gun;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infalible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows and knocks;
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly thorough reformation,
 Which always must be carried on,
 And still be doing, never done;
 As if religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended;
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss;
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distraught or monkey sick;
 That with more care keep holiday
 The wrong, than others the right way;
 Compound for sins they are inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to.
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipped God for spite;
 The selfsame thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for;
 Freewill they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow;
 All piety consists therein.
 In them, in other men all sin;
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly;
 Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.
 The apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
 To whom our knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linked,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got the advowson of his conscience.

THE TURNS OF FORTUNE.

AY me! what perils do environ
 The man that meddles with cold iron!
 What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
 Do dog him still with after-claps!
 For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,
 And leer upon him for a while,
 She'll after shew him, in the nick
 Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
 This any man may sing or say
 I' th' ditty called, What if a Day?
 For Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
 The field, as certain as a gun,
 And having routed the whole troop,

With victory was cock-a-hoop,
 Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchase
 Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,
 Wherein his mettle and brave worth
 Might be explained by holder-forth
 And registered by fame eternal
 In deathless pages of Diurnal,
 Found in few minutes, to his cost,
 He did but count without his host,
 And that a turnstile is more certain
 Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.

SYNODS.

SYNODS are mystical Bear-gardens,
 Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,
 And other Members of the Court,
 Manage the Babylonish sport;
 For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
 Do differ only in a mere word.
 Both are but several synagogues
 Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs:
 Both antichristian assemblies,
 To mischief bent as far 's in them lies:
 Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,
 The one with men, the other beasts.
 The difference is, the one fights with
 The tongue, the other with the teeth;
 And that they bait but Bears in this,
 In the other Souls and Consciences:
 Where Saints themselves are brought to stake
 For Gospel-light and Conscience' sake;
 Exposed to Scribes and Presbyters,
 Instead of Mastive Dogs and Curs;
 Than whom they 've less humanity,
 For these at souls of men will fly.
 This to the prophet did appear,
 Who in a vision saw a Bear,
 Prefiguring the beastly rage
 Of Church-rule in this latter age;
 As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
 Bears naturally are beasts of prey,
 That live by rapine; so do they.
 What are their Orders, Constitutions,
 Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions,
 But several mystic chains they make,
 To tie poor Christians to the stake?
 And then set Heathen officers,
 Instead of Dogs, about their ears.
 For to prohibit and dispense,
 To find out, or to make offence;
 Of hell and heaven to dispose,
 To play with souls at fast and loose;
 To set what characters they please,
 And mulcts on sin or godliness;
 Reduce the Church to Gospel-order,

By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;
 To make Presbytery supreme,
 And Kings themselves submit to them;
 And force all people, though against
 Their consciences, to turn Saints;
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
 When Saints monopolists are made:
 When pious frauds and holy shifts
 Are Dispensations and Gifts,
 There godliness becomes mere ware,
 And every Synod but a fair.
 Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
 A mongrel breed of like pernicion,
 And, growing up, became the sires
 Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers:
 Whose business is, by cunning sleight
 To cast a figure for men's light;
 To find, in lines of beard and face,
 The physiognomy of Grace;
 And by the sound and twang of nose,
 If all be sound within disclose,
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
 As men try pipkins by the ringing;
 By black caps underlaid with white
 Give certain guess at inward light,
 Which Sergeants at the Gospel wear,
 To make the Spiritual Calling clear.

NIGHT.

THE sun grew low and left the skies,
 Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.
 The moon pulled off her veil of light,
 That hides her face by day from sight
 (Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
 That's both her lustre and her shade),
 And in the lantern of the night
 With shining horns hung out her light;
 For darkness is the proper sphere
 Where all false glories use to appear.
 The twinkling stars began to muster,
 And glitter with their borrowed lustre,
 While sleep the wearied world relieved,
 By counterfeiting death revived.

HYPOCRISY.

WHY didst thou choose that curséd sin,
 Hypocrisy, to set up in? —
 Because it is the thriving'st calling,
 The only saints' bell that rings all in;
 In which all Churches are concerned,
 And is the easiest to be learned:
 For no degrees, unless they employ 't,
 Can ever gain much or enjoy 't:
 A gift that is not only able
 To domineer among the rabble,
 But by the laws impowered to rout

And awe the greatest that stand out;
 Which few hold forth against, for fear
 Their hands should slip and come too near;
 For no sin else, among the Saints,
 Is taught so tenderly against.

* * *
 Quoth he, I am resolved to be
 Thy scholar in this mystery;
 And therefore first desire to know
 Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God
 And one of us? — A livelihood.
 What renders beating out of brains
 And murder godliness? — Great gains.

What's tender conscience? — 'Tis a botch
 That will not bear the gentlest touch;
 But, breaking out, dispatches more
 Than the epidemical'st plague-sore.

'What makes y' ineroach upon our trade,
 And damn all others? — To be paid.
 What's orthodox and true believing
 Against a conscience? — A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings
 A good old Cause? — Administ'rings.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear? —
 About two hundred pounds a-year.

And that which was proved true before
 Prove false again? — Two hundred more.

What makes the breaking of all oaths
 A holy duty? — Food and clothes.

What laws and freedom persecution? —
 B'ing out of power and contribution.

What makes a church a den of thieves? —
 A dean and Chapter and white sleeves.

And what would serve, if those were gone,
 To make it orthodox? — Our own.

What makes morality a crime
 The most notorious of the time;
 Morality, which both the Saints
 And Wicked too cry out against? —
 'Cause grace and virtue are within
 Prohibited degrees of kin;
 And therefore no true Saint allows
 They shall be suffered to espouse;
 For Saints can need no conscience
 That with morality dispense;
 As virtue's impious when 'tis rooted
 In nature only, and not imputed:
 But why the Wicked should do so
 We neither know, nor care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,
 I' th' natural and genuine sense? —
 'Tis to restore with more security
 Rebellion to its ancient purity;
 And Christian liberty reduce
 To the elder practice of the Jews:
 For a large conscience is all one
 And signifies the same with none.

It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has reprieved thy forfeit bones :
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick
(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)
But was below the least of these
That pass i' th' world for holiness.

A WISE AND MASTERLY COWARDICE.

AND therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem to amuse our foes
To make an honorable retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat :
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain.
Hence timely running 's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art,
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens by breaking thrive,
And cannons conquer armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil ;
Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest ;
That spares the expense of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of brains ;
And, in the end, prevails as certain
As those that never trust to Fortune ;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution ;
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If the Ancients crowned their bravest men
That only saved a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won
If every one would save but one ;
Or fight endangered to be lost,
Where all resolve to save the most?

MORN.

THE sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

WOMAN'S RIGHT, FROM A HUDIBRASTIC POINT OF VIEW.

FOR women first were made for men,
Not men for them. — It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own ;
And therefore men have power to choose,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 't is apparent that, what course
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way,

'T is no injustice nor foul play ;
And that you ought to take that course,
As we take you, for better or worse,
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, choose.

A WOMAN'S REPLY.

THOUGH Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness ;
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that Nature has conferred :
This does but rough-hew and design,
Leaves Art to polish and refine.
Though women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them agen :
For when (outwitted by his wife)
Man first turned tenant but for life,
If women had not intervened,
How soon had mankind had an end !
And that it is in being yet,
To us alone you are in debt.
And where 's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural No-voice ?
Since all the privilege you boast,
And falsely usurped, or vainly lost,
Is now our right, to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration.
And if we had not weighty cause
To not appear, in making laws,
We could, in spite of all your tricks,
And shallow formal politics,
Force you our managements to obey,
As we to yours (in show) give way.
Hence 't is that, while you vainly strive
To advance your high prerogative,
You basely, after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves ;
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our interests own,
Like sots, suppose we have no shares
In ordering you and your affairs,
When all your empire and command
You have from us, at second-hand ;
As if a pilot, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers,
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like every common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
And did not guide the man-of-war.

LICENTIOUSNESS OF THE AGE OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

FOR those who heretofore sought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,

Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal
And slink away in masquerade to hell,
Now bring their crimes into the open sun,
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,
As eagles try their young against his rays,
To prove if they 're of generous breed or base;
Call heaven and earth to witness how they 've
 aim'd.

* * *
For 't is not what they do that 's now the sin,
But what they lewdly affect and glory in,
As if preposterously they would profess
A forced hypocrisy of wickedness.

* * *
Example, that imperious dictator
Of all that 's good or bad to human nature,
By which the world 's corrupted and reclaimed,
Hopes to be saved, and studies to be damned;
That reconciles all contraricties,
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,
Imposes on divinity, and sets
Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits;
Alters all characters of virtue and vice,
And passes one for the other in disguise;
Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,
The good received for bad, and bad for good;
That slyly counter-changes wrong and right,
Like white in fields of black, and black in white;
As if the laws of Nature had been made
Of purpose only to be disobeyed;
Or man had lost his mighty interest,
By having been distinguished from a beast;
And had no other way but sin and vice,
To be restored again to Paradise.

How copious is our language lately grown,
To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon!
And yet how expressive and significant,
In damme at once to curse, and swear, and rant?
As if no way expressed men's souls so well,
As damning of them to the pit of hell;
Nor any asseveration were so civil,
As mortgaging salvation to the devil;
Or that his name did add a charming grace,
And blasphemy a purity to our phrase.

THE DIFFICULTY OF RHYMING.

BUT, if my Muse or I were so discreet
To endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,
I might, like others, easily command
Words without study, ready and at hand.
In praising Chloris, moons and stars and skies
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes,
And gold and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colour of her lips and hair;
And, mixing suns and flowers and pearl and
 stones,
Make them serve all complexions at once.

With these fine fancies, at haphazard writ,
I could make verses without art or wit,
And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,
With stolen impertinence patch up mine own:
But in the choice of words my scrupulous wit
Is fearful to pass one that is unfit;
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one insipid phrase;
And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
May he be damned who first found out that
 curse,

To imprison and confine his thoughts in verse;
To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reason to his rhyme submit!

* * *
How happy had I been if, for a curse,
The Fates had never sentenced me to verse!
But, ever since this peremptory vein,
With restless frenzy, first possessed my brain,
And that the devil tempted me, in spite
Of my own happiness, to judge and write,
Shut up against my will, I waste my age
In mending this, and blotting out that page,
And grow so weary of the slavish trade,
I envy their condition that write bad.
O happy Scudery! whose easy quill
Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill;
For, though thy works are written in despite
Of all good sense, impertinent, and slight,
They never have been known to stand in need
Of stationer to sell, or sot to read;
For, so the rhyme be at the verse's end,
No matter whither all the rest does tend.
Unhappy is that man who, spite of 's heart,
Is forced to be tied up to rules of art.
A fop that scribbles does it with delight,
Takes no pains to consider what to write,
But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
Is ravished with his own great wit and worth;
While brave and noble writers vainly strive
To such a height of glory to arrive;
But, still with all they do unsatisfied,
Ne'er please themselves, though all the world be-
 side:

And those whom all mankind admire for wit,
Wish, for their own sakes, they had never writ.
Thou, then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;
And, if the instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach — how ne'er to write again.

SOCRATES.

WHAT mad fantastic gambols have been played
By the ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,
That were not much inferior to the freaks
Of all our lunatic fanatic sects?

The first and best philosopher of Athens
Was crackt, and ran stark-staring mad with patience,
And had no other way to show his wit,
But when his wife was in her scolding fit;
Was after in the Pagan inquisition,
And suffered martyrdom for no religion.

—♦—

DIOGENES.

THE cynic coined false money, and for fear
Of being hanged for 't, turned philosopher;
Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find
One honest man i' the heap of all mankind;
An idle freak he needed not have done,
If he had known himself to be but one.

—♦—

OPINION.

IT is Opinion governs all mankind,
As wisely as the blind that leads the blind:
For as those surnames are esteemed the best
That signify in all things else the least,
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion
That have the least of truth and reason in them.
Truth would undo the world, if it possess'd
The meanest of its right and interest;
Is but a titular princess, whose authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done, and carried in its name,
But most of all where it can lay no claim;
As far from gayety and complaisance,
As greatness, insolence, and ignorance;
And therefore has surrendered her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,
That in her right usurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lies.

—♦—

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

SHOULD once the world resolve to abolish
All that's ridiculous and foolish,
It would have nothing left to do,
To apply in jest or earnest to,
No business of importance, play,
Or state, to pass its time away.

THE truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity and pride and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

LIONS are kings of beasts, and yet their power
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:
Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beasts that do obey.

INNOCENCE is a defence
For nothing else but patience;
'T will not bear out the blows of Fate,
Nor fence against the tricks of state;
Nor from the oppression of the laws
Protect the plain'st and justest cause;
Nor keep unspotted a good name
Against the obloquies of Fame;
Feeble as Patience, and as soon,
By being blown upon, undone.
As beasts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worse.

LOVE is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For, could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of Fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

SOME call it fury, some a Muse,
That, as possessing devils use,
Haunts and forsakes a man by fits,
And when he's in, he's out of 's wits.

WHAT else does history use to tell us,
But tales of subjects being rebellious;
The vain perfidiousness of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words;
The sottish pride and insolence
Of statesmen, and their want of sense;
Their treachery, that undoes, of custom,
Their own selves first, next those who trust
them?

IN Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honor, built to show
How humble honor ought to be,
Though there 't was all authority.

—♦—

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;
That live as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are cast away, and drowned;
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and
prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;

And, when their merchants are blown up and
crackt,
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and
wreckt;
That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes:
A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

ODD RHYMES AND IMAGES.

"O HEAVEN!" quoth she, "can that be true?
I do begin to fear 't is you;
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse."

A TORN beard's like a battered ensign;
That's bravest which there are most rents in.

THE extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same.
No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.

WHOLESALE critics, that in coffee-
Houses cry down all philosophy.

ANTICHRISTIAN assemblies
To mischief bent as far's in them lies.

BRUISED in body,
And conjured into safe custody.

THAT proud dame
Used him so like a base rascallion,
That old Pyg — what d' ye call him — malion,
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.

It was a question whether he
Or's horse were of a family
More worshipful; till antiquaries,
After they'd almost pored out their eyes,
Did very learnedly decide
The business on the horse's side.

HAVE they invented tones to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men; as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?

DOCTOR epidemic,
Stored with deletery med'cines,
Which whosoever took is dead since.

So the Emperor Caligula,
That triumphed o'er the British sea,
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters 'stead of cuirassiers;
Engaged his legions in fierce bustles
With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels,
And led his troops, with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of scallops.

MADAME, I do, as is my duty
Honor the shadow of your shoe-tie.

CONVENED at midnight in outhouses,
To appoint new rising rendezvouses.

'MONG these there was a politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision. —
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy
That to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight
That least perceive a juggler's sleight;
And still the less they understand,
The more they admire his sleight-of-hand.

FOR what in worth is anything,
But so much money as 't will bring?

THOSE that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time.

MARQUESS OF MONTROSE.

1612-1650.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE, I PRAY.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world, of thee,
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in mine heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;

My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne :
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 That dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
 And always give the law,
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe ;
 But 'gainst my batteries if I find
 Thou kick, or vex me sore,
 As that thou set me up a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a part,
 Or dare to vie with me,
 Or if committees thou erect,
 And go on such a score,
 I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
 And constant of thy word,
 I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
 And famous by my sword ;
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 Was never heard before,
 I'll crown, and deck thee all, with bays,
 And love thee more and more.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

1613 - 1659.

ON PHILLIS WALKING BEFORE SUNRISE.

THE sluggish morn as yet undressed,
 My Phillis brake from out her rest,
 As if she'd made a match to run
 With Venus, usher to the sun.
 The trees (like yeomen of her guard
 Serving more for pomp than ward,
 Ranked on each side with loyal duty),
 Wave branches to enclose her beauty.
 The plants, whose luxury was lopped,
 Or age with crutches underpropped,
 Whose wooden carcasses are grown
 To be but coffins of their own,
 Revive, and at her general dole,
 Each receives his ancient soul.
 The wingéd choristers began
 To chirp their matins ; and the fan
 Of whistling winds, like organs played
 Unto their voluntaries, made

The wakened earth in odors rise
 To be her morning sacrifice ;
 The flowers, called out of their beds,
 Start and raise up their drowsy heads ;
 And he that for their color seeks
 May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
 Where roses mix : no civil war
 Between her York and Lancaster.
 The marigold, whose courtier's face
 Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
 Her at his rise, at his full stop
 Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop,
 Mistakes her cue, and doth display ;
 Thus Phillis antedates the day.

These miracles had cramped the sun,
 Who, thinking that his kingdom's won,
 Powders with light his frizzled locks,
 To see what saint his lustre mocks.
 The trembling leaves through which he played,
 Dappling the walk with light and shade
 (Like lattice windows), give the spy
 Room but to peep with half an eye,
 Lest her full orb his sight should dim,
 And bid us all good night in him :
 Till she would spend a gentle ray,
 To force us a new-fashioned day.

But what new-fashioned palsy's this,
 Which makes the boughs divest their bliss ?
 And that they might her footsteps straw,
 Drop their leaves with shivering awe ;
 Phillis perceives, and (lest her stay
 Should wed October unto May,
 And as her beauty caused a spring,
 Devotion might an autumn bring),
 Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
 But left the sun her curate light.

HIS HATRED OF SCOTCHMEN.

HAD Cain been Scot, God would have changed
 his doom ;
 Not forced him to wander, but confined him
 home.

HENRY MORE.

1614 - 1687.

DEVOTION.

God is good, is wise, is strong, —
 Witness all the creature throng, —
 Is confessed by every tongue.
 All things back from whence they sprung,
 As the thankful rivers pay
 What they borrowed of the sea

Now, myself I do resign;
Take me whole, I all am thine.
Save me, God! from self-desire,
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire,
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire;
Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, thy praise I'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string.
Bear a part, O wisdom's sons,
Freed from vain religions!
Lo! from far I you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my lute,—
India, Egypt, Araby,
Asia, Greece, and Tartary,
Carmel-tracts and Lebanon,
With the Mountains of the Moon,
From whence muddy Nile doth run;
Or, wherever else you won,
Breathing in one vital air,—
One we are, though distant far.

Rise at once, — let's sacrifice!
Odors sweet perfume the skies.
See how heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflamed with high aspires;
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls!
Leave we nothing to ourselves
Save a voice, — what need we else?
Or a hand to wear and tire
On the thankful lute or lyre.
Sing aloud! His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.

CHARITY AND HUMILITY.

FAR have I clambered in my mind,
But naught so great as love I find;
Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might,
Are naught compared to that good sprite.
Life of delight, and soul of bliss!
Sure source of lasting happiness!
Higher than heaven, lower than hell!
What is thy tent? Where mayst thou dwell?
My mansion hight Humility,
Heaven's vastest capability, —
The further it doth downward tend,
The higher up it doth ascend;
If it go down to utmost naught,
It shall return with that it sought.
Lord, stretch thy tent in my strait breast, —
Enlarge it downward, that sure rest
May there be pight; for that pure fire
Wherewith thou wontest to inspire
All self-dead souls. My life is gone, —
Sad solitude's my irksome wonne.

Cut off from men and all this world,
In Lethe's lonesome ditch I'm hurled.
Nor might nor sight doth aught me move,
Nor do I care to be above.
O feeble rays of mental light,
That best be seen in this dark night!
What are you? What is any strength
If it be not laid in one length
With pride or love? I naught desire
But a new life, or quite to expire.
Could I demolish with mine eye
Strong towers, stop the fleet stars in sky,
Bring down to earth the pale-faced moon,
Or turn black midnight to bright noon, —
Though all things were put in my hand,
As parched, as dry, as the Libyan sand
Would be my life, if Charity
Were wanting. But Humility
Is more than my poor soul durst crave,
That lies intombed in lowly grave.
But if 't were lawful up to send
My voice to heaven, this should it rend:
Lord, thrust me deeper into dust,
That thou mayest raise me with the just!

EUTHANASIA.

BUT souls that of his own good life partake,
He loves as his own self; dear as his eye
They are to him: he'll never them forsake.
When they shall die, then God himself shall die;
They live, they live in blest eternity.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

1615 - 1668.

COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those,
And as courts make not kings, but kings the
court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder if (advantaged in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untraced ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the
space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crowned with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,

That whether 't is a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud,
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;
Paul's the late theme of such a Muse,* whose
fligt

Has bravely reached and soared above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or
fire,

Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets kings,
Preserved from ruin by the best of kings.

Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the business and the
crowd,

Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems;
Where, with like haste, though several ways they
run,

Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.

O happiness of sweet retired content!
To be at once secure and innocent.

Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present

With such an easy and unforced ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;

But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a reverence from the sight:
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face

Sat meekness, heightened with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,

Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.

When Nature's hand this ground did thus ad-
vance,

'T was guided by a wiser power than Chance;
Marked out for such an use, as if 't were meant
To invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.

A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The gods' great mother, when her heavenly race
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that numerous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor; nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.

Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,

* Waller.

The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute
(Though this of old no less contest did move
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove),
(Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame);

But whosoe'er it was, Nature designed
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.

Not to recount those several kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;

But thee, great Edward! and thy greater son
(The lilies which his father wore he won),

And thy Bellona, who the consort came
Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,

She to thy triumph led one captive king,
And brought that son which did the second
bring;

Then didst thou found that Order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move):

Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success,

Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honor to their diadem.

Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as power to act her will,
That from those kings, who then thy captives
were,

In after-times should spring a royal pair
Who should possess all that thy mighty power,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;

To whom their better fate reserves what'er
The victor hopes for or the vanquished fear;

That blood which thou and thy great grandsire
shed,

And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unpilt, and happy Edward known

That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose in whom are joined

Soldier and martyr, and his arms confined
Within the azure circle, he did seem

But to foretell and prophesy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath joined,

Which nature for their bound at first designed;
That bound which to the world's extremest
ends,

Endless itself, its liquid arms extends,
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,

But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my
praise;

But my fixed thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighboring hill, whose top of late

A chapel crowned, till in the common fate
The adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm

Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,

What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?

Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?

Were these their crimes? they were his own
much more;

But wealth is crime enough to him that 's poor,
Who, having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own;
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good.

Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils;
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles;
And thus to the ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.

Then did Religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell,
And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture?

Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps but would demand
What barbarous invader sacked the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such the effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and
fear,

Those for what 's past, and this for what 's too
near,

My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames! the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance
hold,

Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.

No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's
toil;

But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 't is, bestows it where it
wants,

Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not
dull;

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost;
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself with strange varieties
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
Though these delights from several causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love),
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat, resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamoured youth gazed here,
So fatally deceived he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curléd brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that 's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.

This scene had some bold Greek or British bard

Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
 Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
 Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames?
 'T is still the same, although their airy shape
 All but a quick poetic sight escape.
 There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
 And thither all the hornéd host resorts
 To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
 On whose sublime and shady fronts is reared
 Nature's great masterpiece, to show how soon
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
 Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
 Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
 Attended to the chase by all the flower
 Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
 Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
 And wish a foe that would not only fly.
 The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
 At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
 To some dark covert his retreat had made,
 Where nor man's eye nor heaven's should invade
 His soft repose; when the unexpected sound
 Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
 Roused with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
 Willing to think the illusions of his fear
 Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
 Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
 Betrayed in all his strenghtis, the wood beset,
 All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
 He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
 His wingéd heels, and then his arméd head;
 With these to avoid, with that his fate to meet;
 But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
 Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
 Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
 Their disproportioned speed doth recompense;
 Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
 Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
 Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
 Where he so lately was obeyed and feared,
 His safety seeks; the herd, unkindly wise,
 Or chases him from thence or from him flies.
 Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
 To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
 With shame remembers, while himself was one
 Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
 Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
 The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
 Sadly surveying where he ranged alone,
 Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
 And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
 Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
 And taught the woods to echo to the stream
 His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam;
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
 So much his love was dearer than his life.
 Now every leaf, and every moving breath

Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
 Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
 All safety in despair of safety placed,
 Courage he thence resumes, resolved to bear
 All their assaults, since 't is in vain to fear.
 And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
 That strength he wasted in ignoble flight;
 But when he sees the eager chase renewed,
 Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
 He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
 Repents his courage than his fear before;
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
 And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
 Then to the stream, when neither friends nor
 foe
 Nor speed nor art avail, he shapes his course;
 Thinks not their rage so desperate to essay
 An element more merciless than they.
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
 Quench their dire thirst; alas! they thirst for
 blood.
 So towards a ship the oar-finned galleys ply,
 Which, wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
 Stands but to fall revenged on those that dare
 Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
 So fares the stag; among the enraged hounds
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for
 wounds:
 And as a hero, whom his baser foes
 In troops surround, now these assaults, now those,
 Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
 By common hands; but if he can descry
 Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
 And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
 So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
 From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
 This a more innocent and happy chase
 Than when of old, but in the selfsame place,
 Fair Liberty pursued, and meant a prey
 To lawless power, here turned, and stood at bay;
 When in that remedy all hope was placed
 Which was, or should have been at least, the
 last.
 Here was that Charter sealed wherein the crown
 All marks of arbitrary power lays down;
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier style of king and subject bear:
 Happy when both to the same centre move,
 When kings give liberty and subjects love.
 Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
 Wanting that seal, it must be sealed in blood.
 The subjects armed, the more their princes gave,
 The advantage only took the more to crave;
 Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,
 And even that power that should deny betray.
 "Who gives constrained, but his own fear reviles,

Not thanked, but scorned; nor are they gifts, but spoils."

Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,

First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river raised with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolved, o'erflows the adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-raised banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his shores.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

1618 - 1658.

ON SIR PETER LELY'S PORTRAIT OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

SEE, what an humble bravery doth shine,
And grief triumphant breaking through each line,
How it commands the face! So sweet a scorn
Never did happy misery adorn!
So sacred a contempt that others show
To this (o' the height of all the wheel) below;
That mightiest monarchs by this shaded book
May copy out their proudest, richest look.

THE MUSIC OF HER FACE.

O, COULD you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face,
You 'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear.

WHY SHOULD YOU SWEAR I AM FORSWORN.

WHY should you swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vowed to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
And 't was last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?

I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasure in unploughed-up ground.

Then, if when I have loved my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she;
With spoils of meaner beauties crowned,
I laden will return to thee,
Even sated with variety.

THE ROSE.

SWEET, serene, sky-like flower,
Haste to adorn her bower:
From thy long cloudy bed
Shoot forth thy damask head.

Vermilion ball that's given
From lip to lip in heaven;
Love's couch's coverlid;
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

See! rosy is her bower,
Her floor is all thy flower;
Her bed a rosy nest,
By a bed of roses prest.

AMARANTHA, SWEET AND FAIR.

AMARANTHA, sweet and fair,
O, braid no more that shining hair!
Let it fly, as unconfined
As its calm ravisher, the wind;
Who hath left his darling, the east,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.
Every tress must be confest
But neatly tangled, at the best;
Like a clew of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled.
Do not, then, wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun's in early ray;
But shake your head, and scatter day!

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;

And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

—♦—
TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN love with unconfinéd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
The enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

—♦—
TO LUCASTA, ON GOING BEYOND THE SEAS.

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:

Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as Angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfinéd
In heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

—♦—
LORD OF HIMSELF.

THUS richer than untempted kings are we,
That, asking nothing, nothing need;
Though lord of all what seas embrace, yet he
That wants himself is poor indeed.

—♦—
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1618 - 1667.

THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

'T is not a pyramid of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition;
'T is not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
Give life to the ashes of a man,
But verses only; they shall fresh appear
Whilst there are men to read or hear;
When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
And eat the pyramid away;
Turning that monument wherein men trust
Their names to what it keeps, poor dust;
Then shall the epitaph remain, and be
New graven in eternity.
Poets by death are conquered, but the wit
Of poets triumphs over it.
What cannot verse? When Thracian Orpheus
took
His lyre, and gently on it strook,
The learned stones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming song.
With artificial pace the warlike pine,
The elm and his wife the ivy twine,
With all the better trees which erst had stood
Unmoved, forsook their native wood.
The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
Craving the honor of his brow;
And every loving arm embraced, and made
With their officious leaves a shade.
The beasts, too, strove his auditors to be,
Forgetting their old tyranny:
The fearful hart next to the lion came,
And the wolf was shepherd to the lamb.
Nightingales, harmless sirens of the air,
And muses of the place, were there;
Who, when their little windpipes they had found

Unequal to so strange a sound,
O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire,
And fell upon the conquering lyre.
Happy, O, happy they! whose tomb might be,
Mausolus! envied by thee!

OF MYSELF.

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill known:

Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures
yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

MARGARITA first possest,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favorites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they swayed,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'T was then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled:
For the gracious princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Armed with a resistless flame,
And the artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly marched about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the by.

But in her place I then obeyed
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possest
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state;
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns and smiles and flatteries,

The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless, mysteries !

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting-maid ;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present empress does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name ;
Whom God grant long to reign !

FROM "ANACREONTIQUES."

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he 'as done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there ; for why
Should every creature drink but I ;
Why, man of morals, tell me why ?

GOLD.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
And 't is a pain that pain to miss ;
But, of all pain, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit by love is understood ;
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold monopolizes love !
A curse on her, and on the man
Who this traffic first began !
A curse on him who found the ore !
A curse on him who digged the store !
A curse on him who did refine it !
A curse on him who first did coin it !
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who used it first in love !

Gold begets in brethren hate ;
Gold in families debate ;
Gold does friendships separate ;
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it !
Gold, alas ! does love beget.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY Insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee ?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle wine !
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill ;
'T is filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink and dance and sing ;
Happier than the happiest king !
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee ;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough ;
Farmer he, and landlord thou !
Thou dost innocently joy ;
Nor does thy luxury destroy ;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year !
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou
Dost neither age nor winter know ;
But, when thou 'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal !)
Satiated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

HOPE.

HOPE ! of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure !
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's
health !
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth !
Thou manna, which from Heaven we eat,
To every taste a several meat !
Thou strong retreat ! thou sure-entailed estate,
Which naught has power to alienate !
Thou pleasant, honest flatterer ! for none
Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone !

Hope! thou first-fruits of happiness!
 Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!
 Thou good preparative, without which our joy
 Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures,
 destroy!

Who out of Fortune's reach dost stand,
 And art a blessing still in hand!
 Whilst thee, her earnest-money, we retain,
 We certain are to gain,
 Whether she her bargain break or else fulfil;
 Thou only good, not worse for ending ill!

Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
 The joys of Heaven and Earth divided be!
 Though Faith be heir, and have the fixt estate,
 Thy portion yet in movables is great.

Happiness itself's all one
 In thee, or in possession!
 Only the future's thine, the present his!
 Thine's the more hard and noble bliss:
 Best apprehender of our joys! which hast
 So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

Hope! thou sad lover's only friend!
 Thou Way, that mayst dispute it with the End!
 For love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
 The taste itself less than the smell and sight.

Fruition more deceitful is
 Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss;
 Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee
 Some other way again to thee;
 And that 's a pleasant country, without doubt,
 To which all soon return that travel out.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

DE SENE VERONENSI, QUI SUBURBIUM NUNQUAM
 EGRESSUS EST.

HAPPY the man, who his whole time doth bound
 Within the enclosure of his little ground.
 Happy the man, whom the same humble place
 (The hereditary cottage of his race)
 From his first rising infancy has known,
 And by degrees sees gently bending down,
 With natural propension, to that earth
 Which both preserved his life and gave him
 birth.

Him no false distant lights, by fortunes set,
 Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
 He never danger either saw or feared;
 The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
 He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
 Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.
 No change of consuls marks to him the year;
 The change of seasons is his calendar.
 The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;
 Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he
 knows.

He measures time by landmarks, and has found
 For the whole day the dial of his ground.
 A neighboring wood, born with himself, he sees,
 And loves his old contemporary trees.
 He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,
 And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.
 Does with a like concernment notice take
 Of the Red Sea, and of Benacus' lake.
 Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
 And sees a long posterity of boys.
 About the spacious world let others roam,
 The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

THE WISH.

WELL, then; I now do plainly see
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
 The very honey of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
 And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
 Who for it can endure the stings,
 The crowd and buzz and murmurings,
 Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave,
 May I a small house and large garden have!
 And a few friends, and many books, both true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too!
 And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
 A mistress moderately fair
 And good, as guardian-angels are,
 Only beloved, and loving me!

O fountains! when in you shall I
 Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
 O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be made
 The happy tenant of your shade?
 Here 's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood;
 Where all the riches lie, that she
 Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here
 Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
 Here naught but winds can hurtful murmurs
 scatter,
 And naught but Echo flatter.
 The gods, when they descended hither
 From heaven, did always choose their way;
 And therefore we may boldly say
 That 't is the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
 And one dear she, live, and embracing die!
 She, who is all the world, and can exclude
 In deserts solitude.
 I should have then this only fear, —
 Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
 Should hither throng to live like me,
 And so make a city here.

FROM THE "HYMN TO LIGHT."

ALL the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou
go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin-lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands;
On the fair tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colored coat.

* * *

Through the soft ways of heaven and air and
sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close
channels slide.

* * *

But the vast ocean of unbounded day,
In the empyrean heaven does stay:
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last
must flow.

DESTRUCTION OF THE FIRST-BORN, IN THE
"PLAGUES OF EGYPT."

It was the time when the still moon
Was mounted softly to her noon,
And dewy sleep, which from night's secret
springs arose,

Gently as Nile the land o'erflows;
When, lo, from the high countries of refined day,
The golden heaven without alloy, —

Whose dross in the creation purged away,
Made up the sun's adulterate ray, —
Michael, the warlike prince, does downward fly,
Swift as the journeys of the sight,
Swift as the race of light,

And with his wingéd will cuts through the
yielding sky.

He passed through many a star, and, as he
passed,

Shone (like a star in them) more brightly there
Than they did in their sphere.

On a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopped at
last,

And a mild look of sacred pity cast
Down on the sinful land where he was sent
To inflict the tardy punishment.

"Ah, yet," said he, "yet, stubborn king,
repent,

While thus unarmed I stand,
Ere the keen sword of God fill my commanded
hand.

Suffer but yet thyself and thine to live;
Who would, alas, believe,
That it for man," said he,
"So hard to be forgiven should be,
And yet for God so easy to forgive."

THE COMPLAINT.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a bower for sorrow made,
The uncomfortable shade
Of the black yew's unlucky green,
Mixed with the mourning willow's careful gray,
Where reverend Cam cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay;

And, lo! a Muse appeared to his closed sight
(The Muses off in lands of vision play),
Bodied, arrayed, and seen by an internal light:
A golden harp with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
In which all colors and all figures were
That Nature or that Fancy can create,

That Art can never imitate,
And with loose pride it wanted in the air.
In such a dress, in such a well-clothed dream,
She used of old near fair Ismenus' stream
Pindar, her Theban favorite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on
her feet.

She touched him with her harp and raised him
from the ground;

The shaken strings melodiously resound.

"Art thou returned at last," said she,

"To this forsaken place and me?

Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
Art thou returned, here to repent too late?
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,

And winter marches on so fast?

But when I meant to adopt thee for my son,
And did as learned a portion assign
As ever any of the mighty nine

Had to their dearest children done;
When I resolved to exalt thy anointed name
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
Thou changeling! thou, bewitched with noise
and show,

Wouldst into courts and cities from me go,
Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share
In all the follies and the tumults there;
Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a state,
And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst
create:

Business ! the frivolous pretence,
Of human lusts, to shake off innocence ;
Business ! the grave impertinence ;
Business ! the thing which I of all things hate ;
Business ! the contradiction of thy fate.

"Go, renegade ! cast up thy account,
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me ;
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearned apostasy.
Thou thoughtst, if once the public storm were
past,

All thy remaining life should sunshine be :
Behold, the public storm is spent at last,
The sovereign is tossed at sea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at last to shore :

But whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see,
All marched up to possess the promised land,
Thou still alone, alas ! dost gaping stand,
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand.

"As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
After a tedious stormy night,
Such was the glorious entry of our king ;
Enriching moisture dropped on everything ;
Plenty he sowed below, and cast about him
light.

But then, alas ! to thee alone
One of old Gideon's miracles was shown,
For every tree, and every hand around
With pearly dew was crowned,
And upon all the quickened ground
The fruitful seed of heaven did brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muse's fleeces was dry.

It did all other threats surpass,
When God to his own people said
(The men whom through long wanderings he had
led),

That he would give them even a heaven of
brass :
They looked up to that heaven in vain,
That bounteous heaven ! which God did not
restrain
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

"The Rachel, for which twice seven years and
more

Thou didst with faith and labor serve,
And didst (if faith and labor can) deserve,
Though she contracted was to thee,
Given to another thou didst see,
Given to another, who had store
Of fairer and of richer wives before,
And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be.
Go on, twice seven years more, thy fortune
try,

Twice seven years more God in his bounty may

Give thee to fling away
Into the court's deceitful lottery :
But think how likely 't is that thou,
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
Shouldst in a hard and barren season thrive,
Shouldst even able be to live ;
Thou ! to whose share so little bread did fall
In the miraculous year, when manna rained on
all."

Thus* spake the Muse, and spake it with a
smile,

That seemed at once to pity and revile :
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley said :

"Ah, wanton foe ! dost thou upbraid
The ills which thou thyself hast made ?
When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked spirit ! stolest me away,
And my abuséd soul didst bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,

Thy golden Indies in the air ;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravish'd freedom to regain ;
Still I rebel, still thou dost reign ;
Lo, still in verse, against thee I complain.

There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
Which, if the earth but once it ever breeds,
No wholesome herb can near them thrive,

No useful plant can keep alive :
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow
Make all my art and labor fruitless now ;
Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth
ever grow.

"When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gavest so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away the inherent dye :
Long work, perhaps, may spoil thy colors
quite,

But never will reduce the native white.
To all the ports of honor and of gain
I often steer my course in vain ;
Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back
again.

Thou slacken'st all my nerves of industry,
By making them so oft to be
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
Whoever this world's happiness would see
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only heaven desire
Do from the world retire.

This was my error, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demi-votary to make.
Thus, with Sapphira and her husband's fate
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late),
For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse !

The court and better king to accuse ;
The heaven under which I live is fair,
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear :
Thine, thine is all the barrenness, if thou
Mak'st me sit still and sing when I should
plough.

When I but think how many a tedious year
Our patient sovereign did attend

His long misfortunes' fatal end,
How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend,
I ought to be accurst if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse !
Kings have long hands, they say, and though I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.

However, of all princes thou
Shouldst not reproach rewards for being small
or slow ;

Thou, who rewardest but with popular breath,
And that, too, after death ! ”

FROM “FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE”

A THOUSAND pretty ways we'll think upon
To mock our separation.
Alas ! ten thousand will not do ;
My heart will thus no longer stay,
No longer 't will be kept from you,
But knocks against the breast to get away.

And when no art affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs to appease :
Just as a bird that flies about,
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

OF SOLITUDE.

HAIL, old patrician trees, so great and good !
Hail, ye plebeian underwood !
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail the poor Muse's richest manor-seat !
Ye country-houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and
great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature ! the fairest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamelled bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah ! wretched, and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company !
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he calls in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away.

O Solitude ! first state of humankind !
Which blessed remained till man did find
Even his own helper's company :
As soon as two, alas ! together joined,
The serpent made up three.

Though God himself, through countless ages,
thee

His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude ! alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one ;

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
Dost break and tame the unruly heart,
Which else would know no settled pace,
Making it move, well managed by thy art,
With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scattered light
Dost, like a burning glass, unite,
Dost multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me ;
I should at thee, too, foolish city !
If it were fit to laugh at misery ;
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost.

EPITAPH ON A LIVING AUTHOR.

HERE, stranger, in this humble nest,
Here Cowley sleeps ; here lies,
'Scaped all the toils that life molest,
And its superfluous joys.

Here, in no sordid poverty,
And no inglorious ease,
He braves the world, and can defy
Its frowns and flatteries.

The little earth, he asks, survey;
Is he not dead indeed?
"Light lie that earth," good stranger, pray,
"Nor thorn upon it breed!"

With flowers, fit emblem of his fame,
Compass your poet round;
With flowers of every fragrant name,
Be his warm ashes crowned!

A SUPPLICATION.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:
Though so exalted she
And I so lowly be,
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake:
And, though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try;
Now all thy charms apply;
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My passion to remove;
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.

BACON.

BACON at last, a mighty man, arose,
Whom a wise king and nature chose
Lord Chancellor of both their Laws.

From these and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandering predecessors went,

And like the old Hebrews many years did stray
In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he passed,
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promised land,
And from the mountain's top of his exalted
wit

Saw it himself, and showed us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds and conquer too;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be,
To fathom the vast depths of nature's sea:
The work he did we ought to admire,
And we're unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt the excess
Of low affliction and high happiness;
For who on things remote can fix his sight,
That's always in a triumph or a fight?

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET CRASHAW, A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

AH, mighty God, with shame I speak 't and
grief;
Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were even weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right;
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far, at least, great saint, to pray to thee.

HEAVEN.

ON no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
No circling motion doth swift time divide;
Nothing is there *to come*, and nothing *past*,
But an eternal now does always last.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR HENRY WOTTON.

WHAT shall we say, since silent now is he,
Who when he spoke, all things would silent be;
Who had so many languages in store,
That only fame shall speak of him in more;
Whom England now no more returned must see:
He's gone to heaven on his fourth embassy.

So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues, — that Babel sent into the west, —
Spoke them so truly, that he had, you'd swear,
Not only lived but been born everywhere.

Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

1619 - 1689.

POVERTY AND GENIUS.

How purblind is the world, that such a monster,
 In a few dirty acres swaddled, must
 Be mounted, in opinion's empty scale,
 Above the noblest virtues that adorn
 Souls that make worth their centre, and to that
 Draw all the lines of action? Worn with age,
 The noble soldier sits, whilst in his cell
 The scholar stews his catholic brains for food.
 The traveller returned, and poor may go
 A second pilgrimage to farmers' doors, or end
 His journey in a hospital; few being
 So generous to relieve, where virtue doth
 Necessitate to crave. Harsh poverty,
 That moth which frets the sacred robe of wit,
 Thousands of noble spirits blunts, that else
 Had spun rich threads of fancy from the brain:
 But they are souls too much sublimed to thrive.

A SUMMER MORNING.

THE morning hath not lost her virgin blush,
 Nor step but mine soiled the earth's tinselled robe.
 How full of heaven this solitude appears,
 This healthful comfort of the happy swain;
 Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused up,
 In's morning exercise saluted is
 By a full choir of feathered choristers,
 Wedding their notes to the enamored air!
 Here Nature in her unaffected dress
 Plaited with valleys, and embossed with hills,
 Enchased with silver streams, and fringed with
 woods,
 Sits lovely in her native russet.

VIRGIN PURITY.

THE morning pearls,
 Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom, are
 Less chastely cool, ere the meridian sun
 Hath kissed them into heat.

ANDREW MARVELL.

1620 - 1678.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

THUS I, easy philosopher,
 Among the birds and trees confer,
 And little now to make me wants
 Or of the fowls or of the plants:

Give me but wings as they, and I
 Straight floating on the air shall fly;
 Or turn me but, and you shall see
 I was but an inverted tree.

Already I begin to call
 In their most learned original,
 And, where I language want, my signs
 The bird upon the bough divines,
 And more attentive there doth sit
 Than if she were with lime-twigs knit.
 No leaf does tremble in the wind,
 Which I returning cannot find;
 Out of these scattered Sibyl's leaves
 Strange prophecies my fancy weaves,
 And in one history consumes,
 Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes;
 What Rome, Greece, Palestine, e'er said,
 I in this light Mosaic read.
 Thrice happy he, who, not mistook,
 Hath read in nature's mystic book!
 And see how chance's better wit
 Could with a mask my studies hit!
 The oak-leaves me embroider all,
 Between which caterpillars crawl;
 And ivy, with familiar trails,
 Me licks and clasps, and curls and hales.
 Under this Attic cope I move,
 Like some great prelate of the grove;
 Then, languishing with ease, I toss
 On pallets swoln of velvet moss,
 While the wind, cooling through the boughs,
 Flatters with air my panting brows.
 Thanks for my rest, ye mossy banks,
 And unto you, cool zephyrs, thanks,
 Who, as my hair, my thoughts too shed,
 And winnow from the chaff my head!

BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat, that rowed along,
 The listening winds received this song:

"What should we do but sing his praise,
 That led us through the watery maze,
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own?
 Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
 That lift the deep upon their backs,
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
 He gave us this eternal spring,
 Which here enamels everything,
 And sends the fowls to us in care,
 On daily visits through the air;
 He hangs in shades the orange bright,
 Like golden lamps in a green night,

And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows ;
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
 And throws the melons at our feet,
 But apples plants of such a price,
 No tree could ever bear them twice ;
 With cedars chosen by his hand,
 From Lebanon, he stores the land,
 And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore ;
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound his name.
 O, let our voice his praise exalt,
 Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
 Which, then (perhaps) rebounding, may
 Echo beyond the Mexique Bay !”

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
 A holy and a cheerful note,
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time.

—•—
 THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF
 HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers riding by
 Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
 Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive
 Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
 Them any harm, alas ! nor could
 Thy death yet do them any good.
 I'm sure I never wished them ill ;
 Nor do I for all this, nor will :
 But, if my simple prayers may yet
 Prevail with heaven to forget
 Thy murder, I will join my tears,
 Rather than fail. But, O my fears !
 It cannot die so. Heaven's king
 Keeps register of everything,
 And nothing may we use in vain ;
 Even beasts must be with justice slain,
 Else men are made their deodands.
 Though they should wash their guilty hands
 In this warm life-blood which doth part
 From thine and wound me to the heart,
 Yet could they not be clean, their stain
 Is dyed in such a purple grain.
 There is not such another in
 The world, to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
 I had not found him counterfeited,
 One morning (I remember well)
 Tied in this silver chain and bell,
 Gave it to me : nay, and I know
 What he said then, I'm sure I do ;

Said he, “ Look how your huntsman here
 Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer.”
 But Sylvio soon had me beguiled ;
 This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
 And quite regardless of my smart,
 Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
 My solitary time away
 With this ; and, very well content,
 Could so mine idle life have spent ;
 For it was full of sport, and light
 Of foot and heart, and did invite
 Me to its game : it seemed to bless
 Itself in me ; how could I less
 Than love it ? O, I cannot be
 Unkind to a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know
 Whether it too might have done so
 As Sylvio did ; his gifts might be
 Perhaps as false, or more, than he ;
 But I am sure, for aught that I
 Could in so short a time espy,
 Thy love was far more better than
 The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
 I it at my own fingers nursed ;
 And as it grew, so every day
 It waxed more white and sweet than they.
 It had so sweet a breath ! And oft
 I blushed to see its foot more soft
 And white, shall I say than my hand ?
 Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
 'T was on those little silver feet ;
 With what a pretty skipping grace
 It would challenge me the race ;
 And, when it had left me far away,
 'T would stay, and run again, and stay ;
 For it was nimbler much than hinds,
 And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
 But so with roses overgrown,
 And lilies, that you would it guess
 To be a little wilderness,
 And all the springtime of the year
 It only loved to be there.
 Among the beds of lilies I
 Have sought it oft, where it should lie,
 Yet could not, till itself would rise,
 Find it, although before mine eyes ;
 For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
 It like a bank of lilies laid.
 Upon the roses it would feed,
 Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed,

And then to me 't would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold:
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

O help! O help! I see it faint
And die as calmly as a saint!
See how it weeps! the tears do come
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It till it doth o'erflow with mine,
Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go;
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.
O, do not run too fast; for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too; but there
The engraver sure his art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep, though I be stone,
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there;
Then at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

TO HIS COY MISTRESS.

HAD we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews;
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;

Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingéd chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honor turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

THE FAIR SINGER.

To make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony,
That, while she with her eyes my heart does bind,
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

I could have fled from one but singly fair;
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair;
But how should I avoid to be her slave,
Whose subtle art invisibly can wreath
My fetters of the very air I breathe?

It had been easy fighting in some plain,
Where victory might hang in equal choice;
But all resistance against her is vain,
Who has the advantage both of eyes and voice,
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gainéd both the wind and sun.

THE MOWER AGAINST GARDENS.

LUXURIOUS man, to bring his vice in use,
Did after him the world seduce,
And from the fields the flowers and plants allure,
Where nature was most plain and pure.
He first enclosed within the gardens square
A dead and standing pool of air,
And a more luscious earth from them did knead,
Which stupefied them while it fed.
The pink grew then as double as his mind;
The nutriment did change the kind.
With strange perfumes he did the roses taint;
And flowers themselves were taught to paint

The tulip white did for complexion seek,
 And learned to interline its cheek;
 Its union root they then so high did hold,
 That one was for a meadow sold:
 Another world was searched through oceans new
 To find the marble of Peru,
 And yet these rarities might be allowed
 To man, that sovereign thing and proud,
 Had he not dealt between the bark and tree,
 Forbidden mixtures there to see.
 No plant now knew the stock from which it came;
 He grafts upon the wild the tame,
 That the uncertain and adulterate fruit
 Might put the palate in dispute.
 His green seraglio has its eunuchs too,
 Lest any tyrant him outdo,
 And in the cherry he does nature vex,
 To procreate without a sex.
 'Tis all enforced, the fountain and the grot,
 While the sweet fields do lie forgot,
 Where willing nature does to all dispense
 A wild and fragrant innocence,
 And fauns and fairies do the meadows till
 More by their presence than their skill.
 Their statues, polished by some ancient hand,
 May to adorn the gardens stand,
 But, howsoe'er the figures do excel,
 The gods themselves with us do dwell.

AN EPITAPH.

ENOUGH; and leave the rest to fame;
 'Tis to commend her, but to name.
 Courtship, which, living, she declined,
 When dead, to offer were unkind.
 Where never any could speak ill,
 Who would officious praises spill?
 Nor can the truest wit, or friend,
 Without detracting, her commend;
 To say, she lived a virgin chaste
 In this age loose and all unlaced,
 Nor was, when vice is so allowed,
 Of virtue or ashamed or proud;
 That her soul was on heaven so bent,
 No minute but it came and went;
 That, ready her last debt to pay,
 She summed her life up every day;
 Modest as morn, as midday bright,
 Gentle as evening, cool as night;
 'Tis true; but all too weakly said:
 'T was more significant, she's dead.

TRANSLATED FROM SENECA'S TRAGEDY OF THYESTES.

CLIMB, at court, for me, that will,
 Tottering favor's pinnacle;

All I seek is to lie still:
 Settled in some secret nest,
 In calm leisure let me rest,
 And, far off the public stage,
 Pass away my silent age.
 Thus, when, without noise, unknown,
 I have lived out all my span,
 I shall die, without a groan,
 An old honest countryman.
 Who, exposed to others' eyes,
 Into his own heart never pries,
 Death to him's a strange surprise.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

THAT majesty which through thy work doth reign
 Draws the devout, deterring the profane;
 And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
 As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
 At once delight and horror on us seize,
 Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
 And above human flight dost soar aloft,
 With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft:
 The bird named from that paradise you sing
 So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
 Where couldst thou words of such a compass
 find?
 Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?
 Just heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
 Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

THE GARDEN.

TRANSLATED.

How vainly men themselves amaze,
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
 And their incessant labors see
 Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
 Whose short and narrow-verged shade
 Does prudently their toils upbraid,
 While all the flowers and trees do close,
 To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
 And Innocence, thy sister dear?
 Mistaken long, I sought you then
 In busy companies of men.
 Your sacred plants, if here below,
 Only among the plants will grow;
 Society is all but rude
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
 So amorous as this lovely green.
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
 Cut in these trees their mistress' name:

Little, alas! they know or heed
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;—
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;—
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 't was beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new,
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

A HORATIAN ODE.

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND.

THE forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing:
'T is time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armor's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.
So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgéd his active star;
And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide
(For 't is all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy,
And with such to enclose
Is more than to oppose);
Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.
'T is madness to resist or blame
The force of angry heaven's flame;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,
Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reservéd and austere,
As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,
Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould.
Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rites in vain
(But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak),
Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.
What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;
Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case,
That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn,

While round the arméd bands
 Did clap their bloody hands :
 He nothing common did, or mean,
 Upon that memorable scene,
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try ;
 Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
 To vindicate his helpless right,
 But bowed his comely head
 Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
 Which first assured the forcéd power ;

So, when they did design
 The capitol's first line,
 A bleeding head, where they begun,
 Did fright the architects to run ;
 And yet in that the state
 Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
 To see themselves in one year tamed ;

So much one man can do,
 That does both act and know.
 They can affirm his praises best,
 And have, though overcome, confessed

How good he is, how just,
 And fit for highest trust.
 Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
 But still in the republic's hand,
 (How fit he is to sway,
 That can so well obey !)

He to the Commons' feet presents
 A kingdom for his first year's rents ;
 And, what he may, forbears.

His fame, to make it theirs ;
 And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
 To lay them at the public's skirt :
 So when the falcon high
 Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search,
 But on the next green bough to perch ;

Where, when he first does lure,
 The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
 While victory his crest does plume ?

What may not others fear,
 If thus he crowns each year ?

As Cæsar, he, erelong, to Gaul,
 To Italy a Hannibal,

And to all states not free,
 Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
 Within his party-colored mind,

But, from this valor sad,
 Shrink underneath the plaid ;

Happy, if in the tufted brake,
 The English hunter him mistake,
 Nor lay his hounds in near
 The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
 March indefatigably on,
 And for the last effect,
 Still keep the sword erect ;
 Beside the force it has to fright
 The spirits of the shady night,
 The same arts that did gain
 A power, must it maintain.

THE CHARACTER OF HOLLAND.

HOLLAND, that scarce deserves the name of
 land,

As but the off-scouring of the British sand,
 And so much earth as was contributed
 By English pilots when they heaved the lead,
 Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell
 Of shipwrecked cockle and the mussel-shell, —
 This indigested vomit of the sea
 Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.

Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
 They, with mad labor, fished the land to shore,
 And dived as desperately for each piece
 Of earth, as if 't had been of ambergris,
 Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
 Less than what building swallows bear away,
 Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,
 Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.

How did they rivet, with gigantic piles,
 Thorough the centre their new-catchéd miles,
 And to the stake a struggling country bound,
 Where barking waves still bait the forcéd ground,
 Building their watery Babel far more high
 To reach the sea than those to scale the sky !

Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
 And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played,
 As if on purpose it on land had come
 To show them what's their *mare liberum*.
 A daily deluge over them does boil ;
 The earth and water play at level coil.
 The fish ofttimes the burgher dispossessed,
 And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest,
 And oft the Tritons and the sea-nymphs saw
 Whole shoals of Dutch served up for Cabillan,
 Or, as they over the new level ranged
 For pickled herring, pickled *heerin* changed.
 Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
 Would throw their land away at duck and drake ;
 Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
 Something like government among them brings ;
 For, as with pygmies, who best kills the crane,
 Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
 Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
 So rules among the drownéd he that drains :
 Not who first see the rising sun, commands,
 But who could first discern the rising lands ;
 Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,

Him they their Lord, and Country's Father,
speak ;

To make a bank, was a great plot of state ;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.

Hence some small dike-grave, unperceived, in-
vades

The power, and grows as 't were a king of
spades ;

But, for less envy, some joined states endures,
Who look like a commission of the sewers :
For these Half-anders, half wet and half dry,
Nor bear strict service, nor pure liberty.

A DROP OF DEW.

TRANSLATED.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn,
Into the blowing roses
(Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 't was born),
Round in itself encloses,
And, in its little globe's extent,
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies ;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure ;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves, and blossoms green,
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.

In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away,
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day,
Dark beneath, but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go ;
How girl and ready to ascend ;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congealed and
chill ;
Congealed on earth ; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the almighty sun.

MARGARET LUCAS, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

1624 - 1673.

THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

SHE on a dewy leaf doth bathe,
And as she sits, the leaf doth wave ;
There like a new-fallen flake of snow
Doth her white limbs in beauty show.
Her garments fair her maids put on,
Made of the pure light from the sun.

MELANCHOLY.

I DWELL in groves that gilt are with the sun ;
Sit on the banks by which clear waters run ;
In summers hot down in a shade I lie ;
My music is the buzzing of a fly ;
I walk in meadows, where grows fresh green
grass ;
In fields, where corn is high, I often pass ;
Walk up the hills, where round I prospects see,
Some brushy woods, and some all champagns
be ;
Returning back, I in fresh pastures go,
To hear how sheep do bleat, and cows do low ;
In winter cold, when nipping frosts come on,
Then I do live in a small house alone ;
Although 't is plain, yet cleanly 't is within,
Like to a soul that 's pure, and clear from sin ;
And there I dwell in quiet and still peace,
Not filled with cares how riches to increase ;
I wish nor seek for vain and fruitless pleasures ;
No riches are, but what the mind intreasures.
Thus am I solitary, live alone,
Yet better loved, the more that I am known ;
And though my face ill-favored at first sight,
After acquaintance, it will give delight.
Refuse me not, for I shall constant be ;
Maintain your credit and your dignity.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

1621 - 1695.

THE RETREAT.

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy !
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first love,

And, looking back, at that short space,
 Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
 When on some gilded cloud or flower
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My conscience with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense
 A several sin to every sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O, how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track!
 That I might once more reach that plain,
 Where first I left my glorious train;
 From whence the enlightened spirit sees
 That shady city of palm-trees.
 But ah! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move;
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came return.

THE WORLD.

I saw eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright;
 And round beneath it, time, in hours, days, years,
 Driven by the spheres
 Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
 And all her train were hurled.
 The doting lover, in his quaintest strain,
 Did there complain;
 Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
 Wit's sour delights;
 With gloves and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
 Yet his dear treasure
 All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
 Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
 Like a thick midnight fog, moved there so slow,
 He did nor stay nor go;
 Condemning thoughts, like mad eclipses, scowl
 Upon his soul,
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
 Yet digged the mole, and, lest his ways be found,
 Workt under ground,
 Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
 That policy;
 Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
 Were gnats and flies;

It rained about him blood and tears; but he
 Drank them as free.

The fearful miser, on a heap of rust,
 Sat pining all his life there; did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust;
 Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
 In fear of thieves.
 Thousands there were, as frantic as himself,
 And hugged each one his pelf;
 The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,
 And scorned pretence;
 While others, slipt into a wide excess,
 Said little less;
 The weaker sort, slight, trivial wares enslave,
 Who think them brave,
 And poor, despised truth sat counting by
 Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
 And sing and weep, soared up into the ring;
 But most would use no wing.
 "O fools," said I, "thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light!
 To live in grotts and caves, and hate the day
 Because it shows the way,—
 The way which, from this dead and dark abode,
 Leads up to God;
 A way where you might tread the sun, and be
 More bright than he!"
 But, as I did their madness so discuss,
 One whispered thus,
 "This ring the bridegroom did for none provide,
 But for his bride."

SUNDAYS.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss;
 Heaven once a week;
 The next world's gladness prepossess in this;
 A day to seek;
 Eternity in time; the steps by which
 We climb above all ages; lamps that light
 Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich
 And full redemption of the whole week's flight!
 The pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower;
 The narrow way;
 Transplanted paradise; God's walking hour;
 The cool o' the day!
 The creature's jubilee; God's parle with dust;
 Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh and flowers;
 Angels descending; the returns of trust;
 A gleam of glory after six-days-showers!
 The church's love-feasts; time's prerogative,
 And interest

Deducted from the whole ; the combs and hive,
 And home of rest.
 The milky way chalkt out with suns ; a clew,
 That guides through erring hours ; and in full
 story
 A taste of heaven on earth ; the pledge and cue
 Of a full feast ; and the out-courts of glory.

MAN.

WEIGHING the steadfastness and state
 Of some mean things which here below reside,
 Where birds like watchful clocks the noiseless
 date

And intercourse of times divide,
 Where bees at night get home and hive, and
 flowers,
 Early as well as late,
 Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowers ;

I would, said I, my God would give
 The staidness of these things to man ! for these
 To his divine appointments ever cleave,

And no new business breaks their peace ;
 The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,
 The flowers without clothes live,
 Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

Man hath still either toys or care ;
 He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
 But ever restless and irregular
 About this earth doth run and ride.
 He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows
 where ;

He says it is so far,
 That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams ;
 Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
 Which in the darkest nights point to their homes

By some hid sense their Maker gave ;
 Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
 And passage through these looms
 God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
 And I alone sit lingering here !
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days ;

My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility !
 High as the heavens above !

These are your walks, and you have showed them
 me
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death ; the jewel of the just !
 Shining nowhere but in the dark ;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may
 know
 At first sight if the bird be flown ;
 But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams,
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
 themes,
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
 Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
 But, when the hand that lockt her up gives room,
 She 'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under thee !
 Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective still as they pass ;
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill
 Where I shall need no glass.

THE KNOT.

BRIGHT queen of heaven ! God's virgin spouse !
 The glad world's blessed maid !
 Whose beauty tied life to thy house,
 And brought us saving aid.

Thou art the true loves-knot ; by thee
 God is made our ally ;
 And man's inferior essence he
 With his did dignify.

For coalescent by that band
 We are his body grown,
 Nourished with favors from his hand
 Whom for our head we own.

And such a knot what arm dares loose,
 What life, what death, can sever ?
 Which us in him, and him in us,
 United keeps forever.

THE RAINBOW.

STILL young and fine ! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring
eye

Thy burnisht, flaming arch did first desery !
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did with intente looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower !
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and
fair,

Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air ;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine ! the sure
tie

Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye !
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant, and low, I can in thine see him
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant 'twixt all and One.
O foul, deceitful men ! my God doth keep
His promise still, but we break ours and sleep.
After the Fall, the first sin was in blood,
And drunkenness quickly did succeed the flood ;
But since Christ died (as if we did devise
To lose him too, as well as paradise),
These two grand sins we join and act together,
Though blood and drunkenness make but foul,
foul weather.

Water, though both heaven's windows and the
deep

Full forty days o'er the drowned world did weep,
Could not reform us ; and blood in despite,
Yea, God's own blood, we tread upon and slight.

THE NIGHT.

DEAR night ! this world's defeat ;
The stop to busy fools ; care's check and curb ;
The day of spirits ; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb !

Christ's * progress, and his prayer time ;
The hours to which high heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight :
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night ;
His still, soft call ;

His knocking time ; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice

Is seldom rent ;
Then I in heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To every mire ;
And by this world's ill-guiding light,
Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God, some say,
A deep, but dazzling darkness ; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.

O for that night, where I in him
Might live invisible and dim !

TO HIS BOOKS.

BRIGHT books ! the perspectives to our weak
sights,
The clear projections of discerning lights,
Burning and shining thoughts, man's posthume
day,

The track of fled souls, and their milky way,
The dead alive and busy, the still voice
Of enlarged spirits, kind Heaven's white decoys !
Who lives with you lives like those knowing
flowers

Which in commerce with light spend all their
hours ;

Which shut to clouds, and shadows nicely shun,
But with glad haste unveil to kiss the sun.
Beneath you all is dark, and a dead night,
Which whoso lives in wants both health and sight.

By sucking you, the wise, like bees, do grow
Healing and rich, though this they do most slow,
Because most choicely ; for as great a store
Have we of books as bees of herbs, or more :
And the great task to try, then know, the good,
To discern weeds, and judge of wholesome food,
Is a rare scant performance. For man dies
Oft ere 't is done, while the bee feeds and flies.
But you were all choice flowers ; all set and
dressed

By old sage florists, who well knew the best ;
And I amidst you all am turned a weed,
Not wanting knowledge, but for want of heed.
Then thank thyself, wild fool, that wouldst not be
Content to know — what was too much for thee !

RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD.

WELCOME, pure thoughts and peaceful hours,
Enriched with sunshine and with showers !
Welcome, fair hopes and holy cares,
The not to be repented shares

* Mark i. 35 ; Luke xxi. 37.

Of time and business, the sure road
Unto my last and loved abode!

O supreme Bliss!

The circle, centre, and abyss
Of blessings, never let me miss
Nor leave that path which leads to thee,
Who art alone all things to me!
I hear, I see, all the long day,
The noise and pomp of the "broad way."
I note their coarse and proud approaches,
Their silks, perfumes, and glittering coaches.
But in the "narrow way" to thee
I observe only poverty
And despised things; and, all along,
The ragged, mean, and humble throng
Are still on foot; and, as they go,
They sigh, and say their Lord went so!

Give me my staff, then, as it stood
When green and growing in the wood.
The stones which for the altar served
Might not be smoothed nor finely carved.
With this poor stick I'll pass the ford,
As Jacob did; and thy dear word,
As thou hast dressed it, not as wit
And depraved tastes have poisoned it,
Shall in the passage be my meat,
And none else shall thy servant eat.
Thus, thus, and in no other sort,
Will I set forth, though laughed at for 't;
And, leaving the wise world their way,
Go through, though judged to go astray.

THE BEE.

FROM fruitful beds and flowery borders,
Parcelled to wasteful ranks and orders,
Where state grasps more than plain truth needs,
And wholesome herbs are starved by weeds,
To the wild woods I will be gone,
And the coarse meals of great Saint John.

When truth and piety are missed
Both in the rulers and the priest;
When pity is not cold, but dead,
And the rich eat the poor like bread;
While factious heads, with open coil
And force, first make, then share, the spoil;
To Horeb then Elias goes,
And in the desert grows the rose.

Hail, crystal fountains and fresh shades,
Where no proud look invades,
No busy worldling hunts away
The sad retiree all the day!
Hail, happy, harmless solitude!
Our sanctuary from the rude
And scornful world; the calm recess

Of faith and hope and holiness!
Here something still like Eden looks;
Honey in woods, juleps in brooks;
And flowers, whose rich, unrifed sweets
With a chaste kiss the cool dew greets,
When the toils of the day are done,
And the tired world sets with the sun.
Here flying winds and flowing wells
Are the wise, watchful hermit's bells;
Their busy murmurs all the night
To praise or prayer do invite;
And with an awful sound arrest,
And piously employ his breast.

When in the east the dawn doth blush,
Here cool, fresh spirits the air brush.
Herbs straight get up; flowers peep and spread;
Trees whisper praise, and bow the head;
Birds, from the shades of night released,
Look round about, then quit the nest,
And with united gladness sing
The glory of the morning's King.
The hermit hears, and with meek voice
Offers his own up, and their joys;
Then prays that all the world might be
Blest with as sweet an unity.

If sudden storms the day invade,
They flock about him to the shade,
Where wisely they expect the end,
Giving the tempest time to spend;
And hard by shelters on some bough
Hilarion's servant, the sage crow.

O purer years of light and grace!
Great is the difference, as the space,
'Twixt you and us, who blindly run
After false fires, and leave the sun.
Is not fair Nature of herself
Much richer than dull paint and pelf?
And are not streams at the spring head
More sweet than in carved stone or lead?
But fancy and some artist's tools
Frame a religion for fools.

The truth, which once was plainly taught,
With thorns and briers now is fraught.
Some part is with bold fables spotted,
Some by strange comments wildly blotted;
And discord, old corruption's crest,
With blood and blame have stained the rest.
So snow, which in its first descents
A whiteness like pure heaven presents,
When touched by man is quickly soiled,
And after trodden down and spoiled.

O, lead me where I may be free
In truth and spirit to serve Thee!
Where undisturbed I may converse
With thy great Self; and there rehearse

Thy gifts with thanks; and from thy store,
 Who art all blessings, beg much more.
 Give me the wisdom of the bee,
 And her unwearied industry!
 That, from the wild gourds of these days,
 I may extract health, and thy praise,
 Who canst turn darkness into light,
 And in my weakness show thy might.

Suffer me not in any want
 To seek refreshment from a plant
 Thou didst not set; since all must be
 Plucked up, whose growth is not from thee.
 'T is not the garden and the bowers,
 Nor sense and forms, that give to flowers
 Their wholesomeness; but thy good will,
 Which truth and pureness purchase still.

Then, since corrupt man hath driven hence
 Thy kind and saving influence,
 And balm is no more to be had
 In all the coasts of Gilead,
 Go with me to the shade and cell,
 Where thy best servants once did dwell.
 There let me know thy will, and see
 Exiled religion owned by thee;
 For thou canst turn dark grotts to halls,
 And make hills blossom like the vales,
 Decking their untitled heads with flowers,
 And fresh delights for all sad hours;
 Till from them, like a laden bee,
 I may fly home, and hive with thee!

THOMAS STANLEY.

1625 - 1678.

NOTE TO MOSCHUS.*

ALONG the mead Europa walks,
 To choose the fairest of its gems,
 Which, plucking from their slender stalks,
 She weaves in fragrant diadems.

Where'er the beauteous virgin treads,
 The common people of the field,
 To kiss her feet bowing their heads,
 Homage as to their goddess yield.

'Twixt whom ambitious wars arise,
 Which to the queen shall first present
 A gift Arabian spice outvies,
 The votive offering of their scent.

When deathless Amaranth, this strife
 Greedy by dying to decide,

Begs she would her green thread of life,
 As love's fair destiny, divide.

Pliant Acanthus now the vine
 And ivy enviously beholds,
 Wishing her odorous arms might twine
 About this fair in such strict folds.

The Violet, by her foot oppress,
 Doth from that touch enamored rise,
 But, losing straight what made her blest,
 Hangs down her head, looks pale, and dies.

Clitia, to new devotion won,
 Doth now her former faith deny,
 Sees in her face a double sun,
 And glories in apostasy.

The Gillyflower, which mocks the skies
 (The meadow's painted rainbow), seeks
 A brighter lustre from her eyes,
 And richer scarlet from her cheeks.

The jocund Flower-de-luce appears,
 Because neglected, discontent;
 The morning furnished her with tears;
 Her sighs expiring odors vent.

Narcissus in her eyes, once more,
 Seems his own beauty to admire;
 In water not so clear before,
 As represented now in fire.

The Crocus, who would gladly claim
 A privilege above the rest,
 Begs, with his triple tongue of flame,
 To be transplanted to her breast.

The Hyacinth, in whose pale leaves
 The hand of Nature writ his fate,
 With a glad smile his sigh deceives
 In hopes to be more fortunate.

His head the drowsy Poppy raised,
 Awaked by this approaching morn,
 And viewed her purple light amazed,
 Though his, alas! was but her scorn.

None of this aromatic crowd,
 But for their kind death humbly call,
 Courting her hand, like martyrs proud,
 By so divine a fate to fall.

The royal maid the applause disdains
 Of vulgar flowers, and only chose
 The bashful glory of the plains,
 Sweet daughter of the spring, the Rose.

She, like herself, a queen appears,
 Raised on a verdant thorny throne,
 Guarded by amorous winds, and wears
 A purple robe, a golden crown.

* Stanley here translates a poem of Marino, in which that writer had in his eye the second idyl of Moschus.

CHARLES COTTON.

1630 - 1687.

INVITATION -TO IZAAK WALTON.

WHILST in this cold and blustering clime,
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

WHILST from the most tempestuous nooks
The chilliest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

WHILST all the ills are so improved
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
We would not now wish with us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose
That in a better clime than this
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though Nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly.

A day with not too bright a beam;
A warm, but not a scorching sun;
A southern gale to curl the stream;
And, master, half our work is done.

Then, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then — should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flattering dream.

JOHN DRYDEN.

1631 - 1700.

CHARACTER OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

A MAN so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy;
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, in spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Absalom and Achitophel, Part I.

CHARACTER OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

FOR close designs, and crooked councils fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke;

The pillars of the public safety shook ;
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke :
 Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will !
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own !
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge ;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress ;
 Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
 O, had he been content to serve the crown,
 With virtues only proper to the gown ;
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle, that oppressed the noble seed,
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
 And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.

Absalom and Achitophel, Part I.

CHARACTER OF SLINGSBY BETHEL, WHIG SHERIFF FOR LONDON.

SHIMEI, whose youth did early promise bring
 Of zeal to God and hatred to his king,
 Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
 And never broke the sabbath but for gain :
 Nor was he ever known an oath to vent,
 Or curse, unless against the government.
 Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray :
 The city, to reward his pious hate
 Against his master, chose him magistrate.
 His hand a vane* of justice did uphold ;
 His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
 During his office treason was no crime ;
 The sons of Belial had a glorious time :
 For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
 Yet loved his wicked neighbor as himself.
 When two or three were gathered to declaim
 Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
 Shimei was always in the midst of them :
 And if they cursed the king when he was by,
 Would rather curse than break good company.

Absalom and Achitophel, Part I.

TITUS OATES.

YET, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass ;
 Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,

* Wand.

High as the serpent of thy metal made,
 While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 What, though his birth were base, yet comets rise
 From earthly vapors ere they shine in skies.
 Prodigious actions may as well be done
 By weaver's issue as by prince's son.
 This arch-attestor for the public good
 By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
 Who ever asked the witnesses' high race,
 Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace ?
 Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
 His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
 Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
 Sure signs he neither choleric was nor proud :
 His long chin proved his wit ; his saint-like grace
 A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.
 His memory, miraculously great,
 Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat ;
 Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
 For human wit could never such devise.
 Some future truths are mingled in his book ;
 But where the witness failed, the prophet spoke :
 Some things like visionary flights appear ;
 The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where ;
 And gave him his rabbinical degree,
 Unknown to foreign university.

Absalom and Achitophel, Part I.

CHARACTER OF ELKANAH SETTLE.

DOEG, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blundering kind of melody ;
 Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and
 thin,
 Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in ;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And, in one word, heroically mad :
 He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
 But fagoted his notions as they fell,
 And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well.
 Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
 For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature :
 He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
 All his occasions are to eat and drink.
 If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
 He means you no more mischief than a parrot :
 The words for friend and foe alike were made,
 To fetter 'em in verse is all his trade.

Absalom and Achitophel, Part II.

CHARACTER OF SHADWELL.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
 For here's a tun of midnight work to come,
 Og, from a treason-tavern rolling home.
 Round as a globe, and liquored every chink,
 Goodly and great he sails behind his link ;

With all this bulk there 's nothing lost in Og,
 For every inch, that is not fool, is rogue :
 A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
 As all the devils had spewed to make the batter.
 When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
 He curses God, but God before curst him ;
 And if man could have reason, none has more,
 That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.
 With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
 What 't was of old to pamper up a Jew ;
 To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
 That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel ?
 But though Heaven made him poor (with reverence speaking),

He never was a poet of God's making ;
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
 With this prophetic blessing : Be thou dull ;
 Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 Fit for thy bulk, do anything but write :
 Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
 A strong nativity—but for the pen ;
 Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
 Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink.
 I see, I see, 't is counsel given in vain,
 For treason botched in rhyme will be thy bane,
 Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
 'T is fatal to thy fame and to thy neck :
 Why should thy metre good King David blast ?
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
 Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
 Thou whom the penny pamphlet foiled in prose ?
 Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
 O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade ;
 Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
 A poet is, though he 's the poet's horse.
 A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
 For writing treason, and for writing dull ;
 To die for faction is a common evil,
 But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil :
 Hadst thou the glories of thy king expressed,
 Thy praises had been satire at the best ;
 But thou in clumsy verse, unlicked, unpointed,
 Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed :
 I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
 For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes ?
 But of King David's foes be this the doom,
 May all be like the young man Absalom ;
 And for my foes may this their blessing be,
 To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.

Absalom and Achitophel, Part II.

MAC FLECKNOE.

ALL human things are subject to decay,
 And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
 This Flecknoe* found, who, like Augustus, young

* Richard Flecknoe.

Was called to empire, and had governed long ;
 In prose and verse, was owned, without dispute,
 Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And blessed with issue of a large increase ;
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the state :
 And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit
 To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
 Cried, " 'T is resolved ; for nature pleads, that he
 Should only rule that most resembles me.
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years :
 Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval ;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems designed for thoughtless majesty :
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tautology.
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way ;
 And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggut, came
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.
 My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
 When to King John of Portugal I sung,
 Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
 When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
 With well-timed oars before the royal barge,
 Swelled with the pride of thy celestial charge ;
 And big with hymn, commander of a host,
 The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tossed.
 Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
 The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.

* * *

Now Empress Fame had published the renown
 Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
 Roused by report of Fame, the nations meet,
 From near Bunhill, and distant Watling Street.
 No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
 But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay :
 From dusty shops neglected authors come,
 Martyrs of pies, and relics of the bum.
 Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
 But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way.
 Bilked stationers for yeomen stood prepared,
 And Herringman was captain of the guard.
 The hoary prince in majesty appeared,
 High on a throne of his own labors reared.
 At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
 Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.

His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
 And lambent dulness played around his face.
 As Hannibal did to the altars come,
 Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
 So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
 That he till death true dulness would maintain;
 And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
 Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
 The king himself the sacred unction made,
 As king by office, and as priest by trade.
 In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
 He placed a mighty mug of potent ale;
 Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
 At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway;
 Whose righteous lore the prince had practised
 young,

And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
 His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
 That nodding seemed to consecrate his head.
 Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
 On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
 So Romulus, 't is sung, by Tiber's brook,
 Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
 The admiring throng loud acclamations make,
 And omens of his future empire take.
 The sire then shook the honors of his head,
 And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
 Full on the filial dulness; long he stood,
 Repelling from his breast the raging god;
 At length burst out in this prophetic mood:

Heaven bless my son, from Ireland let him reign
 To far Barbadoes on the western main;
 Of his dominion may no end be known,
 And greater than his father's be his throne;
 Beyond Love's Kingdom* let him stretch his pen!
 He paused, and all the people cried, Amen.

Assalom and Achitophel, Part I.

DRYDEN TO CONGREVE.

TIME, place, and action may with pains be
 wrought;

But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
 This is your portion; this your native store;
 Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
 To Shakespeare gave as much; she could not give
 him more.

Maintain your post: that's all the fame you need;
 For 't is impossible you should proceed.
 Already I am worn with cares and age,
 And just abandoning the ungrateful stage:
 Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
 I live a rent-charge on his providence:
 But you, whom every muse and grace adorn,
 Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
 Be kind to my remains; and O, defend,

* This is the name of that one play of Flecknoe's which was acted, but miscarried in the representation.

Against your judgment, your departed friend!
 Let not the exulting foe my fame pursue,
 But shade those laurels which descend to you;
 And take for tribute what these lines express:
 You merit more; nor could my love do less.

Epistle to Congreve.

DRYDEN'S DISLIKE OF MARRIED LIFE.*

PROMOTING concord, and composing strife,
 Lord of yourself, uncumbered with a wife;
 Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
 Long penitence succeeds a short delight:
 Minds are so hardly matched, that e'en the first,
 Though paired by Heaven, in Paradise were cursed.
 For man and woman, though in one they grow,
 Yet, first or last, return again to two.
 He to God's image, she to his was made;
 So, farther from the fount the stream at random
 strayed.

How could he stand, when, put to double pain,
 He must a weaker than himself sustain!
 Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone;
 Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.

Not that my verse would blemish all the fair;
 But yet if some be bad, 't is wisdom to beware;
 And better shun the bait than struggle in the snare.
 Thus have you shunned, and shun the married state,
 Trusting as little as you can to fate.

Epistle to his Country Kinsman.

ODE TO MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW.

1.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
 Made in the last promotion of the blest;
 Whose palms, new plucked from Paradise,
 In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
 Rich with immortal green above the rest:
 Whether, adopted to some neighboring star,
 Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering race,

Or, in procession fixed and regular,
 Mov'st with the heavens' majestic pace;

Or, called to more superior bliss,
 Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
 Whatever happy region is thy place,
 Cease thy celestial song a little space;
 Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
 Since heaven's eternal year is thine.

Hear then a mortal muse thy praise rehearse,
 In no ignoble verse;

But such as thy own voice did practise here,
 When thy first fruits of Poesy were given;
 To make thyself a welcome inmate there:

While yet a young probationer,
 And candidate of heaven.

* Dryden's wife was high-born, of doubtful purity, expensive, unsympathetic, proud, and stupid.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
 Our wonder is the less to find
 A soul so charming from a stock so good;
 Thy father was transfused into thy blood:
 So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
 An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
 But if thy pre-existing soul
 Was formed, at first, with myriads more,
 It did through all the mighty poets roll,
 Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
 And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
 If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
 Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
 Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
 Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
 Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial
 kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth
 New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here
 'on earth.
 For sure the milder planets did combine
 On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
 And e'en the most malicious were in trine.
 Thy brother-angels at thy birth
 Strung each his lyre, and tuned it high,
 That all the people of the sky
 Might know a poetess was born on earth.
 And then, if ever, mortal ears
 Had heard the music of the spheres.
 And if no clustering swarm of bees
 On thy sweet mouth distilled their golden dew,
 'T was that such vulgar miracles
 Heaven had not leisure to renew:
 For all thy blest fraternity of love
 Solemnized there thy birth, and kept thy holiday
 above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
 Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy?
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debased to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose harmony was first ordained above
 For tongues of angels and for hymns of love?
 O wretched we! why were we hurried down
 This lubrique and adulterate age
 (Nay, added fat pollutions of our own),
 To increase the streaming ordures of the stage?
 What can we say to excuse our second fall?
 Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all:
 Her Arethusian stream remains unsoiled,
 Unmixed with foreign filth, and undefiled;
 Her wit was more than man, her innocence a
 child.

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;
 For nature did that want supply:
 So rich in treasures of her own,
 She might our boasted stores defy:

Such noble vigor did her verse adorn,
 That it seemed borrowed, where 't was only born.
 Her morals too were in her bosom bred,

By great examples daily fed,
 What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
 And to be read herself she need not fear;
 Each test, and every light, her muse will bear,
 Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
 E'en love (for love sometimes her muse exprest)
 Was but a lambent flame which played about her
 breast:

Light as the vapors of a morning dream,
 So cold herself, whilst she such warmth exprest,
 'T was Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

I.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began.
 When nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 Arise, ye more than dead!
 Then cold and hot and moist and dry
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began:
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound.
 Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well:
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger,
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries, Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge! 't is too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

VI.

But O, what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre :
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher :
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above ;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR THE POWER OF
MUSIC. 1697.

I.

'T was at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were placed around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crowned).
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed :
And while he sought her snowy breast :
Then, round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of
the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around :
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
sung,

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face :
Now give the haultboys breath ; he comes, he
comes !

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;

And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he
slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

v.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'T was but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If all the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

vi.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the gallant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to
destroy;

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to
destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

vii.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
 before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

PROLOGUE TO THE TEMPEST.

As, when a tree's cut down, the secret root
 Lives under ground, and thence new branches
 shoot;
 So from old Shakespeare's honored dust, this day
 Springs up and buds a new reviving play:
 Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
 To Fletcher wit, to laboring Jonson art.
 He, monarch-like, gave those, his subjects, law;
 And is that nature which they paint and draw.
 Fletcher reached that which on his heights did
 grow,
 While Jonson crept, and gathered all below.
 This did his love, and this his mirth digest:
 One imitates him most, the other best.
 If they have since outwrit all other men,
 'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespeare's
 pen.
 The storm, which vanished on the neighboring
 shore,
 Was taught by Shakespeare's Tempest first to roar.
 That innocence and beauty, which did smile
 In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle.
 But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
 Within that circle none durst walk but he.
 I must confess 't was bold, nor would you now
 That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
 Which works by magic supernatural things:
 But Shakespeare's power is sacred as a king's.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit every pious mind;
 Come pour thy joys on humankind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.
 O source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promised Paraclete!
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;

Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
 Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
 Whose power does heaven and earth command.
 Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
 Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
 And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!
 Refine and purge our earthly parts;
 But, O, inflame and fire our hearts!
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 Submit the senses to the soul;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
 And lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe:
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name:
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

NOR love is always of a vicious kind,
 But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
 Awakes the sleepy vigor of the soul,
 And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
 Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
 With polished manners, and adorns with arts.
 Love first invented verse, and formed the rhyme,
 The motion measured, harmonized the chime;
 To liberal acts enlarged the narrow-souled,
 Softened the fierce, and made the coward bold:
 The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
 And warring nations reconciled in peace.
 Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
 In this one legend, to their fame designed,
 When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the
 mind.

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
 And every grace, and all the loves, resort;
 Where either sex is formed of softer earth,
 And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
 There lived a Cyprian lord above the rest
 Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue blessed;
 But as no gift of fortune is sincere,
 Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
 His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,

Excelled the rest in shape, and outward show,
 Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion joined,
 But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
 His soul belied the features of his face ;
 Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
 A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
 And stupid eyes that ever loved the ground.
 He looked like nature's error, as the mind
 And body were not of a piece designed,
 But made for two, and by mistake in one were
 joined.

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
 Were exercised in vain on wit's despair ;
 The more informed, the less he understood,
 And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
 Now scorned of all, and grown the public shame,
 The people from Galesus changed his name,
 And Cymon called, which signifies a brute ;
 So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labor lost,
 And care employed, that answered not the cost,
 Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
 And loathed to see what nature made him love ;
 So to his country farm the fool confined ;
 Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
 Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
 A squire among the swains, and pleased with
 banishment.

His corn and cattle were his only care,
 And his supreme delight, a country fair.

It happened on a summer's holiday,
 That to the greenwood shade he took his way ;
 For Cymon shunned the church, and used not
 much to pray.

His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
 Hung half before, and half behind his back.
 He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrained,
 The deep recesses of the grove he gained ;
 Where in a plain defended by the wood,
 Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
 By which an alabaster fountain stood :
 And on the margin of the fount was laid
 (Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
 Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tired with
 sport,

To rest by cool Eurotas they resort :
 The dame herself the goddess well expressed,
 Not more distinguished by her purple vest
 Than by the charming features of her face,
 And, e'en in slumber, a superior grace :
 Her comely limbs composed with decent care,
 Her body shaded with a slight cymar ;
 Her bosom to the view was only bare :
 Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
 For yet their places were but signified :
 The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,

To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose ;
 The fanning wind and purling streams continue
 her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
 And gaping mouth, that testified surprise,
 Fixed on her face, nor could remove his sight,
 New as he was to love, and novice to delight :
 Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
 His wonder witnessed with an idiot laugh ;
 Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering
 sense

First found his want of words, and feared offence :
 Doubted for what he was he should be known,
 By his clown accent and his country tone.
 Through the rude chaos thus the running light
 Shot the first ray that pierced the native night :
 Then day and darkness in the mass were mixed,
 Till gathered in a globe the beams were fixed :
 Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
 Illumined heaven and earth, and rolled around
 the year.

So reason in his brutal soul began,
 Love made him first suspect he was a man ;
 Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound ;
 By love his want of words and wit he found ;
 That sense of want prepared the future way
 To knowledge, and disclosed the promise of a day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
 Could plant with pains in his unpolished heart,
 The best instructor, Love, at once inspired,
 As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fired :
 Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at
 strife,

Soon taught the sweet civilities of life ;
 His gross material soul at once could find
 Somewhat in her excelling all her kind :
 Exciting a desire till then unknown,
 Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
 This made the first impression on his mind,
 Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
 For beast can like, but not distinguish too,
 Nor their own liking by reflection know ;
 Nor why they like or this, or t'other face,
 Or judge of this or that peculiar grace ;
 But love in gross, and stupidly admire :
 As flies, allured by light, approach the fire.
 Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
 First likes the whole, then separates what he sees ;
 On several parts a several praise bestows,
 The ruby lips, the well-proportioned nose,
 The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
 The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
 And e'en in sleep itself, a smiling air.
 From thence his eyes descending viewed the rest,
 Her plump round arms, white hands, and heav-
 ing breast.

Long on the last he dwelt, through every part
 A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown
(A judge erected from a country clown),
He longed to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wished his own could pierce within the lid :
He would have waked her, but restrained his
thought,

And love new-born the first good manners taught.
An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
For such she seemed by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race :
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view :
So checking his desire, with trembling heart
Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could depart ;
Fixed as a pilgrim wildered in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of
day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty called, who caused his care)
Unclosed her eyes, and double day revealed,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were
sealed.

The slavingr cudden, propped upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she : "What makes you, Cymon, here
alone" ?

(For Cymon's name was round the country known,
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face.)

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fixed regard on her new-opened eyes,
And in his breast received the envenomed dart,
A tickling pain that pleased amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and feared his brutal
lust.

This to prevent, she waked her sleepy crew,
And rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essayed,
With proffered service to the parting maid
To see her safe ; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair,
But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confined.

The father wondered at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn ;
But doubtfully received, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his altered will.
Nor was he long delayed : the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dressed,
And, as his birth required, above the rest.

With ease his suit was granted by his sire,

Distinguishing his heir by rich attire :
His body thus adorned, he next designed
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind :
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorred.

Thus the man-child advanced, and learned so
fast,

That in short time his equals he surpassed :
His brutal manners from his breast exiled,
His mien he fashioned, and his tongue he filed ;
In every exercise of all admired,
He seemed, nor only seemed, but was inspired :
Inspired by love, whose business is to please ;
He rode, he fenced, he moved with graceful ease,
More famed for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of altered Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which choked in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brushed away by
love.

Love made an active progress through his mind,
The dusky parts he cleared, the gross refined,
The drowsy waked ; and, as he went, impressed
The Maker's image on the human breast.
Thus was the man amended by desire,
And though he loved perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scanned,
And liked an error of the better hand ;
Excused the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refined :
So Cymon, since his sire indulged his will,
Impetuous loved, and would be Cymon still ;
Galesus he disowned, and chose to bear
The name of fool, confirmed and bishoped by
the fair.

Cymon and Iphigenia.

THE SEA-FIGHT.

Who ever saw a noble sight,
That never viewed a brave sea-fight !
Hang up your bloody colors in the air,
Up with your lights, and your nettings prepare ;
Your merry mates cheer with a lusty bold spright,
Now each man his brindice, and then to the fight.
St. George ! St. George ! we cry,
The shouting Turks reply.
O, now it begins, and the gun-room grows hot,
Ply it with culverin and with small shot ;
Hark, does it not thunder ? no, 't is the guns'
roar,
The neighboring billows are turned into gore ;
Now each man must resolve to die,
For here the coward cannot fly.
Drums and trumpets toll the knell,
And culverins the passing bell.
Now, now they grapple, and now board amain ;

Blow up the hatches, they 're off all again :
Give them a broadside, the dice run at all,
Down comes the mast, and yard and tacklings
fall ;

She grows giddy now, like blind Fortune's wheel,
She sinks there, she sinks, she turns up her keel.
Who ever beheld so noble a sight
As this so brave, so bloody sea-fight !

Amboyne.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

THAT friendship which from withered love doth
shoot,

Like the faint herbage on a rock, wants root ;
Love is a tender amity, refined :
Grafted on friendship, it exalts the mind ;
But when the graff no longer does remain,
The dull stock lives, but never bears again.

Conquest of Granada, Part II.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE, that with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless :
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind ;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away :
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned :
Content with poverty, my soul I arm ;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me
warm.

Translation from Horace.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

A CHANGE so swift what heart did ever feel !
It rushed upon me like a mighty stream,
And bore me in a moment far from shore.
I 've loved away myself ; in one short hour
Already am I gone an age of passion.
Was it his youth, his valor, or success ?
These might, perhaps, be found in other men.
'T was that respect, that awful homage paid me ;
That fearful love which trembled in his eyes,
And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.
But when he spoke, what tender words he said !
So softly that, like flakes of feathered snow,
They melted as they fell.

The Spanish Friar.

LOVE.

Love is that madness which all lovers have ;
But yet 't is sweet and pleasing so to rave.
'T is an enchantment, where the reason's bound ;
But Paradise is in the enchanted ground.
A palace void of envy, cares, and strife ;
Where gentle hours delude so much of life.
To take those charms away, and set me free,
Is but to send me into misery.
And prudence, of whose cure so much you boast,
Restores those pains which that sweet folly lost.

Conquest of Granada, Part II.

HOMER, DANTE, AND MILTON.

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty ; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go ;
To make a third, she joined the other two.

LOVE IN GENTLE AND PASSIONATE NATURES.

Love various minds does variously inspire :
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altars laid ;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade.
A fire which every windy passion blows ;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.

Tyrannic Love.

SAVAGE FREEDOM.

No man has more contempt than I of breath ;
But whence hast thou the right to give me death ?
I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Conquest of Granada, Part I.

FEAR OF DEATH.

As some faint pilgrim, standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er,
And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loath to wade through, and loather to go round :
Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is, and, sighing, pulls it back :
Sometimes resolved to fetch his leap ; and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again :
So I at once
Both heavenly faith and human fear obey ;
And feel before me in an unknown way.
For this blest voyage I with joy prepare,
Yet am ashamed to be a stranger there.

Tyrannic Love.

REASON AND RELIGION.

DIM as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
 To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
 Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as those nightly tapers disappear,
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
 So dies, and so dissolves, in supernatural light.

Religio Laici.

MEN AND CHILDREN.

MEN are but children of a larger growth;
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain;
 And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
 But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
 To the world's open view.

All for Love.

ANTONY'S REMORSE FOR HIS MISUSED LIFE.

BUT I have lost my reason, have disgraced
 The name of soldier with inglorious ease;
 In the full vintage of my flowing honors
 Sat still, and saw it pressed by other hands.
 Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it.
 And purple greatness met my ripened years.
 When first I came to empire, I was borne
 On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs.
 The wish of nations, and the willing world,
 Received me as its pledge of future peace.
 I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
 Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
 And worked against my fortune, chid her from
 me,
 And turned her loose: yet still she came again.
 My careless days and my luxurious nights
 At length have wearied her, and now she's gone;
 Gone, gone, divorced forever. Help me, soldier,
 To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
 Who labored to be wretched. Prithee curse me.

All for Love.

KATHERINE PHILIPS.

1631 - 1664.

A FRIEND.

LOVE, nature's plot, this great creation's soul,
 The being and the harmony of things,

Doth still preserve and propagate the whole,
 From whence man's happiness and safety
 springs:
 The earliest, whitest, blessed'st times did draw
 From her alone their universal law.

Friendship's an abstract of this noble flame,
 'T is love refined and purged from all its
 cross,
 The next to angel's love, if not the same,
 As strong in passion is, though not so gross:
 It antedates a glad eternity,
 And is an heaven in epitome.

Essential honor must be in a friend,
 Not such as every breath fans to and fro;
 But born within, is its own judge and end,
 And dares not sin though sure that none
 should know.
 Where friendship's spoke, honesty's under-
 stood;
 For none can be a friend that is not good.

Thick waters show no images of things;
 Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
 Clearer than crystal or the mountain springs,
 And free from clouds, design, or flattery.
 For vulgar souls no part of friendship share;
 Poets and friends are born to what they are.

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF
ROSCOMMON.

1633 (?) - 1684.

THE MODEST MUSE.

IMMODEST words admit of no defence,
 For want of decency is want of sense.
 What moderate fop would rake the park or
 stews,
 Who among troops of faultless nymphs may
 choose?
 Variety of such, then, is to be found;
 Take then a subject proper to expound,
 But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
 For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
 And such applause it must expect to meet,
 As would some painter busy in a street
 To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
 That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.
 Yet 't is not all to have a subject good;
 It must delight us when 't is understood.
 He that brings fulsome objects to my view
 (As many old have done, and many new),
 With nauseous images my fancy fills,

And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
 Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
 Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
 These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
 As merit gratitude as well as praise.
 But foul descriptions are offensive still,
 Either for being like or being ill.
 For who without a qualm hath ever looked
 On holy garbage, though by Homer cooked?
 Whose railing heroes and whose wounded gods
 Make some suspect he snores as well as nods.
 But I offend — Virgil begins to frown,
 And Horace looks with indignation down :
 My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
 And whom they like implicitly admires.

POETIC INSPIRATION.

I PITY, from my soul, unhappy men,
 Compelled by want to prostitute the pen ;
 Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
 And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead !
 But you, Pompilian, wealthy pampered heirs,
 Who to your country owe your swords and
 cares,

Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
 For rich ill poets are without excuse.
 'Tis very dangerous tampering with the Muse,
 The profit's small, and you have much to lose,
 For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
 Degenerate lines degrade the attainted race.

No poet any passion can excite,
 But what they feel transport them when they
 write.

Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
 And heard the impatient maid divinely rave ?
 I hear her now ; I see her rolling eyes ;
 And panting, "Lo, the god, the god !" she cries :
 With words not hers, and more than human
 sound,

She makes the obedient ghosts peep trembling
 through the ground.

But though we must obey when Heaven com-
 mands,

And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
 Beware what spirit rages in your breast :
 For ten inspired, ten thousand are possessed :
 Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
 And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
 As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
 And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
 Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
 Through every swelling vein a loud retreat :
 So when a Muse propitiously invites,
 Improve her favors, and indulge her flights ;
 But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
 Leave off, and for another summons wait.

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

BUT what a thoughtless animal is man !
 (How very active in his own trepan !)
 For, greedy of physicians' frequent fees,
 From female mellow praise he takes degrees ;
 Struts in a new unlicensed gown, and then
 From saving women falls to killing men.
 Another such had left the nation thin,
 In spite of all the children he brought in.
 His pills as thick as hand grenadoes flew,
 And where they fell, as certainly they slew.

ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

VERSION OF THE DIES IRÆ.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
 As David and the Sibyls say.

What horror will invade the mind,
 When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
 Shall have few venial faults to find !

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
 Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
 And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
 Behold the pale offender rise,
 And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
 The sacred mystic book be read,
 To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne ;
 He makes each secret sin be known,
 And all with shame confess their own.

O then, what interest shall I make
 To save my last important stake,
 When the most just have cause to quake ?

Thou mighty formidable King,
 Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
 Some comfortable pity bring !

Forget not what my ransom cost,
 Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost
 In storms of guilty terror tost.

* * *

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
 My God, my Father, and my Friend,
 Do not forsake me in my end !

Well may they curse their second breath,
 Who rise to a reviving death.
 Thou great Creator of mankind,
 Let guilty man compassion find !

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET.

1637 - 1706.

TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, etc.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, etc.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they used of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, etc.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, etc.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapor, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, etc.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain

Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, etc.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away:
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand or flirt your fan.
With a fa, etc.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sighed with each man's care,
For being so remote;
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played.
With a fa, etc.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honor lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, etc.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, etc.

SATIRE ON EDWARD HOWARD.

THEY lie, dear Ned, who say thy brain is barren,
When deep conceits, like maggots, breed in
carrion.

Thy stumbling foundered jade can trot as high
As any other Pegasus can fly;
So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud
Than all the swift-finned racers of the flood.
As skilful divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those who cannot swim at all,
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.

DORINDA'S SPARKLING WIT AND EYES.

DORINDA'S sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies;
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy ;
 Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace ;
 Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
 That runs his link full in your face.



SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

1639 (?) - 1701.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

AN, Chloris ! that I now could sit
 As unconcerned as when
 Your infant beauty could beget
 No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
 And praised the coming day,
 I little thought the growing fire
 Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 Like metals in the mine ;
 Age from no face took more away,
 Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest,
 Fond Love as unperceived did fly,
 And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 And Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favored you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part :
 To make a lover, he
 Employed the utmost of his art ;
 To make a Beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love
 Uncertain of my fate,
 If your fair self my chains approve,
 I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
 At first disordered be,
 Since none alive can truly tell
 What fortune they must see.

LOVE STILL HAS SOMETHING OF THE SEA.

Love still has something of the sea,
 From whence his mother rose ;
 No time his slaves from doubt can free,
 Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
 And in rough weather tossed ;

They wither under cold delays,
 Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
 Then straight into the main
 Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
 The vessel drives again.

At first Disdain and Pride they fear,
 Which if they chance to 'scape,
 Rivals and Falsehood soon appear,
 In a more cruel shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
 And are so long withstood ;
 So slowly they receive the sun,
 It hardly does them good.

'T is cruel to prolong a pain ;
 And to defer a joy,
 Believe me, gentle Celemene,
 Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears,
 Perhaps, would not remove ;
 And if I gazed a thousand years,
 I could not deeper love.



SONG.

Nor, Celia, that I juster am
 Or better than the rest ;
 For I would change each hour, like them,
 Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
 By every thought I have ;
 Thy face I only care to see,
 Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
 In thy dear self I find, —
 For the whole sex can but afford
 The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
 And still make love anew ?
 When change itself can give no more,
 'T is easy to be true.



JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

1647 - 1680.

CONSTANCY.

I CANNOT change as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn ;
 Since that poor swain that sighs for you
 For you alone was born.

No, Phillis, no; your heart to move
 A surer way I'll try;
 And, to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

When killed with grief Amyntas lies,
 And you to mind shall call
 The sighs that now unpitied rise,
 The tears that vainly fall;
 That welcome hour that ends this smart
 Will then begin your pain,
 For such a faithful tender heart
 Can never break, can never break in vain.

SONG.

Too late, alas! I must confess,
 You need not arts to move me;
 Such charms by nature you possess,
 'T were madness not to love ye.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
 And give my tongue the glory
 To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
 Betray a tender story.

SONG.

My dear mistress has a heart
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
 When, with love's resistless art,
 And her eyes, she did enslave me.
 But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
 She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can warm with kisses.
 Angels listen when she speaks;
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
 But my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

SONG.

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
 To see a wretch pursuing,
 In raptures of a blessed amaze,
 His pleasing happy ruin;
 'T is not for pity that I move;
 His fate is too aspiring,
 Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
 Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
 Your slave from death removing,
 Let me your art of charming know,
 Or learn you mine of loving.

But whether life or death betide,
 In love 't is equal measure;
 The victor lives with empty pride,
 The vanquished die with pleasure.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF
 BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

1649-1721.

POETRY.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
 Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well;
 No writing lifts exalted man so high
 As sacred and soul-moving poesy:
 No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
 And, if well finished, nothing shines so much.
 But Heaven forbid we should be so profane
 To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
 'T is not a flash of fancy, which, sometimes
 Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
 Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
 True wit is everlasting like the sun,
 Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retired,
 Breaks out again, and is by all admired.
 Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound
 Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
 Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
 And all in vain these superficial parts
 Contribute to the structure of the whole;
 Without a genius, too, for that's the soul:
 A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
 As that of nature moves the world about;
 A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
 Even something of divine, and more than wit;
 Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
 Describing all men, but described by none.
 Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the
 brain
 Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
 When I at vacant hours in vain thy absence
 mourn,
 O, where dost thou retire? and why dost thou
 return,
 Sometimes with powerful charms, to hurry me
 away
 From pleasures of the night and business of the
 day?
 Even now too far transported, I am fain
 To check thy course, and use the needful rein,
 As all is dulness when the fancy's bad,
 So without judgment fancy is but mad:
 And judgment has a boundless influence,
 Not only in the choice of words or sense,
 But on the world, on manners, and on men:

Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial useful part
Which gains the head, while t' other wins the
heart.

Essay on Poetry.

THOMAS OTWAY.

1651 - 1685.

BELVIDERA AND JAFFIER.

Enter BELVIDERA.

BELVIDERA. My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
O, smile, as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul!

JAFFIER. As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has, then, my fortune
changed thee?

Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found
thee?

If thou art altered, where shall I have harbor?
Where ease my loaded heart? O, where com-
plain?

BEL. Does this appear like change, or love
decaying,

When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
I joy more in thee

Than did thy mother, when she hugged thee first,
And blessed the gods for all her travail past.

JAFF. Can there in woman be such glorious
faith?

Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love!

BEL. If love be treasure, we 'll be wondrous
rich;

O, lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and every listening planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught.

JAFF. O Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.

Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.

Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these
limbs,

Framed for the tender offices of love,

Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad
(As suddenly we shall be), to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are
strangers,

For charitable succor, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our
heads,

Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

BEL. O, I will love, even in madness love thee!
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head;
And, as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sor-
row,

Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the
morning.

JAFF. Hear this, you heavens, and wonder how
you made her!

Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world;
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you!
I, in my private bark already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
That had, by chance, packed up his choicest
treasure

In one dear casket, and saved only that:
Since I must wander farther on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolved to scorn and trust my fate no more.

Venice Preserved.

DESCRIPTION OF MORNING.

WISHED Morning's come; and now upon the
plains

And distant mountains, where they feed their
flocks,

The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-filled scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him
fruits.

The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weathered out the cold bleak night, are up;

And, looking towards the neighboring pastures,
raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good
morrow.
The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

The Orphan.

JAFFIER PARTING WITH BELVIDERA.

THEN hear me, bounteous Heaven,
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand: let peace,
Honor, and safety always hover round her:
Feed her with plenty; let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her
virtue,

To bear the loss of one that too much loved;
And comfort her with patience in our parting.

Venice Preserved.

CASTALIO TO MONIMIA.

WHERE am I? Sure I wander midst enchant-
ment,

And nevermore shall find the way to rest.
But, O Monimia! art thou indeed resolved
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already!
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach
Sighing to winds and to the seas complaining;
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embarked?
Wilt thou not turn? O, could those eyes but
speak!

I should know all, for love is pregnant in them!
They swell, they press their beams upon me still!
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part forever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself with, while my heart is break-
ing.

The Orphan.

CASTALIO'S CURSE ON WOMANKIND.

I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman.
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was 't betrayed the capitol? A woman.
Who lost Marc Antony the world? A woman.
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
Woman to man first as a blessing given,
When innocence and love were in their prime;

Happy awhile in Paradise they lay,
But quickly woman longed to go astray;
Some foolish, new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw, she changed her love;
To his temptations lowly she inclined
Her soul, and for an apple damned mankind!

The Orphan.

PRIULI TO BELVIDERA.

I 'LL henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Nevermore thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth, that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er
thee.

Venice Preserved.

THOMAS SOUTHERN.

1660 - 1746.

ISABELLA AND BIRON.

ISABELLA, *thinking that her husband, BIRON, is
dead, marries VILLEROY.*

ISABELLA, NURSE.

NURSE. Madam, the gentleman's below.

ISABELLA. I had forgot; pray let me speak
with him.

This ring was the first present of my love
To Biron, my first husband; I must blush
To think I have a second. Biron died
(Still to my loss) at Candy; there's my hope.
O, do I live to hope that he died there?
It must be so; he's dead, and this ring left,
By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,
To bring me back again;
That's all I have to trust to.

Enter BIRON. ISABELLA looking at him.

My fears were woman's — I have viewed him all;
And let me, let me say it to myself,
I live again, and rise but from his tomb.

BIRON. Have you forgot me quite?

ISA. Forgot you!

BIR. Then farewell my disguise, and my mis-
fortunes!

My Isabella!

(He goes to her; she shrieks, and faints.)

ISA. Ha!

BIR. O, come again;

Thy Biron summons thee to life and love;
Thy once-loved, ever-loving husband calls, —
Thy Biron speaks to thee.
Excess of love and joy, for my return,
Has overpowered her. I was to blame
To take thy sex's softness unprepared;
But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,

This ecstasy has made my welcome more
Than words could say. Words may be counter-
feit,

False coined, and current only from the tongue,
Without the mind; but passion's in the soul,
And always speaks the heart.

ISA. Where have I been? Why do you keep
him from me?

I know his voice; my life, upon the wing,
Hears the soft lure that brings me back again;
'T is he himself, my Biron.

Do I hold you fast,
Never to part again?

If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms.

BIR. Live ever in these arms.

ISA. But pardon me;

Excuse the wild disorder of my soul;
The joy, the strange surprising joy of seeing you,
Of seeing you again, distracted me.

BIR. Thou everlasting goodness!

ISA. Answer me:

What hand of Providence has brought you back
To your own home again?
O, tell me all,

For every thought confounds me.

BIR. My best life! at leisure all.

ISA. We thought you dead; killed at the
siege of Candy.

BIR. There I fell among the dead;

But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,
I was preserved but to be made a slave.

I often writ to my hard father, but never had
An answer; I writ to thee too.

ISA. What a world of woe

Had been prevented but in hearing from you!

BIR. Alas! thou couldst not help me.

ISA. You do not know how much I could
have done;

At least, I'm sure I could have suffered all;
I would have sold myself to slavery,
Without redemption; given up my child,
The dearest part of me, to basest wants.

BIR. My little boy!

ISA. My life, but to have heard
You were alive.

BIR. No more, my love; complaining of the
past,

We lose the present joy. 'T is over price
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again!
I have a thousand things to say to thee.

ISA. Would I were past the hearing. (*Aside.*)

BIR. How does my child, my boy, my father
too?

I hear he's living still.

ISA. Well, both; both well;

And may he prove a father to your hopes,
Though we have found him none.

BIR. Come, no more tears.

ISA. Seven long years of sorrow for your loss
Have mourned with me.

BIR. And all my days to come
Shall be employed in a kind recompense
For thy afflictions. Can't I see my boy?

ISA. He's gone to bed; I'll have him brought
to you.

BIR. To-morrow I shall see him; I want rest
Myself, after this weary pilgrimage.

ISA. Alas! what shall I get for you?

BIR. Nothing but rest, my love. To-night I
would not

Be known, if possible, to your family:
I see my nurse is with you; her welcome
Would be tedious at this time;

To-morrow will do better.

ISA. I'll dispose of her; and order everything
As you would have it. [*Exit.*]

BIR. Grant me but life, good Heaven, and
give the means

To make this wondrous goodness some amends;
And let me then forget her, if I can.

O, she deserves of me much more than I
Can lose for her, though I again could venture
A father and his fortune for her love!

You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons.
What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
Compared to this, my heartfelt happiness?

What has she, in my absence, undergone?
I must not think of that; it drives me back
Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.

Enter ISABELLA.

ISA. I have obeyed your pleasure;
Everything is ready for you.

BIR. I can want nothing here; possessing thee,
All my desires are carried to their aim
Of happiness; there's no room for a wish,
But to continue still this blessing to me;
I know the way, my love. I shall sleep sound.

ISA. Shall I attend you?

BIR. By no means;

I've been so long a slave to others' pride,
To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;
You'll make haste after?

ISA. I'll but say my prayers, and follow you.
[*Exit BIRON.*]

My prayers! no, I must never pray again.
Prayers have their blessings, to reward our hopes,
But I have nothing left to hope for more.
What Heaven could give I have enjoyed; but
now

The baneful planet rises on my fate,
And what's to come is a long life of woe;
Yet I may shorten it.
I promised him to follow — him!

Is he without a name? Biron, my husband —
My husband! (*Weeping.*)

What's to be done? for something must be done.
Two husbands! married to both,
And yet a wife to neither. Hold, my brain —
Ha! a lucky thought
Works the right way to rid me of them all;
All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,
That every tongue and finger will find for me.
Let the just horror of my apprehensions
But keep me warm; no matter what can come.
'Tis but a blow; yet I will see him first,
Have a last look, to heighten my despair,
And then to rest forever.

The Fatal Marriage.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

1664 - 1721.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS shunned his fellow swains,
Their rural sports, and jocund strains,
(Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks;
And wandering through the lonely rocks,
He nourished endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came:
His grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal cause all kindly seek;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He sighed, but would not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest;
And she too kind concern expressed,
And asked the reason of his woe;
She asked, but with an air and mien,
That made it easily foreseen,
She feared too much to know.

The shepherd raised his mournful head;
"And will you pardon me," he said,
"While I the cruel truth reveal,
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?"

"'T is thus I rove, 't is thus complain,
Since you appeared upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care:
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
I love and I despair."

"Too much, Alexis, I have heard;
'T is what I thought; 't is what I feared:
And yet I pardon you," she cried;
"But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain."
He bowed, obeyed, and died!

CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

In heaven, one holiday, you read
In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew heedless Cupid in, to throw
A main, to pass an hour or so;
The little Trojan, by the way,
By Hermes taught, played all the play.
The god unhappily engaged,
By nature rash, by play enraged,
Complained and sighed and cried and fretted;
Lost every earthly thing he betted:
In ready-money, all the store
Picked up long since from Danaë's shower;
A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierced with diamond darts;
His ninepins made of myrtle-wood
(The tree in Ida's forest stood);
His bowl pure gold, the very same
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
Two table-books in shagreen covers,
Filled with good verse from real lovers;
Merchandise rare! a billet-doux,
Its matter passionate, yet true;
Heaps of hair-rings, and ciphered seals;
Rich trifles; serious bagatelles.

What sad disorders play begets!
Desperate and mad, at length he sets
Those darts whose points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his power;
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise: those darts — "Come, seven's the main,"
Cries Ganymede; the usual trick;
Seven, slur a six; eleven, a nick.

Ill news go fast: 't was quickly known
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew:
Too late she found the thing too true.
Guess how the goddess greets her son:
"Come hither, sirrah! no, begone;
And, hark ye, is it so indeed?
A comrade you for Ganymede!
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page;
A scandal and a scourge to Troy;
A prince's son! a blackguard boy;
A sharper, that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.
All heaven is by the ears together,
Since first that little rogue came hither;
Juno herself has had no peace:

And truly I've been favored less :
For Jove, as Fame reports (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name),
Has acted ill for such a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.

"And thou, unhappy child," she said
(Her anger by her grief allayed),
"Unhappy child, who thus hast lost
All the estate we e'er could boast,
Whither, O, whither wilt thou run,
Thy name despised, thy weakness known ?
Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crowned ;
Nor shall thy power in heaven be owned ;
When thou nor man nor god canst wound."

Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,
"Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide :
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble :
Yet why this great excess of trouble ?
The dice were false : the darts are gone :
Yet how are you or I undone ?

"The loss of these I can supply
With keener shafts from Chloe's eye :
Fear not we e'er can be disgraced,
While that bright magazine shall last.
Your crowded altars still shall smoke ;
And man your friendly aid invoke :
Jove shall again revere your power,
And rise a swan, or fall a shower."

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I the other day
Walked o'er the sand-hills to the sea ;
The setting sun adorned the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost ;
And on the surface of the deep
The winds lay only not asleep.
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair ;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air :
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, O the change ! the winds grow high ;
Impending tempests charge the sky ;
The lightning flies ; the thunder roars ;
And big waves lash the frightened shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head and wings her flight ;
And trembling vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore or view the main.

"Once more at least look back," said I ;
"Thyself in that large glass descry ;
When thou art in good-humor dressed,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee.
'T is then that with delight I rove

Upon the boundless depth of love ;
I bless my chain, I hand my oar ;
Nor think on all I left on shore.

"But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear ;
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh ;
'T is then thou art yon angry main,
Deformed by winds and dashed by rain ;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labors less than I.

"Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make ;
While Love and Fate still drive me back ;
Forced to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die !"

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER.

Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know
the Grève,

The fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave ;
Where honor and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet ;
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had
put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but
began ;
There the squire of the pad and the knight of
the post
Find their pains no more balked and their hopes
no more crossed.

Derry down, etc.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets
are known ;
And the king and the law and the thief has his
own ;
But my hearers cry out : "What a deuce dost
thou ail ?

Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale."
Derry down, etc.

'T was there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false-witness, to back a bad
cause,

A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear ;
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier ?

Derry down, etc.

The squire, whose good grace was to open the
scene,
Seemed not in great haste that the show should
begin ;

Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.

Derry down, etc.

"What frightens you thus, my good son?" says
the priest;
"You murdered, are sorry, and have been con-
fessed."
"O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 't was not that I murdered, but that I was
taken."

Derry down, etc.

"Pugh! prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such
fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint
Francis;
If the money you promised be brought to the
chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.

Derry down, etc.

"And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend; to-day is your period of sor-
row;
And things will go better, believe me, to-mor-
row."

Derry down, etc.

"To-morrow?" our hero replied in a fright:
"He that's hanged before noon ought to think
of to-night."
"Tell your beads," quoth the priest, "and be
fairly trussed up,
For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup."

Derry down, etc.

"Alas!" quoth the squire, "howe'er sumptuous
the treat,
Parbleu, I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favor and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place."

Derry down, etc.

"That I would," quoth the father, "and thank
you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must
suit.
The feast I proposed to you I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is marked for a fast."

Derry down, etc.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said:
"Despatch me, I prithee, this troublesome blade:
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die."

Derry down, etc.

OUR HOPES, LIKE TOWERING FALCONS, AIM.

OUR hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height;
But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight.

The worthless prey but only shews
The joy consisted in the strife;
Whate'er we take, as soon we lose
In Homer's riddle and in life.

So, whilst in feverish sleeps we think
We taste what waking we desire,
The dream is better than the drink,
Which only feeds the sickly fire.

To the mind's eye things well appear,
At distance through an artful glass;
Bring but the flattering objects near,
They're all a senseless gloomy mass.

Seeing aright, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.

AN EPITAPH ON A STUPID COUPLE.

INTERRED beneath this marble stone,
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple just the same.
They walked and ate, good folks: What then?
Why, then they walked and ate again;
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day.

Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seemed just tallied for each other.
Their Moral and Economy
Most perfectly they made agree;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespassed on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punished nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid:
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder filled his stable,
And sluttish plenty decked her table.
Their beer was strong, their wine was port,
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Their meal was large, their grace was short,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt;
For which they claimed their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe.

No man's good deeds did they commend,
 So never raised themselves a friend.
 Nor cherished they relations poor,
 That might decrease their present store;
 Nor barn nor house did they repair,
 That might oblige their future heir.
 They neither added nor confounded;
 They neither wanted nor abounded.
 Nor tear nor smile did they employ
 At news of public grief or joy.
 When bells were rung and bonfires made,
 If asked, they ne'er denied their aid;
 Their jug was to the ringers carried,
 Whoever either died or married.
 Their billet at the fire was found,
 Whoever was deposed or crowned.
 Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,
 They would not learn, nor could advise;
 Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
 They led — a kind of — as it were;
 Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor cried;
 And so they lived, and so they died.

KING WILLIAM AND HIS DEAD QUEEN.

THY virtue, whose resistless force
 No dire event could ever stay,
 Must carry on its destined course,
 Though Death and Envy stop the way.
 For Britain's sake, for Belgia's, live:
 Pierced by their grief, forget thy own:
 New toils endure; new conquest give;
 And bring them ease, though thou hast none.
 Vanquish again; though she be gone,
 Whose garland crowned the victor's hair;
 And reign, though she has left the throne,
 Who made thy glory worth thy care.
 Fair Britain never yet before
 Breathed to her king a useless prayer;
 Fond Belgia never did implore,
 While William turned averse his ear.
 But should the weeping hero now
 Relentless to their wishes prove;
 Should he recall, with pleasing woe,
 The object of his grief and love;
 Her face with thousand beauties blest,
 Her mind with thousand virtues stored,
 Her power with boundless joy confest,
 Her person only not adored:
 Yet ought his sorrow to be checked,
 Yet ought his passions to abate:
 If the great mourner would reflect,
 Her glory in her death complete.

She was instructed to command,
 Great king, by long obeying thee:
 Her sceptre, guided by thy hand,
 Preserved the isles and ruled the sea.

But, O, 't was little that her life
 O'er earth and water bears thy fame:
 In death, 't was worthy William's wife
 Amidst the stars to fix his name.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
 Receives its forms, thy virtues roll:
 From Mary's glory angels trace
 The beauty of her partner's soul.

Wise Fate, which does its heaven decree
 To heroes, when they yield their breath,
 Hastens thy triumph. Half of thee
 Is deified before thy death.

TO CLOE.

THE god of us verse-men (you know, child), the
 sun,
 How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
 If at morning o'er earth 't is his fancy to run,
 At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.
 So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
 To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way;
 They werewith my visits, but thou art my home.
 Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war;
 And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree:
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
 His spouse is in despair:
 With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
 They both express their care.

"A different cause," says Parson Sly,
 "The same effect may give:
 Poor Lubin fears that he shall die;
 His wife, that he may live."

PHILLIS'S AGE.

How old may Phillis be, you ask,
 Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
 To answer is no easy task:
 For she has really two ages.
 Stiff in brocade, and pinched in stays,
 Her patches, paint, and jewels on;

All day let envy view her face,
And Phillis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day belied;
And Phillis is some forty-three.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

I SENT for Ratcliffe; was so ill
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warmed the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY,

FIVE YEARS OLD, MDCCIV., THE AUTHOR THEN
FORTY.

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band,
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms beds
With all the tender things I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair,

She may receive and own my flame;
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

THUS Kitty,* beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflamed:

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordained;
And sorely vexed to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reigned:

"Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails, forsaken?
Kitty's for other things designed,
Or I am much mistaken.

"Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

"What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

"Dearest mamma! for once let me,
Unchained, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she,†
Or know the reason why.

"I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loosed before;
She, I was loosed at all."

Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

VENUS'S ADVICE TO THE MUSES.

THUS to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame:
"Adorn my altars, and revere my name.
My son shall else assume his potent darts,
Twang goes the bow, my girls; have at your
hearts?"

The Muses answered: "Venus, we deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride;
Send him to nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade;
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look,
On the instructive verse and moral book;
On female idleness his power relies;
But, when he finds us studying hard, he flies."

* Lady Catharine Hyde, late Duchess of Queensberry.

† The Earl of Essex married Lady Jane Hyde.

THE OLD GENTRY.

THAT all from Adam first began,
None but ungodly Woolston doubts;
And that his son, and his son's son,
Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Each, when his rustic pains began,
To merit pleaded equal right;
'T was only who left off at noon,
Or who went on to work till night.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favor to a court's affection;
By nature we are Adam's sons,
And sons of Anstis* by election.

Kingsale! eight hundred years have rolled,
Since thy forefathers held the plough;
When this in story shall be told,
Add, that my kindred do so now.

The man who by his labor gets
His bread, in independent state,
Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix or change his fate.

ABRA.

ANOTHER nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watched my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, she so was called, did soonest haste
To grace my presence; Abra went the last;
Abra was ready ere I called her name;
And, though I called another, Abra came.

Solomon on the Vanity of the World.

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Matt, alive and in health, of his tombstone took
care;

For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.

Then take Matt's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great
fears,

In a life party-colored, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;

* Garter King at Arms.

In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was
he!

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round, as the wheel turned
about,

He found riches had wings, and knew man was
but dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Matt may be killed, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Matt may yet chance to be hanged or be
drowned.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not — yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

EPITAPH EXTEMPORE.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

JOHN NORRIS.*

1657-1711.

SUPERSTITION.

I CARE not, though it be
By the preciser sort thought popery;
We poets can a license show
For everything we do.
Hear, then, my little saint, I'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind
Amidst its various joys can leisure find
To attend to anything so low
As what I say or do,
Regard, and be what thou wast ever — kind.

* We place this Christian Platonist here, because he wrote under poetic impulses strangely at variance with the wits and poets of his period. He is said to have succeeded "holy George Herbert" in the cure of Bemerton. He ranks among the most thoughtful of English divines. It was he who suggested to Blair and Campbell one of the most striking comparisons in English poetry: —

"Like angels' visits, short and bright."

Let not the blessed above
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove;
Fain would I thy sweet image see,
And sit and talk with thee;
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah! what delight 't would be
Wouldst thou sometimes, by stealth, converse
with me!

How should I thy sweet commune prize,
And other joys despise;
Come, then, I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain
Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in
pain;
Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know
Of thy escape below;
Before thou'rt missed thou shouldst return again.

Sure heaven must needs thy love
As well as other qualities improve;
Come, then, and recreate my sight
With rays of thy pure light;
'T will cheer my eyes more than the lamps above.

But if fate's so severe,
As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere
(And by thy absence I shall know
Whether thy state be so),
Live happy, but be mindful of me there.

A HYMN UPON THE TRANSFIGURATION.

HAIL! King of glory, clad in robes of light,
Outshining all we here call bright!
Hail, light's divinest galaxy!
Hail, express image of the Deity!
Could now thy amorous spouse thy beauties
view,

How would her wounds all bleed anew!
Lovely thou art, all o'er and bright,
Thou Israel's glory, and thou Gentile's light.

But whence this brightness, whence this sudden
day?

Who did thee thus with light array?
Did thy divinity dispense
To its consort a more liberal influence?
Or did some curious angel's chymic art
The spirits of purest light impart,
Drawn from the native spring of day,
And wrought into an organized ray.

Howe'er 't was done, 't is glorious and divine;
Thou dost with radiant wonders shine:
The sun, with his bright company,
Are all gross meteors, if compared to thee:

Thou art the fountain whence their light does
flow,
But to thy will thine own dost owe;
For (as at first) thou didst but say,
"Let there be light," and straight sprang forth
this wondrous day.

Let now the eastern princes come, and bring
Their tributary offering.
There needs no star to guide their flight;
They'll find thee now, great King, by thine own
light.

And thou, my soul, adore, love, and admire,
And follow this bright guide of fire.
Do thou thy hymns and praises bring,
Whilst angels, with veiled faces, anthems sing.

THE MEDITATION.

It must be done, my soul, but 't is a strange,
A dismal and mysterious change,
When thou shalt leave this tenement of clay,
And to an unknown somewhere wing away;
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou
know'st not how.

Amazing state! no wonder that we dread
To think of death, or view the dead;
Thou'rt all wrapped up in clouds, as if to thee
Our very knowledge had antipathy.
Death could not a more sad retinue find —
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all be-
hind.

Some courteous ghost tell this great secrecy, —
What 't is you are and we must be;
You warn us of approaching death; and why
May we not know from you what 't is to die?
But you, having shot the gulf, delight to see
Succeeding souls plunge in with like uncertainty.

When life's close knot, by writ from destiny,
Disease shall cut or age untie;
When after some delays, some dying strife,
The soul stands shivering on the ridge of life;
With what a dreadful curiosity
Does she launch out into the sea of vast eter-
nity.

So when the spacious globe was deluged o'er,
And lower holds could save no more;
On the utmost bough the astonished sinners
stood,
And viewed the advances of the encroaching
flood;
O'ertopped at length by the element's increase,
With horror they resigned to the untried abyss.

JOHN POMFRET.

1667-1703.

A POET'S IDEAL OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend:
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great;
Better, if on a rising ground it stood,
On this side fields, on that a neighboring wood.
It should within no other things contain
But what are useful, necessary, plain;
Methinks 't is nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure,
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by;
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes or sycamores should grow;
At the end of which a silent study placed
Should be with all the noblest authors graced:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew;
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel,
His thoughts so tender, and expressed so well;
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteemed for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise;
For sure no minutes bring us more content
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great;
As much as I could moderately spend,
A little more sometimes, 't oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be relieved with what my wants could spare;

For that our Maker has too largely given
Should be returned in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread;
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger and the neighboring poor:
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases and inflames the blood.
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

CUSTOM.

WE seldom use our liberty aright,
Nor judge of things by universal light:
Our prepossessions and affections bind
The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind;
And if self-interest be but in the case,
Our unexamined principles may pass!
Good Heavens! that man should thus himself
deceive,

To learn on credit, and on trust believe!
Better the mind no notions had retained,
But still a fair, unwritten blank remained:
For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,
Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
Errors, contracted in unmindful youth,
When once removed will smoothe the way to truth;
To dispossess the child the mortal lives,
But death approaches ere the man arrives.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

1667-1744.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.

A SET of phrases learned by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play, to laugh or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Has every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight would put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endured,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In choosing lace, a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute,
What linen best the silk will suit,

What colors each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
Can dexterously her husband tease,
By taking fits when'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious like a man.

In party, furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory sour,
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain,
And, to defend the Whiggish cause,
Her topics from the Tories draws.

ON POETRY.

A RHAPSODY.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assigned
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A foundered horse will oft debate,
Before he tries a five-barred gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by Folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Not empire to the rising sun
By valor, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates,

For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.

* * *

What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets laws make no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision;
Of state affairs you cannot smatter,
And awkward when you try to flatter.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
This day's arrived, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reck
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers strown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigor,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be matched in modern reading,
But by his namesake, Charles of Sweden.

FROM "ON THE DEATH OF DEAN SWIFT."

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 't is hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See, how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he 's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.

"For poetry he 's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there 's no talking to some men!"

And then their tenderness appears,
By adding largely to my years;
He 's older than he would be reckoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he 's quite another thing:

I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"

* * *

My good companions, never fear;
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?" "He 's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
"He hardly breathes." "The Dean is dead."

Before the passing bell begun
The news through half the town is run.
"O, may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who 's his heir?"
"I know no more than what the news is;
'T is all bequeathed to public uses."
"To public uses! there 's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now, Grub-Street wits are all employed;
With elegies the town is cloyed:
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame:
"We must confess, his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
He might have lived these twenty years;
For, when we opened him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound."

From Dublin soon to London spread,
'T is told at court, "The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 't is time he should.
He 's dead, you say; then let him rot:
I 'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then;
But now, as consort of the king,
You know, 't is quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I 'm sorry for the news:
O, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains :
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains !
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
 He 'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters :
 Revive the libels born to die ;

Which Pope must bear, as well as I.
 Here shift the scene, to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 " I 'm sorry — but we all must die ! "

Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
 All fortitude of mind supplies :
 For how can stony bowels melt
 In those who never pity felt !
 When we are lashed, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortured with suspense and fear ;
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approached, to stand between :
 The screen removed, their hearts are trembling ;
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learned to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps :
 " The Dean is dead : (Pray what is trumps ?)
 Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !
 (Ladies, I 'll venture for the vole.)
 Six deans, they say, must bear the pall :
 (I wish I knew what king to call.)
 Madam, your husband will attend
 The funeral of so good a friend.
 No, madam, 't is a shocking sight :
 And he 's engaged to-morrow night :
 My Lady Club will take it ill,
 If he should fail her at quadrille.
 He loved the Dean — (I lead a heart,)
 But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 His time was come : he ran his race ;
 We hope he 's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die ?
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past ; a different scene !
 No further mention of the Dean ;
 Who now, alas ! no more is missed
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where 's now this favorite of Apollo !
 Departed, — and his works must follow ;
 Must undergo the common fate ;
 His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
 Inquires for " Swift in Verse and Prose."

Says Lintot, " I have heard the name ;
 He died a year ago." " The same."
 He searches all the shop in vain.
 " Sir, you may find them in Duck Lane ;
 I sent them with a load of books,
 Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.
 To fancy they could live a year !
 I find you 're but a stranger here.
 The Dean was famous in his time,
 And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 His way of writing now is past ;
 The town has got a better taste ;
 I keep no antiquated stuff,
 But spick and span I have enough.
 Pray do but give me leave to show 'em :
 Here 's Colley Cibber's birthday poem.
 This ode you never yet have seen,
 By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.
 Then here 's a letter finely penned
 Against the Craftsman and his friend ;
 It clearly shows that all reflection
 On ministers is disaffection.
 Next, here 's Sir Robert's vindication,
 And Mr. Henley's last oration.
 The hawkers have not got them yet ;
 Your honor please to buy a set ?

* * *

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

IMITATED FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
 The saints would often leave their cells,
 And stroll about, but hide their quality,
 To try good people's hospitality.

It happened on a winter night
 (As authors of the legend write),
 Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
 Taking their tour in masquerade,
 Disguised in tattered habits, went
 To a small village down in Kent ;
 Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
 They begged from door to door in vain ;
 Tried every tone might pity win,
 But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints, in woful state,
 Treated at this ungodly rate,
 Having through all the village past,
 To a small cottage came at last,
 Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
 Called in the neighborhood Philemon,
 Who kindly did the saints invite
 In his poor hut to pass the night.
 And then the hospitable sire
 Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,
 While he from out the chimney took,
 A fitch of bacon off the hook,
 And freely from the fattest side

Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepped aside to fetch them drink,
Filled a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what was wonderful) they found
'T was still replenished to the top,
As if they ne'er had touched a drop.
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed:
For both were frightened to the heart,
And just began to cry, "What art?"
Then softly turned aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on 't,
Told them their calling and their errant:
"Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said;
"No hurt shall come to you or yours;
But, for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drowned:
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."

They scarce had spoke, when, fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climbed slowly after.

The chimney widened, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist;
But with the up-side down, to show
Its inclination for below:

In vain; for some superior force,
Applied at bottom, stops its course;
Doomed ever in suspense to dwell,
'T is now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels:
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower;
The flier, which, though 't had leaden feet,
Turned round so quick you scarce could see it,
Now, slackened by some secret power,
Can hardly move an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple reared,
Became a clock, and still adhered;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares;
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair was seen to crawl,

Like a huge snail, half up the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance changed,
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seemed to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter;
And high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our grandsires wont to use,
Was metamorphosed into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees;
The hermits then desire their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused awhile,
Returned them thanks in homely style;
Then said, "My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine:
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson, if you please."
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve:
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;
But being old, continued just
As threadbare and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues;
Could smoke his pipe, and read the news:
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamped in the preface and the text:
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wished women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrowed last:
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine:
Found his head filled with many a system,
But classic authors — he ne'er missed them.

Thus having furbished up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they played their farce on:
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners, edged with Colberteen:
Her petticoat, transformed apace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;

'T was Madam, in her program gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes :
Amazed to see her look so prim ;
And she admired as much at him.

Thus, happy in their change of life,
Were several years the man and wife :
When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the churchyard to fetch a walk ;
When Baucis hastily cried out,
" My dear, I see your forehead sprout !"
" Sprout," quoth the man, " what's this you tell us ?
I hope you don't believe me jealous ?
But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
And really yours is budding too —
Nay — now I cannot stir my foot ;
It feels as if 't were taking root."

Description would but tire my Muse ;
In short, they both were turned to yews.

Old Goodman Dobson, of the green,
Remembers he the trees hath seen ;
He 'll talk of them from noon to night,
And goes with folks to show the sight ;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there ;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew.
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down ;
At which 't is hard to be believed
How much the other tree was grieved ;
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted ;
So the next parson stubbed and burnt it.

THE JUDICIAL COURT OF VENUS.

BUT since the case appeared so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by the king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order ; on the left, the Graces :
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft were seen to frown ;
The Graces, half ashamed, looked down ;
And 't was observed, there were but few
Of either sex among the crew
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see
Things were not ripe for a decree ;
And said she must consult her books,
The lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckoned
To turn to Ovid, book the second :
She then referred them to a place

In Virgil, *vide* Dido's case :
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never passed for law in courts :
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.

There was on both sides much to say :
She 'd hear the cause another day ;
And so she did ; and then a third ;
She heard it — there she kept her word :
But, with rejoinders, or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuffed with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join :
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

Cadenus and Vanessa.

THE BIRTH AND BREEDING OF VANESSA.

IN a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produced on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself :

" Since men allege, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind
Which raise a flame that will endure
Forever uncorrupt and pure ;
If 't is with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I 'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells :
What preachers talk, or sages write,
These will I gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind."

This said, she plucks in heaven's high bowers
A sprig of amaranthine flowers.
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refined in Titan's rays ;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid :
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes :
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains :
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes ;
Where never blush was called in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand ;
They blush because they understand.

The Graces next would act their part,
And showed but little of their art ;
Their work was half already done,

The child with native beauty shone;
 The outward form no help required:
 Each, breathing on her thrice, inspired
 That gentle, soft, engaging air,
 Which in old times adorned the fair:
 And said, "Vanessa be the name
 By which thou shalt be known to fame:
 Vanessa, by the gods enrolled:
 Her name on earth shall not be told."

Cadenus and Vanessa.

LEARNING AS A SHIELD FROM THE ATTACKS OF LOVE.

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
 To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
 On Pallas all attempts are vain:
 One way he knows to give her pain;
 Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
 Due vengeance, for her patron's sake;
 Those early seeds by Venus sown,
 In spite of Pallas now were grown;
 And Cupid hoped they would improve
 By time, and ripen into love.
 The boy made use of all his craft,
 In vain discharging many a shaft,
 Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:
 Cadenus warded off the blows;
 For, placing still some book betwixt,
 The darts were in the cover fixed,
 Or often blunted and recoiled,
 On Plutarch's Moral struck, were spoiled.

Cadenus and Vanessa.

LOVE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Love can with speech inspire a mute,
 And taught Vanessa to dispute.
 This topic, never touched before,
 Displayed her eloquence the more:
 Her knowledge, with such pains acquired,
 By this new passion grew inspired;
 Through this she made all objects pass,
 Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
 As rivers, though they bend and twine,
 Still to the sea their course incline:
 Or, as philosophers who find
 Some favorite system to their mind,
 In every point to make it fit,
 Will force all nature to submit.

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
 His lessons would have such effect,
 Or be so artfully applied,
 Insensibly came on her side.
 It was an unforeseen event;
 Things took a turn he never meant.
 Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
 Appears a hero in our eyes;

Each girl, when pleased with what is taught,
 Will have the teacher in her thought.
 When miss delights in her spinet,
 A fiddler may a fortune get;
 A blockhead, with melodious voice,
 In boarding-schools may have his choice:
 And oft the dancing-master's art
 Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
 In learning let a nymph delight,
 The pedant gets a mistress by 't.
 Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
 Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
 And, though her arguments were strong,
 At least could hardly wish them wrong.
 Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
 But sure she never talked so well.
 His pride began to interpose;
 Preferred before a crowd of beaux!
 So bright a nymph to come unsought!
 Such wonder by his merit wrought!
 'T is merit must with her prevail!
 He never knew her judgment fail!
 She noted all she ever read!
 And had a most discerning head!
 'T is an old maxim in the schools,
 That flattery's the food of fools;
 Yet now and then your men of wit
 Will condescend to take a bit.

Cadenus and Vanessa.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

1660 - 1719.

AN APOTHECARY'S ADDRESS.

COULDEST thou propose that we, the friends of
 fates,
 Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople states,
 Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives,
 Whilst Russel, as we please, or starves or thrives,
 Should e'er submit to their despotic will,
 Who out of consultation scarce can skill?
 The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
 And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;
 Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel,
 And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal!
 Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
 And Monmouth Street, Versailles, with riding-
 hoods;
 The sick to the Hundreds in pale throngs repair,
 And change the Gravel-pits for Kentish air.
 Our properties must on our arms depend;
 'T is next to conquer, bravely to defend.
 'T is to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
 The ill we feel is only in our fears.
 To die, is landing on some silent shore,

Where billows never break, nor tempests roar :
 Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
 The wise through thought the insults of death
 defy ;
 The fools through blessed insensibility.
 'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave ;
 Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the
 brave.
 It eases lovers, sets the captive free ;
 And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

The Dispensary.

—♦—
 SLOTH.

THIS place, so fit for undisturbed repose,
 The god of sloth for his asylum chose ;
 Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
 Supine with folded arms, he thoughtless nods ;
 Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
 With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees :
 The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
 Their drowsy virtue and dull indolence ;
 No passions interrupt his easy reign,
 No problems puzzle his lethargic brain :
 But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
 And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.

—♦—
 AMBROSE PHILIPS.

1671 - 1749.

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

BLESSED as the immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
 And raised such tumults in my breast ;
 For while I gazed, in transport tossed,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed ; the subtle flame
 Ran quickly through my vital frame ;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
 My blood with gentle horrors thrilled ;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play ;
 I fainted, sunk, and died away.

—♦—
 TO CHARLOTTE PULTENEY.

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
 Fondling of a happy pair,
 Every morn and every night

Their solicitous delight ;
 Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
 Pleasing, without skill to please.
 Little gossip, blithe and hale,
 Tatling many a broken tale,
 Singing many a tuneless song,
 Lavish of a heedless tongue ;
 Simple maiden, void of art,
 Babbling out the very heart,
 Yet abandoned to thy will,
 Yet imagining no ill,
 Yet too innocent to blush ;
 Like the linnet in the bush,
 To the mother-linnet's note
 Modeling her slender throat ;
 Chirping forth thy petty joys,
 Wanton in the change of toys,
 Like the linnet green in May
 Flitting to each bloomy spray ;
 Wearied then and glad of rest,
 Like the linnet in the nest.
 This thy present happy lot,
 This in time will be forgot ;
 Other pleasures, other cares,
 Ever-busy Time prepares ;
 And thou shalt in thy daughters see,
 This picture once resembled thee.

—♦—
 COLLEY CIBBER.

1671 - 1757.

THE BLIND BOY.

O, SAY ! what is that thing called light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
 What are the blessings of the sight ?
 O, tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,
 You say the sun shines bright ;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make,
 Whene'er I sleep or play ;
 And could I ever keep awake,
 With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe ;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy ;
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672-1719.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening Earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

HOW ARE THY SERVANTS BLEST, O LORD!

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

WHEN RISING FROM THE BED OF DEATH.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O, how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear!

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrow of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make her pardon sure.

THE LORD MY PASTURE SHALL PREPARE

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

MARLBOROUGH AT THE BATTLE OF BLenheim.

BUT O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'T was then great Marlbro's mighty soul was
proved,

That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed),
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so — Plato, thou reason'st well! —
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into naught? why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'T is the divinity that stirs within us;
 'T is heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we
 pass?

The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before
 me;

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us
 (And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world was made
 for Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.

(Laying his hand on his sword.)

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me:
 This in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
 The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon
 me?

This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
 Nature oppressed, and harassed out with care,
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favor her,
 That my awakened soul may take her flight,
 Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
 An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
 Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them;
 Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

CATO TO HIS SON.

My son, thou oft hast seen

Thy sire engaged in a corrupted state,
 Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest
 me

Spent, overpowered, despairing of success:
 Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
 To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
 Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
 And all our frugal ancestors were blest
 In humble virtues and a rural life.
 There live retired; pray for the peace of Rome;

Content thyself to be obscurely good.
 When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
 The post of honor is a private station.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

1672-1729.

THE CATHEDRAL.

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
 Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
 To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
 By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
 Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
 And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
 And monumental caves of death look cold,
 And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
 Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
 Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
 Thy voice, — my own affrights me with its echoes.

LOVE'S AMBITION.

Love's but the frailty of the mind,
 When 't is not with ambition joined;
 A sickly flame, which, if not fed, expires,
 And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

'T is not to wound a wanton boy,
 Or amorous youth, that gives the joy;
 But 't is the glory to have pierced a swain,
 For whom inferior beauties sighed in vain.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
 When I insult a rival's eyes;
 If there's delight in love, 't is when I see
 That heart, which others bleed for, bleed for
 me.

AMORET.

Fair Amoret is gone astray,
 Pursue and seek her, every lover;
 I'll tell the signs by which you may
 The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
 Both studied, though both seem neglected;
 Careless she is with artful care,
 Affecting to be unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect
 them;

For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing which she despises.

LOVE'S INFIDELITIES.

I TELL thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve,
And could again begin to love and live,
To you I should my earliest offering give;
I know my eyes would lead my heart to you,
And I should all my vows and oaths renew;
But, to be plain, I never would be true.

For by our weak and weary truth I find,
Love hates to centre in a point assigned:
But runs with joy the circle of the mind:
Then never let us chain what should be free,
But for relief of either sex agree:
Since women love to change, and so do we.

LESBIA.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright and with that awful air,
I thought my heart would durst so high aspire
As bold as his who snatched celestial fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;
Like balm the trickling nonsense healed my wound,
And what her eyes enthralled, her tongue unbound.

SELINDA.

Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask her favor;
And yet the silly fool's in tears,
If she believes I'll leave her.
Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her:
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!

MUSIC.

MUSIC has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

1673 - 1718.

A WIFE'S STRUGGLE WITH TEMPTATION.

A Hall. — CALISTA and LUCILLA.

CALISTA. Be dumb forever, silent as the grave,

Nor let thy fond, officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.
If thou wilt soothe me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent and black despair;
For, O, I've gone around through all my thoughts,

But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost forever.

LUCILLA. Why do you follow still that wandering fire,

That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderness of woe,
That false Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont
Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.

CAL. Away! I think not of him. My sad soul
Has formed a dismal, melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens and birds ill-omened only dwell:
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds: no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.

LUC. Alas! for pity.

CAL. There I fain would hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from shame;

For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul
Never to live with public loss of honor:
'Tis fixed to die, rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools! Scorned by the women,
And pitied by the men. O, insupportable!

LUC. O, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature;

By all the good I wish you, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me entreat you
Never to see this faithless man again, —
Let me forbid his coming.

CAL. On thy life,
I charge thee, no; my genius drives me on;
I must, I will behold him once again;
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.

My laboring heart, that swells with indignation,

Heaves to discharge the burden; that once
done,

The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.

LUC. Trust not to that:
Rage is the shortest passion of our souls;
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden
showers,

It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver, love, supplies its place.

CAL. I have been wronged enough to arm my
temper

Against the smooth delusion; but, alas!
(Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity
me),

A woman's softness hangs about me still;
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 't was he that had undone me.

[Exit LUCILLA.]

Ha! Altamont! Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's excesses with dissembling:
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions and tumultuous thoughts
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

The Fair Penitent.

ISAAC WATTS.

1674 - 1748.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

WHEN the fierce north-wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
Rushing amain down,

How the poor sailors stand amazed, and tremble
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them!

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder
(If things eternal may be like these earthly),
Such the dire terror, when the great archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em!

Hark the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,

Stare through their eyelids, while the living
worm lies

Guawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their
heart-strings,
And the smart twinges when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and
shiver,

While devils push them to the pit, wide yawning,
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid,
Doleful ideas!) come, arise to Jesus!
How he sits Godlike! and the saints around him,
Throned, yet adoring!

O, may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

LORD, WHEN I QUIT THIS EARTHLY STAGE.

LORD, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have learned no other rest.

I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven without thy presence there
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

And if no evening visit 's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

My God! and can a humble child
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exiled,
Without the pity of thy eye?

Impossible! for thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands
That where thou art thy friends must be.

THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes, —

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

UNVEIL THY BOSOM, FAITHFUL TOMB.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
And angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious Morn;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form:
It must ascend to meet the Lord.

A CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH! my dear, lie still, and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blesséd babe! what glorious features,
Spotless, fair, divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures!
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Curséd sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly Stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'T is thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
There they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the hornéd oxen feed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

'T was to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire ;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

ON BURNING BAD VERSES OF EMINENT POETS.

I JUDGE the Muse of lewd desire ;
Her sons to darkness, and her works to fire.
In vain the flatteries of their wit
Now with a melting strain, now with a heavenly
flight,

Would tempt my virtue to approve
Those gaudy tinders of a lawless love.
So harlots dress : they can appear
Sweet, modest ; cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye ; but all within,
Stench, impudence, and fire, and ugly raging sin.

Die, Flora, die in endless shame,
Thou prostitute of blackest fame,
Stript of thy false array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern lust, who gild our scenes,
Poison the British stage, and paint damnation gay,
Attend your mistress to the dead ;
When Flora dies, her imps should wait upon, her
shade.

Strephon, * of noble blood and mind,
(Forever shine his name !)
As death approached, his soul refined,
And gave his looser sonnets to the flame.
"Burn, burn," he cried with sacred rage,
"Hell is the due of every page,
Hell be the fate. (But, O indulgent Heaven !
So vile the Muse, and yet the man forgiven !)
Burn on, my songs : for not the silver Thames
Nor Tiber, with his yellow streams,
In endless currents rolling to the main,
Can e'er dilute the poison, or wash out the stain."
So Moses, by divine command,
Forbade the leprous house to stand
When deep the fatal spot was grown ;
"Break down the timber, and dig up the stone."

JOHN PHILIPS.

1676 - 1708.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.†

"Sing, heavenly Muse,
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme ;"
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains

* Earl of Rochester.

† A burlesque imitation of Milton's style.

A Splendid Shilling : he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried ; nor sighs for cheerful ale ;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town Hall repairs ;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phyllis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health and joy and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast !) my meagre corpse sustain :
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chilled fingers ; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney or well-polished jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent.
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To wend his wares at the Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Ycleped Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil !
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renowned Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends.*
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound,
What should I do ? or whither turn ? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole ; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
So horrible he seems ! His faded brow
Intrenched with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode ; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes, (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men !) Behind him
stalks

Another monster, not unlike itself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods

* To wit, his garret.

With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued : if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors ! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect ; oft with insidious ken
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowelled web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies : she secret stands
Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue.
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make ; with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils :
Then with envenomed jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and the inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights ; distressed, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labor with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy, still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale ;
In vain ; — awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays

Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrowed coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay ;
Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain.
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued, (what will not time subdue !)
An horrid chasm disclose with orifice
Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sails secure, or through the Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis (dangerous rocks)
She strikes rebounding ; whence the shattered
oak,

So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea. In at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming ; horrors seize
The mariners ; Death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear,
they pray :

(Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, deluged by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

THOMAS PARNELL.

1679-1717.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :
Remote from men, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost :
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow :
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,

To find if books or swains report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,

"And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied;
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,

And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,

Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass.

It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 't is morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighboring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.

Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;

And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;

So seemed the sire, when far upon the road
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,

And much he wished, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,

The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.
'T was built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong and large and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mixed with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast
('T was then his threshold first received a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine
(Each hardly granted), served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
"And why should such," within himself he cried,

"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought

With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'T was there a vice, and seemed a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh,
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled Morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died.

Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How looked our hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplexed with roads, a servant showed the way:
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in;

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!" — But scarce his speech began,

When the strange partner seemed no longer man:

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;

His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravished as he spoke):

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel,—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'T is thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your action uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?

Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,

Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door

Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half weaned his heart from God;

(Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seemed to go
(And 't was my ministry to deal the blow),
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew:
Thus looked Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun:
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be
done."

Then gladly turning sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

EDWARD YOUNG.

1681 - 1765.

FROM "SATIRES ON THE LOVE OF FAME"

BEGIN. Who first the catalogue shall grace?
To quality belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:
He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry proved valiant or discreet.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious
chase;

Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more
great?

Nothing — but merit in a low estate.
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduced his rent;

His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He sells his last; for he the whole will buy;
Sells even his house; nay, wants whereon to lie:
So high the generous ardor of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by
the clerk,

Lorenzo signed the bargain — with his mark.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

* * *
The booby father craves a booby son;
And by Heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.

* * *
These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Though satire couch them with her keenest pen)
Forever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off nonsense with a better grace:
As pedlers with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where pins are to be sold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought re-
clined?

The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can artifice disdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.
I find the fool, when I behold the screen;
For 't is the wise man's interest to be seen.

* * *
And what so foolish as the chance of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?

* * *
Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.
The very best ambitiously advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.
Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and
die.

* * *
You smile, and think this statesman void of use:
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut,
Since steeds of genius are expert at put;
Since half the senate not content can say,
Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms, and counsel
kings?

An incapacity for smaller things:
Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenuo leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still:
To raise a name, the ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible and a shoulder-knot;
Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul;
To talk with reverence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his tender reason with the creed:
Howe'er, well bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

* * *
Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark;
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray.

* * *
Sempronius liked her man; and well she might;
The youth in person, and in parts, was bright;
Possessed of every virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart:
He met her passion, all her sighs returned,
And in full rage of youthful ardor burned:
Large his possessions, and beyond her own:
Their bliss the theme and envy of the town:
The day was fixed, when, with one acre more,
In stepped deformed, debauched, diseased three-score.

The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear:
Of pride and avarice who can cure the fair?

* * *
Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see

What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more!
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;
Like any lord it promises — and pays.
How will the miser startle, to be told
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold!
What nature wants has an intrinsic weight;
All more is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us now; anon we cast anew;
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclined:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

* * *
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighboring echoes how to swear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She, on the Christian system, is profane.
But, though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress, she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deposes a lady in his stead?
A lady! pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Lavinia is polite, but not profane;
To church as constant as to Drury Lane.
She decently, in form, pays Heaven its due;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which passes for a prayer:
Courtesies to courtesies, then, with grace, succeed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the creed.
Or if she joins the service, 't is to speak;
Through dreadful silence the pent heart might break;

Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himself, and fondly think they pray.
But sweet their accent, and their air refined;
For they're before their Maker — and mankind:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

* * *
One to destroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

* * *
Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell

How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.
How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

How tortured texts to speak our sense are made,
And every vice is to the scripture laid.

ON LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturbed repose,
I wake: how happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought,

From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 't is only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and night,
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebony throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'T is as the general pulse

Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient night, who nurse the tender
thought

To reason, and on reason build resolve
(That column of true majesty in man),
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: there this frame shall
fall

A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.

But what are ye? —

Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her
treasure,

As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O, lead my mind
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe),
Lead it through various scenes of life and death;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the
flood.

It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down. On what? — a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorbed!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!

Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! — I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own: how reason reels!
O, what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distressed! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread:
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled
pool;

Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her
nature

Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, towering, unconfined,
Unfettered with her gross companion's fall.
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, Heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in
vain.

Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs
around,

In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire?

They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly numbered with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude:

How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.

Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.

Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by Heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow,
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time and pain and chance and death ex-
pire!

And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured, or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms my-
self;

How was my heart incrustured by the world!
O, how self-fettered was my grovelling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile fancy spun,
Till darkened reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Night Thoughts, Night I.

DEATH.

DEATH! great proprietor of all! 't is thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his
sphere.

Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancor wreaked on me?
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was
slain;

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her
horn.

O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbor? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirled in human life?
How wanes my borrowed bliss! from fortune's
smile,

Precarious courtesy! not virtue's sure,
Self-given, solar ray of sound delight.

Night Thoughts, Night I.

PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-day; 't is madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 't is so frequent, this is stranger still.

Night Thoughts, Night I.

MAN.

AN! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man;
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer
(For nature's voice unstilled would recall)
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread; death thus more dread-
ful made:

O, what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groaned
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful time if prisons set us free.
Yet when death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turned.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.

Night Thoughts, Night II.

FRIENDSHIP.

CELESTIAL Happiness, when'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven, — the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.

Beware the counterfeit : in passion's flame
 Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
 True love strikes root in reason ; passion's foe :
 Virtue alone entenders us for life :
 I wrong her much — entenders us forever :
 Of friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
 Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,
 And, emulously, rapid in her race.
 O the soft enmity ! endearing strife !
 This carries friendship to her noontide point,
 And gives the rivet of eternity.

Night Thoughts, Night II.

THE WORLD.

BLEST be that hand divine, which gently laid
 My heart at rest beneath this humble shed.
 The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
 With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril ;
 Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
 I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
 As that of seas remote, or dying storms :
 And meditate on scenes more silent still ;
 Pursue thy theme, and fight the fear of death.
 Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
 Eager ambition's fiery chase I see ;
 I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
 Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
 Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey ;
 As wolves, for rapine ; as the fox, for wiles ;
 Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Night Thoughts, Night IV.

THE RISEN CHRIST.

AND did he rise ?

Hear, O ye nations ! hear it, O ye dead !
 He rose ! he rose ! He burst the bars of death.
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !
 And give the King of glory to come in.
 Who is the King of glory ? He who left
 His throne of glory, for the pang of death :
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !
 And give the King of glory to come in.
 Who is the King of glory ? He who slew
 The ravenous foe, that gorged all human race !
 The King of glory, he, whose glory filled
 Heaven with amazement at his love to man ;
 And with divine complacency beheld
 Powers most illumined, wildered in the theme.

Night Thoughts, Night IV.

RELIGIOUS ARDOR.

O YE cold-hearted, frozen formalists !
 On such a theme, 't is impious to be calm ;
 Passion is reason, transport temper, here.

Shall Heaven, which gave us ardor, and has
 shown

Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
 What smooth emollients in theology,
 Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
 That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise ?
 Rise odors sweet from incense uninflamed ?
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout ;
 But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven ;
 To human hearts her golden harps are strung ;
 High heaven's orchestra chants amen to man.

Night Thoughts, Night IV.

IDEAL OF A CHRISTIAN.

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw
 What nothing less than angel can exceed !
 A man on earth devoted to the skies ;
 Like ships in sea, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm ;
 All the black cares and tumults of this life,
 Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
 Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
 A mingled mob ! a wandering herd ! he sees
 Bewildered in the vale ; in all unlike !
 His full reverse in all ! What higher praise ?
 What stronger demonstration of the right ?

The present all their care ; the future, his.
 When public welfare calls, or private want,
 They give to fame ; his bounty he conceals.
 Their virtues varnish nature ; his exalt.
 Mankind's esteem they court ; and he, his own.
 Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities ;
 His, the composed possession of the true.
 Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
 All of one color, and an even thread ;
 While party-colored shreds of happiness,
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
 A madman's robe ; each puff of fortune blows
 The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs : where
 they

Behold a sun, he spies a Deity ;
 What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
 Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees ;
 An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
 They things terrestrial worship as divine :
 His hopes immortal blow them by as dust,
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
 Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
 Titles and honors (if they prove his fate)
 He lays aside to find his dignity ;
 No dignity they find in aught besides.
 They triumph in externals (which conceal
 Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse.

Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
 And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.
 Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect
 Another's welfare, or his right invade;
 Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey;
 They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
 Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
 Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
 Naught but what wounds his virtue wounds
 his peace.

Night Thoughts, Night VIII.

THE WORLD.

WHAT is the world itself? Thy world — a grave.
 Where is the dust that has not been alive?
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
 From human mould we reap our daily bread.
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
 Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel.

Night Thoughts, Night IX.

FORTITUDE.

A NOBLE fortitude in ills delights
 Heaven, earth, ourselves; 't is duty, glory, peace.
 Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
 Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
 As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
 Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
 And virtue in calamities, admire.
 The crown of manhood is a winter joy;
 An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,
 And blossoms in the rigor of our fate.

Night Thoughts, Night IX.

NIGHT.

O MAJESTIC Night!

Nature's great ancestor! day's elder-born!
 And fated to survive the transient sun!
 By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
 A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
 An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's
 loom
 Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
 In ample folds of drapery divine,
 Thy flowing mantle form; and, heaven through-
 out,
 Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
 Thy gloomy grandeurs (nature's most august,
 Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse;
 And, like a sable curtain starred with gold,
 Drawn o'er my labors past, shall close the scene.

Night Thoughts, Night IX.

EXTEMPORE EPIGRAM ON VOLTAIRE.*

You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
 At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

1662 (?) - 1742.

THE HUNTED HARE.

HARK! from yon covert, where those towering
 oaks

Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
 What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
 Upon our ravished ears! The hunters shout,
 The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding
 notes,

The pack wide-opening load the trembling air
 With various melody; from tree to tree
 The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
 And wingéd zephyrs waft the floating joy
 Through all the regions near: afflictive birch
 No more the school-boy dreads, his prison broke,
 Scampering he flies, nor heeds his master's call;
 The weary traveller forgets his road,
 And climbs the adjacent hill; the ploughman
 leaves,

The unfinished furrow; nor his bleating flocks
 Are now the shepherd's joy; men, boys, and
 girls

Desert the unpeopled village; and wild crowds
 Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seized.
 Look, how she pants! and o'er yon opening
 glade

Slips glancing by; while, at the further end,
 The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
 Maze within maze. The covert's utmost bound
 Slyly she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
 And in that very track, so lately stained
 By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
 The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny
 That brutes have reason; sure 't is something
 more,

'T is Heaven directs, and stratagems inspires,
 Beyond the short extent of human thought.
 But hold — I see her from the covert break;
 Sad on yon little eminence she sits;
 Intent she listens with one ear erect,
 Pondering, and doubtful what new course to
 take,

And how to escape the fierce bloodthirsty crew,
 That still urge on, and still in volleys loud
 Insult her woes and mock her sore distress.
 As now in louder peals, the loaded winds

* This epigram, according to Herbert Croft, was provoked by Voltaire's ridiculing, in Young's presence, Milton's Allegory of Sin and Death.

Bring on the gathering storm, her fears prevail;
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvas wings, scud half so fast.

The Chase.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

1684 - 1753.

VERSES ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

THOMAS TICKELL.

1686 - 1740.

COLIN AND LUCY.

OF Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:

Till luckless love and pining care
Impaired her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking, at her window thrice,
The raven flapped his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart, and broken vows
In early youth I die.
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond maid! and know, false man!
That Lucy will be there.

"Then bear my corse, my comrades! bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."

She spoke; she died. Her corse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedewed his brow;
He shook, he groaned, he fell.

From the vain bride, — ah! bride no more! —
The varying crimson fled,

When stretched before her rival's corpse
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
Forever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

— — —
**TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH OF
ADDISON.***

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath
stayed,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, O, judge my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of
kings!

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid;
And the last words, that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
O, gone forever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee!

* Macaulay says that Tickell "bewailed his friend in an elegy which would do honor to the greatest name in our literature, and which unites the energy and magnificence of Dryden to the tenderness and purity of Cowper."

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to
heaven;

Nor to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assigned,
What new employments please the unbodied
mind?

A wing'd Virtue, through the ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels
gaze?

Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled and the dragon fell;
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
O, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form which, so the heavens de-
cease,
Must still be loved and still deplored by me,
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
The unblemished statesman seems to strike my
sight;

If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'T was there of just and good he reasoned strong,
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious
song:

There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live, and (O, too high
The price for knowledge!) taught us how to
die.

Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structures
grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower ap-
pears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and
fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.

From other hills, however fortune frowned,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmured o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
O, must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in the unfinished song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed
laid
To thee, O Craggs! the expiring sage conveyed,
Great, but ill-omened, monument of fame,
Nor he survived to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell!
Farewell! whom, joined in fame, in friendship
tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

—o—o—o—
ALLAN RAMSAY.

1685 - 1758.

ODE FROM HORACE.

Look up to Pentland's towering tap,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk seaur, and slap,
As high as any Roman wa'.

Driving their ba's frae whins or tee,
There's no ae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douser fowk wysing ajee
The biast boulds on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith but and ben;

That mutchkin stoup it hauds but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while;
They can a rowth of blessings spare,
Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, should we gang wud;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' sight the hailstones thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, "Be quiet,"
The blattering winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckless powers.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delight,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath;
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kep ony skaith.

"Haith, ye're ill-bred," she'll smiling say;
"Ye'll worry me, you greedy rook";
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen naysays are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
As token of a future bliss.

These benisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

SONG.

At setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit aft the birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid thy blush,
 Whilst round thou didst infold me.
 To all our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood shaw or fountain;
 Or where the summer day I'd share
 With thee upon yon mountain:
 There will I tell the trees and flowers,
 From thoughts unfeigned and tender;
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

The last time I came o'er the moor,
 I left my love behind me;
 Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me!
 Soon as the ruddy morn displayed
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chastely sporting;
 We kissed and promised time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 E'en kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be called where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter;
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall centre.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me;

And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on wear;
 Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, man plead my excuse;
 Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favor I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

RUSTIC COURTSHIP.

HEAR how I served my lass I love as well
 As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leal.
 Last morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a dike I leaned, glowering about,
 I saw my Meg come linkin' o'er the lee;
 I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
 For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
 And she was close upon me e'er she wist;
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw.
 Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
 Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her e'en sae clear;
 And O, her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
 Blythsome I cried, "My bonny Meg, come here,
 I ferly wherefore ye're so soon asteer?"

But I can guess, ye're gaun to gather dew."
 She scoured away, and said, "What's that to
 you?"

"Then, fare-ye-weel, Meg-dorts, and e'en's ye
 like,"

I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dike.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came with a right thieveless errand back.
 Misca'd me first; then bade me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ewes strayed on the bog.
 I leugh; and sae did she; then with great haste
 I clasped my arms about her neck and waist;
 About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very saul came loupin' to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her
 mood;

Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wud.
The Gentle Shepherd.

DIALOGUE ON MARRIAGE.

PEGGY and JENNY.

JENNY. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon
 this green;

This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
 The water clear, the lift unclouded blue,
 Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

PEGGY. Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's
 How,

There a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow:
 There 'tween twa birks, out ower a little lin,
 The water fa's and maks a singin' din;
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
 Kisses wi' easy whirls thè bordering grass.
 We'll end our washing while the morning's cool;
 And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
 There wash ourselfs — 't is healthfu' now in May,
 And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

JENNY. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll
 ye say

Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
 And see us sae? — that jeering fallow Pate
 Wad taunting say, "Haith, lasses, ye're no
 blate!"

PEGGY. We're far frae ony road, and out o'
 sight;

The lads they're feeding far beyond the height.
 But tell me, now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
 What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
 The neebours a' tent this as weel as I,
 That Roger loes ye, yet ye carena by.

What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
 He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

JENNY. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an
 end;

A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
 He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
 Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bannet lug,
 Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jeer,
 And spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee;
 He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
 And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair:
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
 Except, "How d' ye?" — or, "There's a bonny
 day."

PEGGY. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting
 pride,

Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld —
 What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
 Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckless whim will orp and greet;
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,
 And syne the fool thing is obliged to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.
 Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

JENNY. I never thought a single life a crime.

PEGGY. Nor I: but love in whispers lets us
 ken

That men were made for us, and we for men.

JENNY. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
 He glows and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
 But wha's obliged to spell his hums and haws?
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
 They're fools that slavery like, and may be free;
 The chiels may a' knit up themselfs for me.

PEGGY. Be doing your wa's; for me, I hae a
 mind

To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

JENNY. Heh lass! how can ye loe that rattle-
 skull?

A very deil, that aye maun hae his wull;
 We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechtin' life
 You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

PEGGY. I'll rin the risk, nor hae I ony fear,
 But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
 Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
 Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.

JENNY. He may, indeed, for ten or fifteen
 days,

Mak meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,
 And daut ye baith afore fouk, and your lane;
 But soon as his newfangledness is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
 Instead then o' lang days o' sweet delight,
 Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:

And maybe, in his barleyhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a lounderling lick.

PEGGY. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want
pith to move

My settled mind ; I'm ower far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath ;
But want o' him, I dread nae other skaith.
There's nae o' a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een :
And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art —
His words they thirle like music through my
heart.

How blythely can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave !
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
He is — but what need I say that or this ?
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is !
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compared wi' my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure ;
Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak and poor.

JENNY. Hey, *Bonny lass o' Branksome !* or 't
be lang,

Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
O, 't is 'a pleasant thing to be a bride ;
Syne whingeing gets about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din :
To mak them brats, then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itself wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe ;
The *Deil gae o'er Jock Wabster*, hame grows
hell,

And Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell !

PEGGY. Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a
wife,

When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are
rife.

Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little complaints, and keep them right.
Wow ! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee ;
When a' they ettle at — their greatest wish,
Is to be made o' and obtain a kiss ?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like o' them, when love maks care delight ?

JENNY. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst
o' a' ;

Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry
draw,

But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die — the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks o' hay.
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy
thows,

May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,

But, or the day o' payment, breaks, and flees.
Wi' gloomin' brow, the laird seeks in his rent ;
It's no to gie ; your merchant's to the bent.
His honour maunna want — he poulds your gear ;
Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye
steer ?

Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life ;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

PEGGY. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fook bode weel, and strive to do their best ;
Nae mair's required ; let Heaven mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle often say,
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous
pray ;

For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stored room, unless his wife wad let :
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart :
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due ;
Syne a' behind's our ain. Thus, without fear,
Wi' love and rowth, we through the warld will
steer ;

And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

JENNY. But what if some young giglet on
the green,

Wi' dimpled cheeks and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kenn'd kisses, hardly worth a feg ?

PEGGY. Nae mair o' that — Dear Jenny, to
be free,

There's some men constanter in love than we :
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity o' mind.
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile :
Sae, whensoever they slight their maiks at hame,
It's ten to aye the wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll hae a' things made ready to his will ;
In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearthstane ;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pats be ready to tak aff ;
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford ;
Good humor and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

JENNY. A dish o' married love right soon
grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fook grow auld.

PEGGY. But we'll grow auld thegither, and
ne'er find

The loss o' youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tie,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and
bride;

Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest:
This shields the ither frae the eastlin blast,
That, in return, defends it frae the wast.

Sic as stand single (a state sae liked by you!)
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.

JENNY. I've done — I yield, dear lassie; I
maun yield;

Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies darned within my breast this mony a day.

PEGGY. Alake, poor prisoner! Jenny, that's
no fair,

That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haste, let him out; we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

JENNY. Another time's as good — for see, the
sun

Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the graith — if cankered Madge, our
aunt,

Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true — nae lass can be unkind.

The Gentle Shepherd.

JOHN GAY.

1688 - 1732.

ALL IN THE DOWNS THE FLEET WAS MOORED.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard;

"O, where shall I my true-love find?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard

Rocked with the billow to and fro,

Soon as her well-known voice he heard,

He sighed, and cast his eyes below;

The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,

Shuts close his pinions to his breast

If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;

We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.

Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
"Adieu!" she cries; and waved her lily hand.

A BALLAD.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring

With hollow blasts of wind,

A damsel lay deploring,

All on a rock reclined.

Wide o'er the foaming billows

She cast a wistful look;

Her head was crowned with willows,

That tremble o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,

And nine long tedious days;

Why didst thou, venturous lover,

Why didst thou trust the seas?

Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,

And let my lover rest:

Ah! what's thy troubled motion

To that within my breast?

"The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what 's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You 'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

"How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then, beneath the water,
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white wave stooping
His floating corpse she spied,
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head, and died.

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarmed his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand
To learn their dying sire's command:
He raised his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:

"Ah, sons! from evil ways depart:
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murdered geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys here?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken slain?"
The hungry foxes round them stared,
And for the promised feast prepared.

"Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain."

"O gluttons!" says the drooping sire,
"Restrain inordinate desire.
Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of power,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)

Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost, redeem."
"The counsel's good," a fox replies,
"Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son:
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath marked our race.
Though we like harmless sheep should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreased,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believed,
A lost good name is ne'er retrieved."
"Nay, then," replies the feeble fox
"(But hark! I hear a hen that clocks),
Go, but be moderate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good."

THE LION AND THE CUB.

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
There o'er some petty club preside;
So poor, so paltry is their pride!
Nay, even with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.

A lion-cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in everything but ears!
If e'er his highness meant a joke,
They grinned applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise!
Good gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to show his parts,
His highness brays; the lion starts.

"Puppy, that cursed vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."

"Why so severe?" the cub replies;
"Our senate always held me wise."

"How weak is pride!" returns the sire;
 "All fools are vain, when fools admire!
 But know, what stupid asses prize,
 Lions and noble beasts despise."

SIMILES OF LOVE.

THE god of Love at her approach
 Is busy as a bee;
 Hearts sound as any bell or roach
 Are smit and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail
 The fine men crowd about her;
 But soon as dead as a door-nail
 Shall I be, if without her.

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said.
 The silent doctor shook his head,
 And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
 Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the man with gasping breath:
 "I feel the chilling wound of death:
 Since I must bid the world adieu,
 Let me my former life review.
 I grant, my bargains well were made;
 But all men overreach in trade;
 'T is self-defence in each profession,
 Sure self-defence is no transgression.
 The little portion in my hands,
 By good security on lands,
 It well increased. If, unawares,
 My justice to myself and heirs
 Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
 For want of good sufficient bail;
 If I by writ or bond or deed
 Reduced a family to need,
 My will hath made the world amends;
 My hope on charity depends.
 When I am numbered with the dead,
 And all my pious gifts are read,
 By heaven and earth 't will then be known
 My charities were amply shown."

An angel came. "Ah, friend!" he cried,
 "No more in flattering hope confide.
 Can thy good deeds in former times
 Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
 What widow or what orphan prays
 To crown thy life with length of days?
 A pious action's in thy power,
 Embrace with joy the happy hour.
 Now, while you draw the vital air,
 Prove your intention is sincere.
 This instant give a hundred pound;
 Your neighbors want, and you abound."

"But why such haste?" the sick man whines;

"Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
 Perhaps I may recover still;
 That sum and more are in my will."

"Fool," says the vision, "now 't is plain,
 Your life, your soul, your heaven, was gain.
 From every side, with all your might,
 You scraped, and scraped beyond your right;
 And after death would fain atone
 By giving what is not your own."

"While there is life, there's hope," he cried;
 "Then why such haste?" so groaned and died.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.
 The child, whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care.
 'T is thus in friendship; who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A hare, who in a civil way
 Complied with everything, like Gay,
 Was known by all the bestial train
 Who haunt the wood or graze the plain.
 Her care was never to offend,
 And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies:
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
 She hears the near advance of death;
 She doubles, to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round;
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half dead with fear she gasping lay;
 What transport in her bosom grew,
 When first the horse appeared in view!
 "Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend.
 You know my feet betray my flight,
 To friendship every burden's light."
 The horse replied: "Poor honest puss,
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
 Be comforted, relief is near,
 For all your friends are in the rear."

The goat remarked her pulse was high,
 Her languid head, her heavy eye;
 "My back," says he, "may do you harm,
 The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The sheep was feeble, and complained
 His sides a load of wool sustained:
 Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
 For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf addressed,
 To save from death a friend distressed.
 "Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
 In this important care engage?"

Older and abler passed you by ;
 How strong are those, how weak am I !
 Should I presume to bear you hence,
 Those friends of mine may take offence.
 Excuse me, then. You know my heart ;
 But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
 How shall we all lament ! Adieu !
 For, see, the hounds are just in view !”

ALEXANDER. POPE.

1688 - 1744.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.*

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
 I sing — This verse to Caryl,† Muse ! is due :
 This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view :
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
 If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess ! could compel
 A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle ?
 O, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
 Could make a gentle belle reject a lord ?
 In tasks so bold can little men engage,
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage ?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
 And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day.
 Now lapdogs give themselves the rousing shake,
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake ;
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the
 ground,

And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.
 Belinda ‡ still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest :
 'T was he had summoned to her silent bed
 The morning-dream that hovered o'er her head ;
 A youth more glittering than a birthnight beau
 (That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
 Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say :

* “The stealing of Miss Belle Fermor's hair [by Lord Petre] was taken too seriously, and caused an estrangement between the two families, though they had lived so long in great friendship before. A common acquaintance, and well-wisher to both, desired me to write a poem to make a jest of it, and laugh them together again. It was with this view that I wrote the Rape of the Lock, which was well received, and had its effect in the two families. Nobody but Sir George Brown was angry, and he was a good deal so, and for a long time. He could not bear that Sir Plume should talk nothing but nonsense. The machinery was added afterward.” — POPE to SPENCE.

† Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II., and author of *Sir Solomon Single*, a comedy, and of several translations in *Dryden's Miscellanies*. He first suggested the subject of this poem to the author.

‡ Miss Arabella Fermor.

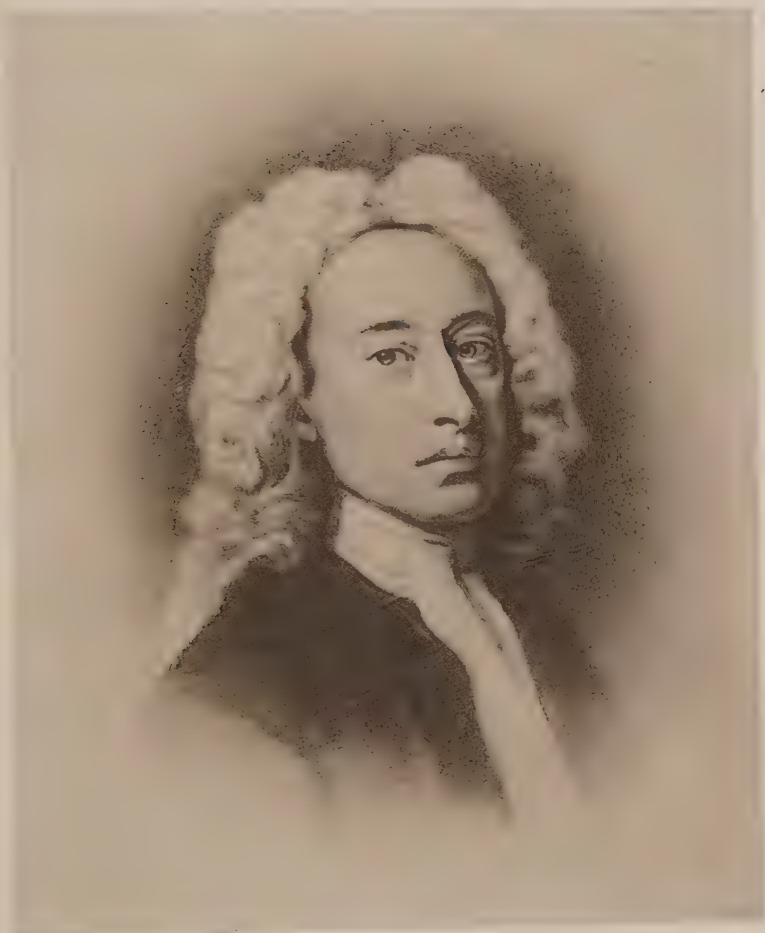
“Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of air !
 If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught ;
 Of airy elves by moonlight-shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by angel powers,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly
 flowers ;

Hear and believe ! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride concealed,
 To maids alone and children are revealed :
 What though no credit doubting wits may give ?
 The fair and innocent shall still believe.
 Know, then, unnumbered spirits round thee fly,
 The light militia of the lower sky :
 These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould ;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to these of air.
 Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead ;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the
 cards.

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
 And love of ombre, after death survive.
 For when the fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their souls retire.
 The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

“Know further yet ; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced :
 For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
 What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark ;
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires ?
 'T is but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
 Though honor is the word with men below.

“Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
 fate,
 For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace.
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,



A. Pope

When offers are disdained, and love denied :
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping
train,

And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'Your Grace' salutes their
ear.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

"Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way;
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could with-
stand,

If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
O blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

"Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warned by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept
too long,
Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his
tongue.

'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardors were no sooner
read,

But all the vision vanished from thy head.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.

A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.

Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the
white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

CANTO II.

NOR with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her
shone,

But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the funny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous baron* the bright locks ad-
mired;

He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored

* Lord Petre.

Propitious Heaven, and every power adored,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the
fire.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts opprest,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colors flings,
Colors that change whene'er they wave their
wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:

“Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aerial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on
high,

Or roll the planets through the boundless sky:
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

“Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

“This day black omens threat the brightest
fair

That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapped in
night.

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock must
fall.

Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair;
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

“To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat;
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of
whale;

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

“Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his
sins,

Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in
vain;

Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a rivelled flower:
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!”

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, forever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here, thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,

And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.

Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perched upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,

The expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colored troupes, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;
“Let spades be trumps!” she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.

Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest his many-colored robe concealed.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty pam, that kings and queens o'er-
threw,
And mowed down armies in the fights of loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim dyed,
Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
The embroidered king who shows but half his face,

And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye;
The pierced battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (O shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.

At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distempered state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate:
An ace of hearts steps forth: the king unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate:

Sudden these honors shall be snatched away,
And cursed forever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is
crowned,

The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut
eyes)

Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 't is too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew
near.

Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power, expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex
wide,
To enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again),
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, forever, and forever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.

Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their
last;

Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples
twine,"

The victor cried, "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis* shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze:
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!
What Time would spare, from steel receives its
date,

And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should
feel

The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,
And secret passions labored in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravished hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs with-
drew,

And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapor reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs forever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,

* A book full of court and party scandal, written by Mrs. Manley.

Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed !
With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and
noons,

Her hand is filled ; her bosom with lampoons.
There affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new nightdress gives a new disease.

A constant vapor o'er the palace flies ;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise ;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout :
A pipkin there like Homer's tripod walks ;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks ;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turned bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic
band,

A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addressed the power : " Hail, wayward
queen !

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen :
Parent of vapors and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays ;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is that all your power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But O, if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game ;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lapdog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease :
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin ;
That single act gives half the world the spleen."

The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his
prayer.

A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,

Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to-
day.

Sunk in Thalestris' * arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
" O wretched maid ! " she spread her hands, and
cried

(While Hampton's echoes, " Wretched maid,"
replied),

Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare ?
For this your locks in paper durance bound ?
For this with torturing irons wreathed around ?
For this with fillets strained your tender head ?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead ?
Gods ! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare !
Honor forbid ! at whose unrivalled shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost !
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend ?
'T will then be infamy to seem your friend !
And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand forever blaze ?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow ;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all !"

She said ; then raging to Sir Plume † repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs :
Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,
And thus broke out : " My lord, why, what the
devil !

Z—ds ! damn the lock ! 'fore Gad, you must be
civil !

Plague on 't ! 't is past a jest — nay, prithee, pox !
Give her the hair." He spoke, and rapped his
box.

" It grieves me much (replied the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain :

* Mrs. Morly.

† Sir George Brown.

But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear
(Which nevermore shall join its parted hair;
Which nevermore its honors shall renew,
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew),
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall forever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honors of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing, half drowned in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she raised, and thus she said:

"Forever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatched my best, my favorite curl away;
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.
O, had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

What moved my mind with youthful lords to
roam?

O, had I stayed, and said my prayers at home;
'T was this the morning omens seemed to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patchbox
fell;

The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
O, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But fate and Jove had stopped the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begged, and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:

"Say, why are beauties praised and honored
most,

The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why decked with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved
beaux?

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
O, if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares
produce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay, ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humor still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good-humor can prevail,
When airs and flights and screams and scolding
fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin the attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones
crack;

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps re-
sound:

Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground
gives way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel, on a scone's height,
Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propped on their bodkin-spears, the sprites
survey

The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris
flies,

And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng,

One died in metaphor, and one in song.
 "O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
 Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 "Those eyes are made so killing" * — was his last.
 Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
 The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa
 down,

Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown;
 She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
 But at her smile the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
 Nor feared the chief the unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great-great-grand sire wore about his neck,
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;
 Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
 All that I dread is leaving you behind!
 Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive."

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around
 "Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The lock, obtained with guilt and kept with pain,
 In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can con-
 test?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.

* The words of a song in the Opera of Camilla.

There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
 And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,
 The courtier's promises, and sick men's prayers,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise,
 Though marked by none but quick poetic eyes
 (So Rome's great founder to the heavens with-
 drew,

To Proculus alone confessed in view):
 A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
 The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.
 The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleased pursue its progress through the
 skies.

This the beau monde shall from the mall sur-
 vey,

And hail with music its propitious ray;
 This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
 This Partridge* soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
 And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy
 ravished hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
 Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
 For after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
 This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghost along the moonlight
 shade

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
 'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom gored?
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
 O, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
 Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
 To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
 To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky
 For those who greatly think or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

* A ridiculous star-gazer, and maker of almanacs.

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
 The glorious fault of angels and of gods :
 Thence to their images on earth it flows,
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
 Most souls, 't is true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage :
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
 Useless, unscen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
 Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
 And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these, perhaps (ere nature bade her die),
 Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
 As into air the purer spirits flow,
 And separate from their kindred dregs below ;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
 Cold is that breast which warmed the world be-
 fore,

And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children
 fall :

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates ;
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
 (While the long funerals blacken all the way),
 Lo ! these were they whose souls the furies
 steeled,

And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learned to glow
 For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone (O ever-injured shade !)
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful
 bier.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
 By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned !
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year ;
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances and the public show ?
 What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polished marble emulate thy face ?
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb ?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast ;
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;

While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How loved, how honored once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee ;
 'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
 Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 E'en he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays ;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart ;
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more !

EXTRACTS FROM "AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM."

'T is hard to say if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
 But of the two less dangerous is the offence
 To tire our patience than mislead our sense :
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'T is with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 In poets as true genius is but rare,
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share ;
 Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
 These born to judge as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well,
 Authors are partial to their wit, 't is true,
 But are not critics to their judgment too ?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind :
 Nature affords at least a glimmering light ;
 The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn
 right :

But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
 Is by ill coloring but the more disgraced,
 So by false learning is good sense defaced :
 Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but
 fools :

In search of wit these lose their common-sense,
 And then turn critics in their own defence :
 Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
 Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
 There are who judge still worse than he can
 write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets past ;
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at
last.

* * *

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same ;
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source and end and test of art.

* * *

You then whose judgment the right course
would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character ;
His fable, subject, scope, in every page ;
Religion, country, genius of his age :
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.

* * *

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend ;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment,
gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.

* * *

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

* * *

Hail, bards triumphant ! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise !
Whose honors with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow ;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found !
O, may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your
flights,
Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes),
To teach vain wits a science little known,
To admire superior sense, and doubt their own.

* * *

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind :
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise !
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky !
The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :

But those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way ;
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves and rapture warms the
mind ;

Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.

* * *

Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part :
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage,
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begged the knight's ad-
vice ;

Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities ; what not ?
All which exact to rule were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.

"What ! leave the combat out ?" exclaims the
knight.

"Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrte."

"Not so, by Heaven ! (he answers in a rage)
Knights, squires, and steeds must enter on the
stage."

"So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain."

"Then build a new, or act it on a plain."

* * *

Words are like leaves ; and where they most
abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

* * *

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or
wrong :

In the bright Muse though thousand charms con-
spire,

Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear ;
Not mend their minds, as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"

In the next line, it "whispers through the trees";
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep";
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy vigor of a line
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
 'T is not enough no harshness gives offence;
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labors, and the words move slow:
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

* * *

Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
 Fondly we think we honor merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men.

* * *

Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice:
 All seems infected that the infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

* * *

Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend;
 Nay, showed his faults — but when would poets mend?

No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard:
 Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S "CATO."

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
 To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,

Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through every age;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wondered how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory or the virgin's love;
 In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause.
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confessed in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And gently falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?

E'en when proud Cæsar midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Showed Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
 As her dead father's reverend image past,
 The pomp was darkened, and the day o'ercast;
 The triumph ceased, tears gushed from every eye;

The world's great victor passed unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
 And honored Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approved,
 And show you have the virtue to be moved.
 With honest scorn the first famed Cato viewed
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued:

Your scene precariously subsists too long
 On French translation and Italian song.
 Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
 Be justly warmed with your own native rage:
 Such plays alone should win a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdained to hear.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill :
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do ;
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives :
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see :
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath ;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death !

This day be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies !
One chorus let all being raise !
All nature's incense rise !

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS ABOUT TWELVE
YEARS OLD.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blessed who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day ;

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mixed ; sweet recreation ;
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you should think that verse shall die
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song ;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native muses play ;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay —

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was or Newton named ;
These raised new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heavens and systems framed.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride !
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled !
They had no poet, and are dead.

EPITAPH ON MR. GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1732.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild ;
In wit a man, simplicity a child :
With native humor tempering virtuous rage,
Formed to delight at once and lash the age :
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great :
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honors ! not that here thy bust
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust :
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms, — "*Here lies
Gay !*"

CELIA.

CELIA, we know, is sixty-five,
 Yet Celia's face is seventeen;
 Thus winter in her breast must live,
 While summer in her face is seen.

How cruel Celia's fate! who hence
 Our hearts' devotion cannot try;
 Too pretty for our reverence,
 Too ancient for our gallantry.

ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, AND
 MINERALS.

THOU who shalt stop where Thames' translucent
 wave

Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
 Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
 Unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow,
 And latent metals innocently glow;
 Approach. Great nature studiously behold!
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
 Approach; but awful! lo! the Ægerian grot,
 Where, nobly pensive, St. John sate and thought;
 Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
 And the bright flame was shot through March-
 mont's soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
 Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

EXTRACTS FROM "AN ESSAY ON MAN."

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state:
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits
 know;

Or who could suffer being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
 Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 O blindness to the future! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions
 soar;

Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
 What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
 Man never is but always to be blest.

The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
 His soul proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk or milky way;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To be content 's his natural desire;
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

* * *

Far as creation's ample range extends
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
 Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam!
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green!
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line;
 In the nice bee what sense so subtly true,
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
 How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
 Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
 Forever separate, yet forever near!
 Remembrance and reflection how allied!
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
 And middle natures how they long to join,
 Yet never pass the insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation could they be
 Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
 The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

* * *

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
 That changed through all, and yet in all the
 same,
 Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
 Lives through all life, extends through all ex-
 tent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:

To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!

* * *
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is is right.*

* * *
Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast.

* * *
Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun,
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule —
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton as we show an ape.

* * *
In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fixed; 'tis fixed as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest;
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

* * *
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger zeal and fortitude supply;
E'en avarice prudence, sloth philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learned or brave;
Nor virtue male or female can we name,
But what will grow on pride or grow on shame.

* * *
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;

Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

* * *
The learned is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blessed, the poet in his Muse.

* * *
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bawble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

* * *
Here then we rest: "the Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day,
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

* * *
All forms that perish other forms supply
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die),
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving, soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least,
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

* * *
Know Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warmed a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

* * *
Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms
undone,
The enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counterwork its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made:
She, midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's
sound,

When rocked the mountains, and when groaned
the ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they :
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise ;
Here fixed the dreadful, there the blessed abodes ;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods ;
Gods, partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust :
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride :
Then sacred seemed the ethereal vault no more ;
Altars grew marble then, and reeked with gore :
Then first the flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smeared with human blood ;
With heaven's own thunders shook the world
below,
And played the god an engine on his foe.

For forms of government let fools contest :
Whate'er is best administered is best :
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity :
But all be false that thwart this one great end ;
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

Thus God and nature linked the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

O happiness ! our being's end and aim !
Good, pleasure, ease, content ! whate'er thy
name :
That something still which prompts the eternal
sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die ;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise.

Order is Heaven's first law ; and, this confest,
Some are and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise : but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common-sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness :
But mutual wants this happiness increase ;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.

Know all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and compe-
tence.

But health consists with temperance alone :
And peace, O virtue ! peace is all thy own.

Honor and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
“ What differ more,” you cry, “ than crown and
cowl ? ”

I'll tell you, friend, a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow :
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Go ! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go ! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots or slaves or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness ; say where greatness
lies,

“ Where but among the heroes and the wise ? ”
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind !

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave ;
When what to oblivion better were resigned
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind,
All fame is foreign but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas :
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind !
Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damned to everlasting fame !

God loves from whole to parts : but human
soul

Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace ;
His country next, and next all human race ;

Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the
mind

Take every creature in of every kind :
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend ! my genius ! come
along :

O master of the poet and the song !
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise :
Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.

O, while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy
foes,

Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ?
That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light,
Showed erring pride — whatever is right ;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim ;
That true self-love and social are the same ;
That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is — ourselves to know.

EXTRACTS FROM "MORAL ESSAYS."

WHO would not praise Patricio's* high desert,
His hand unstained, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head ? all interests weighed,
All Europe saved, yet Britain not betrayed !
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.

* T is from high life high characters are drawn :
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

* T is education forms the common mind ;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Judge we by nature ? — habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place :
By actions ? — those uncertainty divides :
By passions ? — these dissimulation hides :
Opinions ? — they still take a wider range :
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

* Lord Godolphin.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with
climes,

Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Wharton ! the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :
Born with what'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies :
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.

His passion still to covet general praise ;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways :
A constant bounty which no friend has made ;
An angel tongue which no man can persuade !
A fool with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined ;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
A rebel to the very king he loves :
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great !
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule ?
'T was all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

"Odious ! in woollen ! 't would a saint pro-
voke"

(Were the last words that poor Narcissa* spoke),
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
dead —

And — Betty — give this cheek a little red."

And you, brave Cobham ! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death ;
Such in those moments as in all the past,
"O, save my country, Heaven !" shall be your last.

Narcissa's† nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a child ;
Has e'en been proved to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare ;
Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim.

Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 't is by that alone she can be borne ?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name ?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame :
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres :
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns,
And atheism and religion take their turns :
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.

But what are these to great Atossa's‡ mind ?

* Mrs. Oldfield, the actress. † Duchess of Hamilton.

‡ The famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

Searce once herself, by turns all womankind !
 Who with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth ;
 Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
 Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules ;
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
 Full sixty years the world has been her trade ;
 The wisest fool much time has ever made :
 From loveless youth to unrespected age,
 No passion gratified except her rage :
 So much the fury still outran the wit,
 The pleasure missed her, and the scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her provokes revenge from
 hell,

But he 's a bolder man who dares be well.
 Her every turn with violence pursued,
 Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude :
 To that each passion turns or soon or late ;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate.
 Superiors ? — death ! and equals ? — what a curse ;
 But an inferior not dependent ? — worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
 Oblige her, and she 'll hate you while you live ;
 But die, and she 'll adore you — then the bust
 And temple rise — then fall again to dust.
 Last night her lord was all that 's good and great ;
 A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
 Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends,
 By spirit robbed of power, by warmth of friends,
 By wealth of followers ! without one distress,
 Sick of herself through very selfishness !
 Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir :
 To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
 Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.

* * *
 " Yet Chloe * sure was formed without a spot." *
 Nature in her then erred not, but forgot.
 " With every pleasing, every prudent part,
 Say, what can Chloe want ?" She wants a
 heart.

She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
 But never, never reached one generous thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
 Content to dwell in decencies forever.
 So very reasonable, so unmoved,
 As never yet to love or to be loved.

* * *
 Men some to business, some to pleasure take ;
 But every woman is at heart a rake :
 Men some to quiet, some to public strife ;
 But every lady would be queen for life.

* * *
 See how the world its veterans rewards !
 A youth of frolics, and old age of cards ;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,

* Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk.

Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
 A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
 Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot !

* * *
 O, blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day ;
 She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
 She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
 Yet has her humor most when she obeys ;
 Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
 Disdains all loss of tickets or codille ;
 Spleen, vapors, or small-pox, above them all,
 And mistress of herself, though china fall.

* * *
 Blest paper-credit ! last and best supply !
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly !
 Gold impd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings ;
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to some distant shore ;
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
 Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow ;
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a king or buys a queen.

* * *
 But all our praises why should lords engross ?
 Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the Man of Ross : *
 Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
 brow ?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose ?
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise ?
 " The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread !
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread :
 He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of
 state,

Where age and want sit smiling at the gate :
 Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
 The young who labor, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick ? the Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and
 gives.

Is there a variance ? enter but his door,
 Balked are the courts, and contest is no more :

* Mr. John Kyrle, a worthy citizen of Herefordshire, who,
 with a small estate, passed his long life in contriving and ad-
 vancing plans of public utility.

Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed — five hundred pounds a
year.

Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw
your blaze;

Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.

* * *

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half
hung,

The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers* lies — alas! how changed from
him,

That life of pleasure and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!

* * *

At Timon's† villa let us pass a day;
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown
away!"

So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there,
Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect shivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a labored quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call;
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,

* The brilliant and dissolute George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who, having squandered his immense wealth, died at the house of one of his tenants in Yorkshire, in the misery here described. [The fact however, is denied.]

† Supposed to be the Duke of Chandos.

Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be played,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrité sails through myrtle bowers,
There gladiators fight or die in flowers;
Unwatered, see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft — by regular approach — not yet —
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragged
your thighs,

Just at his study door he'll bless your eyes.

His study! with what authors is it stored?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord?
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those du Suëil has bound!
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows, — but they are wood!
For Locke or Milton 't is in vain to look;
These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-colored serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 't is a temple and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice performed in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the king.
In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
And complaisantly helped to all I hate,
Treated, caressed, and tired, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost and little skill,
And swear no day was ever passed so ill.



FROM "SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES OF HORACE IMITATED."

WHY did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came:

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed:
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not
wife,

To help me through this long disease my life,
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
E'en mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends
before)

With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and
books,

Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

* * *

Peace to all such! but were there one whose
fires

True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Blessed with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools; by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus* were he?

* * *

Let Sporus† tremble. What? that thing of
silk,

Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

* Addison.

† Lord Hervey.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet
squeaks,

Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
His wit all see-saw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have exprest,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will
trust,

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

* * *

Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walked innocuous through his age:
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath,* nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant and without a groan.
O, grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy
than I.

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my
friend!

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a queen.

* * *

What? armed for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men,
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car,
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;

* * *

There my retreat the best companions grace,

* Pope's father was a non-juror.

Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place :
 There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul :
 And he,* whose lightning pierced the Iberian
 lines,
 Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my
 vines ;

Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
 Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain.

I've often wished that I had clear
 For life six hundred pounds a year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terrace walk, and half a rood
 Of land set out to plant a wood.

The case is easier in the mind's disease ;
 There all men may be cured whene'er they please.
 Would ye be blessed? despise low joys, low
 gains ;
 Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains ;
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
 Was sheathed, and luxury with Charles restored ;
 In every taste of foreign courts improved,
 "All by the king's example lived and loved."†
 Then peers grew proud in horsemanship to excel,
 Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell ;
 The soldier breathed the gallantries of France,
 And every flowery courtier writ romance.
 Then marble, softened into life, grew warm,
 And yielding metal flowed to human form :
 Lely on animated canvas stole
 The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
 No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
 The willing Muses were debauched at court ;
 On each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble through a eunuch's throat.

We conquered France, but felt our captive's
 charms ;

Her arts victorious triumphed o'er our arms ;
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
 Wit grew polite, and numbers learned to flow.
 Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine :
 Though still some traces of our rustic vein
 And splay-foot verse remained, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tired nation breathed from civil war.
 Exact Racine and Corneille's noble fire
 Showed us that France had something to admire.
 Not but the tragic spirit was our own,

* The Earl of Peterborough.

† A verse of Lord Lansdowne.

And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway, shone ;
 But Otway failed to polish or refine,
 And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line.
 E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
 The last and greatest art, — the art to blot.

FROM "EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES."

P. See Sir Robert! — hum —

And never laugh — for all my life to come ;
 Seen him I have ; but in his happier hour
 Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power ;
 Seen him, uncumbered with a venal tribe,
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt ;
 The only difference is — I dare laugh out.

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 As pride in slaves and avarice in kings ?
 And at a peer or peeress shall I fret,
 Who starves a sister or forswears a debt?
 Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast ;
 But shall the dignity of vice be lost?

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
 Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
 'T is just alike to virtue and to me ;
 Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
 She's still the same beloved, contented thing.

E'en in a bishop I can spy desert ;
 Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart ;
 Manners with candor are to Benson given,
 To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave ;
 So impudent, I own myself no knave ;
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
 Yes, I am proud ; I must be proud to see
 Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me ;
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
 Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O, quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying ;
 O the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death!

The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

JOHN BYROM.

1691 - 1763.

A PASTORAL.*

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 't was the Spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
I was so good-humored, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day;
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all
drowned,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than
a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'T was pleasure to look at, 't was music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me
complain.

* This noted poem was first published in *The Spectator*, No. 603, October 6, 1714. Addison says that it has "something in it so original" that he has not much doubt it will "divert his readers." In Dr. Aiken's "Collection of English Songs" it is stated that the Phœbe here celebrated was Joanna, daughter of Dr. Bentley, and the mother of Richard Cumberland, the critic, novelist, and dramatist. Her father was the greatest classical scholar that England has produced. Everybody must remember Dr. Parr's dogmatic statement: "England has produced three scholars: the first was Bentley; the second was Porson; and the third—modesty forbids me to mention."

My lambkins around me would oftentimes
play,
And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their
time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in
their prime;
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
Be still, then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleaséd to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleaséd too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow"; and patted his
head.

But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry "Sirrah!" and give him a blow with my
crook:

And I'll give him another; for why should not
Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have
I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the
green!

What a lovely appearance the trees and the
shade,
The cornfields and hedges and everything made!
But now she has left me, though all are still
there,

They none of them now so delightful appear:
'T was naught but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood
through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp! went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom be-
guile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not
smile?

Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her
breast:

You put on your colors to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to
die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phœbe return!
 While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn:
 Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
 I could breathe on his wings, and 't would melt
 down the lead.
 Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
 And rest so much longer for 't when she is here.
 Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay,
 Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst
 say.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
 Or cure my disquiet or soften my pain?
 To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
 But what swain is so silly to live without love!
 No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
 For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
 Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
 Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your
 fair.

MATTHEW GREEN.

1696 - 1737.

FROM "THE SPLEEN."

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
 Some recommend the bowling-green;
 Some hilly walks: all, exercise;
 Fling but a stone, the giant dies.
 Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
 Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
 And kittens, if the humor hit,
 Have harlequined away the fit.

If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
 I clear my evening with a play,
 Or to some concert take my way,
 The company, the shine of lights,
 The scenes of humor, music's flights.
 Adjust, and set the soul to rights.
 In rainy days keep double guard,
 Or spleen will surely be too hard;
 Which, like those fish by sailors met,
 Fly highest while their wings are wet.
 In such dull weather so unfit
 To enterprise a work of wit,
 When clouds one yard of azure sky,
 That 's fit for simile, deny,
 I dress my face with studious looks,
 And shorten tedious hours with books.
 But when dull fogs invade the head,
 That memory minds not what is read,

I sit in window dry as ark,
 And on the drowning world remark;
 Or to some coffee-house I stray
 For news, the manna of a day,
 And from the hipped discourses gather,
 That politics go by the weather.
 Then seek good-humored tavern chums,
 And play at cards, but for small sums;
 Or with the merry fellows quaff,
 And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
 Or drink a joco-serious cup
 With souls who 've took their freedom up;
 And let my mind, beguiled by talk,
 In Epicurus' garden walk,
 Who thought it heaven to be serene;
 Pain, hell; and purgatory, spleen.
 Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
 And chat away the gloomy fit;
 Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
 And wear a gay impertinence.

Permit, ye fair, your idol-form,
 Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
 May with its beauties grace my line,
 While I bow down before its shrine,
 And your thronged altars with my lays
 Perfume, and get by giving praise.
 With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien,
 You excommunicate the spleen,
 Which fiend-like flies the magic ring
 You form with sound, when pleased to sing.
 Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
 We look, we listen, and approve.
 Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
 Our nerves officious throng to kiss.
 By Celia's pat, on their report,
 The grave-ai'd soul, inclined to sport,
 Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
 And loves the floral game, to romp.
 But who can view the pointed rays,
 That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
 Love on his throne of glory seems
 Encompassed with satellite beams.
 But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
 Diffuse benignly humid light,
 We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
 And Cytherea's gentle doves,
 And raptured fix in such a face
 Love's mercy-seat and throne of grace.
 Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
 Again fires long-extinguished glow,
 And charmed by witchery of eyes,
 Blood long congeal'd liquefies!
 True miracle, and fairly done
 By heads which are adored while on.

Such thoughts as love the gloom of night
 I close examine by the light;

For who, though bribed by gain to lie,
Dare sunbeam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common-sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition may n't create,
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cured, and certainly I find;
Since optic reason shows me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain;
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders show,
Who boast themselves, by spurious roll,
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense throned in whiskered hair.

* * *

Thus, then, I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blustering prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid;
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge to career.
Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way.
With store sufficient for belief,
And wisely still prepared to reef,
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make (may Heaven propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end),
Neither becalmed nor overblown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

— o o —

WILLIAM OLDYS.

1696 - 1761.

BUSY, CURIOUS, THIRSTY FLY.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up.

Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

— o o —

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

- 1720.

A NOCTURNAL REVERIE.*

IN such a night when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel still waking sings;
Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,
She, holloaing clear, directs the wanderer right:
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heavens' mysterious face;
When in some river overhung with green
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble
rose,

And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet checkers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scattered glowworms, but in twilight fine,
Show trivial beauties, watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright:
When odors which declined repelling day
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale;
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining
meads,

Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we
fear,

Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,

* This is the poem to which Wordsworth referred in his assertion, "that, excepting the *Nocturnal Reverie* and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of *Paradise Lost* and *The Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature."

And unmolested kine rechew the cud ;
 When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
 And to her straggling brood the partridge calls ;
 Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
 Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep ;
 When a sedate content the spirit feels,
 And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals ;
 But silent musings urge the mind to seek
 Something too high for syllables to speak ;
 Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
 Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
 O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
 Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her
 own :

In such a night let me abroad remain,
 Till morning breaks, and all's confused again ;
 Our cares, our toils, our clamors are renewed,
 Our pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

1698-1743.

REMORSE.

Is chance a guilt, that my disastrous heart,
 For mischief never meant, must ever smart ?
 Can self-defence be sin ? Ah, plead no more !
 What thought no purposed malice stained thee
 o'er ?

Had Heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
 Thou hadst not been provoked — or thou hadst
 died.

Far be the guilt of home-shed blood from all
 On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall !
 Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
 To me ! through Pity's eye condemned to see.
 Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate :
 Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
 Young and unthoughtful then ; who knows, one
 day,

What ripening virtues might have made their
 way !

He might have lived till folly died in shame,
 Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
 He might perhaps his country's friend have
 proved ;

Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved ;
 He might have saved some worth, now doomed
 to fall,

And I, perchance, in him, have murdered all.

O fate of late repentance ! always vain :
 Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
 Where shall my hope find rest ? No mother's care
 Shielded my infant innocence with prayer :
 No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
 Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained ;

Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
 First to advance, then screen from future harm ?
 Am I returned from death to live in pain ?
 Or would imperial pity save in vain ?

Distrust it not. What blame can mercy find,
 Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind ?

Mother, miscalled, farewell — of soul severe,
 This sad reflection yet may force one tear :
 All I was wretched by to you I owed ;
 Alone from strangers every comfort flowed !

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
 And now adopted, who was doomed before,
 New born, I may a nobler mother claim,
 But dare not whisper her immortal name ;
 Supremely lovely, and serenely great,
 Majestic mother of a kneeling state ;
 Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
 Agreed — yet now with one consent adore !
 One contest yet remains in this desire,
 Who most shall give applause where all admire.

CONSOLATION OF A NOBLE'S ILLEGITIMATE SON.

He lives to build, not boast a generous race,
 No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

ROBERT BLAIR.

1699-1746.

THE GRAVE.

DEATH's shafts fly thick ! — Here falls the
 village-swain,
 And there his pampered lord ! — The cup goes
 round ;

And who so artful as to put it by ?
 'Tis long since death had the majority ;
 Yet, strange ! the living lay it not to heart.
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle ;
 Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear ; with mattock in his hand
 Digs through whole rows of kindred and ac-
 quaintance,

By far his juniors. Scarce a skull's cast up,
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
 The sot has walked with death twice twenty
 years ;

And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs
 louder,

Or clubs a smuttier tale : when drunkards meet,
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
 More willing to his cup. Poor wretch ! he
 minds not,

That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we
are!

Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish,
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in!
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones!
The very turf on which we tread once lived;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'T is here all meet!
The shivering Iceland and sunburnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Chris-
tian.

Here the proud prince, and favorite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abashed
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty skill: death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his bur-
den

From his galled shoulders; — and when the cruel
tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of power about
him,

Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, — and, quick as thought,
escapes

Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream
(Time out of mind the favorite seats of love),
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and
foes

Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams

That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limbed peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor pressed the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daugh-
ters;

The barren wife; the long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely, unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropped like a rose before 't is fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley
here!

Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth. The shrill-tongued
shrew,

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the
mean;

The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

DEATH OF THE STRONG MAN.

STRENGTH, too! thou surly and less gentle
boast

Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the strip-
pling

That rashly dared thee to the unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? Deep groan, in-
deed,

With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong
man,

By stronger arm belabored, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs and well-spread
shoulders?

See, how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning. Hideous sight!
O, how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,

And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that
groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawled itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty
boaster,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the
bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

FRIENDSHIP.

INVIDIOUS Grave! how dost thou rend in sun-
der
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life! and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labors of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
Anxious to please. O, when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring, methought the shrill-tongued
thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note:
The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress! O, then the longest summer's day
Seemed too, too much in haste: still, the full
heart
Had not imparted half: 't was happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

RESURRECTION.

NOR shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but, amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home; and, having long been
absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.

'T is but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledged wings, and bears
away.

THE SUMMONS OF DEATH TO THE RICH.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
Like a stanch murderer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure, 't is a serious thing to die! My soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view,—
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repassed
To tell what's doing on the other side!
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of part-
ing,
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! linked more close than wedded
pair.

This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher, of no use.

JAMES THOMSON.

1700 - 1748.

TO MYRA.

O THOU, whose tender serious eyes
Expressive speak the mind I love;
Thè gentle azure of the skies,
The pensive shadows of the grove:
O, mix their beauteous beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts;

Let all their sweetness on me shine,
Poured through my soul be all their darts.

Ah! 't is too much! I cannot bear
At once so soft, so keen a ray:
In pity then, my lovely fair,
O turn those killing eyes away!

But what avails it to conceal
One charm, where naught but charms I see?
Their lustre then again reveal,
And let me, Myra, die of thee!

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Blessed in the full possession of thy love:
O, lend that strain, sweet Nightingale, to me!

'T is mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustained by nature's
fare;
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of interest and pride,
Dare not be blessed, lest envious tongues
should blame:
And hence, in vain I languish for my bride!
O, mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless
flame!

CONTENTMENT.

If those who live in shepherd's bower
Press not the rich and stately bed,
The new-mown hay and breathing flower
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at shepherd's board
Soothe not their taste by wanton art,
They take what Nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl
No high and sparkling wines can boast,
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,
Gay dancing on the daisied ground,
Have not the splendor of a court,
Yet love adorns the merry round.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

The nations not so blessed as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
"Rule," etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule," etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
"Rule," etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main:
And every shore it circles thine.
"Rule," etc.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blessed isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair:
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

THE RAINBOW.

THUS all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-showered
earth

Is deep enriched with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountain through the forest
streams,

Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs
around.

Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mixed in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,

The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr
springs.

Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclosed,
From the white mingling maze. Not so the
swain;

He wondering views the bright enchantment
bend,

Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amazed
Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A softened shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Raised through ten thousand different plastic
tubes,

The balmy treasures of the former day.
The Seasons : Spring.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE first fresh dawn then waked the gladdened
race

Of uncorrupted man, nor blushed to see
The sluggish sleep beneath its sacred beam.
For their light slumbers gently fumed away;
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the song went round; and dance and
sport,

Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole
Their hours away. While in the rosy vale
Love breathed his infant sighs, from anguish
free,

And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Not yet injurious act nor surly deed
Was known among these happy sons of Heaven;
For reason and benevolence were law.

Harmonious Nature too looked smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cooled with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Dropped fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead
The herds and flocks, commixing, played secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meekened, and he joined his sullen joy.
For music held the whole in perfect peace:

Soft sighed the flute; the tender voice was
heard,

Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Applied their choir; and winds and waters flowed
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

The Seasons : Spring.

NATURE IN SPRING.

THUS pass the temperate hours: but when
the sun

Shakes from his noonday throne the scattering
clouds,

Even shooting listless languor through the deeps,
Then seek the bank where flowering elders
crowd,

Where scattered wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade;
Or lie reclined beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep, whence, borne on liquid
wing,

The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk
High in the beetling cliff his eyry builds.

There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan
swain

Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:

Or by the vocal woods and waters lulled,
And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,
Confused, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the softened heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then,
Unequal, fails beneath the pleasing task;
Ah, what shall language do? Ah, where find
words

Tinged with so many colors; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet though successful, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose
hearts

Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
Formed by the Graces, loveliness itself!

Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul;
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason
mixed,

Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart :
O, come ! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets.

The Seasons: Spring.

THE PASSION OF THE GROVES.

As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the
woods

Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! O, pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse, while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *The Passion of the Groves.*

When first the soul of love is sent abroad
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
Of the coy choristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigus
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out profusely, silent. Joined to these
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the stockdove
breathes

A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love,
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavoring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approbance to bestow,
Their colors burnish, and, by hope inspired,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disordered; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

The Seasons: Spring.

THE CARE OF BIRDS FOR THEIR YOUNG.

THE appointed time
With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,
Warmed and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family demanding food
With constant clamor. O, what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize ! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young,
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but formed of generous mould,
And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustained alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

The Seasons: Spring.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

LET barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let Eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possessed
Of a mere lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face,
Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and love,

The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees
 The human blossom blows; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
 The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 O, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various nature pressing on the heart:
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
 And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy; and consenting spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
 When after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamored more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

The Seasons: Spring.

THE SANDY DESERT.

NOR stop the terrors of these regions here.
 Commissioned demons oft, angels of wrath,
 Let loose the raging elements. Breathed hot
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
 Son of the desert! e'en the camel feels,
 Shot through his withered heart, the fiery
 blast.
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the
 sands,
 Commoved around, in gathering eddies play:
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
 Till with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
 And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
 Beneath descending hills the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets

The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in
 vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

The Seasons: Summer.

A THUNDER-STORM.

A BODING silence reigns
 Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull
 sound

That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes
 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'T is listening fear and dumb amazement all:
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds: till overhead a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts,
 And opens wider; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.

Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
 Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone-descending rain: Wide-rent, the clouds
 Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquenched,
 The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering
 pine

Stands a sad shattered trunk; and, stretched
 below,

A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless
 look

They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
 And ox half raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower and spiry fane
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
 Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
 The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,

Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur, heaped hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulé bellows through her utmost isles.

The Seasons: Summer.

CELADON AND AMELIA.

GUILT hears appalled, with deeply troubled
thought;

And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair,
With equal virtue formed, and equal grace,
The same, distinguished by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They loved: but such their guileless passion
was,

As in the dawn of time informed the heart
Of innocence and undissembling truth.
'T was friendship heightened by the mutual wish,
The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beamed from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self,
Supremely happy in the awakened power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
The rural day, and talked the flowing heart,
Or sighed, and looked unutterable things.

So passed their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far and where its mazes strayed,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Heavy with instant fate, her bosom heaved
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven repressed her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceived
The unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumined high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet Innocence! thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice,
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'T is safety to be near thee sure, and thus
To clasp Perfection!" From his void embrace,

(Mysterious Heaven!) that moment, to the
ground,

A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous
maid.

But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fixed in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
Forever silent and forever sad.

The Seasons: Summer.

BATHING.

THIS is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer-heats;
Nor, when cold winter keens the brightening
flood,

Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift clapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquered earth,
First learned, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

The Seasons: Summer.

LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,
She with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, concealed,
Together thus they shunned the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy fashion and low-minded pride!
Almost on nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and
pure

As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrilled in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,

Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorned, adorned the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Apennine,*
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
 So flourished blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compelled
 By strong necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
 Palemon was, the generous and the rich,
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty concealed.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the world prevailed and its dread
 laugh,

Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ;
 And thus in secret to his soul he sighed : —
 " What pity ! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
 Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.
 'T is said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better
 days,

His aged widow and his daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were ! "

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto, who can speak
 The mingled passions that surprised his heart,

* The seven lines following this were written by Pope, and adopted by Thomson.

And through his nerves in shivering transport
 ran ?

Then blazed his smothered flame, avowed, and
 bold ;

And as he viewed her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.

Confused, and frightened at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flushed a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Poured out the pious rapture of his soul : —

" And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ?

She whom my restless gratitude has sought
 So long in vain ? O yes ! the very same,

The softened image of my noble friend ;

Alive his every feature, every look,

More elegantly touched. Sweeter than spring !

Thou sole surviving blossom from the root

That nourished up my fortune ! say, ah, where,

In what sequestered desert, hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven ?

Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;

Though poverty's cold wind and crushing rain

Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years ?

O, let me now into a richer soil

Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and
 showers

Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;

And of my garden be the pride and joy !

It ill befits thee, O, it ill befits

Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,

Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,

The father of a country, thus to pick

The very refuse of those harvest fields

Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.

Then throw that shameful pittance from thy
 hand,

But ill applied to such a rugged task :

The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;

If to the various blessings which thy house

Has on me lavished, thou wilt add that bliss,

That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee ! "

Here ceased the youth : yet still his speaking
 eye

Expressed the sacred triumph of his soul,

With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,

Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.

Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm

Of goodness irresistible, and all

In sweet disorder lost, she blushed consent.

The news immediate to her mother brought,

While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined
 away

The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate ;

Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,

Joy seized her withered veins, and one bright
 gleam

Of setting life shone on her evening-hours :

Not less enraptured than the happy pair ;

Who flourished long in tender bliss, and reared
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

The Seasons: Autumn.

THE SNOW-STORM.

THE keener tempests come: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower
descends,

At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow
melts

Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits its evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then de-
mands

The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the
floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where
he is;

Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and
dogs,

And more unpitied men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening
earth,

With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dis-
persed,

Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

The Seasons: Winter.

THE SHEPHERD LOST IN THE SNOW.

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts
of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blessed abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smoothed up with snow; and, what is land, un-
known,

What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks,
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death;
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern
blast.

The Seasons: Winter.

THE INDIFFERENCE OF WEALTH TO POVERTY.

AN! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;

Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
 E'en in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation
 joined,
 How many, racked with honest passions, droop
 In deep retired distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond
 man

Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appalled,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

The Seasons: Winter.

THE SEASONS AS TYPICAL OF HUMAN LIFE.

BEHOLD, fond man!

See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent
 strength,

Thy sober autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering
 thoughts,

Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
 All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! awakening nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,

In every heightened form, from pain and death
 Forever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refined clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that power
 And wisdom oft arraigned: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
 And died neglected: why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
 In starving solitude; while Luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of Superstition's scourge: why licensed Pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe,
 Imbittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deemed evil, is no more:
 The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded spring encircle all.

The Seasons: Winter.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
 And every sense and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year,
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
 Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfeined,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled.
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force Di-
 vine,

Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combined;
 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,

Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming,
thence

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness
breathes:

O, talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to
Heaven

The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs and fruits and
flowers,

In mingled clouds to him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
paints.

Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his
praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of
all,

Crown the great hymn; in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to Heaven.

Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons, as they roll!
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 't is naught to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where he vital spreads there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

The castle hight of Indolence.
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We lived right jollily.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep
and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half
 imbrowned,

A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne cared even for
 play.

Was naught around but images of rest :
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns be-
 tween ;

And flowery beds that slumbrous influence keft,
 From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant
 green,

Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets
 played,

And hurled everywhere their waters sheen ;
 That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling mur-
 mur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
 And, now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stockdoves plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;

Yet all these sounds yblent inclinéd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;
 Where naught but shadowy forms was seen
 to move,

As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood :
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
 And where this valley winded out, below,

The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely
 heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 Forever flushing round a summer sky :
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh ;
 But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest
 Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)

Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of checkered day and night ;
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was placed ; and to his lute, of cruel fate
 And labor harsh, complained, lamenting man's
 estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass there by :
 For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbor-
 ing hill,

The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;
 Till clustering round the enchanter false they
 hung,

Ymolten with his siren melody ;
 While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he
 flung,

And to the trembling chords these tempting
 verses sung :

"Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
 See all, but man, with unearned pleasure gay :
 See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
 Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May !
 What youthful bride can equal her array ?
 Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?
 From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
 From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
 Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
 The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
 Ten thousand throats ! that, from the flower-
 ing thorn,
 Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
 Such grateful kindly raptures them move :
 They neither plough, nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,
 E'er to the barn the nodden sheaves they
 drove :

Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
 Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the
 vale.

"Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched thrall
 Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
 Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,
 And of the vices, an inhuman train,
 That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :
 For when hard-hearted interest first began
 To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;
 Guile, violence, and murder seized on man,
 And, for soft milky streams, with blood the
 rivers ran.

"Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
 Push hard up hill ; but as the furthest steep

You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,

And hurls your labors to the valley deep,
Forever vain: come, and withouten fee,

I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,

Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
Of full delight: O, come, ye weary wights, to me!

"With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds:
Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
And sell fair honor for some paltry pounds;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,

In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

"No cocks, with me, to rustic labor call,
From village on to village sounding clear;
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith
sear,

Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear:

But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

"Here naught but candor reigns, indulgent
ease,

Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and
down:

They who are pleased themselves must always
please;

On others' ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:

Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,

Is soothed and sweetened by the social sense;
For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banished
hence.

"What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
Across the enlivened skies, and make them still
more gay.

"The best of men have ever loved repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancor
grows,

Imbittered more from peevish day to day.
E'en those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

"But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 't is not forbidden here:
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude: the whilst, amused, you
hear

Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's
sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

"O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
And gives the untasted portion you have won
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you, gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows
dun:

But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

He ceased. But still their trembling ears re-
tained

The deep vibrations of his witching song;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrained
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they slept
along,

In silent ease; as when beneath the beam
Of summer moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silvered with the gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal
stream:

By the smooth demon so it ordered was,
And here his baneful bounty first began:
Though some there were who would not fur-
ther pass,

And his alluring baits suspected han.
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can:
For do their very best they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leaped upon them
straight;
And soon as touched by his unhallowed paw,
They found themselves within the curséd gate;

Full hard'to be repass'd, like that of fate.
 Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
 Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state ;
 Though feeble wretch he seemed, of sallow hue :
 Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter
 rue.

* * *

Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench
 arose
 A comely, full-spread porter, swoln with sleep :
 His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathed
 repose ;
 And in sweet torpor he was plungéd deep,
 Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep ;
 While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
 Through which his half-waked soul would
 faintly peep :
 Then taking his black staff, he called his man,
 And roused himself as much as rouse himself he
 can.

The lad leaped lightly at his master's call :
 He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
 Save sleep and play who minded naught at all,
 Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
 This boy he kept each band to disengage,
 Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
 But ill becoming his grave personage,
 And which his portly paunch would not permit ;
 So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime, the master-porter wide displayed
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns ;
 Wherewith he those who entered in arrayed
 Loose, as the breeze that plays along the
 downs,
 And waves the summer woods when evening
 frowns ;
 O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
 And heightens ease with grace. This done,
 right fain,
 Sir porter sat him down, and turned to sleep
 again.

Thus easy robed, they to the fountain sped
 That in the middle of the court up-threw
 A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
 And falling back again in drizzly dew ;
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted,
 drew ;
 It was a fountain of nepenthe rare ;
 Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasance
 grew,
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care ;
 Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous
 dreams more fair.

This rite performed, all inly pleased and still,
 Withouten tromp, was proclamation made :

"Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will ;
 And wander where you list, through hall or
 glade ;
 Be no man's pleasure for another stayed ;
 Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
 And cursed be he who minds his neighbor's
 trade !

Here dwells kind ease and unreprieving joy :
 He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming
 round,
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
 Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
 But every man strolled off his own glad way,
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
 With all the lodges that thereto pertained,
 No living creature could be seen to stray ;
 While solitude and perfect silence reigned ;
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was con-
 strained.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,*
 Placed far amid the melancholy main
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
 Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
 To stand, embodied, to our senses plain),
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro :
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound !
 Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
 And all the widely silent places round,
 Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
 What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string ?
 I who have spent my nights and nightly days
 In this soul-deadening place loose-loitering :
 Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my moulted
 wing ?

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low despair,
 Thou imp of Jove, touched by celestial fire !
 Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
 Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire :
 Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre ;
 Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
 Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
 The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
 Dashing corruption down through every worth-
 less age.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 Ne curséd knocker plied by villain's hand,
 Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand ;

* Those isles on the western coast of Scotland, called the Hebrides.

The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band ;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling
bed ;

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high-flavored and rich viands
crowned ;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean 'genders in his round :
Some, hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound ;
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
played.

Here freedom reigned, without the least alloy ;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenomed tongue our pleasures pall.
For why ? there was but one great rule for all ;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might in-
spire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was invoven many a gentle tale ;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale :
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured
heart ;
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed echo to resound their
smart ;
While flocks, woods, streams around, repose and
peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning
hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age ;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best
engage.
Toil was not then : of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to
feed :
Blessed sons of nature they ! true golden age
indeed !

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls :

Now the black tempest strikes the astonished
eyes ;

Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies ;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with soften-
ing hue,

Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound too here to languishment inclined,
Lulled the weak bosom, and induced ease :
Aerial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lulled the pensive, melancholy mind ;
Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined ;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight :
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it
highlight.*

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine ?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul :
Now rising love they fanned ; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the
heart ;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart :
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art !

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies
store ;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore :
When sleep was coy, the bard, † in waiting there,
Cheered the lone midnight with the Muse's
lore ;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.
Near the pavilions where we slept still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began

* The Æolian harp, here designated, has been greatly im-
proved in its structure by a kindred poet, the author of 'The
Farmer's Boy.'

† The Arabian caliphs had poets among the officers of their
court, whose office it was to do what is here described.

(So worked the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell :
At doors and windows, threatening, seemed to
call

The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all ;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy
hall,

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tint and grace ;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That played, in waving lights, from place to
place,

And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space ;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions ! artful phantoms, no !
My Muse will not attempt your fairy land :
She has no colors that like you can glow :
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming
sprights,

Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and
bland,
Poured all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And blessed them oft besides with more refined
delights.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue ; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils
delight ;

Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters
sleep,

Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep ;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far
hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight
gloom :

Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom :
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart :
But chief, awhile, O, lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we
smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixed woe the
heart.

Or are you sportive — Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth ;
To cares estranged, and manhood's thorny
ways,

What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied ;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling
maze

Of the wild brooks ! — but, fondly wandering
wide,

My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee
abide.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turned it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth ; where constantly
Of idly busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which, obtained, the caitiffs dare not
taste : —

When nothing is enjoyed, can there be greater
waste ?

"Of vanity the mirror," this was called :
Here, you a muckworm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stalled,
Eat up with carking care and penury ;
Most like to carcass parched on gallow-tree.

"A penny saved is a penny got" :
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigor will he bate a jot,
Till it has quenched his fire, and banished his
pot.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold !
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift
heir,

All glossy gay, enamelled all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers
vile,

And thieving tradesmen him among them
share ;

His father's ghost from limbo lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him
pile.

This globe portrayed the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards : oft they snatch the
pen,

As if inspired, and in a Thespian rage ;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth en-
gage :

Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling
sore?

To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enriched with fame, when useless
worldly store.

Then would a splendid city rise to view
With carts and cars and coaches roaring all:
Wide-poured abroad behold the giddy crew:
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbor's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming
night.

The puzzling sons of party next appeared,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whispered close, now shrugging
reared

The important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward
set.

No sooner Lucifer* recalls affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When lo! pushed up to power, and crowned
their cares,
In comes another set, and kicketh them down
stairs.

But what most showed the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engaged, and deadly strife:
Most Christian kings, inflamed by black de-
sire,
With honorable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour;
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
Then sit them down just where they were be-
fore,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force
restore.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
A useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm ap-
pear,
To gypsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers
moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark;

* The morning star.

A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face.
Pensive, not sad; in thought involved, not
dark;

As soot this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting
art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting
sound;
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he basked him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows
stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passéd many a
day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay concealed—
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew revealed:
Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,
And marked the clouds that drove before the
wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace
behind.

With him was sometimes joined, in silent walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke),
One* shyer still, who quite detested talk:
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever uttered word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve: "Thank Heaven! the
day is done."

Here lurked a wretch, who had not crept
abroad

For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loopholes, that had practised
been

Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt and rough, of squalid face and mien,
Our Castle's shame! whence, from his filthy
nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

* Conjecture has applied this to Dr. Armstrong, the poet.

One day there chanced into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight ;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light :
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night :
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good :
What most elates, then sinks the soul as low :
When springtide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still the exulting billows flow,
The further back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore :
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so ;
Who, whilst he stayed, he kept in gay uproar
Our maddened castle all, the abode of sleep no
more.

As when in prime of June a burnished fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps
along,
Cheered by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng :
And oft he sips their bowl ; or nearly drowned,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with trump pro-
found ;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest* there was, of sense refined,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touched as any man's with bad ;
Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad ;
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent :

"Come, dwell with us ! true son of virtue,
come !
But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade
To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
Ne evermore to quit our quiet glade ;
Yet when at last thy toils but ill a-paid
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
There to indulge the Muse, and nature mark :
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley
Park."

Here whilom ligged the Esopust of the age ;
But called by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restored him to the stage,
And roused him like a giant from his sleep.

* George, Lord Lyttelton.

† Mr. Quin.

Even from his slumbers we advantage reap :
With double force the enlivened scene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to
keep

Each due decorum : now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urged sense the enlightened
judgment takes.

A bard* here dwelt, more fat than bard be-
seems ;
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Poured forth his unpremeditated strain :
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laughed he careless in his easy seat ;
Here quaffed, encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage : his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne caréd to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man† of God,
Was one I chiefly marked among the fry :
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanced to trippen by ;
Which when observed, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded naught
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs :
They looked, perdie, as if they deeply thought ;
And on their brow sat every nation's cares ;
The world by them is parcelled out in shares,
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sunburnt Mocha bears
Has cleared their inward eye : then, smoke-
enrolled,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced court :
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree, .
From every quarter hither made resort ;
Where, from gross mortal care and business
free,
They lay, poured out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom ;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and
loom.

Their only labor was to kill the time
(And labor dire it is, and weary woe) ;
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme ;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow :
This soon too rude an exercise they find ;

* Thomson himself. Lord Lyttelton wrote this stanza.

† The Rev. Mr. Murdoch.

Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,

Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapory god, soft breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,

Diseased and loathsome, privily were thrown:
Far from the light of heaven, they languished there,

Unpitied uttering many a bitter groan;
For of these wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where sickness tossed away.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppressed,
Stretched on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-opened eyne he shut straightway;
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield
the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
Forever fed with watery supply;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexéd was full oft with ugly fit;
And some her frantic deemed, and some her
deemed a wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know,
And sought all physicks which the shops bestow,
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humor ever wavering to and fro:
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxéd wroth, and all she knew not
why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pined,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seemed to hate mankind,
Yet loved in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings,

The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,

A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst apoplexy-crammed Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.*

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his achievements fair;
That, by this Castle's overthrow,
Secured, and crowned were.

ESCAPED the castle of the sire of sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savoring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turned to pain,
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labor its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;
But a fell tribe the Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee;
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

Come, then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy, languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

In Fairy Land there lived a knight of old,
Of feature stern, Selvaggio well cyeleped,
A rough unpolished man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sowed nor reaped,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heaped;

* The four concluding stanzas were claimed by Doctor Armstrong, and inserted in his Miscellanies.

In hunting all his days away he wore;
 Now scorched by June, now in November
 steeped,
 Now pinched by biting January sore,
 He still in woods pursued the libbard and the
 boar.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
 Pricked through the forest to dislodge his prey,
 Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
 With wood wild fringed, he marked a taper's
 ray,
 That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,
 Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
 There, up to earn the needments of the day,
 He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
 Her he compressed, and filled her with a lusty
 boy.

Amid the greenwood shade this boy was bred,
 And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
 Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
 The Knight of Arts and Industry by name:
 Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did
 frame;
 He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
 His tasteful well-earned food the sylvan game,
 Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands
 teem:
 The same to him glad summer, or the winter
 breme.

So passed his youthly morning, void of care,
 Wild as the colts that through the commons
 run:
 For him no tender parents troubled were,
 He of the forest seemed to be the son,
 And, certes, had been utterly undone,
 But that Minerva pity of him took,
 With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
 That each to tame the soil and rule the crook;
 Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtured well,
 In every science, and in every art,
 By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
 That can or use or joy or grace impart,
 Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
 Ne were the goodly exercises spared,
 That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
 And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
 Was never knight on ground mote be with him
 compared.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
 The hunter steed, exulting o'er the dale,
 And drew the roseate breath of orient day;
 Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
 Yclad in steel, and bright with burnished mail,

He strained the bow, or tossed the sounding
 spear,
 Or darting on the goal, outstripped the gale,
 Or wheeled the chariot in its mid career,
 Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough
 compeer.

At other times he pried through nature's store,
 Whate'er she in the ethereal round contains,
 Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
 The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
 Or else he scanned the globe, those small do-
 mains
 Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
 Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its
 plains;
 But more he searched the mind, and roused
 from sleep

Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
 Of heavenly truth, and practise what she
 taught:
 Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits!
 Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he
 caught,
 Forth calling all with which boon earth is
 fraught;
 Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool,
 Or reared the fabric from the finest draught;
 And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
 Fighting with winds and waves on the vexed
 ocean pool.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried
 To touch the kindling canvas into life;
 With nature his creating pencil vied,
 With nature joyous at the mimic strife:
 Or, to such shapes as graced Pygmalion's wife
 He hewed the marble; or, with varied fire,
 He roused the trumpet, and the martial fife,
 Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
 Or verses framed that well might wake Apollo's
 lyre.

Accomplished thus, he from the woods issued,
 Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;
 The work, which long he in his breast had
 brewed
 Now to perform he ardent did devise;
 To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
 Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
 Naught to be seen but savage wood, and skies;
 No cities nourished arts, no culture smiled,
 No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man;
 On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, preyed:
 The strongest still the weakest overran;

In every country mighty robbers swayed,
 And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
 Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;
 Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
 To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
 For, by the powers divine, it should no more
 be so!

It would exceed the purport of my song
 To say how this best sun, from orient climes,
 Came beaming life and beauty all along,
 Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
 Still as he passed, the nations he sublimed,
 And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
 Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome their golden
 times,
 Successive, had; but now in ruins gray
 They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
 The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
 A sylvan life till then the natives led,
 In the brown shades and greenwood forest
 lost,
 All careless rambling where it liked them most;
 Their wealth the wild deer bouncing through
 the glade;
 They lodged at large, and lived at nature's cost;
 Save spear and bow, withouten other aid;
 Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dis-
 mayed.

He liked the soil, he liked the clement skies,
 He liked the verdant hills and flowery plains:
 "Be this my great, my chosen isle," he cries,
 "This, whilst my labors Liberty sustains,
 This queen of ocean all assault disdains."
 Nor liked he less the genius of the land,
 To freedom apt and persevering pains,
 Mild to obey, and generous to command,
 Tempered by forming Heaven with kindest, firm-
 est hand.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
 Whatever arts and industry can frame:
 Whatever finished agriculture knows,
 Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who
 came,
 When Eden flourished in unspotted fame;
 And still with her sweet innocence we find,
 And tender peace, and joys without a name,
 That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
 Nature and art at once, delight and use combined.

Then towns he quickened by mechanic arts,
 And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
 Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
 Join land to land, and marry soil to soil;
 Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
 Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;

Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
 Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
 While o'er the encircling deep Britannia's thunder
 roars.

The drooping Muses then he westward called,
 From the famed city * by Propontic sea,
 What time the Turk the enfeebled Grecian
 thrall'd;
 Thence from their cloistered walks he set them
 free,
 And brought them to another Castalie,
 Where Isis many a famous nursing breeds;
 Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea
 In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
 The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd
 feeds.

Yet the fine arts were what he finished least.
 For why? They are the quintessence of all,
 The growth of laboring time, and slow in-
 creased:
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall
 That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
 Up to the sunshine of uncumbered ease,
 Where no rude care the mounting thought
 may thrall,
 And where they nothing have to do but please;
 Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no
 other fees.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
 Our patrons now e'en grudge that little claim,
 Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;
 And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,
 Poor sons of puffed-up vanity, not fame.
 Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
 The eternal patron, Liberty; whose flame,
 While she protects, inspires the noblest strains:
 The best and sweetest far are toil-created gains.

When as the knight had framed, in Britainland,
 A matchless form of glorious government,
 In which the sovereign laws alone command,
 Laws established by the public free consent,
 Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
 When this great plan, with each dependent art,
 Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
 Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
 And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through
 the heart.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
 Where his long alleys peeped upon the main:
 In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
 Here mixed the chief, the patriot, and the
 swain.

The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
 Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,

* Constantinople.

He walked his rounds, and cheered his blest domain;
His days, the days of unstained nature, rolled
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk;
Witness, with autumn charged the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,
Or of September moons the radiance mild.
O, hide thy head, abominable War!
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child!
From Heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories viled!

Nor from his deep retirement banished was
The amusing care of rural industry.
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,
And all the enlivened country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads the exulting streamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,
And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polished Nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durst not art encroach;
'T is Art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona played:
Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common fanned,
A happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature strayed.

But in prime vigor what can last for aye?
That soul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was his cursed influence;
Of public virtue much he dulled the sense,
E'en much of private; eat our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold,
and stout.

A rage of pleasure maddened every breast,
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wish each must be blessed,
With joy be fevered; snatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the standard reared; her arrier-ban

Corruption called, and loud she gave the word,
"Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar man,
The lackey, be more virtuous than his lord?
Enjoy this span of life! 't is all the gods afford."

The tidings reached to where, in quiet hall,
The good old Knight enjoyed well-earned repose:
"Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee call;
Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!
The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows."
On this the noble color stained his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
Of venerable eld; his eye full speaks
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

"I will," he cried, "so help me, God! destroy
That villain Archimage." His page then straight
He to him called; a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Despatch: "My steed be at the gate;
My bard attend; quick, bring the net of fate."
This net was twisted by the sisters three;
Which, when once cast o'er hardened wretch,
too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

He came, the bard, a little druid wight,
Of withered aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mixed. In russet brown be-dight,
As is his sister* of the copses green,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen!
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

"Come," quoth the Knight, "a voice has reached mine ear;
The demon Indolence threatens overflow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
Those men, those wretched men! who will be slaves,
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
Shall raise." Thrice happy he! who without rigor saves.

Issuing forth, the Knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star

* The Nightingale.

Shone blazing bright : sprung from the generous breed,
 That whirl of active day the rapid car,
 He pranced along, disdaining gate or bar.
 Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
 An honest sober beast, that did not mar
 His meditations, but full softly trode :
 And much they moralized as thus yfere they yode.

They talked of virtue, and of human bliss.
 What else so fit for man to settle well ?
 And still their long researches met in this,
 This Truth of Truths, which nothing can re-
 fel :

“ From virtue’s fount the purest joys outwell,
 Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious
 soul ;
 While vice pours forth the troubled streams of
 hell,
 The which, howe’er disguised, at last with dole
 Will through the tortured breast their fiery tor-
 rent roll.”

At length it dawned, that fatal valley gay,
 O’er which high wood-crowned hills their sum-
 mits rear :
 On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
 And spite even of themselves their senses
 cheer ;
 Then to the vizard’s wonne their steps they
 steer.
 Like a green isle, it broad beneath them
 spread,
 With gardens round, and wandering currents
 clear,
 And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,
 Sweet airs and song : and without hurry all
 seemed glad.

“ As God shall judge me, Knight ! we must
 forgive
 (The half-enraptured Philomelus cried)
 The frail good man deluded here to live,
 And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
 Ah ! naught is pure. It cannot be denied,
 That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
 And vice of virtue. What should then betide,
 But that our charity be not too nice ?
 Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.”

“ Ay, sicker,” quoth the Knight, “ all flesh is
 frail,
 To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent ;
 But let not brutish vice of this avail,
 And think to ’scape deservéd punishment.
 Justice were cruel weakly to relent ;
 From Mercy’s self she got her sacred glaive ;
 Grace be to those who can, and will, repent ;

But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,
 Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit
 lave.”

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to
 where

The curséd carle was at his wonted trade ;
 Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
 In witching wise, as I before have said.
 But when he saw, in goodly gear arrayed,
 The grave majestic Knight approaching nigh,
 And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
 His countenance fell : yet oft his anxious eye
 Marked them, like wily fox who roosted cock
 doth spy.

Nathless, with feigned respect, he bade give
 back

The rabble rout, and welcomed them full kind ;
 Struck with the noble twain, they were not
 slack

His orders to obey, and fall behind.
 Then he resumed his song ; and unconfined,
 Poured all his music, ran through all his
 strings :

With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
 And virtue’s tender airs o’er weakness flings.
 What pity base his song who so divinely sings !

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
 They listened so intent with fixed delight :
 But they instead, as if transmewed to stone,
 marvelled he could with such sweet art unite
 The lights and shades of manners, wrong and
 right.

Meantime, the silly-crowd the charm devour,
 Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the
 Knight

He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
 Who backening shunned his touch, for well he
 knew its power.

As in thronged amphitheatre, of old,
 The wary Retiarius* trapped his foe ;
 E’en so the Knight, returning on him bold,
 At once involved him in the Net of Woe,
 Whereof I mention made not long ago.
 Inraged at first, he scorned so weak a jail,
 And leaped, and flew, and flounced to and fro ;
 But when he found that nothing could avail,
 He sat him felly down, and gnawed his bitter nail.

Alarmed, the inferior demons of the place
 Raised rueful shrieks and hideous yells around ;
 Black stormy clouds deformed the welkin’s face,
 And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
 As of infernal sprights in cavern bound ;
 A solemn sadness every creature strook,

* A gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over
 his adversary.

And lightnings flashed, and horror rocked the ground :

Huge crowds on crowds outpoured, with blemished look,

As if on Time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

Soon as the short-lived tempest was yspent,
Steamed from the jaws of vexed Avernus' hole,
And hushed the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole :

"There must," he cried, "amid so vast a shoal,
Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
Not poisoned quite by this same villain's bowl !

Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart ;
Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start."

The bard obeyed ; and taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
His British harp, its speaking strings he tried,
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptured hand he flung,

And played a prelude to his rising song :
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands
round him throng.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain : "Ye hapless
race,

Dire laboring here to smother reason's ray,
That lights our Maker's image in our face,
And gives us wide o'er earth unquestioned
sway ;

What is the adored Supreme Perfection, say, —
What, but eternal never-resting soul,
Almighty power, and all-directing day ;
By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll ;

Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the
whole ?

"Come, to the beaming God your hearts
unfold !

Draw from its fountain life ! 'T is thence,
alone,

We can excel. Up from unfeeling mould,
To seraphs, burning round the Almighty's
throne,

Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
In universal nature this clear shown,

Not needeth proof : to prove it were, I wis,
To prove the beauteous world excels the brute
abyss.

"Is not the field, with lively culture green,
A sight more joyous than the dead morass ?

Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
And fanned by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
The foul November fogs, and slumbrous mass
With which sad Nature veils her drooping face ?
Does not the mountain stream, as clear as glass,
Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace ?

The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

"It was not by vile loitering in ease
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art ;
That soft yet ardent Athens learned to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme, complete in every part !
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering
dart ;

For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows ;
Renown is not the child of indolent Repose."

"Had unambitious mortals minded naught
But in loose joy their time to wear away ;
Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude nature's state had been our state to-day ;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay ;
With brother brutes the human race had
grazed ;

None e'er had soared to fame, none honored been,
none praised.

"Great Homer's song had never fired the breast
To thirst of glory and heroic deeds ;
Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds :
The wits of modern time had told their beads,
The monkish legends been their only strains ;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
Our Shakespeare strolled and laughed with
Warwick swains,

Ne had my master Spenser charmed his Mulla's
plains.

"Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,
And perished all the sons of ancient fame ;
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
Through the dark depth of time their vivid
flame,

Had all been lost with such as have no name.
Who then had scorned his ease for others' good ?
Who then had toiled rapacious men to tame ?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,

And for his country's cause been prodigal of
blood ?

"But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
If right I read, you pleasure all require :
Then hear how best may be obtained this fee,
How best enjoyed this nature's wide desire.

Toil and be glad ! let Industry inspire
 Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath !
 Who does not act is dead ; absorpt entire
 In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath :
 O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death !

“ Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
 When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?
 How tasteless then whatever can be given ?
 Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 And exercise of health. In proof of this,
 Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
 Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss ;
 While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
 As light as air each limb, each thought as clear
 as day.

“ O, who can speak the vigorous joys of
 health !
 Unlogged the body, unobscured the mind :
 The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
 The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
 In health the wiser brutes true gladness find :
 See ! how the younglings frisk along the
 meads,
 As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind ;
 Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds ;
 Yet what but high-strung health this dancing
 pleasaunce breeds ?

“ But here, instead, is fostered every ill,
 Which or distempered minds or bodies know.
 Come then, my kindred spirits ! do not spill
 Your talents here : this place is but a show,
 Whose charms delude you to the den of woe.
 Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
 Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
 Sincere as sweet ; come, follow this good
 Knight,
 And you will bless the day that brought him to
 your sight.

“ Some he will lead to courts, and some to
 camps ;
 To senates some, and public sage debates,
 Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight
 lamps,
 The world is poised, and managed mighty
 states ;
 To high discovery some, that new creates
 The face of earth ; some to the thriving mart ;
 Some to the rural reign, and softer fates ;
 To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart :
 All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art !

“ There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
 Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair :
 ‘ All may be done,’ methinks I hear them
 say,

‘ E'en death despised by generous actions fair ;
 All, but for those who to these bowers repair,
 Their every power dissolved in luxury,
 To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
 And from the powerful arms of sloth get free :
 'Tis rising from the dead ! Alas !—it cannot
 be !’

“ Would you then learn to dissipate the band
 Of the huge threatening difficulties dire,
 That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
 His soul appall, and damp his rising fire ?
 Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
 Exert that noblest privilege, alone
 Here to mankind indulged ; control desire :
 Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
 Speak the commanding word ‘ I will !’ and it is
 done.

“ Heavens ! can you then thus waste, in
 shameful wise,
 Your few important days of trial here ?
 Heirs of eternity ! yborn to rise
 Through endless states of being, still more
 near
 To bliss approaching, and perfection clear ;
 Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
 Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to
 steer,
 And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and
 slime ?
 No ! no ! — Your Heaven-touched hearts disdain
 the sordid crime !”

“ Enough ! enough !” they cried, — straight,
 from the crowd,
 The better sort on wings of transport fly :
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud
 Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
 Snows piled on snows in wintry torpor lie,
 The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play ;
 The awakened heaps, in streamlets from on
 high,
 Roused into action, lively leap away,
 Glad warbling through the vales, in their new
 being gay.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
 That lighted up these new created men,
 Than that which wings the exulting spirit
 clean,
 When, just delivered from this fleshly den,
 It soaring seeks its native skies agen :
 How light its essence ! how unclogged its
 powers,
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen !
 E'en so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
 E'en such enraptured life, such energy was ours.

But far the greater part, with rage inflamed,
Dire-muttered curses, and blasphemed high
Jove:

"Ye sons of hate!" they bitterly exclaimed,
"What brought you to this seat of peace and
love?"

While with kind nature, here amid the
grove,

We passed the harmless sabbath of our time,
What to disturb it could, fell men, emove

Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven
sublime."

"Ye impious wretches," quoth the Knight in
wrath,

"Your happiness behold!" Then straight a
wand

He waved, an anti-magic power that hath
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.

Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles
found;

On baleful heaths the groves all blackened
stand;

And o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature
crawls around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning
scathed,

Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bathed,

They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent
rolled:

These, by distempered blood to madness stung,
Had doomed themselves; whence oft, when
night controlled

The world, returning hither their sad spirits
howled.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid;

That lazarus-house, I whilom in my lay

Depainted have, its horrors deep displayed,

And gave unnumbered wretches to the day,

Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.

Soon as of sacred light the unwonted smile

Poured on these living catacombs its ray,

Through the drear caverns stretching many a
mile,

The sick upraised their heads, and dropped their
woes awhile.

"O Heaven!" they cried, "and do we once
more see

Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so
fair?"

Are we from noisome damp of pesthouse free?
And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
O thou! or Knight, or God? who holdest
there

That fiend, O, keep him in eternal chains!

But what for us, the children of despair,

Brought to the brink of hell, what hope re-
mains?

Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains."

The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.

"Certes," quoth he, "it is not e'en in grace,

To undo the past, and eke your broken years:

Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,

With humble hope, her eye; to her is given

A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;

She quells the brand by which the rocks are
riven;

She more than merely softens, she rejoices
Heaven.

"Then patient bear the sufferings you have
earned,

And by these sufferings purify the mind;

Let wisdom be by past misconduct learned:

Or pious die, with penitence resigned;

And to a life more happy and refined,

Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.

Till then, you may expect in me to find

One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,

One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you
to the skies."

They silent heard, and poured their thanks in
tears:

"For you," resumed the Knight with sterner
tone,

"Whose hard dry hearts the obdurate demon
sears,

That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;

In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan

His fatal charms, and weep your stains away;

Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,

You feel a perfect change: then, who can say

What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's
eternal day?"

This said, his powerful wand he waved anew:

Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,

The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue;

Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,

And with seraphic flame compassion blends.

At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:

When lo! a goodly hospital ascends;

In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,

That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad com-
pany.

It was a worthy, edifying sight,
And gives to human kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; some, from the pallid
face

Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature
sheds;

Some reach the healing draught: the whilst,
to chase

The fear supreme, around their softened beds,
Some holy man by prayer all opening Heaven
dispreads.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,
Then turned the Knight; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, sought of peace the mossy cell:
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To see the helpless wretches that remained,
There left through delves and deserts dire to
yell;

Amazed, their looks with pale dismay were
stained,

And spreading wide their hands they meek re-
pentance feigned.

But ah! their scornéd day of grace was past:
For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild
Before them stretched, bare, comfortless, and
vast;

With gibbets, bones, and carcasses defiled.
There nor trim field nor lively culture smiled;
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely piled,
Through which they floundering toiled with
painful care,

Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fired the
cloudless air.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The saddened country a gray waste appeared;
Where naught but putrid streams and noisome
fogs

Forever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;
Or else the ground, by piercing Caurus seared,
Was jagged with frost, or heaped with glazed
snow;

Through these extremes a ceaseless round they
steered,

By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary and Scorn, with many hell-
hounds moe.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they fluttered light;
Of morbid hue his features, sunk and sad;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;
And o'er his lank jawbone, in piteous plight,

His black rough beard was matted rank and
vile;

Direful to see! a heart-appalling sight!
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the
while.

The other was a fell despicable fiend;
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower be-
low:

By pride and wit and rage and rancor
keenéd;

Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With nose upturned, he always made a show
As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his
eye

Was cold and keen, like blast from boreal
snow;

And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly
fry.

E'en so through Brentford town, a town of
mud,

A herd of bristly swine is pricked along;
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troub-
lous song,

And oft they plunge themselves the mire
among:

But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,
And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

DAVID MALLET.

1700 - 1765.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'T WAS at the silent solemn hour
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;

The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime ;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek, —
She died before her time.

“Awake!” she cried, “thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave :
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

“This is the dark and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain ;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

“Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath !
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

“Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

“How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

“Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witless maid !
Believe the flattering tale ?

“That face, alas ! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red :
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

“The hungry worm my sister is ;
This winding-sheet I wear :
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

“But hark ! the cock has warned me hence ;
A long and last adieu !
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.”

The lark sung loud ; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red :
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay ;

And stretched him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore ;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake nevermore !

—o—o—o—
JOHN DYER.

1700-1758.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man ;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings ;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale ;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse ;
Now, while Phœbus riding high
Gives lustre to the land and sky !
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made ;
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head ;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottos where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day :
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal :
The mountains round, unhappy fate !
Sooner or later of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise :
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below !

No clouds, no vapors, intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow,
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Tow's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow, —
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;

Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which to those who journey near, .
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O, may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with a humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1702-1751.

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

My God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didst chase the fears of hell;
And teach my pale and quivering lips
Thy matchless grace to tell.

Calmly I bowed my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast;
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

Where thou determin'st mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

YE GOLDEN LAMPS OF HEAVEN, FAREWELL!

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light!
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall see my God.

There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

HENRY CAREY.*

1663-1743.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day,—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:

* A natural son of the famous Marquess of Halifax, who occupies so prominent a place in Macaulay's History. Macaulay says of the Marquess: "He left a natural son, Henry Carey, whose dramas once drew crowded audiences to the theatres, and some of whose gay and spirited verses still live in the memory of hundreds of thousands. From Henry Carey descended that Edmund Kean who, in our own time, transformed himself so marvellously into Shylock, Iago, and Othello."

I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O, then I'll marry Sally,—
O, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley!

A MAIDEN'S IDEAL OF A HUSBAND.

GENTEEL in personage,
Conduct, and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free:
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;
This must he be.
Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

The Contrivances.

GOD SAVE THE KING.*

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

The choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.

May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the king.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

1704 - 1754.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I darena weil be seen,
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride,
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun
she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er poued birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'T is he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O, wash his wounds his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,

* These celebrated lines are poetically worthless. There has been much contention as to their authorship; but the question has been practically settled in favor of Henry Carey.

And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight, but to my sorrow;
O'er rashly bauld a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows
the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair fair indeed thy love,
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and weil beloved again,
Than me he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields! may never never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 't was my ain sewing,
Ah! wretched me! I little little kenned
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But e'er the to-fall of the night
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that waeful waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre 's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
O; lay his cold head on my pillow.
Take aff take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best yet best beloved,
O, could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye 'd lie all night between my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale, indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy lover heeds naught of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

SONG.

YE shepherds of this pleasant vale,
Where Yarrow streams along,
Forsake your rural toils, and join
In my triumphant song.

She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crowns the pains
Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,
These suffering days are o'er;
Love satiates now his boundless wish
From beauty's boundless store:

No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears,
This rising calm destroy ;
Now every prospect smiles around,
All opening into joy.

The sun with double lustre shone
That dear consenting hour,
Brightened each hill, and o'er each vale
New colored every flower :

The gales their gentle sighs withheld,
No leaf was seen to move,
The hovering songsters round were mute,
And wonder hushed the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound
The lambkin's tender cry ;
Without one murmur Yarrow stole
In diapling silence by :

All nature seemed in still repose
Her voice alone to hear,
That gently rolled the tuneful wave.
She spoke and blessed my ear :

"Take, take what'er of bliss or joy
You fondly fancy mine ;
What'er of joy or bliss I boast,
Love renders wholly thine."

The woods struck up to the soft gale,
The leaves were seen to move,
The feathered choir resumed their voice,
And wonder filled the grove ;

The hills and dales again resound
The lambkins' tender cry,
With all his murmurs Yarrow trilled
The song of triumph by ;

Above, beneath, around, all on
Was verdure, beauty, song ;
I snatched her to my trembling breast,
All nature joyed along.

HENRY FIELDING.

1707 - 1754.

A HUNTING WE WILL GO.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn :
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay ;

"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows ;
You cannot hunt to-day."
Yet a hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch ;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.
Yet a hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale ;
And when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a hunting we will go.

Fond Echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry ;
The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
And music fills the sky.
When a hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night.
And a drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
Prepare them for the chase ;
Rise at the sounding of the horn
And health with sport embrace.
When a hunting we do go.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.*

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's
food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood ;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were
good.
O, the Roast Beef of old England,
And O, for old England's Roast Beef !

But since we have learned from effeminate France
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance.
O, the Roast Beef, etc.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day long.
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this
song.
O, the Roast Beef, etc.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee and tea, and such slip-slops were
known,

* The first two verses were written by Fielding ; the last
four by Richard Leveridge.

The world was in terror, if e'en she did frown.
O, the Roast Beef, etc.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never returned back again;
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.
O, the Roast Beef, etc.

O, then we had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were cooking, to set ourselves
right;
But now we're a—hum!—I could, but—
good night!
O, the Roast Beef, etc.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1708-1788.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

Lo! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place:
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face!
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo! God is here! him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

Gladly the toils of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give,
O, take! O, seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord:
Be thou by all thy works adored!

Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

In thee we move: all things of thee
Are full, thou Source and Life of all:
Thou vast unfathomable Sea!
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sons of men! For God is Man!)
All may we lose, so thee we gain!

As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,

So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire;
Thou beam of the eternal beam!
Thou purging fire, thou quickening flame!

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly, *
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows:
I see from far thy bounteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'T is mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek, her peace in thee !
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see ;
 O, when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to thee ward tend !

Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there :
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in thee.

O, hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live !
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive !
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek but thee !

O love, thy sovereign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care ;
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there :
 Make me thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.

Ah, no ; ne'er will I backward turn :
 Thine wholly, thine alone I am :
 Thrice happy he who views with scorn
 Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame.
 O, help that I may never move
 From the blessed footsteps of thy love !

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 " I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !"
 To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1709 - 1784.

LONDON.*

IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
 When injured Thales bids the town farewell ;
 Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice com-
 mend,

* Published in May, 1738. It is probable that what Johnson "had suffered during his first year in London had often reminded him of some parts of that noble poem in which Juvenal had described the misery and degradation of a needy man of letters, lodged among the pigeons' nests in the tottering garrets which overhung the streets of Rome."—MACAULAY.

I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
 Who now resolves, from vice and London far,
 To breathe in distant fields a purer air ;
 And, fixed on Cambria's solitary shore,
 Give to St. David one true Briton more.

For who would leave, unbribed, Hibernia's
 land,

Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand ?
 There none are swept by sudden fate away,
 But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay :
 Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,
 And here a female atheist talks you dead.

While Thales waits the wherry that contains
 Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
 On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,
 Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood :
 Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth,
 We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth ;
 In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
 And call Britannia's glories back to view ;
 Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
 The guard of commerce and the dread of Spain,
 Ere masquerades debauched, excise oppressed,
 Or English honor grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
 And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
 At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
 Indignant Thales eyes the neighboring town :
 " Since worth," he cries, " in these degenerate
 days

Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise ;
 In those cursed walls, devote to vice and gain,
 Since unrewarded science toils in vain ;
 Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
 And every moment leaves my little less ;
 While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
 And life still vigorous revels in my veins ;
 Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier
 place,

Where honesty and sense are no disgrace ;
 Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
 Some peaceful vale with Nature's painting gay ;
 Where once the harassed Briton found repose,
 And safe in poverty defied his foes ;
 Some secret cell, ye powers indulgent, give,
 Let — live here, for — has learned to live.
 Here let those reign whom pensions can incite
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
 And plead for pirates in the face of day ;
 With slavish tenets taint our poisoned youth,
 And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
 Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
 Collect a tax, or farm a lottery ;

With warbling eunuchs fill a licensed stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

"Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride
shall hold ?

What check restrain your thirst of power and
gold ?

Behold rebellious Virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your
own.

To such a groaning nation's spoils are given,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heaven :
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he
sing,

To pluck a titled poet's borrowed wing ;
A statesman's logic unconvinced can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer :
Despise a fool in half his pension dressed,
And strive in vain to laugh at H——y's jest.

"Others, with softer smiles and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurned as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

"For what but social guilt the friend endears ?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortunes shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

"The cheated nation's happy favorites, see !
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on
me !

London ! the needy villain's general home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome,
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

"Illustrious Edward ! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey !
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace ;
But, lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau ;
Sense, freedom, piety, refined away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

"All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel ;
Hissed from the stage, or hooted from the
court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import ;

Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.

* * *

All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

"Ah ! what avails it that, from slavery far,
I drew the breath of life in English air ;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories ;
If the gulled conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery subdues when arms are vain ?

"Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite :
Still to his interest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, bravery, worth, his lavish tongue bestows :
In every face a thousand graces shine,
From every tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with faltering diffidence a lie,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.

"Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wondrous talents for the stage :
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrowed part ;
Practised their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face !
With every wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye ;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear ;
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly Virtue* hope to fix a friend ?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile.

* * *

Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air !

"For arts like these preferred, admired, ca-
ressed,

They first invade your table, then your breast ;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the
heart ;

Then soon your ill-placed confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

"By numbers here, from shame or censure
free,

All crimes are safe but hated poverty :
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tattered cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labors for a joke ;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.

* "Surly Virtue" ! What could express Johnson's character
better ?

Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the generous
heart

Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

"Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaimed by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear Oppression's insolence no more.

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed:
Slow rises worth, by poverty depressed;
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are
sold;

Where, won by bribes, by flatteries implored,
The groom retails the favors of his lord.

"But hark! the affrighted crowd's tumultu-
ous cries

Roll through the street, and thunder to the
skies:

Raised from some pleasing dream of wealth and
power,

Some pompous palace, or some blissful bower,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little all to flames a prey;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant
roam,

For where can starving Merit find a home?

In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

"Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth
confound,

And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumor flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies;
The laureate tribe in servile verse relate
How Virtue wars with persecuting Fate;
With well-feigned gratitude the pensioned band
Refund the plunder of the beggared land.

See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore,
And raise his treasures higher than before:
Now blessed with all the bawbles of the great,
The polished marble and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heaven another fire.

"Couldst thou resign the park and play con-
tent,

For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There mightst thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hircing senator's deserted seat,
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;

There prune thy walks, support thy drooping
flowers,

Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers:
And while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There every bush with nature's music rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

"Prepare for death, if here at night you
roam;

And sign your will, before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

"Yet e'en these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street and terrors of the way;
Flushed as they are with folly, youth, and
wine,

Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train and golden coach.

"In vain, these dangers passed, your doors
you close,

And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murderer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

"Scarce can our fiends, such crowds at Tyburn
die,

With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking
land;

Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.

"A single jail, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice then, without constraint adored,
Held high the steady scale, but sheathed the
sword;

No spies were paid, no special juries known;
Blessed age! but ah! how different from our
own!

"Much could I add, — but see the boat at
hand,

The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
Farewell! — When, youth, and health, and fortune
spent,

Thou fliest for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And, tired like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page."

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.*

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous
pride,

To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant
voice;

How nations sink by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art:
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful
breath,

And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observed, the knowing and the
bold

Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety
buys,

The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the maddened land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,

* Published in 1749. Macaulay, in his *Life of Johnson*, calls it "an excellent imitation of the *Tenth Satire* of Juvenal. It is in truth," he adds, "not easy to say whether the palm belongs to the ancient or to the modern poet. The couplets in which the fall of Wolsey is described, though lofty and sonorous, are feeble when compared with the wonderful lines which bring before us all Rome in tumult on the day of the fall of Sejanus, the laurels on the doorposts, the white bull stalking toward the Capitol, the statues rolling down from their pedestals, the flatterers of the disgraced minister running to see him dragged with a hook through the streets, and to have a kick at his carcass before it is hurled into the Tiber. It must be owned, too, that in the concluding passage the Christian moralist has not made the most of his advantages, and has fallen decidedly short of the sublimity of his pagan model. On the other hand, Juvenal's Hannibal must yield to Johnson's Charles, and Johnson's vigorous and pathetic enumeration of the miseries of a literary life must be allowed to be superior to Juvenal's lamentation over the fate of Demosthenes and Cicero." Johnson received only ten guineas for *London*, and only fifteen for *The Vanity of Human Wishes*.

Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush the upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy.
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
The insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dressed,
And feed with varied fools the eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh, where want enchained
caprice,

Toil crushed conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unloved without a mourner died;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of favorites made no change of
laws,

And senates heard before they judged a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish
tribe,

Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe!
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that filled the sage's mind,
Renewed at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass every prayer.

Unnumbered suppliants crowd Preferment's
gate,

Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their
end.

Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's
door

Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicat'or flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place;
And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;

For now no more we trace in every line
 Heroic worth, benevolence divine :
 The form distorted justifies the fall,
 And detestation rids the indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
 Sign her foe's doom, or guard her favorite's zeal?
 Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance
 rings,

Degrading nobles and controlling kings ;
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
 And ask no questions but the price of votes ;
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,
 Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
 To him the church, the realm, their powers con-
 sign,

Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
 Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,
 His smile alone security bestows :
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
 Claim leads to claim, and power advances power :
 Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
 And rights submitted left him none to seize :
 At length his sovereign frowns — the train of
 state

Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
 Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liveried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace
 repine,
 Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be
 thine ?

Or livest thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
 For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
 On weak foundations raise the enormous weight ?
 Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulfs below ?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's
 knife,
 And fixed disease on Harley's closing life ?
 What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled
 Hyde,

By kings protected, and to kings allied ?
 What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
 And power too great to keep or to resign ?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,

Caught from the strong contagion of the gown :
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
 Are these thy views ? Proceed, illustrious youth,
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth !
 Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat ;
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart ;
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee :
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters to be wise ;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assails,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize be-
 stows,

The glittering eminence exempt from foes ;
 See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or awed,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
 The plundered palace, or sequestered rent,
 Marked out by dangerous parts, he meets the
 shock,

And fatal Learning leads him to the block :
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,
 For such the steady Roman shook the world ;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;
 This power has praise, that virtue scarce can
 warm

Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet Reason frowns on war's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name ;
 And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths
 regret,

From age to age in everlasting debt ;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right
 convey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;

"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,

On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flattery counts his myriads o'er
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New powers are claimed, new powers are still
bestowed,

Till rude Resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
The insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
The encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded
coast

Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway:

Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian and the wild hussar,
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honor's flattering bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;
His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"

In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays:
Hides from himself its state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch the impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus
near;

Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave or positively wrong.
The still returning tale and lingering jest
Perplex the fawning niece and pampered guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering
sneer,

And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear:
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguished avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favorite as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet even on this her load Misfortune flings.

To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
 Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
 Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear;
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
 Still drops some joy from withering life away;
 New forms arise, and different views engage,
 Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted Worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
 By Solon cautioned to regard his end,
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
 Fears of the brave and follies of the wise!
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage
 flow,

And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
 Begg for each birth the fortune of a face;
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
 And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
 Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
 By day the frolic and the dance by night;
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
 What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall
 save,

Each nymph your rival, and each youth your
 slave?

Against your fame with fondness Hate combines,
 The rival batters, and the lover mines.
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
 Tired with contempt, she quits the slippery reign,
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless freedom and the private friend.
 The guardians yield, by force superior plied:
 To Interest, Prudence; and to Flattery, Pride.
 Here Beauty falls, betrayed, despised, distressed,
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects
 find?

Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
 Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
 Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice;
 Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar

The secret ambush of a specious prayer;
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong Devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
 For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
 These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the power to
 gain;
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE IN DRURY LANE
 IN 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous
 foes

First reared the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
 Each change of many-colored life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
 And panting Time toiled after him in vain:
 His powerful strokes presiding Truth impressed,
 And unresisted Passion stormed the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
 To please in method and invent by rule;
 His studious patience and laborious art
 By regular approach essayed the heart:
 Cold Approbation gave the lingering bays,
 For those who durst not censure scarce could
 praise.

A mortal born, he met the general doom,
 But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
 Nor wished for Jonson's art or Shakespeare's
 flame;

Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ,
 Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
 They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
 Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
 And proudly hoped to pimp in future days:
 Their cause was general, their supports were
 strong,

Their slaves were willing, and their reign was
 long;

Till shame regained the post that sense betrayed,
 And Virtue called Oblivion to her aid.

Then crushed by rules, and weakened as re-
 fined,

For years the power of Tragedy declined:

From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roared, whilst Passion slept;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread;
Philosophy remained, though Nature fled.
But forced at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:
Exulting Folly hailed the joyful day,
And pantomime and song confirmed her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new D'Urfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has raved, and Hamlet
died,

On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess the effects of
chance?)

Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot, that, here by fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubble of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and solitary woe,
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ROBERT LEVETT.*

CONDEMNED to hope's delusive mine,

As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills Affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, lettered Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting Nature called for aid,
And hovering Death prepared the blow,

* Macaulay, in enumerating the inmates of Johnson's incongruous household, refers to the person here so pathetically commemorated as "an old quack doctor named Levett, who bled and dosed coal-heavers and hackney-coachmen, and received for fees crusts of bread, bits of bacon, glasses of gin, and sometimes a little copper." This is a cruel judgment.

His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish poured his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

IMITATION OF DR. PERCY'S BALLAD STYLE

"HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way."

Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,
Scarce repressed the starting tear,
When the hoary sage replied,
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

BURLESQUE ON THE BALLAD STYLE

THE tender infant meek and mild
Fell down upon the stone:
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squealed on.

EPITAPH FOR MR. HOGARTH.

THE hand of him here torpid lies
That drew the essential form of grace;
Here closed in death the attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face.

HYMN.

O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds pre-
sides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,

And clear the clouded mind with light divine.
 'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast
 With silent confidence and holy rest;
 From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we
 tend,
 Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

Translation from BOETHIUS, in The Rambler.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

1709 - 1779.

EFFECTS OF A PESTILENCE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

AND here the fates
 Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.
 For, who survived the sun's diurnal race,
 Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed;
 Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the
 third.

Of many thousands, few 'untainted 'scaped;
 Of those infected, fewer 'scaped alive;
 Of those who lived, some felt a second blow;
 And whom the second spared, a third destroyed.
 Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
 The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
 The infected city poured her hurrying swarms:
 Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,
 The infected country rushed into the town.
 Some sad at home, and in the desert some
 Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind.
 In vain; where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
 Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the
 main,

To seek protection in far distant skies;
 But none they found. It seemed the general air,
 From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
 Was then at enmity with English blood;
 For but the race of England all were safe
 In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
 The foreign blood which England then contained.
 Where should they fly? The circumambient
 heaven

Involved them still, and every breeze was bane:
 Where find relief? The salutary art
 Was mute, and, startled at the new disease,
 In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
 To Heaven, with suppliant rites they sent their
 prayers;

Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,
 Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued
 With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear,
 Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
 Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
 Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
 Infectious horror ran from face to face,

And pale despair. 'T was all the business then
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
 In heaps they fell; and oft the bed, they say,
 The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

The Art of Preserving Health.

A HILL NEAR THE SEA-COAST.

MEANTIME, the moist malignity to shun
 Of burdened skies, mark where the dry cham-
 paign

Swells into cheerful hills: where marjoram
 And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
 And where the cynorrhodon with the rose
 For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
 Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
 And let them see the winter morn arise,
 The summer evening blushing in the west:
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
 O'erhung, defends you from the blustering North,
 And bleak affliction of the peevish East.
 O, when the growling winds contend, and all
 The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
 Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
 The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
 Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
 To please the fancy is no trifling good,
 Where health is studied; for whatever moves
 The mind with calm delight promotes the just
 And natural movements of the harmonious frame.
 Besides, the sportive brook forever shakes
 The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change
 Of purest element, refreshing still
 Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
 The ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
 His purer mansion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

The Art of Preserving Health.

LORD LYTTTELTON.

1709 - 1773.

PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS.

I COME not here your candor to implore
 For scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
 He wants no advocate his cause to plead;

You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
 No party his benevolence confined,
 No sect, — alike it flowed to all mankind.
 He loved his friends, — forgive this gushing tear:
 Alas ! I feel I am no actor here, —
 He loved his friends with such a warmth of heart,
 So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
 Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
 No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.
 O candid truth ! O faith without a stain !
 O manners gently firm and nobly plain !
 O sympathizing love of others' bliss, —
 Where will you find another breast like his !
 Such was the man : the poet well you know ;
 Oft has he touched your hearts with tender woe ;
 Oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
 You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws ;
 For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught
 lyre

None but the noblest passions to inspire ;
 Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
 One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
 O, may to-night your favorable doom
 Another laurel add to grace his tomb :
 Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
 Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
 Yet if to those whom most on earth he loved,
 From whom his pious care is now removed,
 With whom his liberal hand and bounteous
 heart

Shared all his little fortune could impart :
 If to those friends your kind regard shall give
 What they no longer can from his receive,
 That, that, even now, above yon starry pole,
 May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF HIS WIFE.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
 Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
 Ye lawns, gay-smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen !
 But never shall you now behold her more :
 Nor will she now with fond delight
 And taste refined your rural charms explore.
 Closed are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
 Those beauteous eyes where beaming used to
 shine
 Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
 To hear her heavenly voice ;
 For her despising, when she deigned to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring :
 The woodlark and the linnet pleased no more ;
 The nightingale was mute,
 And every shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,

While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song,
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell ;
 For Death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes
 excel.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known ground,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ;
 Where oft we used to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found :
 In all the wide-stretched prospect's ample bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics
 lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast ?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferred to all the gay resorts
 Where female Vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shunned the public eye :
 To your sequestered dales
 And flower-embroidered vales
 From an admiring world she chose to fly :
 With nature there retired, and nature's God,
 The silent paths of Wisdom trod,
 And banished every passion from her breast,
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide ?
 Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To every virtue would have formed your youth,
 And strewn with flowers the thorny ways of
 truth ?
 O loss beyond repair !
 O wretched father ! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own !
 How shall thy weakened mind, oppressed with
 woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe !
 Now she, alas ! is gone,
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to
 save ?

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'T is yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.

Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallowed
 tomb :

But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's
 urn

Unhappy Petrarch called to mourn ;
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassioned tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brightened by some sweet peculiar grace !

How eloquent in every look
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly
 spoke !

Tell how her manners, by the world refined,
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polished courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence !

Tell how to more than manly sense
 She joined the softening influence
 Of more than female tenderness :
 How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and
 joy,

Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
 Her kindly melting heart,

To every want and every woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !

Even for the kid or lamb that poured its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent
 to all.

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind :
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down

On Fortune's smile or frown ;
 That could without regret or pain
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize ;
 That, injured or offended, never tried
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain.

A wit that, temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light

All pleasing shone ; nor ever past
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober
 hand,

And sweet Benevolence's mild command,

And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceived,
 That nor too little nor too much believed,
 That scorned unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
 Amidst the acclaim of universal praise,

In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the
 tomb.

* * *

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms

Were yielded to my arms,
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandoned and alone,

Without my sweet companion can I live ?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall Ambition
 give ?

Even the delightful sense of well-earned
 praise,
 Unshared by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
 could raise.

For my distracted mind
 What succor can I find ?
 On whom for consolation shall I call ?

Support me, every friend ;
 Your kind assistance lend,
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.

Alas ! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.

My books, the best relief
 In every other grief,
 Are now with your idea saddened all :
 Each favorite author we together read

My tortured memory wounds, and speaks of
 Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind :
 The rolling year its varying course per-
 formed,

And back returned again ;
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchanged remain :
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind :
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had raised
 Of rare felicity,
 On which even wanton Vice with envy gazed,
 And every scheme of bliss our hearts had
 formed,

With soothing hope, for many a future day,

In one sad moment broke!—
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
 Nor dare the all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious Grief complain.
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should
 fade,
 Was his most righteous will, — and be that will
 obeyed.

Would thy fond love his grace to her con-
 trol,

And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure exalted soul

Unjustly for thy partial good detain?

No, — rather strive thy grovelling mind to
 raise

Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthroned she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,

Is every mortal bliss;
 Even Love itself, if rising by degrees
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,

Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sovereign good ascend.

Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight,
 Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
 No feet but those of hardened Guilt shall miss.

There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his power ne'er to divide you
 more.

TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE?

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Awed by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move; —
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When'er she speaks, my ravished ear
 No other voice than hers can hear;
 No other wit but hers approve; —
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
 Though I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove; —
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleased before,
 The clearest spring, the shadiest grove; —
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for every swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove; —
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

EDWARD MOORE.

1712-1757.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

How blest has my time been! what joys have I
 known,

Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often
 we stray,

Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
 How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oftentimes am I seen,
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
 Though painful my absence, my doubts she be-
 guiles,

And meets me at night with complacency and
 smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her wit and good-humor bloom all the year
 through;

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her
 youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

RICHARD GLOVER.

1712-1785.

ADDRESS OF LEONIDAS.

He alone

Remains unshaken. Rising, he displays
 His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
 Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, joined
 With strength herculean. On his aspect shines
 Sublimest virtue and desire of fame,
 Where Justice gives the laurel; in his eye
 The inextinguishable spark, which fires
 The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
 Undaunted valor and contempt of death.
 Serene he rose, and thus addressed the throng:
 "Why this astonishment on every face,
 Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
 Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
 Why do we labor through the arduous paths

Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil.
 Above the reach of human feet were placed
 The distant summit, if the fear of Death
 Could intercept our passage. But in vain
 His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
 To shake the firmness of the mind which knows
 That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
 That, wanting liberty, even Virtue mourns,
 And looks around for happiness in vain.
 Then speak, O Sparta! and demand my life;
 My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
 And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
 The gods allow to many; but to die
 With equal lustre is a blessing Heaven
 Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
 And with a sparing hand on few bestows." *Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaimed.*
 Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paused,
 Suspending praise; nor praise at last resounds
 In high acclaim to rend the arch of heaven;
 A reverential murmur breathes applause.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

1714 - 1763.

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair Freedom, I retire
 From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
 Nor art thou found in mansions higher
 Than the low cot or humble inn.

'T is here with boundless power I reign,
 And every health which I begin
 Converts dull port to bright champagne:
 Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
 I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
 Which lackeys else might hope to win;
 It buys what courts have not in store,
 It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
 Where'er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think he still has found
 The warmest welcome at an inn.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Am me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
 To think how modest Worth neglected lies;
 While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
 Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;

Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise;
 Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
 To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
 Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
 Embowered in trees, and hardly known to
 fame,
 There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
 They grieved sore, in piteous durance pent,
 Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
 And oftentimes, on vagaries idly bent,
 For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely
 shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree
 Which learning near her little dome did stow;
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
 But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse
 beat low;
 And as they looked, they found their horror
 grew,
 And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display;
 And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should
 stray;
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
 The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
 Do learning's little tenement betray;
 Where sits the dame, disguised in look pro-
 found,
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel
 around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
 Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
 As is the harebell that adorns the field;
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear en-
 twined,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
 And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
 And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
 A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
 'T was simple russet, but it was her own;
 'T was her own country bred the flock so fair;
 'T was her own labor did the fleece prepare;

And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight
on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right
dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behave,
Who should not honored eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title
love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favor did her past deportment claim;
And, if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she
found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could
speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use and physick, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marigold of cheerful hue:
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to
rhyme.

* * *

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymnéd such psalms as Sternhold forth did
mete;
If winter 't were, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres, — small heart had
they to sing.

For the was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed,
And tortuous death was true devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,

That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did
burn:

Ah! dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should
e'er return.

In elbow-chair (like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankered eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed)
The matron sat; and some with rank she
graced,

(The source of children's and of courtiers'
pride!)

Redressed affronts, — for vile affronts there
passed;

And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Even absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she
sways;

Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'T will whisper in her ear, and all the scene
unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters her command;
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn securéd are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, — displeasing sight, I
ween!

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write;
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream *
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late
delight;

And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin.

O ruthless scene! when, from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see,
All playful as she sat, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free;

* Spenser.

Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
 To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
 And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
 And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
 To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
 On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear;
 (Ah! her sad remote to ward the shameful blow!)
 She sees no kind domestic visage near,
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
 Or what device his loud laments explain,
 The form uncouth of his disguiséd face,
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain,
 The piteous shower that does his cheek dis-
 tain?

When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,
 And, through the thatch, his cries each falling
 stroke proclaim.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
 And Liberty unbars her prison door;
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly;
 And now the grassy cirque han covered o'er
 With boisterous revel rout and wild uproar;
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.
 Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I im-
 plore;

For well may freedom erst so dearly won
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
 O, never may ye taste more careless hours
 In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.
 O, vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
 But most in courts, where proud ambition
 towers;

Deluded wight! who weens fair Peace can spring
 Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
 These rudely carol most incondite lay;
 Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
 Salute the stranger passing on his way;
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
 Think to the huckster's savory cottage tend,
 In pastry kings and queens the allotted mite to
 spend.

* * *

RICHARD JAGO.

1715-1781.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY IMITATED.

To *print*, or not to *print*, — that is the question:
 Whether 't is better in a trunk to bury
 The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
 Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
 And, by disclosing, end them. To *print*, to doubt
 No more; and by one act to say we end
 The headache, and a thousand natural shocks
 Of scribbling frenzy, — 't is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To *print*, to beam
 From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well
 bound:

To sleep, perchance, with Quarles — Ay, there's
 the rub —

For to what class a writer may be doomed,
 When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect that
 makes

The unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
 For who would bear the impatient thirst of fame,
 The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,
 The tedious importunity of friends,
 When he himself might his quietus make,
 With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a load of wit,
 But that the tread of sweet Parnassus' hill,
 (That undiscovered country, with whose bays
 Few travellers return) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
 Than run the hazard to be known and damned.
 Thus critics do make cowards of us all;
 And thus the healthful face of many a poem
 Is sicklied o'er with a pale manuscript;
 And enterprises of great fire and spirit
 With this regard from Dodsley turn away,
 And lose the name of Authors.



WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.*

1715-1785.

VARIETY.

THE MAIDEN HEROINE OF THE POEM PRAYS FOR
 A PERFECT HUSBAND.

* * *

FATE heard her prayer: a lover came,
 Who felt, like her, the innocuous flame;
 One who had trod, as well as she,
 The flowery paths of poesy;
 Had warned himself with Milton's heat,

* Poet-Laureate, in 1757, after the death of Colley Cibber.

Could every line of Pope repeat,
Or chant in Shenstone's tender strains,
"The lover's hopes," "the lover's pains."

Attentive to the charmer's tongue,
With him she thought no evening long,
With him she sauntered half the day;
And sometimes, in a laughing way,
Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not;
"Consider, sir, we're near relations —"
"I hope so in our inclinations."

In short, she looked, she blushed consent;
He grasped her hand, to church they went;
And every matron that was there,

With tongue so voluble and supple,
Said for her part, she must declare,

She never saw a finer couple.
O Halcyon days! 'T was Nature's reign,
'T was Tempe's vale, and Enna's plain,
The fields assumed unusual bloom,
And every zephyr breathed perfume,
The laughing sun with genial beams
Danced lightly on the exulting streams;
And the pale regent of the night
In dewy softness shed delight.

'T was transport not to be exprest;
'T was Paradise! — But mark the rest.

Two smiling springs had waked the flowers
That paint the meads or fringe the bowers
(Ye lovers, lend your wondering ears,
Who count by months, and not by years),
Two smiling springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude, and love:
When lo, they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were changed; the place
Had, somehow, got a different face.
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene;
The lawns, the woods, were not so green.
The purling rill, which murmured by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool:
The days grew hot, the evenings cool.
The moon, with all the starry reign,
Were Melancholy's silent train.
And then the tedious winter night —
They could not read by candlelight.

Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They called in adventitious aid.
A faithful, favorite dog ('t was thus
With Tobit and Telemachus)
Amused their steps; and for a while
They viewed his gambols with a smile.
The kitten, too, was comical,
She played so oddly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleased to find
Another cat, and peeped behind.

A courteous neighbor at the door

Was deemed intrusive noise no more.
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.
Then Cousin Jenny, fresh from town,

A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down,
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes forever,
She was so sprightly and so clever!

Yet neighbors were not quite the thing;
What joy, alas! could converse bring
With awkward creatures bred at home, —
The dog grew dull, or troublesome.
The cat had spoiled the kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had lost her spirit.
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er
Had quite exhausted Jenny's store. —
"And then, my dear, I can't abide
This always sauntering side by side."

"Enough!" he cries, "the reason's plain:
For causes never rack your brain.
Our neighbors are like other folks,
Skip's playful tricks and Jenny's jokes
Are still delightful, still would please,
Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder sky;
The azure cope, the flowers below,
With all their wonted colors glow.
The rill still murmurs; and the moon
Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
No change has made the seasons fail,
No comet brushed us with his tail.
The scene 's the same, the same the weather, —
We live, my dear, too much together."

Agreed.* A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means supplies.
With eager haste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new.

But here, by strict poetic laws,
Description claims its proper pause.

The rosy morn had raised her head
From old Tithonus' saffron bed;
And embryo sunbeams from the east,
Half choked, were struggling through the mist,
When forth advanced the gilded chaise;
The village crowded round to gaze.
The pert postilion, now promoted
From driving plough, and neatly booted,
His jacket, cap, and baldric on
(As greater folks than he have done),
Looked round; and, with a coxcomb air,
Smacked loud his lash. The happy pair
Bowed graceful, from a separate door,
And Jenny, from the stool before.

* * *

O London, thou prolific source,
Parent of Vice, and Folly's nurse!

Fruitful as Nile thy copious springs
Spawn hourly births, — and all with stings :
But happiest far the he, or she,

I know not which, that livelier dunce
Who first contrived the coterie,

To crush domestic bliss at once.
Then grinned, no doubt, amidst the dames,
As Nero fiddled to the flames.

* * *

Suffice it that by just degrees
They reached all heights, and rose with ease
(For beauty wins its way, uncalled,
And ready dupes are ne'er black-balled).
Each gambling dame she knew, and he
Knew every shark of quality ;
From the grave cautious few who live
On thoughtless youth, and living thrive,
To the light train who mimic France,
And the soft sons of *nonchalance*.
While Jenny, now no more of use,
Excuse succeeding to excuse,
Grew piqued, and prudently withdrew
To shilling whist and chicken loo.

Advanced to fashion's wavering head,
They now, where once they followed, led.
Devised new systems of delight,
Abed all day and up all night,
In different circles reigned supreme.
Wives copied her, and husbands him ;
Till so divinely life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon-ton*,
That, meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.

At last they met, by his desire,
A *tête-à-tête* across the fire ;
Looked in each other's face awhile,
With half a tear and half a smile.
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now scarce retained its faintest streak,
So sallow was his leathern cheek.
She, lank and pale and hollow-eyed,
With rouge had striven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.

Silence is eloquence, 't is said.
Both wished to speak, both hung the head.
At length it burst. " 'T is time," he cries,
" When tired of folly, to be wise.
Are you too tired ? " — then checked a groan.
She wept consent, and he went on.

" How delicate the married life !
You love your husband, I my wife !
Not even Satiety could tame,
Nor Dissipation quench the flame.

" True to the bias of our kind,
'T is happiness we wish to find.
In rural scenes retired we sought

In vain the dear, delicious draught,
Though blest with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more.
'T was company, 't was friends to share
The bliss we languished to declare.
'T was social converse, change of scene,
To soothe the sullen hour of spleen ;
Short absences to wake desire,
And sweet regrets to fan the fire.

" We left the lonesome place ; and found,
In dissipation's giddy round,
A thousand novelties to wake
The springs of life and not to break.
As, from the nest not wandering far,
In light excursions through the air,
The feathered tenants of the grove
Around in mazy circles move
(Sip the cool springs that murmuring flow,
Or taste the blossom on the bough).
We sported freely with the rest ;
And still, returning to the nest,
In easy mirth we chatted o'er
The trifles of the day before.

" Behold us now, dissolving quite
In the full ocean of delight ;
In pleasures every hour employ,
Immersed in all the world calls joy ;
Our affluence easing the expense
Of splendor and magnificence ;
Our company, the exalted set
Of all that 's gay and all that 's great :
Nor happy yet ! — and where 's the wonder ? —
We live, my dear, too much asunder."

The moral of my tale is this,
Variety 's the soul of bliss ;
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.

DAVID GARRICK.

1716 - 1779.

EPILOGUE TO THE ENGLISH MERCHANT.

Enter LADY ALTON (MRS. ARINGTON) *in a passion ;*
SPATTER (MR. KING) *following.*

L. ALTON. I'll hear no more, thou wretch !

SPATTER. Attend to reason !

L. ALTON. A woman of my rank, 't is petty
treason !

Hear reason, blockhead ! Reason ! what is that ?

Bid me wear pattens and a high-crowned hat !

Won't you begone ? What, won't you ? What's
your view ?

SPATTER. Humbly to serve the tuneful Nine
in you.

L. ALTON. I renounce such things;
Not Phœbus now, but Vengeance, sweeps the
strings:

My mind is discord all! I scorn, detest
All human kind — you more than all the rest.

SPATTER. I humbly thank you, ma'am — but
weigh the matter.

L. ALTON. I won't hear reason! and I hate
you, Spatter!

Myself, and everything.

SPATTER. That I deny;

You love a little mischief, so do I;
And mischief I have for you.

L. ALTON. How? where? when?
Will you stab Falbridge?

SPATTER. Yes, ma'am — with my pen.

L. ALTON. Let loose, my Spatter, till to death
you've stung 'em,

That green-eyed monster, jealousy, among 'em.

SPATTER. To dash at all, the spirit of my
trade is,

Men, women, children, parsons, lords, and
ladies.

There will be danger.

L. ALTON. And there shall be pay —

Take my purse, Spatter! (*Gives it him.*)

SPATTER. In an honest way. (*Smiles and
takes it.*)

L. ALTON. Should my lord beat you —

SPATTER. Let them laugh that win.

For all my bruises here's goldbeater's skin.
(*Chinking the purse.*)

L. ALTON. Nay, should he kill you!

SPATTER. Ma'am?

L. ALTON. My kindness meant

To pay your merit with a monument!

SPATTER. Your kindness, lady, takes away
my breath:

We'll stop, with your good leave, on this side
death.

L. ALTON. Attack Amelia, both in verse and
prose,

Your wit can make a nettle of a rose.

SPATTER. A stinging-nettle for his lordship's
breast:

And to my stars and dashes leave the rest.

I'll make them miserable, never fear;

Pout in a month, and part in half a year.

I know my genius, and can trust my plan;

I'll break a woman's heart with any man.

L. ALTON. Thanks, thanks, dear Spatter! be
severe and bold!

SPATTER. No qualms of conscience with a
purse of gold.

Though pillories threaten, and though crab-sticks
fall,

Yours are my heart, soul, pen, ears, bones, and all.

[*Exit SPATTER.*]

L. ALTON (*alone*). Thus to the winds at once
my cares I scatter —

O, 'tis a charming rascal, this same Spatter!

His precious mischief makes the storm subside!

My anger, thank my stars! all rose from pride;

Pride should belong to us alone of fashion;

And let the mob take love, that vulgar passion.

Love, pity, tenderness, are only made

For poets, Abigails, and folks in trade.

Some cits about their feelings make a fuss,

And some are better bred — who live with us.

How low Lord Falbridge is! He takes a wife,

To love, and cherish, and be fixed for life!

Thinks marriage is a comfortable state,

No pleasure like a *virtuous tête-à-tête*!

Do our lords justice, for I would not wrong 'em,

There are not many such poor souls among 'em.

Our turtles from the town will fly with speed,

And I'll foretell the vulgar life they'll lead.

With love and ease grown fat, they face all
weather,

And, farmers both, trudge arm in arm together:
Now view their stock, now in their nursery
prattle,

Forever with their children or their cattle.

Like the dull mill-horse in one round they keep;

They walk, talk, fondle, dine, and fall asleep;

"Their custom always in the afternoon —"

He bright as Sol, and she the chaste full moon!

Waked with her coffee, madam first begins,

She rubs her eyes, his lordship rubs his shins;

She sips and smirks, — "Next week's our wed-
ding-day,

Married seven years; and every hour more
gay?" (*Yawns.*)

"True, Emmy," cries my lord, "the blessing
lies,

Our hearts in everything so sympathize!"
(*Yawns.*)

The day thus spent, my lord for music calls;

He thrums the base, to which my lady squalls;

The children join, which so delight these nin-
nies,

The brats seem all Guaduccies, Lovatinis.

— What means this qualm? — Why, sure, while
I'm despising,

That vulgar passion, Envy, is not rising!

O, no! — Contempt is struggling to burst out —

I'll give it vent at Lady Scalp'em's rout.

[*Exit hastily.*]

EPILOGUE ON QUITTING THE STAGE, JUNE, 1776.

A VETERAN see! whose last act on the stage
Entreats your smiles for sickness and for age;
Their cause I plead — plead it in heart and
mind;

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind :
Might we but hope your zeal would not be less,
When I am gone, to patronize distress,
That hope obtained the wished-for end secures,
To soothe their cares who oft have lightened
yours.

Shall the great heroes of celestial line,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman
wine,

Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaffed his
nectar !

Shall they who govern fortune, cringe and court
her,

Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter ?

Like Belisarius tax the pitying street

With *date obolum* to all they meet ?

Sha'n't I, who oft have drenched my hands in
gore ;

Stabbed many, poisoned some, beheaded more ;

Who numbers slew in battle on this plain—

Sha'n't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain ?

Brother to all, with equal love I view

The men who slew me and the men I slew :

I must, I will this happy project seize,

That those too old to die may live with ease.

Suppose the babes I smothered in the Tower,

By chance, or sickness, lose their acting-power,

Shall they, once princes, worse than all be
served, —

In childhood murdered, and when murdered,
starved ?

* * *

Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,

Behold, O horrible ! my father's ghost,

With grisly beard, pale cheek, stalk up and down,

And he, the royal Dane, want half a crown ?

Forbid it, ladies ! gentlemen, forbid it !

Give joy to age, and let 'em say — you did it.

To you, ye gods ! * I make my last appeal ;

You have a right to judge, as well as feel ;

Will your high wisdoms to our scheme incline,

That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts
may dine ?

Olympus shakes ! that omen all secures ;

May every joy you give be tenfold yours !

LOUISA'S LIP.

For me my fair a wreath has wove

Where rival flowers in union meet,

As oft she kissed this gift of love,

Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose

Had crept the nectared dew to sip,

* To the upper gallery.

But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

There tasting all the bloom of Spring,
Waked by the ripening breath of May,
The ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey fled away.

HEARTS OF OAK.

COME, cheer up, my lads ! 't is to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year :
To honor we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves ?

Hearts of oak are our ships,

Gallant tars are our men,

We always are ready :

Steady, boys, steady !

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.
We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay ;
They never see us but they wish us away ;
If they run, why, we follow, or run them ashore ;
For if they won't fight us we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, etc.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes !
They frighten our women, our children, and
beaux ;

But should their flat bottoms in darkness get
o'er,

Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak, etc.

Britannia triumphant, her ships sweep the sea ;
Her standard is Justice, — her watchword, "Be
free."

Then cheer up, my lads ! with one heart let us
sing,

"Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and
king."

Hearts of oak, etc.

ON DR. HILL'S FARCE.

For physic and farces

His equal there scarce is ;

His farces are physic,

His physic a farce is.

EPITAPH ON LAWRENCE STERNE.

SHALL pride a heap of sculptured marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourned, titled fool to praise,
And shall we not by one poor gravestone learn
Where genius, wit, and humor sleep with Sterne ?

THOMAS GRAY.

1716 - 1771.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo ! where the rosy-bosomed hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear,
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
 And wake the purple year !
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
 The untaught harmony of spring :
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
 Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
 Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader browner shade,
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'ercanopies the glade,
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)
 How vain the ardor of the crowd,
 How low, how little are the proud,
 How indigent the great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
 The panting herds repose :
 Yet, hark, how through the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect-youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honeyed spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some show their gayly gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter through life's little day,
 In fortune's varying colors drest :
 Brushed by the hand of rough mischance,
 Or chilled by age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
 The sportive kind reply :
 Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone, —
 We frolic while 't is May.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade ;
 And ye that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way :

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
 Ah, fields beloved in vain !
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace ;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?
 The captive linnet which enthrall ?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murmuring labors ply
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty :
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare desery :
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer of vigor born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly the approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play ;

No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day :
 Yet see how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murderous band !
 Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind ;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart ;
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falshood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen :
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every laboring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more : where ignorance is bliss,
 'T is folly to be wise.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best !

Bound in thy adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, designed,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern, rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again be-
 lieved.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
 Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Not circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thundering voice and threatening mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty :

Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound, my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take :

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign:
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the
 roar.

I. 2.

O, sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen cares
 And frantic passions hear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the lord of war
 Has curbed the fury of his car,
 And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
 Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak and lightnings of his
 eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
 Tempered to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crownéd Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day;
 With antic Sport and blue-eyed Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet:
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their queen's approach de-
 clare:
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way:
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of
 Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
 Labor and penury, the racks of pain,
 Disease, and sorrow's weeping train,
 And death, sad refuge from the storms of
 fate!
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
 Night and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts
 of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
 roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous shame,
 The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy
 flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles that crown the Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around;
 Every shade and hallowed fountain
 Murmured deep a solemn sound:
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled
 coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face: the dauntless child
 Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
 "This pencil take," she said, "whose colors clear
 Richly paint the vernal year:
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
 This can unlock the gates of joy;
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
 The secrets of the abyss to spy.
 He passed the flaming bounds of place and
 time:
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-re-
sounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.
But ah ! 't is heard no more —
O lyre divine ! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air :
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun :
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far, — but far above the
great.

THE BARD.*

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless king !
Confusion on thy banners wait ;
Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless trance.
"To arms !" cried Mortimer, and couched his
quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood,
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air),
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,

* "This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death." — GRAY.

Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
O'er thee, O king ! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main :
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale :
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that
ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king !
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him
wait !
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord !
Low on his funeral couch he lies !
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled ?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born ?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening
prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined
course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accurséd loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But O! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colored
wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskined measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lose in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine
cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of
day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me; with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair and sceptred care;
To triumph and to die are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's
height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless
night.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

I. AIR.

"HENCE, avaunt ('t is holy ground),
Comus and his midnight crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent-train in
flowers.

CHORUS.

"Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round:
Hence, away, 't is holy ground!"

II. RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear the indignant lay:
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age and undiscovered
clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they:
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardor stole.
'T was Milton struck the deep-toned shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,

Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III. AIR.

"Ye brown o'erarching groves,
That Contemplation loves,
Where willowy Canus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft wooed the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melan-
choly."

IV. RECITATIVE.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare,
And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there;
The murdered saint, and the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)

ACCOMPANIED.

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty poured,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

V. QUARTETTO.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude."

VI. RECITATIVE.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Margaret see!
"Welcome, my noble son," she cries aloud,
"To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleased in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.

AIR.

"Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unheeded shall descry,

And bid it round heaven's altars shed
The fragrance of its blushing head;
Shall raise from earth the latent gem
To glitter on the diadem.

VII. RECITATIVE.

"Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refined
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand
Submits the fasces of her sway,
While spirits blest above and men below
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

VII. GRAND CHORUS.

"Through the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
Thy steady course of honor keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep."

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM
VICISSITUDE.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy spring:
Till April start's, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the skylark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapturous choir among;
Hark! 't is nature strikes the lyre,
And leads the general song.

* * *

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow
No yesterday nor morrow know;

'T is man alone that joy deseries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads,
Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLDFISHES.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to every watery god
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred:
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard.
A favorite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters gold.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

Now the storm begins to lower
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare),
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darkened air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('T is of human entrails made)
And the weights that play below
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling chords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see,
Join the wayward-work to aid:
'T is the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelin sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through the ensanguined field,

Gondula and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep;
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease; the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!
Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field!

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where haggard the turf in many a mouldering
heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built
shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Offt did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless
breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
decked,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered
Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;

Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne: —

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished)
a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.



GEORGE ALEXANDER STEPHENS.

1720 (?) - 1784.

CEASE, RUDE BOREAS, BLUSTERING RAILER!

CEASE, rude Boreas, blustering railer!

List, ye landsmen, all to me,
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail-sheets and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your staysails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
Quick the topsail-sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

* * *

The top sail-yard point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.

Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,
 Reef the mizzen, see all clear;
 Hands up! each preventive brace set!
 Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring
 Peal on peal contending-clash,
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky;
 Different deaths at once surround us:
 Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
 Plumb the well, — the leak increases,
 Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We our wives and children mourn;
 Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas! to them there's no return!
 Still the leak is gaining on us!
 Both chain-pumps are choked below:
 Heaven have mercy here upon us!
 For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
 To the pumps call every hand, boys,
 See! our mizzenmast is gone.
 The leak we've found it cannot pour fast;
 We've lighted her a foot or more;
 Up and rig a jury foremast,
 She rights! she rights, boys! we're off
 shore.

JAMES MERRICK.

1720 - 1769.

THE CHAMELEON.

OFF has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post;
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen.
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times pertter than before;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop:

"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow —
 I've seen — and sure I ought to know."
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that;
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the chameleon's form and nature.
 "A stranger animal," cries one,
 "Sure never lived beneath the sun:
 A lizard's body lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
 And what a length of tail behind!
 How slow its pace! and then its hue, —
 Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there," the other quick replies,
 "'Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray;
 Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
 And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue;
 At leisure I the beast surveyed
 Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."
 "Green!" cries the other in a fury;
 "Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
 "'T were no great loss," the friend replies;
 "For if they always serve you thus,
 You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows:
 When luckily came by a third;
 To him the question they referred;
 And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother;
 The creature's neither one nor t' other.

I caught the animal last night,
 And viewed it o'er by candlelight;
 I marked it well, 't was black as jet —
 You stare — but, sirs, I've got it yet,
 And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do;
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
 "And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
 "Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
 Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
 And when before your eyes I've set him,
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said; and full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and lo! — 't was white.
 Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise —

"My children," the chameleon cries
 (Then first the creature found a tongue),
 "You all are right, and all are wrong:
 When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you:
 Nor wonder if you find that none
 Prefers your eyesight to his own."

—o—o—o—
 WILLIAM COLLINS.

1721-1759.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once, — if, not with light regard,
 I read aright that gifted bard,
 — Him whose school above the rest
 His loveliest elfin queen has blest; —
 One, only one, unrivalled * fair,
 Might hope the magic girdle wear,
 At solemn tourney hung on high,
 The wish of each love-darting eye;

— Lo! to each other nymph, in turn, applied,
 As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
 Some chaste and angel friend to virgin fame,
 With whispered spell had burst the starting
 band,

It left unblest her loathed dishonored side;
 Happier, hopeless Fair, if never
 Her baffled hand, with vain endeavor,
 Had touched that fatal zone to her denied!
 Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
 To whom, prepared and bathed in heaven,
 The cest of amplest power is given:
 To few the godlike gift assigns,
 To gird their blest prophetic loins,
 And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmixed her
 flame!

The band, as fairy legends say,
 Was wove on that creating day,
 When He, who called with thought to birth
 Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
 And dressed with springs and forests tall,
 And poured the main engirthing all,
 Long by the loved enthusiast wooed,
 Himself in some diviner mood,
 Retiring, sat with her alone,
 And placed her on his sapphire throne;
 The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
 Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
 Now sublimest triumph swelling,
 Now on love and mercy dwelling;
 And she, from out the veiling cloud,
 Breathed her magic notes aloud:
 And thou, thou rich-haired youth of morn,

And all thy subject life was born!
 The dangerous passions keep aloof,
 Far from the sainted growing woof:
 But near it sat ecstasie Wonder,
 Listening the deep applauding thunder;
 And Truth, in sunny vest arrayed,
 By whose the tassel's eyes were made;
 All the shadowy tribes of mind,
 In braided dance, their murmurs joined,
 And all the bright uncounted powers
 Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flowers.
 — Where is the bard whose soul can now
 Its high presuming hopes avow?
 Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
 This hallowed work for him designed?

High on some cliff, to heaven up-piled,
 Of rude access, of prospect wild,
 Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
 Strange shades o'erbrow the valleys deep,
 And holy Genii guard the rock,
 Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
 While on its rich ambitious head,
 An Eden, like his own, lies spread:
 I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
 By which, as Milton lay, his evening ear,
 From many a cloud that dropped ethereal dew,
 Nigh spher'd in heaven, its native strains could
 hear;

On which that ancient trump he reached was
 hung:

Thither oft, his glory greeting,
 From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
 With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
 My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
 In vain — Such bliss to one alone,
 Of all the sons of soul, was known;
 And Heaven and Fancy, kindred powers,
 Have now o'erturned the inspiring bowers:
 Or curtained close such scene from every future
 view.

—o—o—o—
 ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

Who shall awake the Spartan life,
 And call in solemn sounds to life
 The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
 Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
 At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
 Applauding Freedom loved of old to view?
 What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,
 Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,
 At Wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,
 (What place so fit to seal a deed renowned?)
 Till she her brightest lightnings round reveal-
 ing,
 If leaped in glory forth, and dealt her prompted
 wound!

* Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4th.

O goddess, in that feeling hour,
 When most its sounds would court thy ears,
 Let not my shell's misguided power
 E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
 No, Freedom, no, I will not tell
 How Rome, before thy weeping face,
 With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
 Pushed by a wild and artless race
 From off its wide ambitious base,
 When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
 And all the blended work of strength and grace,
 With many a rude repeated stroke,
 And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments
 broke.

EPODE.

Yet, even where'er the least appeared,
 The admiring world thy hand revered;
 Still, midst the scattered states around,
 Some remnants of her strength were found;
 They saw, by what escaped the storm,
 How wondrous rose her perfect form;
 How in the great, the labored whole,
 Each mighty master poured his soul!
 For sunny Florence, seat of art,
 Beneath her vines preserved a part,
 Till they,¹ whom Science loved to name,
 (O, who could fear it?) quenched her flame.
 And lo, an humbler relic laid
 In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
 See small Marino² joins the theme,
 Though least, not last in thy esteem:
 Strike, louder strike the ennobling strings
 To those,³ whose merchant sons were kings;
 To him,⁴ who, decked with pearly pride,
 In Adria weds his green-haired bride;
 Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
 Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:
 Nor e'er her former pride relate,
 To sad Liguria's⁵ bleeding state.
 Ah no! more pleased thy haunts I seek,
 On wild Helvetia's⁶ mountains bleak
 (Where, when the favored of thy choice,
 The daring archer heard thy voice;
 Forth from his eyry roused in dread,
 The ravening eagle northward fled):
 Or dwell in willowed meads more near,
 With those to whom thy stork⁷ is dear:
 Those whom the rod of Alva bruised,
 Whose crown a British queen⁸ refused!
 The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
 One holier name alone remains;
 The perfect spell shall then avail,
 Hail, nymph adored by Britain, hail!

¹ The family of the Medici.⁴ The Doge of Venice.² The little republic of San Marino.⁵ Genoa.³ The Venetians.⁶ Switzerland.⁷ The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird.⁸ Queen Elizabeth.

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
 The works the wizard time has wrought!
 The Gaul, 't is held of antique story,
 Saw Britain linked to his now adverse strand,¹
 No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
 He passed with unwet feet through all our land.
 To the blown Baltic then, they say,
 The wild waves found another way,
 Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains round-
 ing;
 Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
 A wide wild storm even nature's self confounding,
 Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth
 surprise.

This pillared earth so firm and wide,
 By winds and inward labors torn,
 In thunders dread was pushed aside,
 And down the shouldering billows borne.
 And see, like gems, her laughing train,
 The little isles on every side,
 Mona,² once hid from those whose arch the main,
 Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
 And Wight, who checks the westering tide,
 For thee consenting Heaven has each bestowed,
 A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
 To thee this blest divorce she owed,
 For thou hast made her vales thy loved, thy last
 abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 't is said, an hoary pile,
 Midst the green navel of our isle,
 Thy shrine in some religious wood,
 O soul-enforcing goddess, stood!
 There oft the painted native's feet
 Were wont thy form celestial meet:
 Though now with hopeless toil we trace
 Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
 Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
 Or Roman's self o'erturned the fane,
 Or in what Heaven-left age it fell,
 'T were hard for modern song to tell.
 Yet still, if Truth those beams infuse,
 Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
 Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
 Paving the light embroidered sky,
 Amidst the bright pavilioned plains,
 The beauteous model still remains.
 There, happier than in islands blest,
 Or bowers by spring or Hebe drest,
 The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
 In warlike weeds, retired in glory,
 Hear their consorted Druids sing
 Their triumphs to the immortal string.
 How may the poet now unfold

¹ This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians.² Isle of Man.

What never tongue or numbers told ?
 How learn delighted, and amazed,
 What hands unknown that fabric raised ?
 Even now before his favored eyes,
 In Gothic pride, it seems to rise !
 Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,
 Majestic through the mixed design :
 The secret builder knew to choose
 Each sphere-found gem of richest hues ;
 Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,
 When nearer suns emblaze its veins ;
 There on the walls the patriot's sight
 May ever hang with fresh delight,
 And, graved with some prophetic rage,
 Read Albion's fame through every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,
 That near her inmost altar stand !
 Now soothe her to her blissful train
 Blithe Concord's social form to gain ;
 Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
 Even Anger's bloodshot eyes in sleep ;
 Before whose breathing bosom's balm
 Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm ;
 Her let our sires and matrons hoar
 Welcome to Britain's ravaged shore ;
 Our youths, enamored of the fair,
 Play with the tangles of her hair,
 Till, in one loud applauding sound,
 The nations shout to her around,
 O, how supremely art thou blest,
 Thou, lady, — thou shalt rule the west !

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE, WHO SINK TO REST.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blessed !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own brawling springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired
 sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,

With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing ;
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening
 vale,

May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph, who wreathes her brows
 with sedge,
 And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
 Or find some ruin, midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds or driving rain
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
 That, from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he
 wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentle influence own,
 And love thy favorite name !

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess beyond the Muse's painting:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures woe Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every
close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her
golden hair.
And longer had she sung; — but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stained sword, in thunder,
down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause be-
tween,

Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting
from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love, now raving, called
on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
stole,

Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed
queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen.

Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leapt up and seized his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the
best;

They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,

You learned an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,
 Can well recall what then it heard;
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page;
 'T is said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age;
 E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound, —
 O, bid our vain endeavors cease;
 Revive the just designs of Greece;
 Return in all thy simple state;
 Confirm the tales her sons relate

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
 The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
 To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
 His airy harp* shall now be laid,
 That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
 May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
 And while its sounds at distance swell,
 Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
 When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
 And oft suspend the dashing oars,
 To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as ease and health retire
 To breezy lawn or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening spire,†
 And mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
 Ah! what will every dirge avail;
 Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
 With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
 And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
 No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
 Now waft me from the green hill's side,
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
 Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,
 Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads,* assigned to bless
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
 Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
 With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
 O vales and wildwoods, shall he say,
 In yonder grave your Druid lies!

TASSO AND HIS ENGLISH TRANSLATOR.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
 From sober truth, are still to nature true,
 And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
 The heroic muse employed her Tasso's art!

How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's
 stroke,

Its gushing blood the gaping cypress poured!
 When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
 And the wild blast upheaved the vanished sword!

How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
 To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!

Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
 Believed the magic wonders which he sung!

Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!
 Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!

Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness
 flows!

Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and
 clear,

And fills the impassioned heart, and wins the
 harmonious ear!

EPISTLE TO SIR THOMAS HANMER.

SIR,

While, born to bring the Muse's happier days
 A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays,
 While nursed by you she sees her myrtles bloom,
 Green and unwithered o'er his honored tomb;
 Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
 What secret transports in her bosom swell:
 With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
 And blushing hides her wreath at Shakespeare's
 name.

* The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the
Castle of Indolence.

† Richmond Church, in which Thomson was buried.

* Thomson resided in the neighborhood of Richmond some
 time before his death.

Hard was the lot those injured strains endured,
Unowned by Science, and by years obscured :
Fair Fancy wept ; and echoing sighs confessed
A fixed despair in every tuneful breast.
Not with more grief the afflicted swains appear,
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year ;
When lingering frosts the ruined seats invade
Where Peace restored, and the Graces played.

Each rising art by just gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves :
The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
And graced with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
Preserved through time, the speaking scenes
impart
Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortured heart ;
Or paint the curse that marked the Theban's *
reign,
A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome removed, with wit secure to please,
The comic Sisters kept their native ease :
With jealous fear, declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almost excelled ;
But every Muse essayed to raise in vain
Some labored rival of her tragic strain :
Lissus' laurels, though transferred with toil,
Drooped their fair leaves, nor knew the unfriendly
soil.

As Arts expired, resistless dulness rose ;
Goths, Priests, or Vandals, — all were Learning's
foes.
Till Julius † first recalled each exiled maid,
And Cosmo owned them in the Etrurian shade :
Then, deeply skilled in love's engaging theme,
The soft Provençal passed to Arno's stream :
With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung ;
Sweet flowed the lays — but love was all he sung.
The gay description could not fail to move,
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But Heaven, still various in its works, decreed
The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
The beauteous union must appear at length,
Of Tuscan fancy and Athenian strength :
One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
And e'en a Shakespeare to her fame be born !

Yet ah ! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hoped an equal day !
No second growth the western isle could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.

* The *Œdipus* of Sophocles.

† Julius the Second, the immediate predecessor of Leo the Tenth.

Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name ;
With pleased attention, midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought that warms the female
mind ;
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear ;
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His every strain the smiles and graces own ;
But stronger Shakespeare felt for man alone :
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
The unrivalled picture of his early hand.

With gradual steps and slow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance :
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and just in all she drew :
Till late Corneille, with Lucan's spirit fired,
Breathed the free strain, as Rome and he inspired ;
And classic judgment gained to sweet Racine
The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
The historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Waked at his call I view, with glad surprise,
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
And laurelled Conquest waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honors, and so soon to die !
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king :
The time shall come when Glo'ster's heart shall
bleed,
In life's last hours, with horror of the deed ;
When dreary visions shall at last present
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent :
Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
Blunt the weak sword, and break the oppressive
spear !

Where'er we turn, by Fancy charmed, we find
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove,
With humbler nature, in the rural grove ;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green :
Dressed by her hand, the woods and valleys smile,
And Spring diffusive decks the enchanted isle.

O, more than all in powerful genius blest,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast !
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall
feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal !
There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
There native music dwells in all the lays.
O, might some verse with happiest skill persuade

Expressive picture to adopt thine aid !
What wondrous draughts might rise from every
page !

What other Raphaels charm a distant age !

Methinks e'en now I view some free design,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line :
Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
And see where Antony,* in tears approved,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he loved :
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murdered
friend !

Still as they press, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding
wound.

But who † is he, whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient and a fiercer air ?
Awake to all that injured worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns the avenging steel ;
Yet shall not War's insatiate fury fall
(So heaven ordains it) on the destined wall.
See the fond mother, midst the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain !
Touched to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection in the Roman's pride :
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise ;
Rage grasps the sword, while pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous Critic, as thy bard inspires,
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires ;
Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string :
Those sibyl leaves, the sport of every wind
(For poets ever were a careless kind),
By thee disposed, no farther toil demand,
But, just to nature, own thy forming hand.

So spread o'er Greece, the harmonious whole
unknown,
E'en Homer's numbers charmed by parts alone.
Their own Ulysses scarce had wandered more,
By winds and waters cast on every shore :
When, raised by fate, some former Hanmer joined
Each beauteous image of the boundless mind ;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the poet's name.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;

* See the tragedy of Julius Caesar.

† Coriolanus.

But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen ;
No goblins lead their nightly crew :
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell ;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

1721-1771.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye ;
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every vary-
ing clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Armed with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow ;
And red the stream began to flow :
The vanquished were baptized with blood !

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stained with human gore,
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main,
When a bold savage passed that way,
Impelled by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appeared :

The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.
He stopt, he gazed, his bosom glowed,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
He seized the advantage Fate allowed,
And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew screamed, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravished rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew,
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where, under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was
born —

The mountain Dryads seized with joy
The smiling infant to their charge consigned;
The Doric muse caressed the favorite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
He flourished bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thought the aspiring soul.
On desert isles 't was he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amazed
Fair Freedom's temple, where he marked her
grave.

He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities reared, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous rustics, sat
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And winged that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he crossed,
Where blasted Nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To Freedom's adamant shrine;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!
He snatched from under fell Oppression's wing,
And taught amidst the dreary waste,
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould;
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold:

He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnished Vice and Vanity combined,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miscreant's
brow:

Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppressed,
So moves the sumpter-mule in harnessed pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hiring minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
And jingling bells fantastic Folly ring:
Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene;
And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chants,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
There, Study shall with Solitude recline,
And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains,
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door,
And taste unspoiled the frugal table spread,
And industry supply the humble store,
And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed;
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave

My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source,
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polished pebbles spread ;
 While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;
 The springing trout in speckled pride,
 The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war,
 The silver eel and mottled par.
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
 And edges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gayly green,
 May numerous herds and flocks be seen :
 And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
 And shepherds piping in the dale ;
 And ancient Faith that knows no guile,
 And Industry embrowned with toil ;
 And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard !

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.*

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn !
 Thy sons, for valor long renowned,
 Lie slaughtered on their native ground ;
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door ;
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
 His all become the prey of war ;
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;
 Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain ;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
 Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
 Still shone with undiminished blaze ?
 Thy towering spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancor fell.

* Written on the barbarities committed in the Highlands by order of the Duke of Cumberland, after the battle of Culloden, 1746. Smollett was then a surgeon's mate, newly returned from service abroad. It is said that he originally finished the poem in six stanzas ; when, some one representing that such a diatribe against government might injure his prospects, he sat down and added the still more pointed invective of the seventh stanza.

The rural pipe and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day ;
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night ;
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And naught be heard but sounds of woe,
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, O fatal morn,
 Accursed to ages yet unborn !
 The sons against their father stood,
 The parent shed his children's blood.
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
 The victor's soul was not appeased :
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames and murdering steel !

The pious mother, doomed to death,
 Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
 She views the shades of night descend :
 And, stretched beneath the inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
 Resentment of my country's fate
 Within my filial breast shall beat ;
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow :
 " Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn."

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.*

1721 - 1791.

TERRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

CURSED with unnumbered groundless fears,
 How pale yon shivering wretch appears !
 For him the daylight shines in vain,
 For him the fields no joys contain ;
 Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
 No more the woods their music boast ;
 No more the meads their vernal bloom,
 No more the gales their rich perfume :
 Impending mists deform the sky,
 And beauty withers in his eye.
 In hopes his terrors to elude,
 By day he mingles with the crowd,
 Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
 In busy crowds and open day.
 If night his lonely walks surprise,

* The blind poet.

What horrid visions round him rise !
 The blasted oak which meets his way,
 Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
 The midnight murderer's lone retreat
 Felt Heaven's avengeful bolt of late ;
 The clashing chain, the groan profound,
 Loud from yon ruined tower resound ;
 And now the spot he seems to tread,
 Where some self-slaughtered corse was laid ;
 He feels fixed earth beneath him bend,
 Deep murmurs from her caves ascend ;
 Till all his soul, by fancy swayed,
 Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

THE PORTRAIT.

STRAIGHT is my person, but of little size ;
 Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes :
 My youthful down is, like my talents, rare ;
 Politely distant stands each single hair.
 My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear ;
 So smooth, a child may listen without fear :
 Not formed in cadence soft and warbling lays,
 To soothe the fair through pleasure's wanton
 ways.

My form so fine, so regular, so new,
 My port so manly, and so fresh my hue ;
 Oft, as I meet the crowd, they, laughing, say,
 " See, see *Memento Mori* cross the way."
 The ravished Proserpine at last, we know,
 Grew fondly jealous of her sable beau ;
 But, thanks to nature ! none from me need fly,
 One heart the devil could wound, — so cannot I.

Yet though my person fearless may be seen,
 There is some danger in my graceful mien :
 For, as some vessel, tossed by wind and tide,
 Bounds o'er the waves, and rocks from side to
 side,

In just vibration thus I always move :
 This who can view and not be forced to love ?

Hail, charming self ! by whose propitious aid
 My form in all its glory stands displayed :
 Be present still ; with inspiration kind,
 Let the same faithful colors paint the mind.

Like all mankind, with vanity I'm blessed,
 Conscious of wit I never yet possessed.
 To strong desires my heart an easy prey,
 Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway.
 This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe ;
 The next I wonder why I should do so.
 Though poor, the rich I view with careless eye ;
 Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lie.
 I ne'er for satire torture common sense ;
 Nor show my wit at God's nor man's expense.
 Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown ;
 Wish well to all, and yet do good to none.
 Unmerited contempt I hate to bear ;
 Yet on my faults, like others, am severe.

Dishonest flames my bosom never fire ;
 The bad I pity, and the good admire :
 Fond of the Muse, to her devote my days,
 And scribble, not for pudding, but for praise.

DR. JAMES GRAINGER.

1721 (?) - 1766.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.*

O SOLITUDE, romantic maid !
 Whether by nodding towers you tread,
 Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
 Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
 Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
 Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
 Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
 From Hecla view the thawing deep,
 Or at the purple dawn of day
 Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
 You, recluse, again I woo,
 And again your steps pursue.

Plumed Conceit himself surveying,
 Folly with her shadow playing,
 Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
 Bloated empiric, puffed Pretence,
 Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
 Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
 Intrusion with a fopling's face
 (Ignorant of time and place),
 Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
 Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
 Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
 Squint-eyed Censure's artful sneer,
 Ambition's buskins, steeped in blood,
 Fly thy presence, Solitude.
 Sage Reflection, bent with years,
 Conscious Virtue void of fears,
 Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
 Meditation's piercing eye,
 Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,
 Retrospect that scans the mind,
 Wrapt earth-gazing Reverie,
 Blushing artless Modesty,
 Health that snuffs the morning air,
 Full-eyed Truth with bosom bare,
 Inspiration, Nature's child,
 Seek the solitary wild.

* Dr. Johnson pronounced this ode "noble," in his most emphatic tone of voice. Dr. Percy affirmed that in it "were assembled some of the sublimest images in nature." In the discussion between Byron and Bowles, as to the position of Pope as a poet, Byron insisted that "Tadmor's marble waste," supplied a test as to the relative force of the artificial and the natural in poetry. The "waste," he said, was like other "wastes" in nature ; the poetry came from the marble ruins of Palmyra, observed by the poetic eye, on the bleak landscape.

You, with the tragic muse retired,
 The wise Euripides inspired;
 You taught the sadly pleasing air
 That Athens saved from ruins bare.
 You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
 And unlocked the springs of woe;
 You penned what exiled Naso thought,
 And poured the melancholy note.
 With Petrarch o'er Vaucluse you strayed,
 When death snatched his long-loved maid
 You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
 Ye strewed with flowers her virgin urn.
 And late in Hagley you were seen,
 With bloodshot eyes and sombre mien;
 Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
 And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
 But chief your own the solemn lay
 That wept Narcissa young and gay;
 Darkness clapped her sable wing,
 While you touched the mournful string;
 Anguish left the pathless wild,
 Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
 Drowsy Midnight ceased to yawn,
 The starry host put back the dawn;
 Aside their harps even seraphs flung
 To hear thy sweet Complaint, O Young!
 When all nature's hushed asleep,
 Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
 Soft you leave your caverned den,
 And wander o'er the works of men;
 But when Phosphor brings the dawn
 By her dappled coursers drawn,
 Again you to the wild retreat
 And the early huntsman meet,
 Where, as you pensive pace along,
 You catch the distant shepherd's song,
 Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
 Or the rising primrose view.
 Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
 You mount, and Nature with you sings.
 But when midday fervors glow,
 To upland airy shades you go,
 Where never sunburnt woodman came,
 Nor sportsman chased the timid game;
 And there beneath an oak reclined,
 With drowsy waterfalls behind,
 You sink to rest,
 Till the tuneful bird of night,
 From the neighboring poplar's height,
 Wake you with her solemn strain,
 And teach pleased Echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
 Sweeter every sweet perfume;
 Purer every fountain flows,
 Stronger every wildling grows.
 Let those toil for gold who please,
 Or for fame renounce their ease.

What is fame? an empty bubble.
 Gold? a transient shining trouble.
 Let them for their country bleed,
 What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
 Man's not worth a moment's pain,
 Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
 Then let me, sequestered fair,
 To your sibyl grot repair;
 On yon hanging cliff it stands,
 Scooped by nature's salvage hands,
 Bosomed in the gloomy shade
 Of cypress not with age decayed.
 Where the owl still hooting sits,
 Where the bat incessant flits,
 There in loftier strains I'll sing
 Whence the changing seasons spring;
 Tell how storms deform the skies,
 Whence the waves subside and rise;
 Trace the comet's blazing tail,
 Weigh the planets in a scale;
 Bend, great God, before thy shrine,—
 The boundless macrocosm's thine.

* * *

NATHANIEL COTTON.

1721 (?) - 1788.

THE FIRESIDE.*

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance;
 Though singularity and pride
 Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
 To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs;
 No noisy neighbor enters here;
 Nor intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies;
 And they are fools who roam:
 The world has nothing to bestow;
 From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut — our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
 When with impatient wing she left
 That safe retreat, the ark;

* The universal popularity of this poem shows how inferior in effect on the general mind is the most splendid imagination — exercised on a theme apart from popular apprehension — to the most prosaic fancy, when its homely rhymes touch the domestic feelings.

Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they 'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We 'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that 's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They 'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They 'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We 'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We 'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we 'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we 'll go;
Its checkered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we 'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smoothe the bed of death.

MARK AKENSIDE.*

1721 - 1770.

TASTE.

WHAT then is taste, but these internal powers
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deformed or disarranged or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labor, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutored airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty, smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though
Heaven

In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair Culture's kind, parental aid,
Without enlivening suns and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores

* Akenside published *The Pleasures of the Imagination* in 1744. He spent a large portion of his literary life in remodelling and rewriting the poem. There is much variety of critical judgment as to whether he improved his work by this process. Hazlitt declares that he did; and as Akenside himself was evidently of the same opinion, we have, with the exception of the passage on Taste, confined our extracts to the poem as remodelled. The original poem, and the uncompleted revision of it, are published in all editions of Akenside's works.

Repay the tiller's labor ; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects : one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild ;
Another sighs for harmony and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning
fires

The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And Ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky,
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flowery stream,
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantain shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the livelong day :
Consenting Zephyr sighs ; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious ; mute the groves ;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

THE SOUL'S ASPIRATION TOWARDS THE INFINITE.

SAY, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation ; why impowered
Through life and death to dart his watchful eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of angels and immortal minds,
As on an ample theatre to join
In contest with his equals, who shall best
The task achieve, the course of noble toils,
By wisdom and by mercy preordained ?
Might send him forth the sovereign good to
learn ;

To chase each meaner purpose from his breast ;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the pelting storms of chance and
pain,

To hold straight on with constant heart and eye
Still fixed upon his everlasting palm,
The approving smile of Heaven ? Else where-
fore burns

In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That seeks from day to day sublimer ends ;
Happy, though restless ? Why departs the soul
Wide from the track and journey of her times,
To grasp the good she knows not ? In the field
Of things which may be, in the spacious field
Of science, potent arts, or dreadful arms,
To raise up scenes in which her own desires
Contented may repose ; when things, which are,

Pall on her temper, like a twice-told tale :
Her temper, still demanding to be free ;
Spurning the rude control of wilful might ;
Proud of her dangers braved, her griefs endured,
Her strength severely proved ? To these high
aims,

Which reason and affection prompt in man,
Not adverse nor unapt hath Nature framed
His bold imagination. For, amid
The various forms which this full world presents
Like rivals to his choice, what human breast
E'er doubts, before the transient and minute,
To prize the vast, the stable, the sublime ?
Who, that from heights aerial sends his eye
Around a wild horizon, and surveys
Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave
Through mountains, plains, through spacious
cities old,

And regions dark with woods, will turn away
To mark the path of some penurious rill
Which murmureth at his feet ? Where does the
soul

Consent her soaring fancy to restrain,
Which bears her up, as on an eagle's wings,
Destined for highest heaven ; or which of fate's
Tremendous barriers shall confine her flight
To any humbler quarry ? The rich earth
Cannot detain her ; nor the ambient air
With all its changes. For a while with joy
She hovers o'er the sun, and views the small
Attendant orbs, beneath his sacred beam,
Emerging from the deep, like clustered isles
Whose rocky shores to the glad sailor's eye
Reflect the gleams of morning : for a while
With pride she sees his firm, paternal sway
Bend the reluctant planets to move each
Round its perpetual year. But soon she quits
That prospect : meditating loftier views,
She darts adventurous up the long career
Of comets ; through the constellations holds
Her course, and now looks back on all the stars
Whose blended flames as with a milky stream
Part the blue region. Empyræan tracts,
Where happy souls beyond this concave heaven
Abide, she then explores, whence purer light
For countless ages travels through the abyss,
Nor hath in sight of mortals yet arrived.
Upon the wide creation's utmost shore
At length she stands, and the dread space beyond
Contemplates, half-recoiling : nathless down
The gloomy void, astonished, yet unquelled,
She plungeth ; down the unfathomable gulf,
Where God alone hath being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For, from the birth
Of human kind, the sovereign Maker said
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fleeting echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,

The soul should find contentment; but, from these

Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through Nature's opening walks enlarge her aim,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection fill the scene.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, Book I.

BEAUTY.

BUT lo, where Beauty, dressed in gentler pomp,
With comely steps advancing, claims the verse
Her charms inspire. O Beauty, source of praise,
Of honor, even to mute and lifeless things;
O thou that kindest in each human heart
Love, and the wish of poets, when their tongue
Would teach to other bosoms what so charms
Their own; O child of Nature and the soul,
In happiest hour brought forth; the doubtful
garb

Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
Too lowly I account, in which to clothe
Thy form divine: for thee the mind alone
Beholds; nor half thy brightness can reveal
Through those dim organs, whose corporeal touch
O'ershadoweth thy pure essence. Yet, my Muse,
If Fortune call thee to the task, wait thou
Thy favorable seasons: then, while fear
And doubt are absent, through wide nature's
bounds

Expatiate with glad step, and choose at will
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To manifest unblemished Beauty's praise,
And o'er the breasts of mortals to extend
Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the isles
Atlantic, to the rich Hesperian clime,
Fly in the train of Autumn; and look on,
And learn from him; while, as he roves around,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches bloom with gold; where'er his foot
Imprints the soil, the ripening clusters swell,
Turning aside their foliage, and come forth
In purple lights, till every hillock glows
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou that Thessalian landscape trace,
Where lowly Peneüs his clear glassy tide
Draws smooth along, between the winding cliffs
Of Ossa and the pathless woods unshorn
That wave o'er huge Olympus? Down the
stream,

Look how the mountains with their double range
Embrace the vale of Tempé: from each side
Ascending steep to heaven, a rocky mound
Covered with ivy and the laurel boughs
That crowned young Phœbus for the Python
slain.

Fair Tempé! on whose primrose banks the morn

Awoke most fragrant, and the noon reposed
In pomp of lights and shadows most sublime;
Whose lawns, whose glades, ere human footsteps
yet

Had traced an entrance, where the hallowed haunt
Of sylvan powers immortal; where they sate
Oft in the golden age, the Nymphs and Fauns,
Beneath some arbor branching o'er the flood,
And leaning round hung on the instructive lips
Of hoary Pan, or o'er some open dale
Danced in light measures to his sevenfold pipe,
While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path
Flung showers of painted blossoms, fertile dews,
And one perpetual spring.

* * *

Thus then at first was Beauty sent from
heaven,

The lovely mistress of Truth and Good
In this dark world; for Truth and Good are one;
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore, then,
O sons of earth, would ye dissolve the tie?
O, wherefore with a rash and greedy aim
Seek ye to rove through every flattering scene
Which Beauty seems to deck, nor once inquire
Where is the suffrage of eternal Truth,
Or where the seal of undecitful good,
To save your search from folly? Wanting these,
Lo, Beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an infant's toy
Did Fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let Hope,
That kindest inmate of the youthful breast,
Be hence appalled; be turned to coward Sloth,
Sitting in silence, with dejected eyes
Incurious, and with folded hands: far less
Let scorn of wild, fantastic folly's dreams,
Or hatred of the bigot's savage pride,
Persuade you e'er that Beauty, or the love
Which waits on Beauty, may not brook to hear
The sacred lore of undecitful good
And Truth eternal.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, Book I.

GOD AS THE SOURCE OF BEAUTY.

THEE, O Father! this extent
Of matter; thee the sluggish earth and tract
Of seas, the heavens and heavenly splendors feel
Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
Of thy great essence forth didst thou conduct
Eternal Form; and there, where Chaos reigned,
Gav'st her dominion to erect her seat
And sanctify the mansion. All her works
Well-pleased thou didst behold: the gloomy fires
Of storm or earthquake, and the purest light
Of summer; soft Campania's new-born rose,
And the slow weed which pines on Russian hills,
Comely alike to thy full vision stand:

To thy surrounding vision, which unites
 All essences and powers of the great world
 In one sole order, fair alike they stand,
 As features well consenting, and alike
 Required by Nature ere she could attain
 Her just resemblance to the perfect shape
 Of universal Beauty, which with thee
 Dwelt from the first.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, Book I.

TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

WHENCE also but from Truth, the light of
 minds,

Is human fortune gladdened with the rays
 Of Virtue? with the moral colors thrown
 On every walk of this our social scene,
 Adorning for the eye of gods and men
 The passions, actions, habitudes of life,
 And rendering earth like heaven, a sacred place
 Where Love and Praise may take delight to
 dwell?

Let none with heedless tongue from Truth disjoin
 The reign of Virtue. Ere the dayspring flowed,
 Like sisters linked in Concord's golden chain,
 They stood before the great Eternal Mind,
 Their common parent; and by him were both
 Sent forth among his creatures, hand in hand,
 Inseparably joined: nor e'er did Truth
 Find an apt ear to listen to her lore,
 Which knew not Virtue's voice; nor, save where
 Truth's

Majestic words are heard and understood,
 Doth Virtue deign to inhabit. Go, inquire
 Of Nature: not among Tartarian rocks,
 Whither the hungry vulture with its prey
 Returns; not where the lion's sullen roar
 At noon resounds along the lonely banks
 Of ancient Tigris: but her gentler scenes,
 The dove-cote and the shepherd's fold at morn,
 Consult; or by the meadow's fragrant hedge,
 In springtime when the woodlands first are green
 Attend the linnet singing to his mate
 Couched o'er their tender young. To this fond
 care

Thou dost not Virtue's honorable name
 Attribute; wherefore, save that not one gleam
 Of Truth did e'er discover to themselves
 Their little hearts, or teach them, by the effects
 Of that parental love, the love itself
 To judge, and measure its officious deeds?
 But man, whose eyelids Truth has filled with day,
 Discerns how skilfully to bounteous ends
 His wise affections move; with free accord
 Adopts their guidance; yields himself secure
 To Nature's prudent impulse; and converts
 Instinct to Duty and to sacred Law.
 Hence right and fit on earth: while thus to man

The Almighty Legislator hath explained
 The springs of action fixed within his breast;
 Hath given him power to slacken or restrain
 Their effort; and hath shown him how they join
 Their partial movements with the master-wheel
 Of the great world, and serve that sacred end
 Which he, the unerring reason, keeps in view.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, Book II.

THE ASPIRATION OF NATURE.

As flame ascends,
 As vapors to the earth in showers return,
 As the poised ocean toward the attracting moon
 Swells, and the ever-listening planets charmed
 By the sun's call their onward pace incline,
 So all things which have life aspire to God,
 Exhaustless fount of intellectual day!
 Centre of souls! Nor doth the mastering voice
 Of Nature cease within to prompt aright
 Their steps; nor is the care of Heaven withheld
 From sending to the toil external aid;
 That in their stations all may persevere
 To climb the ascent of being, and approach
 Forever nearer to the Life divine.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, Book II.

HUMAN FELLOWSHIP.

Who that bears

A human bosom hath not often felt
 How dear are all those ties which bind our race
 In gentleness together, and how sweet
 Their force, let Fortune's wayward hand the while
 Be kind or cruel? Ask the faithful youth
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he loved
 So often fills his arms; so often draws
 His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
 O, he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
 Those sacred hours, when, stealing from the noise
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
 With Virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture? Ask the crowd,
 Which flies impatient from the village walk
 To climb the neighboring cliffs, when far below
 The savage winds have hurled upon the coast
 Some helpless bark; while holy Pity melts
 The general eye, or Terror's icy hand
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
 While every mother closer to her breast
 Catcheth her child, and, pointing where the waves
 Foam through the shattered vessels, shrieks aloud
 As one poor wretch, who spreads his piteous arms
 For succor, swallowed by the roaring surge,
 As now another, dashed against the rock,

Drops lifeless down. O, deemest thou indeed
No pleasing influence here by Nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No tender charm mysterious, which attracts
O'er all that edge of pain the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?

The Pleasures of the Imagination, Book II.

INVOCATION TO THE MUSES.

"YE beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove
And Memory divine, Pierian maids,
Hear me, propitious. In the morn of life,
When hope shone bright and all the prospect
smiled,

To your sequestered mansion oft my steps
Were turned, O Muses, and within your gate
My offerings paid. Ye taught me then with
strains

Of flowing harmony to soften war's
Dire voice, or in fair colors, that might charm
The public eye, to clothe the form austere
Of civil counsel. Now my feeble age
Neglected, and supplanted of the hope
On which it leaned, yet sinks not, but to you,
To your mild wisdom flies, refuge beloved
Of solitude and silence. Ye can teach
The visions of my bed whate'er the gods
In the rude ages of the world inspired,
Or the first heroes acted; ye can make
The morning light more gladsome to my sense
Than ever it appeared to active youth
Pursuing careless Pleasure; ye can give
To this long leisure, these unheeded hours,
A labor as sublime as when the sons
Of Athens thronged and speechless round me
stood

To hear pronounced for all their future deeds
The bounds of right and wrong. Celestial
powers!

I feel that ye are near me: and behold,
To meet your energy divine I bring
A high and sacred theme; not less than those
Which to the eternal custody of Fame
Your lips intrusted, when of old ye deigned
With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent
The groves of Hæmus or the Chian shore.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, Book III.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO.*

THRICE has the spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth winter rises on thy shame,

* Curio was a young Roman senator of distinguished birth and parts, who, upon his first entrance into the forum, had been committed to the care of Cicero. Being profuse and extravagant, he soon dissipated a large and splendid fortune; to supply the want of which, he was driven to the necessity of abetting the designs of Caesar against the liberties of his coun-

Since I exulting grasped the votive shell,
In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell;
Blest could my skill through ages make thee shine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cause that waked my song before,
With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no
more.

If to the glorious man whose faithful cares,
Nor quelled by malice nor relaxed by years,
Had awed Ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragged at length Corruption to her fate;
If every tongue its large applauses owed,
And well-earned laurels every Muse bestowed;
If public Justice urged the high reward,
And Freedom smiled on the devoted bard;
Say then, to him whose levity or lust
Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust;
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power,
And saved Corruption at her hopeless hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe,
Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow,
And public Justice sanctify the award,
And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?

Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,
Long watched thy virtue like a dying flame,
Hung o'er each glimmering spark with anxious
eyes,

And wished and hoped the light again would rise.
But since thy guilt still more entire appears,
Since no art hides, no supposition clears;
Since vengeful Slander now too sinks her blast,
And the first rage of party-hate is past;
Calm as the judge of truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits and pronounce thy doom:
So may my trust from all reproach be free;
And earth and time confirm the fair decree,

There are who say they viewed without amaze
try, although he had before been a professed enemy to him. Cicero exerted himself with great energy to prevent his ruin, but without effect, and he became one of the first victims in the civil war. This epistle was first published in the year 1744, when a celebrated patriot (Pulteney) after a long and at last successful opposition to an unpopular minister, had deserted the cause of his country, and became the foremost in support and defence of the same measures he had so steadily and for such a length of time contended against.

This Epistle is one of the ablest poems of the school of Dryden and Pope. Akenside belonged to the nobler section of the various factions which assailed the administration of Sir Robert Walpole. Pulteney, who may be said to have led the opposition to that ministry, ignominiously subsided into insignificance and an earldom when it was overthrown. Akenside found that there was no change in the system of government after Walpole had been hurled from power; and the disappointment of his high-raised expectations found vent in this vigorous satire directed against Pulteney, — the patriot who had become a courtier, the commoner who had become Earl of Bath. Perhaps Pulteney might have retorted by citing his favorite axiom, that "the heads of parties, like the heads of snakes, are always moved by their tails"; and that the hot-headed "boys" — as Walpole styled the young enthusiasts who joined the Tories and the discontented Whigs in assailing his administration — formed but an inconsiderable and therefore unconsidered element in the movement which directed prominent statesmen to follow the drift of the times.

The sad reverse of all thy former praise :
 That, through the pageants of a patriot's name
 They pierced the foulness of thy secret aim ;
 Or deemed thy arm exalted but to throw
 The public thunder on a private foe.
 But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
 Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
 Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
 Move in thy bosom and direct thy rage ;
 I scorned the ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,
 The owl-eyed race, whom Virtue's lustre blinds.
 Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
 And all who prove that each man has his price,
 I still believed thy end was just and free ;
 And yet, even yet believe it — spite of thee.
 Even though thy mouth impure has dared dis-
 claim,

Urged by the wretched impotence of shame,
 Whatever filial care thy zeal had paid
 To laws infirm and liberty decayed ;
 Has begged Ambition to forgive the show ;
 Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe ;
 Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,
 Her gross delusion when she held thee dear ;
 How tame she followed thy tempestuous call,
 And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all, —
 Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
 For laws subverted, and for cities sold !
 Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
 The oaths you perjured, and the blood you spilt ;
 Yet must you one untempted vileness own,
 One dreadful palm reserved for him alone ;
 With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
 To beg the infamy he did not earn,
 To challenge hate when honor was his due,
 And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.
 Do robes of state the guarded heart enclose
 From each fair feeling human nature knows ?
 Can pompous titles stun the enchanted ear
 To all that reason, all that sense, would hear ?
 Else couldst thou e'er desert thy sacred post,
 In such unthankful baseness to be lost ?
 Else couldst thou wed the emptiness of vice,
 And yield thy glories at an idiot's price ?

When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
 In doubtful times had fought their country's
 cause,

When now of conquest and dominion sure,
 They sought alone to hold their fruits secure ;
 When taught by these, Oppression hid the face,
 To leave Corruption stronger in her place,
 By silent spells to work the public fate,
 And taint the vitals of the passive state,
 Till healing Wisdom should avail no more,
 And Freedom loathe to tread the poisoned shore ;
 Then, like some guardian god that flies to save
 The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,
 Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake

Steals near and nearer through the peaceful
 brake ;

Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
 To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,
 Against Corruption Liberty to arm,
 And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm.

Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
 And with thy country's hopes thy honors grew.
 Thee, patriot, the patrician roof confessed ;
 Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant blessed ;
 Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds ;
 The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns ;
 Touched in the sighing shade with manlier fires,
 To trace thy steps the lovesick youth aspires ;
 The learned recluse, who oft amazed had read
 Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
 With new amazement hears a living name
 Pretend to share in such forgotten fame ;
 And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,
 Left the tame track of these dejected days,
 The life of nobler ages to renew
 In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,
 Roused by thy labors from the blessed retreat,
 Where social ease and public passions meet,
 Again ascending treads the civil scene,
 To act and be a man, as thou hadst been.

Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,
 And the great end appeared at last in view :
 We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice,
 We saw the senate bending to thy voice ;
 The friends of Freedom hailed the approaching
 reign

Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain ;
 While venal Faction, struck with new dismay,
 Shrunk at their frown, and self-abandoned lay.
 Waked in the shock, the public Genius rose,
 Abashed and keener from his long repose ;
 Sublime in ancient pride, he raised the spear
 Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to
 fear.

The city felt his call ; from man to man,
 From street to street, the glorious horror ran ;
 Each crowded haunt was stirred beneath his
 power,

And, murmuring, challenged the decided hour.

Lo ! the deciding hour at last appears ;
 The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears !
 Thou, Genius ! guardian of the Roman name,
 O, ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame !
 Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
 And guide each movement steady to the goal.
 Ye spirits by whose providential art
 Succeeding motives turn the changeable heart,
 Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,
 And watch his fancy, and his passions bind !
 Ye shades immortal, who by Freedom led,
 Or in the field or on the scaffold bled,
 Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,

And view the crown of all your labors nigh.
 See Freedom mounting her eternal throne !
 The sword submitted, and the laws her own :
 See ! public Power chastised beneath her stands,
 With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands !
 See private Life by wisest arts reclaimed !
 See ardent youth to noblest manners framed !
 See us acquire whate'er was sought by you,
 If Curio, only Curio, will be true.

'T was then — O shame ! O trust how ill re-
 paid !

O Latium, oft by faithless sons betrayed ! —
 'T was then — What frenzy on thy reason stole ?
 What spells unsinewed thy determined-soul ?
 — Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved ?
 The man so great, so honored, so beloved ?
 This patient slave by tinsel chains allured ?
 This wretched suitor for a boon abjured ?
 This Curio, hated and despised by all ?
 Who fell himself to work his country's fall ?

O lost, alike to action and repose !
 Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes !
 With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
 Sold to the insults of a foe defied !
 With all that habit of familiar fame,
 Doomed to exhaust the dregs of life in shame !
 The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art
 To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,
 Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
 Display thy virtue, though without a dower,
 Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
 And shut thy eyes that others may be blind.
 — Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile,
 When shameless mouths your majesty defile,
 Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,
 And cast their own impieties on you.
 For witness, Freedom, to whose sacred power
 My soul was vowed from reason's earliest hour,
 How have I stood exulting, to survey
 My country's virtues, opening in thy ray !
 How, with the sons of every foreign shore
 The more I matched them, honored hers the
 more !

O race erect ! whose native strength of soul,
 Which kings, nor priests, nor sordid laws con-
 trol,

Bursts the tame round of animal affairs,
 And seeks a noble centre for its cares ;
 Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
 And fix dominion's limits by its end.
 Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
 By conscious reason judging every state,
 The man forgot not, though in rags he lies,
 And know the mortal through a crown's dis-
 guise :

Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view
 Fastidious Grandeur lift his solemn brow,
 Or, all awake at Pity's soft command,

Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious
 hand :

Thence large of heart, from envy far removed,
 When public toils to virtue stand approved,
 Not the young lover fonder to admire,
 Not more indulgent the delighted sire ;
 Yet high and jealous of their free-born name,
 Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
 Where'er Oppression works her wanton sway,
 Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay.
 But if to purchase Curio's sage applause,
 My country must with him renounce her cause,
 Quit with a slave the path a patriot trod,
 Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod ;
 Then still, ye powers, instruct his tongue to
 rail,

Nor let his zeal, nor let his subject fail :
 Else, ere he change the style, bear me away
 To where the Gracchi, where the Bruti, stay !

O long revered, and late resigned to shame !
 If this uncourtly page thy notice claim
 When the loud cares of business are withdrawn,
 Nor well-drest beggars round thy footsteps fawn ;
 In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,
 When Truth exerts her unresisted power,
 Breaks the false optics tinged with fortune's
 glare,

Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare ;
 Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,
 And ask thyself — if all be well within.
 Where is the heartfelt worth and weight of soul,
 Which labor could not stop, nor fear control ?
 Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
 Which, half abashed, the proud and venal saw ?
 Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause ?
 Where the delightful taste of just applause ?
 Where the strong reason, the commanding
 tongue,

On which the senate fired or trembling hung ?
 All vanished, all are sold ; and in their room,
 Couched in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,
 See the pale form of barbarous Grandeur dwell,
 Like some grim idol of a sorcerer's cell !
 To her in chains thy dignity was led ;
 At her polluted shrine thy honor bled ;
 With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crowned,
 Thy powerful tongue with poisoned philters
 bound,

That baffled Reason straight indignant flew,
 And fair Persuasion from her seat withdrew :
 For now no longer Truth supports thy cause ;
 No longer Glory prompts thee to applause ;
 No longer Virtue breathing in thy breast,
 With all her conscious majesty confest,
 Still bright and brighter wakes the almighty
 flame,

To rouse the feeble, and the wilful tame,
 And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,

Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul;

But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill,
And formal passions mock thy struggling will;
Or if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler strain,
Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot through thy breast, and stab the generous birth,

Till, blind with smart, from truth to frenzy tost,
And all the tenor of thy reason lost,
Perhaps thy anguish drains a real tear;
While some with pity, some with laughter hear.
— Can art, alas! or genius guide the head,
Where truth and freedom from the heart are fled?
Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,
When the prime function of the soul is broke?

But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign;
For see the hand of Destiny displayed
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betrayed!
See the dire fane of Infamy arise!

Dark as the grave and spacious as the skies;
Where, from the first of time, thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of the unjust remain.
Eternal barriers guard the pathless road
To warn the wanderer of the curst abode;
But prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,
The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly.

There, black with frowns, relentless Time awaits,
And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates;
And still he asks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying bards bestowed,
Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,
And rend the lawless trophies of their wars.

At last the gates his potent voice obey;
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey;
Where, ever armed with adamant chains,
The watchful demon o'er her vassal reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant-powers of lust,
The great, the sage, the happy, and august.*
No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,
No sound of honor hails their unblest ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betrayed,
The childless sire and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effaced,
From towns enslaved and continents laid waste;
But long posterity's united groan,
And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
Forever through the trembling space resound,
And sink each impious forehead to the ground.

* Titles which have been generally ascribed to the most pernicious of men.

Ye mighty foes of liberty and rest,
Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!
Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface!
— Awed at the name, fierce Appius* rising bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
“He comes,” they cry, “to whom the fates assigned

With surer arts to work what we designed,
From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
Till owned their guide, and trusted with their power,

He mocked their hopes in one decisive hour;
Then, tired and yielding, led them to the chain,
And quenched the spirit we provoked in vain.”
But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep control,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
O, turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay:
Relume her sacred fire so near suppressed,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast;
Though bold Corruption boast around the land,
“Let Virtue, if she can, my baits withstand.”
Though bolder now she urge the accursed claim,
Gay with her trophies raised on Curio's shame;
Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.

O Friend and Father of the human mind,
Whose art for noblest ends our frame designed!
If I, though fated to the studious shade
Which party-strife nor anxious power invade:
If I aspire, in public virtue's cause,
To guide the Muses by sublimer laws;
Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
Perhaps the verse might rouse her smothered flame,
And snatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
Perhaps, by worthy thoughts of human kind,
To worthy deeds exalt the conscious mind;
Or dash Corruption in her proud career,
And teach her slaves that Vice was born to fear.†

SONG.

THE shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair:
I look for spirit in her eyes
And meaning in her air.

* Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to establish a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both perished by the treason.

† Macaulay's article on Horace Walpole. In that article the Epistle to Curio is referred to, and the reasons are stated which enraged the “patriots” against Pulteney.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win :
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honor shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame ;
Without whose vital aid
Unfinished all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But ah ! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new :

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage control,
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
All language must despair ;
But go, behold Arpasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

1722-1770.

FROM "A TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE."

SURE such a wretch as I was never born,
By all the world deserted and forlorn :
This bitter-sweet, this honey-gall to prove,
And all the oil and vinegar of love ;
Pride, love, and reason will not let me rest,
But make a devilish bustle in my breast.
To wed with Fizgig, pride, pride, pride denies,
Put on a Spanish padlock, reason cries ;
But tender, gentle love with every wish com-
plies.
Pride, Love, and Reason fight till they are cloyed,
And each by each in mutual wounds destroyed.
Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier — white ;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber —
black.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'er-
spread,
And beats the collier and the barber — red ;
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tossed,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are
lost.

DAVID.

SUBLIME invention, ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
To God the eternal theme ;
Notes from your exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought,
O'er meaner thoughts supreme.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage :
Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michal of his bloom,
The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God, the mighty source
Of all things, — that stupendous force
On which all strength depends ;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill ;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where Secrecy remains in bliss,
And Wisdom hides her skill.

"Tell them I am," Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, "O Lord ! thou art."

JOSEPH WARTON.

1722-1800.

ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely muse !
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murdered fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely flowing hair,
With buskined leg and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crowned,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of power to bid fresh gardens grow

Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
 Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
 Through air, and over earth and sea,
 While the various landscape lies
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes!
 O lover of the desert, hail!
 Say in what deep and pathless vale,
 Or on what hoary mountain's side,
 Midst falls of water, you reside;
 Midst broken rocks a rugged scene,
 With green and grassy dales between;
 Midst forests dark of aged oak,
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
 Where never human heart appeared,
 Nor e'er one straw-roofed cot was reared,
 Where Nature seemed to sit alone,
 Majestic on a craggy throne;
 Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell,
 To thy unknown sequestered cell,
 Where woodbines cluster round the door,
 Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
 And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
 Amid whose thickly woven boughs
 Some nightingale still builds her nest,
 Each evening warbling thee to rest;
 Then lay me by the haunted stream,
 Wrapt in some wild poetic dream,
 In converse while methinks I rove
 With Spenser through a fairy grove;
 Till suddenly awaked, I hear
 Strange whispered music in my ear,
 And my glad soul in bliss is drowned
 By the sweetly soothing sound!

Me, goddess, by the right hand lead,
 Sometimes through the yellow mead,
 Where Joy and white-robed Peace resort,
 And Venus keeps her festive court;
 Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
 And lightly trip with nimble feet,
 Nodding their lily-crown'd heads,
 Where Laughter, rose-lipped Hebe, leads;
 Where Echo walks steep hills among,
 Listening to the shepherd's song.

Yet not these flowery fields of joy
 Can long my pensive mind employ;
 Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,
 To meet the matron Melancholy,
 Goddess of the tearful eye,
 That loves to fold her arms and sigh!
 Let us with silent footsteps go
 To charnels and the house of woe,
 To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
 Where each sad night some virgin comes,
 With throbbing breast and faded cheek,
 Her promised bridegroom's urn to seek;
 Or to some abbey's mouldering towers,
 Where, to avoid cold winter's showers,
 The naked beggar shivering lies,

Whilst whistling tempests round her rise,
 And trembles lest the tottering wall
 Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,
 For my heart glows with martial fire;
 I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
 My big tumultuous bosom beat!
 The trumpet's clangors pierce mine ear,
 A thousand widows' shrieks I hear;
 "Give me another horse,"—I cry;
 Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly.
 Whence is this rage? What spirit, say,
 To battle hurries me away?
 'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
 Transports me to the thickest war,
 There whirls me o'er the hills of slain
 Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
 Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
 Tramples the dying and the dead;
 Where giant Terror stalks around,
 With sullen joy surveys the ground,
 And, pointing to the ensanguined field,
 Shakes his dreadful Gorgon shield!

O, guide me from this horrid scene
 To high-arched walks and alleys green,
 Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
 The fervors of the midday sun!
 The pangs of absence, O, remove,
 For thou canst place me near my love,
 Canst fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss.

When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
 From her green lap the pink and rose;
 When the soft turtle of the dale
 To Summer tells her tender tale;
 When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
 When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
 Shakes his silver beard with cold;
 At every season let my ear
 Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.

* * *

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

About 1733.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
 Though thus I languish and complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded, never move her;
 At the bonnie Bush aboon Traquair,
 'T was there I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
 No maid seemed ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her;
 I tried to soothe my amorous flame
 In words that I thought tender;
 If more there passed, I'm not to blame, —
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet she shows disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonnie bush bloomed fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll aye remember;
 But now her frowns make it decay, —
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
 O, make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me:
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender;
 I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair, —
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

TWEEDSIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
 Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
 The blackbird and sweet cooing dove
 With music enchant every bush.
 Come let us go forth to the mead;
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feathered folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
 No beauty with her may compare;

Love's graces around her do dwell;
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 O, tell me at morn where they feed!
 Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?



SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

1723 - 1780.

A LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
 A wretch forsakes his native land,
 In foreign climes condemned to roam
 An endless exile from his home;
 Pensive he treads the destined way,
 And dreads to go, nor dares to stay,
 Till on some neighboring mountain's brow
 He stops, and turns his eyes below;
 There, melting at the well-known view,
 Drops a last tear and bids adieu:
 So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
 Gay queen of fancy and of art,
 Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
 Oft stop, and often look behind.
 Companion of my tender age,
 Serenely gay and sweetly sage,
 How blithesome we were wont to rove
 By verdant hill or shady grove,
 Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
 Around the honeyed oak rejoice,
 And aged elms, with awful bend,
 In long cathedral walks extend!
 Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
 Cheered by the warbling of the woods,
 How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
 In sweet society with thee!
 Then all was joyous, all was young,
 And years unheeded rolled along:
 But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
 These scenes must charm me now no more;
 Lost to the fields and torn from you —
 Farewell! — a long, a last adieu.
 Me wrangling courts and stubborn law
 To smoke and crowds and cities draw:
 There selfish faction rules the day,
 And pride and avarice throng the way!
 Diseases taint the murky air,
 And midnight conflagrations glare;
 Loose Revelry and Riot bold
 In frightened streets their orgies hold;
 Or, where in silence all is drowned,
 Fell Murder walks his lonely round;

No room for peace, no room for you ;
 Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu !
 Shakespeare, no more thy sylvan son,
 Nor all the art of Addison,
 Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
 Nor Milton's mighty self must please :
 Instead of these, a formal band
 In furs and coifs around me stand ;
 With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
 That grate the soul of harmony,
 Each pedant sage unlocks his store
 Of mystic, dark, discordant lore,
 And points with tottering hand the ways
 That lead me to the thorny maze.
 There, in a winding close retreat,
 Is Justice doomed to fix her seat ;
 There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
 She keeps the wondering world in awe ;
 And there, from vulgar sight retired,
 Like Eastern queen, is more admired.
 O, let me pierce the secret shade
 Where dwells the venerable maid !
 There humbly mark, with reverend awe,
 The guardian of Britannia's law ;
 Unfold with joy her sacred page,
 The united boast of many an age ;
 Where, mixed, yet uniform, appears
 The wisdom of a thousand years.
 In that pure spring the bottom view,
 Clear, deep, and regularly true ;
 And other doctrines thence imbibe
 Than lurk within the sordid scribe ;
 Observe how parts with parts unite
 In one harmonious rule of right ;
 See countless wheels distinctly tend
 By various laws to one great end ;
 While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
 Pervades and regulates the whole.
 Then welcome business, welcome strife,
 Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
 The visage wan, the pore-blind sight.
 The toil by day, the lamp at night,
 The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
 The pert dispute, the dull debate,
 The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
 For thee, fair Justice, welcome all !
 Thus, though my noon of life be past,
 Yet let my setting sun, at last,
 Find out the still, the rural cell,
 Where sage retirement loves to dwell !
 There let me taste the homefelt bliss
 Of innocence and inward peace ;
 Untainted by the guilty bribe,
 Uncursed amid the harpy tribe ;
 No orphan's cry to wound my ear ;
 My honor and my conscience clear.
 Thus may I calmly meet my end,
 Thus to the grave in peace descend.

JOHN HOME.

1724-1808.

LORD RANDOLPH, LADY RANDOLPH, AND YOUNG NORVAL.

LADY RANDOLPH. How fares my lord ?

LORD RANDOLPH. That it fares well, thanks to
 this gallant youth,

Whose valor saved me from a wretched death.
 As down the winding dale I walked alone,
 At the cross way four armed men attacked me,
 Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,
 Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph

low,
 Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
 Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
 And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
 They turned upon him : but his active arm
 Struck to the ground, from whence they rose
 no more,

The fiercest two ; the others fled amain,
 And left him master of the bloody field.
 Speak, Lady Randolph ; upon beauty's tongue
 Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold,
 Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

LADY RAN. My lord, I cannot speak what
 now I feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heaven,
 And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
 To you and yours, deliberated not,
 Nor paused at peril, but, humanely brave,
 Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
 Have you yet learnt of him whom we should
 thank,

Whom call the savior of Lord Randolph's life ?

LORD RAN. I asked that question, and he
 answered not ;

But I must know who my deliverer is. (*To the
 Stranger.*)

NORVAL. A low-born man, of parentage ob-
 scure,

Who naught can boast but his desire to be
 A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

LORD RAN. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is
 ennobled

By the great King of kings : thou art ordained
 And stamped a hero by the sovereign hand
 Of nature ! Blush not, flower of modesty
 As well as valor, to declare thy birth.

NORV. My name is Norval : on the Grampian
 Hills

My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.
 For I had heard of battles : and I longed
 To follow to the field some warlike lord ;
 And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.

This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,

Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,

A band of fierce barbarians from the hills
Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled

For safety and for succor. I alone,
With bended bow and quiver full of arrows,
Hovered about the enemy, and marked
The road he took; then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.

We fought and conquered. Ere a sword was drawn,

An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps, —
You trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers;
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

LORD RAN. He is as wise as brave: was ever tale

With such a gallant modesty rehearsed?
My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list; and, in a monarch's sight,
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valor loved.

Ha! my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?

LADY RAN. I cannot say; for various affections,

And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell:
Yet each of them may well command a tear.

I joy that thou art safe; and I admire

Him and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy safety;

Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought;
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolved to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth denied.
In this attempt unknown he might have perished,
And gained with all his valor but oblivion.

Now graced by thee, his virtue serves no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,
He stands conspicuous: fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And blessed the wonder-working hand of Heaven.

LORD RAN. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts!

My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.

Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honor and command shall Norval be.

NORV. I know not how to thank you: rude I am

In speech and manners; never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence; yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold

To say that Norval ne'er will shame thy favor.

LADY RAN. I will be sworn thou wilt not.
Thou shalt be

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valor guard the life of Randolph.

LORD RAN. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid reply. (*To Norval.*)

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp;
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
Impatient doubtless of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval; and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandished swords.

NORV. Let us be gone, my lord.

Douglas.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

1724 - 1805.

THE PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

Now my lord had the honor of coming down post,

To pay his respects to so famous a toast;
In hopes he her ladyship's favor might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.

I'm sure he's a person of great resolution,
Though delicate nerves and a weak constitution;

For he carried us all to a place 'cross the river,
And vowed that the rooms were too hot for his liver;

He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat:
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain;

For sure such confusion was never yet known;
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown:
While his lordship, embroidered and powdered all o'er,

Was bowing, and handing the ladies ashore:

How the misses did huddle, and scuddle, and run;

One would think to be wet must be very good fun;

For by wagging their tails, they all seemed to take pains

To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains;

And 't was pretty to see, how like birds of a feather,

The people of quality flocked all together;

All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,

Just the same as those animals are in a pond:

You've read all their names in the news, I suppose,

But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes:

There was Lady Greasewrister,

And Madam Van-Twister,

Her ladyship's sister:

Lord Cram, and Lord Vulture,

Sir Brandish O'Culter,

With Marshal Carouzer,

And old Lady Mouzer,

And the great Hanoverian Baron Panzmowzer;

Besides many others who all in the rain went,

On purpose to honor this great entertainment:

The company made a most brilliant appearance,

And ate bread and butter with great perseverance:

All the chocolate too, that my lord set before 'em,

The ladies despatched with the utmost decorum.

Soft musical numbers were heard all around,

The horns and the clarions echoing sound.

Sweet were the strains, as odorous gales that blow

O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and roses grow.

The peer was quite ravished, while close to his side

Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride!

Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture surveyed

All the powerful charms she so nobly displayed:

As when at the feast of the great Alexander,

Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,

Breathed heavenly measures.

* * *

O, had I a voice that was stronger than steel,

With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,

And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter

All the speeches my lord made to Lady Bunbutter!

So polite all the time, that he ne'er touched a bit,

While she ate up his rolls and applauded his wit:

For they tell me that men of *true taste*, when they treat,

Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat:

And if that be the fashion, I never will give

Any grand entertainment as long as I live:

For I'm of opinion, 't is proper to cheer
The stomach and bowels as well as the ear.

Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel
Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table:

I freely will own I the muffins preferred

To all the genteel conversation I heard.

E'en though I'd the honor of sitting between

My Lady Stuff-damask and Peggy Moreen,

Who both flew to Bath in the nightly machine.

Cries Peggy, "This place is enchantingly pretty;

We never can see such a thing in the city.

You may spend all your lifetime in Cateaton
Street,

And never so civil a gentleman meet;

You may talk what you please; you may search
London through;

You may go to Carlisle's, and to Almanac's too;

And I'll give you my head if you find such a
host,

For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast:

How he welcomes at once all the world and his
wife,

And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life!"

"These horns," cries my lady, "so tickle one's
ear,

Lard! what would I give that Sir Simon was
here!

To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go,
For I find here are folks one may venture to
know:

Sir Simon would gladly his lordship attend,

And my lord would be pleased with so cheerful
a friend."

So when we had wasted more bread at a break-
fast

Than the poor of our parish have ate for this
week past,

I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng

Come bustling and rustling and jostling along;

For his lordship was pleased that the company
now

To my Lady Bunbutter should courtesy and bow;

And my lady was pleased too, and seemed vastly
proud

At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd.

And when, like Chaldeans, we all had adored

This beautiful image set up by my lord,

Some few insignificant folk went away,

Just to follow the employments and calls of the
day;

But those who knew better their time how to
spend,

The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend.

Miss Clunch and Sir Toby performed a cotillon,

Just the same as our Susan and Bob the postilion;

All the while her mamma was expressing her joy,

That her daughter the morning so well could
employ.

Now, why should the Muse, my dear mother,
relate

The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great?
As homeward we came, — 't is with sorrow you 'll
hear

What a dreadful disaster attended the peer;
For whether some envious god had decreed
That a Naiad should long to ennoble her breed;
Or whether his lordship was charmed to behold
His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old;
In handing old Lady Comefidget and daughter,
This obsequious lord tumbled into the water;
But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the
boat,

And I left all the ladies a cleaning his coat.

The Bath Guide.

WILLIAM MASON.

1725 - 1797.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON, IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.*

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:

Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care

Her faded form; she bowed to taste the wave,
And died! Does youth, does beauty, read the
line?

Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:

Even from the grave thou shalt have power to
charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;

Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;

And if so fair, from vanity as free;

As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.

Tell them, though 't is an awful thing to die

('T was e'en to thee), yet the dread path once
trod,

Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,

And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

AN ODE FROM CARACTACUS.

MONA on Snowdon calls:

Hear, thou king of mountains, hear;

Hark, she speaks from all her strings:

Hark, her loudest echo rings;

King of mountains, bend thine ear:

Send thy spirits, send them soon,

Now, when midnight and the moon

Meet upon thy front of snow;

See, their gold and ebony rod,

Where the sober sisters nod,

And greet in whispers sage and slow.

Snowdon, mark! 't is magic's hour,

Now the muttered spell hath power;

Power to rend thy ribs of rock,

And burst thy base with thunder's shock:

But to thee no ruder spell

Shall Mona use than those that dwell

In music's secret cells, and lie

Steeped in the stream of harmony.

Snowdon has heard the strain:

Hark, amid the wondering grove

Other harpings answer clear,

Other voices meet our ear,

Pinions flutter, shadows move,

Busy murmurs hum around,

Rustling vestments brush the ground;

Round and round and round they go,

Through the twilight, through the shade,

Mount the oak's majestic head,

And gild the tufted mistletoe.

Cease, ye glittering race of light,

Close your wings and check your flight;

Here, arranged in order due,

Spread your robes of saffron hue;

For lo! with more than mortal fire,

Mighty Mador smites the lyre:

Hark, he sweeps the master-strings;

Listen all. —

AGAINST HOMICIDE.

THINK what a sea of deep perdition whelms

The wretch's trembling soul, who launches forth

Unlicensed to eternity. Think, think,

And let the thought restrain thy impious hand.

The race of man is one vast marshalled army,

Summoned to pass the spacious realms of time,

Their leader the Almighty. In that march,

Ah! who may quit his post? when high in air

The chosen archangel rides, whose right hand
wields

The imperial standard of Heaven's providence,

Which, dreadful sweeping through the vaulted
sky,

Overshadows all creation.

Elfrida.

A SCENE OF PAGAN RITES.

THIS is the secret centre of the isle:

Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder

Gaze on the solemn scene; behold yon oak,

How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown
arms

Chills the pale plain beneath him: mark yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round its rugged base;

* The last four lines of this poem are printed in Professor Henry Reed's edition of Gray as the work of the latter poet. These lines are the best.

These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide
circus,

Skirted with unhewn stone; they awe my soul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himself appeared, and with terrific tread
Stalked through his drear domain. And yet, my
friends,

If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage,
Surely there is a hidden power that reigns
Mid the lone majesty of untamed nature,
Controlling sober reason; tell me else,
Why do these haunts of barbarous superstition
O'ercome me thus? I scorn them; yet they awe
me.

Caractacus.

EPITAPH ON GRAY.

No more the Grecian Muse unrivalled reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

SHORT PASSAGES.

TIME's gradual touch
Has mouldered into beauty many a tower
Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was only terrible.

* * *
Many a glade is found
'The haunt of wood-gods only; where, if art
'E'er dared to tread, 't was with unsandalled foot,
Printless, as if 't were holy ground.

* * *
While through the west, where sinks the crimson
day,
Meek Twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners
gray.

* * *
The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.

THOMAS WARTON.*

1728-1790.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S MONASTICON.

DEEM not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled
Of painful pedantry, the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.

* Everybody loves the mere name of this learned and genial historian of English poetry. He also is to be praised as one of the few poets who, in the later portion of the eighteenth century, prepared the ground for the wonderful revival of English poetry in the nineteenth.

Think'st thou the warbling muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thoughts on themes unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Not rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

ON REVISITING THE RIVER LODON.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath the azure sky and golden sun,—
When first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so
pure
No more return to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless all my vacant days have flowed
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime
mature,
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestowed.

ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PAINTED WINDOW AT OXFORD.

YE brawny prophets, that in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped niche;
Ye rows of patriarchs, that, sublimely reared,
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard;
Ye saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display;
Ye virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown;
Ye angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boast no semblance to a race divine;
Ye tragic tales of legendary lore,
That draw Devotion's ready tear no more;
Ye martyrdoms of unenlightened days,
Ye miracles that now no wonder raise;
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike!
Ye colors, that the unwary sight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groups the shining space.
Lo! from the canvas Beauty shifts her throne;
Lo! Picture's powers a new formation own!
Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
With her own energy, the expressive stain!
The mighty master spreads his mimic toil

More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;
 But calls the lineaments of life complete
 From genial alchemy's creative heat;
 Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
 While in the warm enamel Nature lives.
 Reynolds, 't is thine, from the broad window's
 height,
 To add new lustre to religious light;
 Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
 But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
 With arts unknown before, to reconcile
 The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

THE HAMLET.

THE hinds how blest, who, ne'er beguiled
 To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild,
 Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
 For splendid care and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam
 Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
 They rove abroad in ether blue,
 To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
 The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
 That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
 Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
 On green untrodden banks they view
 The hyacinth's neglected hue:
 In their lone haunts and woodland rounds
 They spy the squirrel's airy bounds,
 And startle from her ashen spray
 Across the glen the screaming jay;
 Each native charm their steps explore
 Of Solitude's sequestered store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
 Mounts to illumine their homeward way;
 Their weary spirits to relieve,
 The meadows incense breathe at eve.
 No riot mars the simple fare
 That o'er a glimmering hearth they share;
 But when the curfew's measured roar
 Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
 Has echoed from the distant town,
 They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
 No trophied canopies, to close
 Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
 Of health around the clay-built room,
 Or through the primrosed coppice stray,
 Or gambol in the new-mown hay,
 Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
 Or drive afield the tardy kine,
 Or hasten from the sultry hill
 To loiter at the shady rill,

Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
 To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honeyed flowers
 The curling woodbine's shade embowers;
 From the small garden's thymy mound
 Their bees in busy swarms resound;
 Nor fell Disease before his time,
 Hastes to consume life's golden prime,
 But when their temples long have wore
 The silver crown of tresses hoar;
 As studious still calm peace to keep,
 Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,
 The joyful youth is sent to college,
 His father comes, a vicar plain,
 At Oxford bred, in Anna's reign,
 And thus, in form of humble suitor,
 Bowing, accosts a reverend tutor:
 "Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
 And this my eldest son of nine;
 My wife's ambition and my own
 Was that this child should wear a gown;
 I'll warrant that his good behavior
 Will justify your future favor;
 And, for his parts, to tell the truth,
 My son's a very forward youth;
 Has Horace all by heart, — you'd wonder, —
 And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
 If you'd examine — and admit him,
 A scholarship would nicely fit him;
 That he succeeds 't is ten to one;
 Your vote and interest, sir!" 'T is done.

Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
 Are with a scholarship completed:
 A scholarship but half maintains,
 And college rules are heavy chains:
 In garret dark he smokes and puns,
 A prey to discipline and duns;
 And now, intent on new designs,
 Sighs for a fellowship — and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,
 That utmost wish is crowned at last;
 But the rich prize no sooner got,
 Again he quarrels with his lot:
 "These fellowships are pretty things,
 We live indeed like petty kings;
 But who can bear to waste his whole age
 Amid the dulness of a college,
 Debarred the common joys of life,
 And that prime bliss — a loving wife!
 O, what's a table richly spread,
 Without a woman at its head?
 Would some snug benefice but fall,
 Ye feasts, ye dinners! farewell all!

To offices I'd bid adieu,
Of Dean, Vice-Præs. — of Bursar too;
Come, joys that rural quiet yields,
Come, tithes and house and fruitful fields!"

Too fond of freedom and of ease
A patron's vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;
At length, and in his fortieth year,
A living drops,—two hundred clear!
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat,—
"What a convenient house! how neat!
For fuel here's sufficient wood:
Pray God the cellars may be good!
The garden—that must be new planned;
Shall these old-fashioned yew-trees stand?
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flowery shrub of thousand dyes;
Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay;
While thick beneath its aspect warm
O'er well-ranged hives the bees shall swarm,
From which, erelong, of golden gleam,
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream:
This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
We'll alter to a modern privy;
Up yon green slope, of hazels trim,
An avenue so cool and dim
Shall to an arbor, at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor loved devotion,
But of a garden had no notion."

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the squire;
Not over weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse;
And though she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve, and make birch wine.

Thus fixed, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbors not to quarrel;
Finds his church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning;
With tithes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;

Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps bantam cocks, and feeds his turkeys;
Builds in his copse a favorite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.

But, ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is oppress;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children fresh expenses yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.
"Why did I sell my college life,"
He cries, "for benefice and wife?
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
I found in reading or in leisure!
When calm around the common-room
I puffed my daily pipe's perfume!
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected;
And dined untaxed, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious founder!
When impositions were supplied
To light my pipe—or soothe my pride—
No cares were then for forward peas,
A yearly longing wife to please;
My thoughts no christening dinners crost,
No children cried for buttered toast;
And every night I went to bed
Without a *Modus* in my head!"

O trifling head and fickle heart!
Chagrined at whatso'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untried,
And sick of pleasures scarce enjoyed!
Each prize possessed, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.*

STATELY the feast and high the cheer:
Girt with many an arméd peer,
And canopied with golden pall,

* King Henry the Second, having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick, King of Connaught, commonly called O'Connor Dun, or *The Brown Monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so long disguised by fabulous inventions that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury Abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot, described by the bard, to be opened: when digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the groundwork of the following ode; but for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the *Cronicle of Glastonbury*. The Castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivi in Pembrokeshire, and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings.

Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
 Sublime in formidable state
 And warlike splendor Henry sate ;
 Prepared to stain the briny flood
 Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.

Illumining the vaulted roof,
 A thousand torches flamed aloof ;
 From massy cups, with golden gleam
 Sparkled the red metheglin's stream ;
 To grace the gorgeous festival,
 Along the lofty-windowed wall,
 The storied tapestry was hung ;
 With minstrelsy the rafters rung
 Of harps, that with reflected light
 From the proud gallery glittered bright ;
 While gifted bards, a rival throng
 (From distant Mona, nurse of song,
 From Teivi, fringed with umbrage brown,
 From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
 From many a shaggy precipice
 That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
 And many a sunless solitude
 Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude),
 To crown the banquet's solemn close,
 Themes of British glory chose ;
 And to the strings of various chime
 Attuned thus the fabling rime :

" O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roared,
 High the screaming sea-mew soared ;
 On Tintagel's* topmost tower
 Darksome fell the sleety shower ;
 Round the rough castle shrilly sung
 The whirling blast, and wildly flung
 On each tall rampart's thundering side
 The surges of the tumbling tide,
 When Arthur ranged his red-cross ranks
 On conscious Camlan's crimsoned banks,
 By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
 Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed !
 Yet in vain a paynim foe
 Armed with fate the mighty blow ;
 For when he fell, an elfin queen,
 All in secret, and unseen,
 O'er the fainting hero threw
 Her mantle of ambrosial blue,
 And bade her spirits bear him far,
 In Merlin's agate-axled car,
 To her green isle's enamelled steep,†
 In the navel of the deep.
 O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
 From flowers that in Arabia grew :

* Tintagel or Tintadgel Castle, where King Arthur is said to have been born and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsular cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the southern coasts of Cornwall.

† " An hoary pile
 Mid the green navel of our isle."

COLLINS, *Ode to Liberty*.

On a rich, enchanted bed
 She pillowed his majestic head ;
 O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
 Thrice she waved an opiate wand ;
 And to soft music's airy sound
 Her magic curtains closed around.
 There, renewed the vital spring,
 Again he reigns a mighty king ;
 And many a fair and fragrant clime,
 Blooming in immortal prime,
 By gales of Eden ever fanned,
 Owns the monarch's high command :
 Thence to Britain shall return
 (If right prophetic rolls I learn),
 Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
 His ancient sceptre to resume ;
 Once more, in old heroic pride,
 His barbéd courser to bestride ;
 His knightly table to restore,
 And the brave tournaments of yore."

They ceased : when on the tuneful stage
 Advanced a bard, of aspect sage ;
 His silver tresses, thin-besprent,
 To age a graceful reverence lent ;
 His beard, all white as spangles frore
 That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
 Down to his harp descending flowed ;
 With Time's faint rose his features glowed ;
 His eyes diffused a softened fire,
 And thus he waked the warbling wire :

" Listen, Henry, to my rede !
 Not from fairy realms I lead
 Bright-robed Tradition, to relate
 In forged colors Arthur's fate,
 Though much of old romantic lore
 On the blest theme I keep in store ;
 But boastful Fiction should be dumb
 Where Truth the strain might best become.
 If thine ear may still be won
 With songs of Uther's glorious son,
 Henry, I a tale unfold
 Never yet in rhyme enrolled,
 Nor sung nor harped in hall or bower,
 Which in my youth's full early flower
 A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
 Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,
 Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
 - Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
 What time the glistening vapors fled
 From cloud-enveloped Clyder's* head,
 And on its sides the torrents gray
 Shone to the morning's orient ray.

" When Arthur bowed his haughty crest,
 No princess, veiled in azure vest,
 Snatched him, by Merlin's potent spell,
 In groves of golden bliss to dwell ;
 Where, crowned with wreaths of mistletoe,

* Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire.

Slaughtered kings in glory go :
 But when he fell, with wingéd speed
 His champions, on a milk-white steed,
 From the battle's hurricane,
 Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
 In the fair vale of Avalon : *
 There, with chanted orison,
 And the long blaze of tapers clear,
 The stoléd fathers met the bier ;
 Through the dim isles, in order dread
 Of martial woe, the chief they led,
 And deep entombed in holy ground,
 Before the altar's solemn bound.
 Around no dusky banners wave,
 No mouldering trophies mark the grave :
 Away the ruthless Dane has torn
 Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn ;
 And long o'er the neglected stone
 Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown :
 The faded tomb, with honor due,
 'T is thine, O Henry, to renew !
 Thither, when Conquest has restored
 Yon recreant isle, and sheathed the sword,
 When Peace with palm has crowned thy brows,
 Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
 There, observant of my lore,
 The pavement's hallowed depth explore ;
 And thrice a fathom underneath
 Dive into the vaults of death.
 There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
 On his gigantic stature gaze ;
 There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
 All in warrior-weeds arrayed,
 Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
 And weapons huge of old renown.
 Martial prince, 't is thine to save
 From dark oblivion Arthur's grave !
 So may thy ships securely stem
 The western frith ; thy diadem
 Shine victorious in the van,
 Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan :
 Thy Normen pikemen win their way
 Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay :
 And from the steep of rough Kildare
 Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare :
 So may thy bow's unerring yew
 Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrue."

Amid the pealing symphony
 The spicéd goblets mantled high,
 With passions new the song impressed
 The listening king's impatient breast :
 Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes ;
 He scorns awhile his bold emprise ;
 Even now he seems, with eager pace,
 The consecrated floor to trace ;
 And ope, from its tremendous gloom,

The treasure of the wondrous tomb :
 Even now, he burns in thought to rear,
 From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
 Rough with the gore of Pictish kings ;
 Even now fond hope his fancy wings,
 To poise the monarch's massy blade,
 Of magic-tempered metal made ;
 And drag to day the dinted shield
 That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
 O'er the sepulchre profound
 Even now, with arching sculpture crowned,
 He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
 The daily dirge, and rites divine.

—○○○—
 THOMAS PERCY.

1728-1811.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.*

It was a friar of orders gray
 Walked forth to tell his beads,
 And he met with a lady fair
 Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.
 "Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar !
 I pray thee tell to me,
 If ever at yon holy shrine
 My true-love thou didst see."
 "And how should I know your true-love
 From many another one ?"
 "O, by his cockle hat and staff,
 And by his sandal shoon :
 "But chiefly by his face and mien,
 That were so fair to view,
 His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
 And eyes of lovely blue."
 "O lady, he is dead and gone !
 Lady, he's dead and gone !
 At his head a green grass turf,
 And at his heels a stone.
 "Within these holy cloisters long
 He languished, and he died
 Lamenting of a lady's love,
 And 'plaining of her pride.
 "Here bore him barefaced on his bier
 Six proper youths and tall ;
 And many a tear bedewed his grave
 Within yon kirkyard wall."
 "And art thou dead, thou gentle youth,
 And art thou dead and gone ?
 And didst thou die for love of me ?
 Break, cruel heart of stone !"

* Glastonbury Abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea in a spot anciently called the island, or valley, of Avalonia.

* Composed mostly of fragments of ancient ballads.

"O, weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"O, do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love."

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more;
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets plucked, the sweetest shower
Will ne'er make green again."

"Our joys as wingéd dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"O, say not so, thou holy friar!
I pray thee say not so;
For since my true-love died for me,
'T is meet my tears should flow."

"And will he never come again,
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Forever to remain."

"His cheek was redder than the rose,
The comeliest youth was he;
But he is dead and laid in his grave,
Alas! and woe is me."

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never."

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart, —
O, he was ever true!"

"And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth?
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; forevermore
A pilgrim I will be."

"But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall;
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"O, stay me not, thou holy friar,
O, stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true-love appears."

"Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought."

"But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
We nevermore will part."

O NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

O NANNY, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
Nae langer drest in silken shoon,
Nae langer decked wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the winter wind?
O, can that soft and gentle mien
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae?



. Oliver Goldsmith.

Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728 - 1774.

THE TRAVELLER.*

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po;
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies;
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
 Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
 To pause from toil and trim their evening fire;
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair;
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
 Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue

* Macaulay says, "that in one respect *The Traveller* differs from all Goldsmith's other writings. In general his designs were bad and his execution good. In *The Traveller* the execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior to the design. No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the variations of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our own minds."

Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
 And, placed on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where a hundred realms appear:
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom
 vain?

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor
 crowned;
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
 For me your tributary stores combine:
 Creation's heir, the world, — the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consigned,
 Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at
 rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease.
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country ever is at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share,

Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idm's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And, though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent:
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
fals;

And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive,
vain;

Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind:
For wealth was theirs; not far removed the date,
When Commerce proudly flourished through the
state;

At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glowed beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While naught remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion
tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a
charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;

No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the
step ;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the
way,

And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board ;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned ;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Hence from such lands each pleasing science
flies,

That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to
flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the
frame.

Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong de-
sire ;

Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run ;

And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm
the way,

These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn ; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can
please,

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
Where shading elms among the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew ;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still
But mocked all tune and marred the dancer's
skill ;

Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages : dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful
maze ;

And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms dis-
play,

Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here :
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise :
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they
seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought :
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year :
The mind still turns where shifting Fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad Ocean leans against the land,
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
 While the pent Ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth
 imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
 But, view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
 Even liberty itself is bartered here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of
 old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each
 brow;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her
 wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind!
 Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state
 With daring aims irregularly great;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of humankind pass by;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashioned fresh from nature's hand,
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagined right, above control,—

While even the peasant boasts these rights to
 scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured
 here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy;
 But, fostered even by freedom, ills annoy:
 That independence Britons prize too high
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled;
 Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
 Represt Ambition struggles round her shore;
 Till, overwrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and Merit weeps unknown;
 Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toiled and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings or court the great:
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel;
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
 I only would repress them to secure:
 For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil;
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

O, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms:
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus, polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests and through dangerous
ways,

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous
aim;

There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.*

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring
swain,

Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could
please!

How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went
round;

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks re-
prove:

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports
like these,

With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed,

These were thy charms, — but all these charms
are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
drawn;

* Macaulay has indicated the fundamental defect of this charming poem. "It is made up," he says, "of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity as his Auburn. He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day, and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejectment he had probably seen in Munster; but by joining the two he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world."

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stunts thy smiling plain;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintained its man;
 For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
 His best companions, Innocence and Health;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that Folly pays to Pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that asked but little room,
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,

And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
 I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return, — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
 A youth of labor with an age of ease:
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school;
 The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 But all the bloomy blush of life is fled.
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his
place;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims al-
lowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields
were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to
raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares dis-
trest;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'T was certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering
sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspired,

Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks pro-
found,

And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendor! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed, —
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'T is yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robbed the neighboring fields, of half their
 growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies:
 While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slight every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
 But when those charms are past, — for charms
 are frail, —

When time advances, and when lovers fail,

She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress:
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,
 In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
 But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall Poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
 If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.
 If to the city sped, what waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps
 display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight
 reign,

Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!
 Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine
 eyes

Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
 Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the
 shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest
 train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
 E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charmed before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore :
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance
 crowned,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murderous still than they ;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloomed that
 parting day
 That called them from their native walks away ;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their
 last,
 And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
 For seats like these beyond the Western main ;
 And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep !
 The good old sire the first prepared to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.
 With louder complaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose ;
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury ! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe ;
 Till sapped their strength, and every part un-
 sound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the
 sail

That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;
 And piety with wishes placed above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
 Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
 Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me
 so ;

Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well !
 Farewell ; and O, where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigors of the inclement clime ;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain ;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
 Teach him, that states of native strength pos-
 sest,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labored mole away ;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

TO LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my Lord, for your venison, for finer
 or fatter
 Never ranged in a forest or smoked in a platter ;
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
 The fat was so white and the lean was so ruddy ;
 Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce
 help regretting
 To spoil such a delicate picture by eating ;
 I had thoughts, in my chambers to place it in
 view,
 To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtù ;
 As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show ;
 But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,

They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.

But hold, — let me pause, — don't I hear you pronounce,

This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce?

Well, suppose it a bounce, — sure a poet may try,
By a bounce, now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my Lord, it's no bounce : I protest in my turn

It's a truth, and your Lordship may ask Mr. Burn.*

To go on with my tale : as I gazed on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and stanch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.

Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose ;
'T was a neck and a breast that might rival
Monroe's :

But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.

There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,

I think they love venison, — I know they love beef.

There's my countryman Higgins, — O, let him alone

For making a blunder or picking a bone !

But hang it, — to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat ;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself,
entered ;

An underbred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he looked at the venison and me.

"What have we got here? Why, this is good eating !

Your own, I suppose, — or is it in waiting?"

"Why, whose should it be?" cried I, with a founce :

"I get these things often"; — but that was a bounce :

"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,

Are pleased to be kind, — but I hate ostentation."

"If that be the case, then," cried he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;
No words — I insist on't — precisely at three :

* Lord Clare's nephew.

We'll have Johnson and Burke, all the wits will be there ;

My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.

And now that I think on't, as I am a sinner !
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.
What say you, — a pasty, it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

Here, porter, — this venison with me to Mile-end ;

No stirring — I beg — my dear friend — my dear friend !"

Thus, snatching his hat, he brushed off like the wind,

And the porter and eatables followed behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself"; *
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,

Yet Johnson and Burke, and a good venison pasty,

Were things that I never disliked in my life,
Though clogged with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.

So next day in due splendor to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine

(A chair-lumbered closet just twelve feet by nine),

My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come ;

"For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t' other with Thrale ;

But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,

With two full as clever and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew ;

They're both of them merry, and authors like you ;

The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge ;
Some think he writes Cinna : he owns to Pan-urge."

While thus he described them by trade and by name,

They entered, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top, a fried liver and bacon were seen ;
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen ;
At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot ;

* See the letters that passed between his Royal Highness Henry Duke of Cumberland and Lady Grosvenor. 1769.

In the middle a place where the pasty — was not.

Now, my Lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,

And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round;
But what vexed me most was that damned Scotchish rogue,

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his brogue,

And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,

A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray, a slice of your liver, though, may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
"The tripe!" quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,

"I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week;
I like these here dinners, so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all."

"Oh, oh!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice,

He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
There's a pasty —" "A pasty!" repeated the Jew;

"I don't care if I keep a corner for 't too."

"What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" re-echoed the Scot;

"Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."

"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
"We'll all keep a corner," was echoed about.

While thus we resolved, and the pasty delayed,
With looks that quite petrified, entered the maid:
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out — for who could mistake her? —

That she came with some terrible news from the baker:

And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus — but let similes drop —
And now that I think on't the story may stop.
To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labor misplaced

To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something — a kind of discerning —

A relish — a taste — sickened over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:

So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

RETALIATION.*

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;

If our landlord¹ supplies us with beef and with fish,

Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:

Our dean² shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;

Our Burke³ shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains;

Our Will⁴ shall be wildfowl, of excellent flavor,
And Dick⁵ with his pepper shall heighten their savor:

Our Cumberland's⁶ sweetbread its place shall obtain,

And Douglas⁷ is pudding, substantial and plain;
Our Garrick's⁸ a salad; for in him we see

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree:

To make out the dinner, full certain I am

That Ridge⁹ is anchovy, and Reynolds¹⁰ is lamb;
That Hickey's¹¹ a capon, and, by the same rule,

Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,

Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?

Here, waiter, more wine! let me sit while I'm able,

Till all my companions sink under the table;

Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,

Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, reunited to earth,
Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom
with mirth:

* Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-House. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for *Retaliation*, and at their next meeting produced this poem.

¹ The master of the St. James's Coffee-House, where the Doctor and the friends he has characterized in this poem occasionally dined.

² Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland.

³ Mr. Edmund Burke.

⁴ Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

⁵ Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

⁶ Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, *The Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

⁷ Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's *History of the Popes*.

⁸ David Garrick.

⁹ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish Bar.

¹⁰ Sir Joshua Reynolds.

¹¹ An eminent attorney, whose hospitality and good-humor acquired him in his club the title of "honest Tom Hickey."

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied
em,
That slyboots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund,¹ whose genius
was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for man-
kind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining
his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend² to lend him a
vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on re-
fining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought
of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobe-
dient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 't was his fate, unemployed or in place,
sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William,³ whose heart was a
mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that
was in 't;
The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument
wrong;
Still aiming at honor, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home:
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
his own.

Here lies honest Richard,⁴ whose fate I must
sigh at;
Alas that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the
ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wished him full ten times a day at Old
Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wished to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking di-
vines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant
reclines:
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I feared for your safety, I feared for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds⁵ shall be pious, our Kenricks⁶ shall
lecture;
Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall com-
pile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross
over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in
the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'T was only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly
sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick.
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack;

¹ Edmund Burke.

² Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitechurch.

³ William Burke.

⁴ Mr. Richard Burke.

⁵ The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

⁶ Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of *The School of Shakespeare*.

For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!

How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,

While he was be-Rosciused and you were be-praised!

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies.
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,

And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherished his friend, and he relished a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.

Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser:
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah, no!
Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn ye:

He was—could he help it?—a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland:
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing:
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios,
and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

THE HERMIT.*

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

* See the *Vicar of Wakefield*, cap. viii.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,*
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care:
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly pressed and smiled;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

* "Man wants but little, nor that little long."—*Young's Night 4th.*

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
 Its tricks the kitten tries;
 The cricket chirrups on the hearth;
 The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To soothe the stranger's woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
 With answering care oppress:
 "And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
 "The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurned,
 Reluctant dost thou rove?
 Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
 Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
 Are trifling, and decay;
 And those who prize the paltry things
 More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep;
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 And leaves the wretch to weep?"

"And love is still an emptier sound,
 The modern fair one's jest;
 On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
 And spurn the sex," he said;
 But, while he spoke, a rising blush
 His lovelorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view;
 Like colors o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms;
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn," she cried;
 "Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
 Where Heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray;
 Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
 A wealthy lord was he;
 And all his wealth was marked as mine, —
 He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
 Unnumbered suitors came;
 Who praised me for imputed charms,
 And felt, or feigned, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
 With richest proffers strove:
 Among the rest young Edwin bowed,
 But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
 No wealth or power had he;
 Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 But these were all to me.

"And when beside me in the dale
 He carolled lays of love,
 His breath lent fragrance to the gale
 And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
 The dews of heaven refined,
 Could naught of purity display
 To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
 With charms inconstant shine;
 Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
 Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
 Importunate and vain;
 And while his passion touched my heart,
 I triumphed in his pain:

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to my pride;
 And sought a solitude forlorn,
 In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay;
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
 I'll lay me down and die;
 'T was so for me that Edwin did,
 And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cried,
 And clasped her to his breast:
 The wondering fair one turned to chide, —
 'T was Edwin's self that pressed.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 My charmer, turn to see
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 And every care resign:
 And shall we never, never part,
 My life, — my all that's mine?"

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true:
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes:
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite;
The dog it was that died.

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS.
MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word —
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind:
She freely lent to all the poor —
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways —
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew —
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her —
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead —
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore;
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.*

THE WRETCH CONDEMNED WITH LIFE TO PART.

THE wretch condemned with life to part
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

* This poem is an imitation of the chanson called *Le fameux la Galisse, homme imaginaire*, in fifty stanzas, printed in the *Menagiana*, IV. 191: —

"Messieurs, vous plait-il d'ouïr
L'air du fameux la Galisse,
Il pourra vous réjouir,
Pourvu qu'il vous divertisse.

* * *
"Bien instruit dès le berceau
Jamais, tant il fut honnête,
Il se mettoit son chapeau
Qu'il ne se couvrit la tête.

* * *
"On dit que dans ses amours
Il fut caressé des belles,
Qui le suivirent toujours,
Tant qu'il marche devant elles.

* * *
"Il fut, par un triste sort,
Blessé d'une main cruelle;
On croit, puisqu'il est mort,
Que la plaie était mortelle.

"Regretté de ses soldats,
Il mourut digne d'envie,
Et le jour de son trépas
Fut le dernier de sa vie."

* * *

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is — to die.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

1729-1773.

MAY-EVE; OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamored beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep
(’T is where you’ve seldom been),
May’s vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor’s boldest notes,
We’ll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see — the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! ’t is not the morning breaks,
’T is Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o’er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we’ll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy shepherds cry,
“’T is Kate of Aberdeen.”

CONTENT.

O’ER moorlands and mountains rude, barren, and bare,
As wildered and wearied I roam,

A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o’er lawns to her home.
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
crowned,

Green rushes were strewed on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly
round,
And decked the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she culled me the best;
While thrown from my guard by some glances
she cast,

Love slyly stole into my breast!
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
“I’ve rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
But take me, fond shepherd, — I’m thine.”

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms!
I kissed the ripe roses that glowed on her cheek,
And locked the loved maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclined on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o’er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne’er did aspire,
The damsel’s of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have named her Content.

JOHN SCOTT.

1730-1783.

ODE ON HEARING THE DRUM.

I HATE that drum’s discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth its pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms;
And when Ambition’s voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum’s discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows’ tears, and orphans’ moans;
And all that Misery’s hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

1730 (?) - 1769.

THE WRECKED SHIP.

AND now, lashed on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew
near!

The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar be-
neath!

* * *

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps re-
sound!

Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment
reels.

So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's
blows.

Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair, while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

* * *

As o'er the surf the stooping mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast:
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumbed and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving
tide;

Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And pressed the stony beach, — a lifeless crew!

The Shipwreck.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731 - 1800.

THE DUTIES, OPPORTUNITIES, AND INFIRMI-
TIES OF KINGS.

B. SELDOM, alas! the power of logic reigns
With much sufficiency in royal brains;
Such reasoning falls like an inverted cone,
Wanting its proper base to stand upon.
Man made for kings! those optics are but dim
That tell you so, — say, rather, they for him.
That were indeed a king-ennobling thought,
Could they, or would they, reason as they ought.
The diadem, with mighty projects lined,
To catch renown by ruining mankind,
Is worth, with all its gold and glittering store,
Just what the toy will sell for, and no more.

O, bright occasions of dispensing good,
How seldom used, how little understood!
To pour in Virtue's lap her just reward;
Keep Vice restrained behind a double guard;
To quell the faction that affronts the throne,
By silent magnanimity alone;
To nurse with tender care the thriving arts;
Watch every beam philosophy imparts;
To give religion her unbridled scope,
Nor judge by statute a believer's hope;
With close fidelity and love unfeigned
To keep the matrimonial bond unstained;
Covetous only of a virtuous praise;
His life a lesson to the land he sways;
To touch the sword with conscientious awe,
Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw;
To sheathe it in the peace-restoring close
With joy beyond what victory bestows;
Blest country, where these kingly glories shine!
Blest England, if this happiness be thine!

A. Guard what you say; the patriotic tribe
Will sneer, and charge you with a bribe. — *B.* A
bribe?

The worth of his three kingdoms I defy
To lure me to the baseness of a lie,
And, of all lies (be that one poet's boast),
The lie that flatters I abhor the most,
Those arts be theirs who hate his gentle reign,
But he that loves him has no need to feign.

A. Your smooth eulogium, to one crown ad-
dressed,
Seems to imply a censure on the rest.

B. Quevedo, as he tells his sober tale,
Asked, when in hell, to see the royal jail;
Approved their method in all other things:
"But where, good sir, do you confine your kings?"
"There," said his guide, "the group is full in view."
"Indeed!" replied the don, "there are but few."
His black interpreter the charge disdained, —
"Few, fellow? — there are all that ever reigned."

Wit, undistinguishing, is apt to strike
 The guilty and not guilty both alike :
 I grant the sarcasm is too severe,
 And we can readily refute it here ;
 While Alfred's name, the father of his age,
 And the Sixth Edward's grace the historic page.

A. Kings then at last have but the lot of all :
 By their own conduct they must stand or fall.

B. True. While they live, the courtly laureat
 pays

His quitrent ode, his peppercorn of praise ;
 And many a dunce, whose fingers itch to write,
 Adds, as he can, his tributary mite :
 A subject's faults a subject may proclaim,
 A monarch's errors are forbidden game !
 Thus free from censure, overawed by fear,
 And praised for virtues that they scorn to wear,
 The fleeting forms of majesty engage
 Respect, while stalking o'er life's narrow stage ;
 Then leave their crimes for history to scan,
 And ask with busy scorn, Was this the man ?

I pity kings, whom worship waits upon
 Obscure from the cradle to the throne ;
 Before whose infant eyes the flatterer bows,
 And binds a wreath about their baby brows :
 Whom education stiffens into state,
 And death awakens from that dream too late.
 O, if servility with supple knees,
 Whose trade it is to smile, to crouch, to please ;
 If smooth Dissimulation, skilled to grace
 A devil's purpose with an angel's face ;
 If smiling peeresses and simpering peers,
 Encompassing his throne a few short years ;
 If the gilt carriage and the pampered steed,
 That wants no driving, and disdains the lead ;
 If guards, mechanically formed in ranks,
 Playing, at beat of drum, their martial pranks,
 Shouldering and standing as if struck to stone,
 While condescending majesty looks on ;
 If monarchy consist in such base things,
 Sighing, I say again, I pity kings !

To be suspected, thwarted, and withstood,
 E'en when he labors for his country's good ;
 To see a band, called patriot for no cause,
 But that they catch at popular applause
 Careless of all the anxiety he feels,
 Hook disappointment on the public wheels ;
 With all their flippant fluency of tongue,
 Most confident, when palpably most wrong ;
 If this be kingly, then farewell for me
 All kingship ; and may I be poor and free !

Table Talk.

THE ENGLISHMAN AND FRENCHMAN.

A. VOUCHSAFE, at least, to pitch the key of
 rhyme

To themes more pertinent, if less sublime.

When ministers and ministerial arts ;
 Patriots, who love good places at their hearts ;
 When admirals, extolled for standing still,
 Or doing nothing with a deal of skill ;
 Generals, who will not conquer when they may,
 Firm friends to peace, to pleasure, and good pay ;
 When Freedom, wounded almost to despair,
 Though discontent alone can find out where ;
 When themes like these employ the poet's tongue,
 I hear as mute as if a siren sung.

Or tell me, if you can, what power maintains
 A Briton's scorn of arbitrary chains ?
 That were a theme might animate the dead,
 And move the lips of poets cast in lead.

B. The cause, though worth the search, may
 yet elude

Conjecture and remark, however shrewd.
 They take perhaps a well-directed aim,
 Who seek it in his climate and his frame.
 Liberal in all things else, yet Nature here
 With stern severity deals out the year.
 Winter invades the spring, and often pours
 A chilling flood on summer's drooping flowers ;
 Unwelcome vapors quench autumnal beams,
 Ungenial blasts attending curl the streams :
 The peasants urge their harvest, ply the fork
 With double toil, and shiver at their work ;
 Thus with a rigor, for his good designed,
 She rears her favorite man of all mankind.
 His form robust and of elastic tone,
 Proportioned well, half muscle and half bone,
 Supplies with warm activity and force
 A mind well lodged, and masculine of course.
 Hence Liberty, sweet Liberty inspires
 And keeps alive his fierce but noble fires.
 Patient of constitutional control,
 He bears it with meek manliness of soul ;
 But if authority grow wanton, woe
 To him that treads upon his free-born toe :
 One step beyond the boundary of the laws
 Fires him at once in Freedom's glorious cause.
 His proud prerogative, not much revered,
 Is seldom felt, though sometimes seen and heard ;
 And in his cage, like parrot fine and gay,
 Is kept to strut, look big, and talk away.

Born in a climate softer far than ours,
 Not formed like us, with such Herculean powers,
 The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
 Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk,
 Is always happy, reign whoever may,
 And laughs the sense of misery far away :
 He drinks his simple beverage with a gust ;
 And, feasting on an onion and a crust,
 We never feel the alacrity and joy
 With which he shouts and carols " Vive le Roy,"
 Filled with as much true merriment and glee
 As if he heard his king say, " Slave, be free."

Table Talk.

ARTIFICIAL AND NATURAL POETRY.

A. At Westminster, where little poets strive
To set a distich upon six and five,
Where discipline helps opening buds of sense,
And makes his pupils proud with silver pence,
I was a poet too : but modern taste
Is so refined, and delicate, and chaste,
That verse, whatever fire the fancy warms,
Without a creamy smoothness has no charms.
Thus all success depending on an ear,
And thinking I might purchase it too dear,
If sentiment were sacrificed to sound,
And truth cut short to make a period round,
I judged a man of sense could scarce do worse,
Than caper in the morris-dance of verse.

B. Thus reputation is a spur to wit,
And some wits flag through fear of losing it.
Give me the line that ploughs its stately course
Like a proud swan, conquering the stream by
force ;

That, like some cottage beauty, strikes the heart,
Quite unindebted to the tricks of art.
When labor and when dulness, club in hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand,
Beating alternately, in measured time,
The clockwork tintinnabulum of rhyme,
Exact and regular the sounds will be ;
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me.

From him who rears a poem lank and long,
To him who strains his all into a song ;
Perhaps some bonny Caledonian air,
All birks and braes, though he was never there ;
Or, having whelped a prologue with great pains,
Feels himself spent, and fumbles for his brains ;
A prologue interdashed with many a stroke, —
An art contrived to advertise a joke,
So that the jest is clearly to be seen,
Not in the words — but in the gap between ;
Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,
The substitute for genius, sense, and wit.

Table Talk.

CHATHAM.

A. PATRIOTS, alas ! the few that have been
found,
Where most they flourish upon English ground,
The country's need have scantily supplied,
And the last left the scene when Chatham died.

B. Not so, — the virtue still adorns our age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
In him Demosthenes was heard again ;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain ;
She clothed him with authority and awe,*
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood, as some inimitable hand

Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave, that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose ;
And every venal stickler for the yoke
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

Such men are raised to station and command,
When Providence means mercy to a land.
He speaks, and they appear ; to him they owe
Skill to direct and strength to strike the blow ;
To manage with address, to seize with power
The crisis of a dark decisive hour.
So Gideon earned a victory not his own ;
Subserviency his praise, and that alone.

Poor England ! thou art a devoted deer,
Beset with every ill but that of fear.
The nations hunt ; all mark thee for a prey ;
They swarm around thee, and thou stand'st at
bay ;
Undaunted still, though wearied and perplexed,
Once Chatham saved thee ; but who saves thee
next ?

Alas ! the tide of pleasure sweeps along
All that should be the boast of British song.
'T is not the wreath that once adorned thy brow,
The prize of happier times, will serve thee now.
Our ancestry, a gallant Christian race,
Patterns of every virtue, every grace,
Confessed a God ; they kneeled before they fought,
And praised him in the victories he wrought.
Now from the dust of ancient days bring forth
Their sober zeal, integrity, and worth ;
Courage, ungraced by these, affronts the skies,
Is but the fire without the sacrifice.
The stream that feeds the wellspring of the heart
Not more invigorates life's noblest part,
Than virtue quickens with a warmth divine
The powers that sin hath brought to a decline.

Table Talk.

RURAL SOUNDS.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,

But animated nature sweeter still,
 To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
 The livelong night : nor these alone, whose notes
 Nice-fingered Art must emulate in vain,
 But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
 In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
 The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
 Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
 And only there, please highly for their sake.

The Task, Book I.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

God made the country, and man made the town.
 What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
 That life holds out to all, should most abound
 And least be threatened in the fields and groves ?
 Possess ye, therefore, ye who, borne about
 In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
 But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
 But such as art contrives, possess ye still
 Your element ; there only can ye shine ;
 There only minds like yours can do no harm.
 Our groves were planted to console at noon
 The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve
 The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
 The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
 Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
 The splendor of your lamps ; they but eclipse
 Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
 Our more harmonious notes : the thrush departs
 Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
 There is a public mischief in your mirth ;
 It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
 Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
 Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,
 Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
 A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

The Task, Book I.

SLAVERY.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
 My soul is sick, with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
 It does not feel for man ; the natural bond
 Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin

Not colored like his own ; and having power
 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey,
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations, who had else
 Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
 And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
 Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush,
 And hang his head to think himself a man ?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
 No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation prized above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave,
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
 We have no slaves at home. Then why abroad ?
 And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
 That parts us are emancipate and loosed.
 Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through every vein
 Of all your empire ; that where Britain's power
 Is felt mankind may feel her mercy too.

The Task, Book II.

ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still ;
 My country ! and, while yet a nook is left
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy
 clime
 Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
 With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France
 With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task :
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
 As any thunderer there. And I can feel
 Thy follies too ; and with a just disdain
 Frown at effeminate, whose very looks

Reflect dishonor on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as
smooth

And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
With odors, and as profligate as sweet;
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such as
these

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,*
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his
own.

Farewell those honors, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen
Each in his field of glory; one in arms
And one in council, — Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame!
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. O, rise some other such,
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements and despair of new.

The Task, Book II.

THE PULPIT.

THE pulpit, therefore (and I name it filled
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing) —
The pulpit (when the satirist has at last,
Strutting and vamping in an empty school,
Spent all his force, and made no proselyte) —

* Macaulay, in referring, in his life of the younger Pitt, to the latter's persistent neglect of literary men, as far as they were the proper objects of patronage, says: "A few months after the death of Johnson appeared *The Task*, incomparably the best poem that any Englishman then living had produced; a poem, too, which could hardly fail to excite in a well-constituted mind a feeling of esteem and compassion for the poet, a man of genius and virtue, whose means were scanty, and whom the most cruel of all the calamities incident to humanity had made incapable of supporting himself by vigorous and sustained exertion. Nowhere had Chatham been praised with more enthusiasm, or in verse more worthy of the subject, than in *The Task*. The son of Chatham, however, contented himself with reading and admiring the book, and left the author to starve. The pension which, long after, enabled poor Cowper to close his melancholy life unmolested by duns and bailiffs, was obtained for him by the strenuous kindness of Lord Spencer."

I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall
stand,

The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies! — His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, armed himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war
The sacramental host of God's elect!
Are all such teachers? — would to Heaven all
were!

But hark! — the doctor's voice! — fast wedged
between

Two empiries he stands, and with swoln cheeks
Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far
Than all invective is his bold harangue,
While through that public organ of report
He hails the clergy; and, defying shame,
Announces to the world his own and theirs!
He teaches those to read, whom schools dismissed,
And colleges, untaught; sells accent, tone,
And emphasis in score, and gives to prayer
The adagio and andante it demands.
He grinds divinity of other days
Down into modern use; transforms old print
To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts.
Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware?
O, name it not in Gath! it cannot be
That grave and learned clerks should need such
aid.

He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
Assuming thus a rank unknown before, —
Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church!

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose
life,

Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;

Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, — a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepared, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love of world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride: —
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On skulls that cannot teach and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and
own, —

Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture! — Is it like? — Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry — hem; and reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What! — will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock!
Therefore, avault all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all besides,
Though learned with labor, and though much
admired

By curious eyes and judgments ill informed,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the pressed nostril, spectacle-bestrid.
Some, decent in demeanor while they preach,

That task performed, relapse into themselves;
And, having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye,
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not!
Forth comes the pocket mirror. First we stroke
An eyebrow; next compose a straggling lock;
Then with an air most gracefully performed
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low:
The better hand more busy gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye
With opera glass to watch the moving scene,
And recognize the slow retiring fair.
Now this is fulsome; and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint, in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heavenly mind — demands a doubt.
He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart!
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No: he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had taken in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits
Whom truth and soberness assailed in vain.

The Task, Book II.

COWPER'S EXPERIENCE OF LIFE.

I WAS a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since: with many an arrow deep infixed
My panting side was charged, when I with-
drew,
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me
live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the people scene;

With few associates, and not wishing more.
 Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
 With other views of men and manners now
 Than once, and others of a life to come.
 I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
 Each in his own delusions; they are lost
 In chase of fancied happiness, still wooed
 And never won. Dream after dream ensues;
 And still they dream, that they shall still suc-
 ceed;

And still are disappointed. Rings the world
 With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,
 And add two thirds of the remaining half,
 And find the total of their hopes and fears
 Dreams, empty dreams.

The Task, Book III.

THE WINTER EVENING.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder
 bridge,

That with its wearisome but needful length
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright; —
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
 With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen
 locks;

News from all nations lumbering at his back.
 True to his charge, the close-packed load be-
 hind,

Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
 Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
 And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
 Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
 With tears, that trickled down the writer's
 cheeks

Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
 But O the important budget! ushered in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
 Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
 Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
 And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh,—I long to know them all;
 I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
 Not such his evening, who with shining face
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeezed
 And bored with elbow-points through both his
 sides,

Outcolds the ranting actor on the stage:
 Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
 Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
 This folio of four pages, happy work!
 Which not e'en critics criticise; that holds
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
 What is it but a map of busy life,
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
 That tempts Ambition. On the summit see
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
 He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his
 heels,

Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
 And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
 And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
 Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
 Meanders lubricate the course they take;
 The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
 To engross a moment's notice; and yet begs,
 Begg a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
 However trivial all that he conceives.
 Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise;
 The dearth of information and good sense,
 That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
 Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
 There forests of no meaning spread the page,
 In which all comprehension wanders lost;
 While fields of pleasantries amuse us there
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange
 But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
 And lilies for the brows of faded age,
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
 Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their
 sweets,

Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
 Sermons, and city feasts, and favorite airs,
 Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,
 And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
 To peep at such a world; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;

To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all.
 It turns submitted to my view, turns round
 With all its generations; I behold
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
 And avarice that make man a wolf to man;
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
 By which he speaks the language of his heart,
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee
 From flower to flower, so he from land to land;
 The manners, customs, policy of all
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
 He sucks intelligence in every clime,
 And spreads the honey of his deep research
 At his return, — a rich repast for me.
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
 Discover countries, with a kindred heart
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

The Task, Book III.

WINTER.

O WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fringed with a beard made white with other
 snows
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in
 clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way,
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gathering, at short notice, in one group
 The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
 Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours

Of long uninterrupted evening know.
 No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
 No powdered pert proficient in the art
 Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
 Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the
 sound,

The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
 But here the needle plies its busy task,
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
 Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and
 sprigs

And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
 A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers that
 blossom

With most success when all besides decay.
 The poet's or historian's page by one
 Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
 The brightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet
 sounds

The touch from many a trembling chord shakes
 out;

And the clear voice, symphonious, yet distinct,
 And in the charming strife triumphant still,
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
 On female industry: the threaded steel
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.

The volume closed, the customary rites
 Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal,
 Such as the mistress of the world once found
 Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
 Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
 And under an old oak's domestic shade,
 Enjoyed, spare feast! a radish and an egg!
 Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
 Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
 Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
 Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
 Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
 That made them an intruder on their joys,
 Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
 A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
 While we retrace with Memory's pointing wand,
 That calls the past to our exact review,
 The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken
 snare,

The disappointed foe, deliverance found
 Unlooked for, life preserved, and peace restored,
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

"O evenings worthy of the gods!" exclaimed
 The Sabine bard. "O evenings," I reply,
 "More to be prized and coveted than yours,
 As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
 That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy."

The Task, Book IV.

THE FREEMAN.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
 That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off
 With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
 He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of nature, and, though poor perhaps compared
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
 And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel,
 But who, with filial confidence inspired,
 Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
 And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"
 Are they not his by a peculiar right,
 And by an emphasis of interest his,
 Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
 Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted
 mind

With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
 That planned, and built, and still upholds a world
 So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
 Yes — ye may fill your garner, ye that reap
 The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
 In senseless riot; but ye will not find,
 In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
 A liberty like his who, unimpeached
 Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
 Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
 And has a richer use of yours than you.
 He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
 Of no mean city; planned or ere the hills
 Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.
 His freedom is the same in every state;
 And no condition of this changeable life,
 So manifold in cares, whose every day
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it less;
 For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
 Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
 No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
 With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
 His body bound; but knows not what a range
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
 Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

The Task, Book V.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.*

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the centre all round to the sea
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

* Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the island of Juan Fernandez.

O Solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man,
 O, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford;
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial, endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE

NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of
learning;

While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly
find

That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of
mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court, —
"Your lordship observes they are made with a
straddle,

As wide as the bridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
(T is a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spec-
tacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never con-
demn,

That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally
wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but, —
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight, — Eyes should be
shut!

ODE TO PEACE.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart:
Nor riches I nor power pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view;
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From avarice and ambition free,

And pleasure's fatal wiles?
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heaven that thou alone canst make?
And wilt thou quit the stream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove, and the sequestered shed,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I prized,
For thee I gladly sacrificed
Whate'er I loved before;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say,
Farewell! we meet no more?

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But Passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But Pleasure wins his heart.

'T is here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a
shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed,*
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

* This particular line of a noted poem has been declared by
a wit and poet of our time to be the flattest line in English
poetry.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed to a fanciful view
To weep for the buds it had left, with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
I snapped it, — it fell to the ground.

“And such,” I exclaimed, “is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

“This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile ;
And the tear, that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.”

PAIRING-TIME ANTICIPATED.

A FABLE.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau *
If birds confabulate or no ;
'T is clear that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable ;
And e'en the child who knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.

It chanced then on a winter's day,
But warm and bright and calm as May,
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter
Began to agitate the matter.

At length a bullfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak ;
And, silence publicly enjoined,
Delivered briefly thus his mind :

“My friends ! be cautious how ye treat
The subject upon which we meet ;
I fear we shall have winter yet.”

A finch, whose tongue knew no control,
With golden wing and satin poll,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied :

“Methinks the gentleman,” quoth she,
“Opposite in the apple-tree,

By his good-will would keep us single
Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,
Or (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminate us all.

I marry without more ado ;
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you ?”

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Turning short round, strutting, and sidling,
Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments so well expressed
Influenced mightily the rest,
All paired, and each pair built a nest.

But though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.
The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
Now shifted east, and east by north ;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow.
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled :
Soon every father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and pecked each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learned in future to be wiser
Than to neglect a good adviser.

MORAL.

Misses ! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry, —
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

THE POET, THE OYSTER, AND SENSITIVE PLANT.

AN oyster, cast upon the shore,
Was heard, though never heard before,
Complaining in a speech well worded,
And worthy thus to be recorded :

“Ah, hapless wretch ! condemned to dwell
Forever in my native shell ;
Ordained to move when others please,
Not for my own content or ease ;
But tossed and buffeted about,
Now in the water and now out.
'T were better to be born a stone,
Of ruder shape, and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine,
And sensibilities so fine !

I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast rooted against every rub.”
The plant he meant grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough ;

* It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses ?

Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
And with asperity replied:

" 'When,' cry the botanists, and stare,
'Did plants called sensitive grow there?'
No matter when,—a poet's muse is
To make them grow just where she chooses.

" You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion
To wish myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you;
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay unlettered spark,
With curious touch examines me,
If I can feel as well as he;
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
Says, 'Well, 't is more than one would think!'
Thus life is spent (O, fie upon 't!)
In being touched, and crying, Don't!'"

A poet, in his evening walk,
O'erheard and checked this idle talk.
"And your fine sense," he said, "and yours,
Whatever evil it endures,
Deserves not, if so soon offended,
Much to be pitied or commended.
Disputes, though short, are far too long,
Where both alike are in the wrong;
Your feelings in their full amount
Are all upon your own account.

"You, in your grotto-work enclosed,
Complain of being thus exposed;
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat
Save when the knife is at your throat,
Wherever driven by wind or tide,
Exempt from every ill beside.

"And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
Who reckon every touch a blemish,
If all the plants that can be found
Embellishing the scene around,
Should droop and wither where they grow,
You would not feel at all,—not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love;
These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine."

His censure reached them as he dealt it,
And each by shrinking showed he felt it.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I dō admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the kalender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
 Although it grieved him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
 Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind,
 When Betty screaming came down stairs,
 "The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword
 When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
 Had two stone bottles found,
 To hold the liquor that she loved,
 And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
 Through which the belt he drew,
 And hung a bottle on each side,
 To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
 Equipped from top to toe,
 His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
 He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
 Upon his nimble steed,
 Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
 With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
 Beneath his well-shod feet,
 The snorting beast began to trot,
 Which galled him in his seat.

"So, fair and softly," John he cried,
 But John he cried in vain;
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasped the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till, loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
 Up flew the windows all;
 And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin, — who but he?
 His fame soon spread around,
 "He carries weight! he rides a race!
 'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
 'T was wonderful to view,
 How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced;
 For all might see the bottle necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols did he play,
 Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here 's the house,"
 They all at once did cry;
 "The dinner waits, and we are tired."
 Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there;
 For why? — his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly — which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall, —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit."

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry: —

"Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!"

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOWWORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
 Had cheered the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,
 Began to feel, as well he might,
 The keen demands of appetite;
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied far off, upon the ground,
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glowworm by his spark;
 So stooping down from hawthorn-top,
 He thought to put him in his crop.
 The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangued him thus, right eloquent:

"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
 "As much as I your minstrelsy,
 You would abhor to do me wrong
 As much as I to spoil your song;
 For 't was the selfsame Power Divine
 Taught you to sing and me to shine;
 That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night."
 The songster heard his short oration,
 And warbling out his approbation,
 Released him, as my story tells,
 And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
 Their real interest to discern;
 That brother should not war with brother,
 And worry and devour each other;
 But sing and shine by sweet consent,
 Till life's poor transient night is spent,
 Respecting in each other's case
 The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name
 Who studiously make peace their aim;
 Peace both the duty and the prize
 Of him that creeps and him that flies.

BOADICEA.

AN ODE.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'T is because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish, — write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt;
 Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
 Tramples on a thousand states;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground, —
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway;
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow:
 Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
 Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due;
 Empire is on us bestowed,
 Shame and ruin wait for you.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE,

OUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN
 BODHAM.

OTHAT those lips had language! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine, — thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
 Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,

But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast
dead,

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers — Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? It was. Where thou art
gone

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern !
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no
more,

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bawble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'T is now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and
glowed :

All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,

Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the
hours,

When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, the jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and
smile),

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them
here ?

I would not trust my heart, — the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.

But no, — what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the
shore

"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar" ; *
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed, —
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass
lost,

And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise, —
The son of parents passed into the skies. *
And now, farewell, — Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft, —
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

* Garth.

WALKING WITH GOD.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

THE LIGHT AND GLORY OF THE WORD.

THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,*
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

RETIREMENT.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace and joy and love
She communes with her God!

There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

* John xiii. 7.

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow *
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither †
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;

Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

TO MRS. UNWIN.

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from Heaven as some have feigned
they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honor due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee
mine.

TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is wellnigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!

My Mary!

* Matthew vi. 34.

† Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow, —
'T was my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

THE CASTAWAY.

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,

When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home forever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away:
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted; nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succor yet they could afford;
And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow;
But he, they knew, nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them:
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld:
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repelled:
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried, "Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more:
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear:
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
 Descanting on his fate,
 To give the more enduring theme
 · A more enduring date:
 But misery still delights to trace
 Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
 No light propitious shone;
 When, snatched from all effectual aid,
 We perished, each alone:
 But I beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

ERASMUS DARWIN.*

1731-1802.

PHILANTHROPY OF HOWARD.

AND now, philanthropy! thy rays divine
 Dart round the globe from Zembla to the line.
 O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,
 Like northern lustres o'er the vault of night.
 From realm to realm, with cross or crescent
 crowned,
 Where'er mankind and misery are found,
 O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of
 snow,
 Thy Howard journeying seeks the house of woe.
 Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,
 Where anguish wails aloud and fetters clank;
 To caves bestrewed with many a mouldering
 bone,
 And cells whose echoes only learn to groan;
 Where no kind bars a whispering friend dis-
 close,
 No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows,
 He treads, unemulous of fame or wealth,
 Profuse of toil and prodigal of health.
 With soft assuasive eloquence expands
 Power's rigid heart, and opes his clenching
 hands;
 Leads stern-eyed Justice to the dark domains,

* This florid poet, very eminent in his own generation, was the grandfather of the famous naturalist who, in our time, has struck the deadliest of all blows against any aristocracy founded on descent from remote forefathers. He has suggested that, zoologically speaking, our more immediate forefather was a gorilla; that the more remote forefather of the gorilla was a queer aquatic animal, which he describes, but forbears to name; and that even this aquatic creature was developed in some mysterious way from the nebulous mist in which all life had its origin. Considered as an observer, he must be ranked among the greatest naturalists of the world; as a theorizer, he should be ranked far above his grandfather in all those elements of inventiveness and ingenuity of fancy and imagination which constitute the poet. Few naturalists have shown equal sagacity in observing and classifying facts; few poets have opened to students of man and nature a wider field for the imagination to roam in.

If not to sever, to relax the chains;
 Or guides awakened mercy through the gloom,
 And shows the prison, sister to the tomb!
 Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,
 To her fond husband liberty and life!
 The spirits of the good, who bend from high
 Wide o'er these earthly scenes their partial eye,
 When first arrayed in Virtue's purest robe,
 They saw her Howard traversing the globe;
 Saw round his brows her sunlike glory blaze
 In arrowy circles of unwearied rays;
 Mistook a mortal for an angel guest,
 And asked what seraph foot the earth impressed.
 Onward he moves! Disease and Death retire,
 And murmuring demons hate him and admire!

Loves of the Plants.

DEATH OF ELIZA AT THE BATTLE OF MINDEN.

So stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
 O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight.
 Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
 Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
 From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
 And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
 Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread
 Fast by his hand one lispng boy she led;
 And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
 Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
 While round her brows bright beams of honor
 dart,
 And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
 Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
 Saw through the driving smoke his dancing
 crest;
 Saw on his helm, her virgin hands invove,
 Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
 Heard the exulting shout, "They run! they
 run!"
 "Great God!" she cried, "he's safe! the bat-
 tle's won!"
 A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
 (Some fury winged it, and some demon guides!)
 Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
 Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
 The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
 Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
 "Ah me!" she cried, and sinking on the ground,
 Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
 "O, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
 Wait, gushing life, O, wait my love's return!"
 Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from
 far!
 The angel Pity shuns the walks of war!
 "O, spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age;
 On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
 Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
 And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.

From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
 Fear in his heart and frenzy in his eyes;
 Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
 "Eliza" echoes through the canvas walls;
 Quick through the murmuring gloom his foot-
 steps tread,
 O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
 Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
 Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!
 Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
 With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds.
 "Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
 "Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand."
 Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers pressed,
 And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast;
 "Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake, —
 Why do you weep? — Mamma will soon awake."
 "She'll wake no more!" the hapless mourner
 cried,
 Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands, and
 sighed;
 Stretched on the ground, a while entranced he
 lay,
 And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
 And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
 And all the father kindled in his heart.
 "O heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow
 forgive;
 These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"
 Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson
 vest,
 And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.

Loves of the Plants.

THE MOTHER OF MOSES.

So the sad mother, at the noon of night,
 From bloody Memphis stole her silent flight;
 Wrapped her dear babe beneath her folded vest,
 And clasped the treasure to her throbbing breast;
 With soothing whispers hushed its feeble cry,
 Pressed the soft kiss, and breathed the secret
 sigh.

With dauntless step she seeks the winding shore,
 Hears unappalled the glimmering torrents roar;
 With paper-flags a floating cradle weaves,
 And hides the smiling boy in lotus leaves;
 Gives her white bosom to his eager lips,
 The salt tears mingling with the milk he sips;
 Waits on the reed-crowned brink with pious
 guile,

And trusts the scaly monsters of the Nile.
 Erewhile majestic from his lone abode,
 Ambassador of Heaven, the prophet trod;
 Wrenched the red scourge from proud oppres-
 sion's hands,

And broke, cursed slavery! thy iron bands.

Loves of the Plants.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

HARK! heard ye not that piercing cry,
 Which shook the waves and rent the sky?
 E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western shores
 Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars;
 E'en now in Afric's groves, with hideous yell,
 Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell;
 From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
 And sable nations tremble at the sound!
 Ye bands of senators! whose suffrage sways
 Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys;
 Who right the injured and reward the brave,
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to
 save!

Throned in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
 Inexorable conscience holds his court;
 With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
 Bares his masked brow, his lifted hand disarms;
 But wrapped in night with terrors all his own,
 He speaks in thunder when the deed is done.
 Hear him, ye senates! hear this truth sublime,
 "He who allows oppression shares the crime!"

Loves of the Plants.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE STARS.

ROLL on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,
 Mark with bright curves the printless steps of
 Time;

Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
 And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
 Flowers of the sky! ye, too, to age must yield,
 Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
 Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
 Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
 Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
 And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!
 Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
 Immortal Nature lifts her changeeful form,
 Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
 And soars and shines, another and the same!

Loves of the Plants.

LOVES OF THE PLANTS.

* * *
 How snowdrops cold and blue-eyed harebells
 blend

Their tender tears, as o'er the streams they bend;
 The love-sick violet and the primrose pale
 Bow their sweet heads and whisper to the gale;
 With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
 And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups.
 How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
 Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
 With honeyed lips enamored woodbines meet,
 Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet!
 Stay thy soft murmuring waters, gentle rill;

Hush, whispering winds; ye rustling leaves, be still;
 Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;
 Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;
 Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl,
 Bow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;
 Glitter, ye glowworms, on your mossy beds;
 Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads;
 Slide here, ye hornéd snails, with varnished shells;
 Ye bee-nymphs, listen in your waxen cells!

PREDICTION OF THE STEAMBOAT AND RAIL-ROAD.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! afar
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
 Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
 The flying chariot through the field of air.

The Botanic Garden.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.*

1731-1764.

CHARACTERS OF QUIN, TOM SHERIDAN, AND GARRICK.

QUIN, from afar, lured by the scent of fame,
 A stage leviathan, put in his claim,
 Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
 Sullen he walked, and deemed the chair his own.
 For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
 Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?

Gray-bearded veterans, who, with partial tongue,
 Extol the times when they themselves were young;

Who, having lost all relish for the stage,
 See not their own defects, but lash the age,
 Received with joyful murmurs of applause
 Their durling chief, and lined his favorite cause.

Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
 Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
 But, just to living merit, she maintains,
 And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns;

Ancients in vain endeavor to excel,
 Happily praised, if they could act as well.
 But though prescription's force we disallow,
 Nor to antiquity submissive bow;

* A coarse, brawny, pugnacious, unscrupulous, bitter, and intrepid satirist, not ungifted with discrimination when his mind had free play, Churchill proved that the couplet of Dryden and Pope, enfeebled in his time by poetasters, might be made the vehicle of strong thought and feeling when it was wielded by a strong nature.

Though we deny imaginary grace,
 Founded on accidents of time and place;
 Yet real worth of every growth shall bear
 Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.

His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong,

In manly tides of sense they rolled along.
 Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
 To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
 No actor ever greater heights could reach
 In all the labored artifice of speech.

Speech! Is that all? And shall an actor found

A universal fame on partial ground?
 Parrots themselves speak properly by rote
 And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
 I laugh at those who, when the stage they tread,

Neglect the heart to compliment the head;
 With strict propriety their care's confined
 To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
 To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
 Allow them accent, cadence, — fools may feel;
 But, spite of all the criticising elves,
 Those who would make us feel must feel themselves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
 Proclaimed the sullen habit of his soul.
 Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
 Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
 When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
 Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
 With the same cast of features he is seen
 To chide the libertine and court the queen.
 From the tame scene, which without passion flows,

With just desert his reputation rose;
 Nor less he pleased when, on some surly plan,
 He was at once the actor and the man.

In Brute he shone unequalled: all agree
 Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
 When Cato's labored scenes are brought to view,
 With equal praise the actor labored too;
 For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
 Small difference 'twixt the stoic and the brute.
 In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
 He could not, for a moment, sink the man;
 In whate'er cast his character was laid,
 Self still, like oil, upon the surface played.
 Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
 Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff, — still 't was Quin.

Next follows Sheridan, — a doubtful name,
 As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
 This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
 Gives him all merit; that allows him none.
 Between them both we'll steer the middle course,
 Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great:

His feelings strong, his words enforced with weight.

Was speech-famed Quin himself to hear him speak,

Envy would drive the color from his cheek :

But step-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,

Denied the social powers of voice and face.

Fixed in one frame of features, glare of eye,

Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie ;

In vain the wonders of his skill are tried

To form distinctions Nature hath denied.

His voice no touch of harmony admits,

Irregularly deep and shrill by fits :

The two extremes appear like man and wife,

Coupled together for the sake of strife.

His action's always strong, but sometimes such

That candor must declare he acts too much,

Why must impatience fall three paces back ?

Why paces three return to the attack ?

Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir,

Unless in motion semicircular ?

Why must the hero with the nailer vie,

And hurl the close-clenched fist at nose or eye ?

In royal John, with Philip angry grown,

I thought he would have knocked poor Davies down.

Inhuman tyrant ! was it not a shame,

To fright a king so harmless and so tame ?

But spite of all defects, his glories rise ;

And art, by judgment formed, with nature vies :

Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,

Whilst in his own contending passions roll ;

View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,

And then deny him merit if you can.

Where he falls short, 't is nature's fault alone ;

Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.

Last Garrick came. Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out, "He's of stature somewhat low, —

Your hero always should be tall, you know.

True natural greatness all consists in height."

Produce your voucher, critic. "Sergeant Kite."

Another can't forgive the paltry arts

By which he makes his way to shallow hearts ;

Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause —

"Avant, unnatural start, affected pause."

For me, by nature formed to judge with phlegm,

I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.

The best things carried to excess are wrong ;

The start may be too frequent, pause too long ;

But, only used in proper time and place,

Severest judgment must allow them grace.

If bunglers, formed on imitation's plan,

Just in the way that monkeys mimic man,

Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,

And pause and start with the same vacant face,
We join the critic laugh ; those tricks we scorn,
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn.
But when, from nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with generous force,
When in the features all the soul's portrayed,
And passions, such as Garrick's, are displayed,
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught :
Each start is nature, and each pause is thought.

When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms,
What but a critic could condemn the player
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there ?
Whilst working from the heart the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face ;
Whilst in each sound I hear the very man ;
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortured brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain ;
The gods — a kindness I with thanks must pay —
Have formed me of a coarser kind of clay :
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseased,
A poor dull creature, still with nature pleased ;
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleased with nature, must be pleased with thee.

Now might I tell how silence reigned through-
out,

And deep attention hushed the rabble rout !
How every claimant, tortured with desire,
Was pale as ashes or as red as fire :
But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the several parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weighed each claim,

And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakespear thus decreed :

"If manly sense, if nature linked with art,
If thorough knowledge of the human heart,
If powers of acting vast and unconfined,
If fewest faults with greatest beauties joined,
If strong expression, and strange powers which lie

Within the magic circle of the eye,
If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
And which no face so well as his can show,
Deserve the preference, — Garrick, take the chair,

Nor quit it — till thou place an equal there."

The Rosciad.

THE POET'S REMORSE.

Look back ! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'T is not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise or censure are at random hurled,

Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
 Or shake one settled purpose of my soul;
 Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
 If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
 No; 't is the tale, which angry Conscience tells,
 When she with more than tragic horror swells
 Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
 She brings bad actions forth into review,
 And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
 Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;
 Armed at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
 And to the mind holds up reflection's glass, —
 The mind which starting heaves the heart-felt
 groan,
 And hates that form she knows to be her own.

The Conference.

LAMPOON ON THE SCOTCH.

Two boys whose birth, beyond all question,
 springs
 From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,
 Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
 On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
 By niggard nature doomed on the same rocks
 To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
 Fresh as the morning, which, enrobed in mist,
 The mountain's top with usual dulness kissed,
 Jockey and Sawney to their labors rose;
 Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes;
 Where from their youth inured to winter skies,
 Dress and her vain refinements they despise.
 Jockey, whose manly high cheek-bones to
 crown,
 With freckles spotted flamed the golden down,
 With meikle art could on the bagpipes play,
 Even from the rising to the setting day;
 Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
 Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal:
 Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
 The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
 And, whilst she scratched her lover into rest,
 Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's
 breast.

Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen,
 Earth, clad in russet, scorned the lively green:
 The plague of locusts they secure defy,
 For in three hours a grasshopper must die:
 No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
 But the chameleon who can feast on air.
 No birds, except as birds of passage flew;
 No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo:
 No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
 Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here:
 Rebellion's spring, which through the country
 ran,
 Furnished with bitter draughts the steady clan:
 No flowers embalmed the air, but one white rose,

Which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows;
 By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
 Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

* * *

There webs were spread of more than common
 size,
 And half-starved spiders preyed on half-starved
 flies.

Prophecy of Famine.

POETS ABSOLVED FROM TAXATION.

WHAT is 't to us, if taxes rise or fall?
 Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
 Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
 Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
 His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
 But must-I bellow too, who sit at ease?
 By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
 Free as the light and air some years ago.
 No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
 To tax our labors and excise our brains.
 Burdens like these, vile earthly buildings bear;
 No tribute's laid on castles in the air!

Night.

A CRITICAL FRIBBLE

MUCH did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
 Of genius and of taste, of players and plays;
 Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
 Of special merit, though of little note;
 For Fate, in a strange humor, had decreed
 That what it wrote none but itself should
 read;

Much too it chattered of dramatic laws,
 Misjudging critics, and, misplaced applause,
 Then with a self-complacent jutting air,
 It smiled, it smirked, it wriggled to the chair;
 And, with an awkward briskness not its own,
 Looking around, and perking on the throne,
 Triumphant seemed, when that strange savage
 dame,

Known but to few, or only known by name,
 Plain Common-sense, appeared, by nature there
 Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair.
 The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
 To its first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride
 Of this vain nothing shall be mortified) —
 Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her
 rhymes,

Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after times)
 With such a trifier's name her pages blot;
 Known be the character, the thing forgot;
 Let it, to disappoint each future aim,
 Live without sex, and die without a name!

The Rosciad.

ROBERT LLOYD.

1733 - 1764.

THE MISERIES OF A POET'S LIFE.

THE harlot muse, so passing gay,
 Bewitches only to betray.
 Though for a while with easy air
 She smoothes the rugged brow of care,
 And laps the mind in flowery dreams,
 With Fancy's transitory gleams;
 Fond of the nothings she bestows,
 We wake at last to real woes.
 Through every age, in every place,
 Consider well the poet's case;
 By turns protected and caressed,
 Defamed, dependent, and distressed.
 The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
 The curse of fools, the butt of knaves;
 Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
 To lackey rogues or flatter friends;
 With prodigality to give,
 Too careless of the means to live;
 The bubble fame intent to gain,
 And yet too lazy to maintain;
 He quits the world he never prized,
 Pity'd by few, by more despised,
 And, lost to friends, oppressed by foes,
 Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.

O glorious trade! for wit's a trade,
 Where men are ruined more than made!
 Let crazy Lee, neglected Gay,
 The shabby Otway, Dryden gray,
 Those tuneful servants of the Nine
 (Not that I blend their names with mine),
 Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
 And teach the world some useful shame.

THE POET DOOMED TO BE USHER OF A SCHOOL.

WERE I at once empowered to show
 My utmost vengeance on my foe,
 To punish with extremest rigor,
 I could inflict no penance bigger,
 Than, using him as learning's tool,
 To make him usher of a school.
 For, not to dwell upon the toil
 Of working on a barren soil,
 And laboring with incessant pains
 To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
 The duties there but ill befit
 The love of letters, arts, or wit.

For one, it hurts me to the soul
 To brook confinement or control;
 Still to be pinioned down to teach
 The syntax and the parts of speech;
 Or, what perhaps is drudgery worse,

The links, and points, and rules of verse;
 To deal out authors by retail,
 Like penny pots of Oxford ale;
 O, 't is a service irksome more
 Than tugging at the slavish oar!
 Yet such his task, a dismal truth,
 Who watches o'er the bent of youth,
 And while a paltry stipend earning,
 He sows the richest seeds of learning,
 And tills *their* minds with proper care,
 And sees them their due produce bear;
 No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
 His *own* lies fallow all the while.
 "Yet still he's on the road," you say,
 "Of learning." Why, perhaps he may,
 But turns like horses in a mill,
 Nor getting on, nor standing still;
 For little way his learning reaches,
 Who reads no more than what he teaches.

WILLIAM JAMES MICKLE.

1734 - 1788.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.*

AND are ye sure the news is true?
 And are ye sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to think o' wark?
 Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
 Is this the time to spin a thread,
 When Colin's at the door?
 Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a';
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
 My bishop's-satin gown;
 For I maun tell the baillie's wife
 That Colin's in the town.
 My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
 My stockins pearly blue;
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
 Put on the muckle pot;
 Gie little Kate her button gown
 And Jock his Sunday coat;

* There appears to be a doubt as to the authorship of this admirable lyric of home, so much admired by Burns. Mr. John Bartlett, quoting it in his *Familiar Quotations*, adds this ominous note: "*The Mariner's Wife* is now given 'by common consent,' says Sarah Tytler, to Jean Adam, 1710-1765."

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop
 Been fed this month and mair;
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare;
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw,
 For wha can tell how Colin fared
 When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air;
 His very foot has music in 't
 As he comes up the stair, —
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth, I'm like to greet!

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
 I hae nae mair to crave:
 And gin I live to keep him sae
 I'm blest aboon the lave:
 And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a';
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa'.

JAMES BEATTIE.

1735 - 1803.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And naught but the nightingale's song in the
 grove:

'T was thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom intrall:
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
 mourn;

O, soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass
 away:

Full quickly they pass, — but they never return.

"Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
 The moon half extinguished her crescent displays:
 But lately I marked, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again;
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
 Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"T is night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering
 with dew:

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
 O, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

"T was thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
 That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward
 to shade,

Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 'O pity, great Father of Light,' then I cried,
 'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from
 thee;

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst
 free!

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph de-
 scending,

And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
 blending,

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

THE MINSTREL, OR, THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

АН! who can tell how hard it is to climb
 The steep where fame's proud temple shines
 afar!

Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
 Has felt the influence of malignant star,
 And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
 Checked by the scoff of pride, by envy's
 frown,

And poverty's unconquerable bar,
 In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
 Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and un-
 known!

And yet the languor of inglorious days
 Not equally oppressive is to all :
 Him who ne'er listened to the voice of praise
 The silence of neglect can ne'er appall.
 There are, who, deaf to mad ambition's call,
 Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump
 of fame ;
 Supremely blest if to their portion fall
 Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
 Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines pro-
 claim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore ;
 Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
 How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
 Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;
 His waving locks and beard all hoary gray ;
 While from his bending shoulder decent hung
 His harp, the sole companion of his way,
 Which to the whistling wind responsive rung :
 And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of Pride,
 That a poor villager inspires my strain ;
 With thee let pageantry and power abide :
 The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign ;
 Where through wild groves at eve the lonely
 swain
 Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms :
 They hate the sensual and scorn the vain,
 The parasite their influence never warms,
 Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold
 alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes
 adorn,
 Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
 Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
 While warbling larks on russet pinions float ;
 Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
 Where the gray linnets carol from the hill :
 O, let them ne'er, with artificial note,
 To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
 But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander
 where they will !

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
 Nor was perfection made for man below :
 Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,
 Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
 With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
 If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise,
 There plague and poison, lust and rapine, grow ;
 Here peaceful are the vales and pure the skies,
 And freedom fires the soul and sparkles in the
 eyes.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom the indulgent
 Muse
 Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire ;

Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
 The imperial banquet and the rich attire :
 Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
 Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined ?
 No ; let thy Heaven-taught soul to Heaven
 aspire,
 To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned ;
 Ambition's grovelling crew forever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
 In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
 On the dull couch of luxury to loll,
 Stung with disease and stupefied with spleen ;
 Fain to implore the aid of flattery's screen,
 Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide
 (The mansion then no more of joy serene),
 Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
 And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
 O, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be for-
 given !

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal
 health,
 And love and gentleness and joy impart.
 But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
 E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart :
 For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;
 Prompting the ungenerous wish, the selfish
 scheme,
 The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,
 The troublous day and long distressful dream.
 Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed
 theme.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
 A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree,
 Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might
 dwell,
 Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
 But he, I ween, was of the north countrie,
 A nation famed for song and beauty's charms ;
 Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
 Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
 Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
 On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
 The sickle, scythe, or plough he never swayed ;
 An honest heart was almost all his stock :
 His drink the living water from the rock ;
 The milky dams supplied his board, and lent

Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;
 And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
 Did guide and guard their wanderings, whereso'er they went.

From labor health, from health contentment springs :

Contentment opes the source of every joy.
 He envied not, he never thought of, kings ;
 Nor from those appetites sustained annoy,
 That chance may frustrate or indulgence cloy :
 Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled ;
 He mourned no recreant friend nor mistress coy,

For on his vows the blameless Phoebe smiled,
 And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
 Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;
 Each season looked delightful, as it past,
 To the fond husband and the faithful wife.
 Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
 They never roamed ; secure beneath the storm
 Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
 Where peace and love are cankered by the worm

Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight whose tale these artless lines unfold
 Was all the offspring of this humble pair ;
 His birth no oracle or seer foretold,
 No prodigy appeared in earth or air,
 Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
 You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth ;
 The parent's transport and the parent's care ;
 The gossip's prayer for wealth and wit and worth ;

And one long summer day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
 Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy :
 Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
 And now his look was most demurely sad ;
 And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why.

The neighbors stared and sighed, yet blessed the lad :

Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
 Concourse and noise and toil he ever fled,
 Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
 Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped,
 Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head.
 Or, where the maze of some bewildered stream

To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
 There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
 Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
 His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed

To work the woe of any living thing
 By trap or net, by arrow or by sling ;
 These he detested, those he scorned to wield :
 He wished to be the guardian, not the king,
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field ;
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo ! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves

Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine ;
 And sees, on high, amidst the encircling groves,
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine :
 While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
 And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
 For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies ?
 Ah ! no : he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,

And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn :
 Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil.

But, lo ! the sun appears ! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
 When all in mist the world below was lost.
 What dreadful pleasure ! there to stand sublime,

Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
 And view the enormous waste of vapor, tost
 In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
 Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed !

And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound !

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
 Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
 In darkness and in storm he found delight ;
 Nor less than when on ocean wave serene
 The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen

Even sad vicissitude amused his soul :
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.

“O ye wild groves, O, where is now your bloom !”

(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought ;)

“Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,

Of late so grateful in the hour of drought !

Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought

To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake ?

Ah ! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought ?

For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,

And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

“Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,

And meads, with life and mirth and beauty crowned !

Ah ! see, the unsightly slime and sluggish pool

Have all the solitary vale imbrowned ;

Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,

The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray :

And, hark ! the river, bursting every mound,

Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway

Uproots the grove, and rolls the shattered rocks away.

“Yet such the destiny of all on earth :

So flourishes and fades majestic man.

Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,

And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.

O, smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,

Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,

Nor lessen of his life the little span !

Borne on the swift, though silent wings of time,

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

“And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,

Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn :

But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,

Can smile at fate, and wonder how they mourn.

Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return ?

Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed ?

Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,

And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,

Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

“Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,

When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?

Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,

Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live ?

Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive

With disappointment, penury, and pain ?

No : Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,

And man's majestic beauty bloom again,

Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.”

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.

In sooth, 't was almost all the shepherd knew.

No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,

Nor ever wished his Edwin to pursue.

“Let man's own sphere,” said he, “confine his view,

Be man's peculiar work his sole delight.”

And much and oft he warned him to eschew

Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,

By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

“And from the prayer of want and plaint of woe,

O, never, never turn away thine ear !

Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,

Ah, what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear !

To others do (the law is not severe)

What to thyself thou wishest to be done.

Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,

And friends, and native land ; nor those alone ;

All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own.”

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower

The visionary boy from shelter fly ;

For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,

And cool and fresh and fragrant is the sky,

And, lo ! in the dark east, expanded high,

The rainbow brightens to the setting sun !

Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,

How vain the chase thine ardor has begun !

'T is fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn that thus it fares with age,

When pleasure, wealth, or power the bosom warm,

This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,

And Disappointment of her sting disarm.

But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm ?

Perish the lore that deadens young desire ;

Pursue, poor imp, the imaginary charm,

Indulge gay hope, and fancy's pleasing fire :

Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar

Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,

Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,

Lingering and listening, wandered down the vale.

There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale;
And ghosts that to the charnel dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles
along.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of
night.

Anon in view a portal's blazoned arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk
attire;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling
wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe
inspire.

With merriment and song and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrud the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then
glance

Rapid along: with many-colored rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold the echoing forests blaze.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft hast reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
O to thy curséd scream, discordant still,
Let Harmony aye shut her gentle ear;
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear!

Forbear, my Muse. Let love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow!
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,

As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain
side;

The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid
sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and,
hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon
rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished
springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirling wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to the enraptured heart and ear and eye
Teach beauty, virtue, truth and love, and melody.

Hence! ye who snare and stupefy the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! Hence! lest the Muse
should deign

(Though loath on theme so mean to waste a
rhyme)

With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood and informed my youth.
O, let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings
guide!

Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
For well I know wherever ye reside,
There harmony and peace and innocence abide.

Ah me ! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain
And driving snow the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legend when the beldam 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart ;
Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful
art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale ;
And halls and knights and feats of arms dis-
played ;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing enamored of the nut-brown maid ;
The moonlight revel of the fairy glade ;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves the unutterable trade,
Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in
blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride the infuriate
flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the beldam would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart by lust of lucre seared to stone ?
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts un-
done.

Behold, with berries smeared, with brambles
torn,*
The babes now famished lay them down to die ;
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie ;
Nor friend nor stranger hears their dying cry ;
"For from the town the man returns no more" ;
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st
defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon de-
plore,
When death lays waste thy house and flames
consume thy store.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brightened one moment Edwin's starting tear,
"But why should Gold man's feeble mind
decoy,
And Innocence thus die by doom severe ?"
O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,

* See the fine old ballad called *The Children in the Wood*.

The assaults of discontent and doubt repel ;
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere ;
But let us hope ; to doubt is to rebel ;
Let us exult in hope that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation checked,
Nor check the tender tear to misery given ;
From guilt's contagious power shall that pro-
tect,
This soften and refine the soul for heaven.
But dreadful is their doom whom doubt has
driven
To censure late, and pious hope forego :
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
Exclaim that nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend !
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gain-
say,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumbered worlds, and ages
without end !

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish
dream ;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O, then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies !
For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years,
For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar
On fancy's wing above this vale of tears ;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping,
pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore :
And much they grope for Truth, but never hit.
For why ? Their powers inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit ;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain
blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheered the shepherds round their social
hearth,
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,

That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Oft, when the winter storm had ceased to rave,
He roamed the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from the Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along the horizon blue:
Where, midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts
rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening, with pleasing dread, to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds rolled on the autumnal
day,
Even then he hastened from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder
ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were
joined,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Soothed with the soft notes warbling in the
wind.
Ah then, all jollity seemed noise and folly,
To the pure soul by fancy's fire refined!
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly
melancholy!

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn;
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine,
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page, or
mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glut-
ton swine.

For Edwin, Fate a nobler doom had planned;
Song was his favorite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languished to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant Muse, though artless, was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit;

And Edwin gained at last this fruit so rare:
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful or new,
Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance or search was offered to his view,
He scanned with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury controlled,
And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are
bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling
sound,
Torrents are hurled; green hills emerge; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers, are
crowned;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
And wonder, love, and joy the peasant's heart
o'erflow.

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if Montagu should smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame.
And her applause to me is more than fame;
For still with truth accords her taste refined.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of hu-
man kind.

* * *
Vigor from toil, from trouble patience grows,
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose,
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength
supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepened voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more
sublime.
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appeared below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamored of the scene.
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorched with lightning, there with ivy
green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made:
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, sur-
veyed
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold
arrayed.

* * *

"For though I fly to 'scape from fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost, and ruined man, I mourn.
O man! creation's pride, Heaven's darling
child,
Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
And all thy favorite haunts with blood and tears
defiled?"

"Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
What majesty attends Night's lovely queen!
Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But, in the mental world, what chaos drear!
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious
mien!
O, when shall that eternal morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to
clear!"

"O Thou, at whose creative smile yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from the abyss; when dark Confusion,
driven
Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
O, glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on
the way!"

* * *

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of History unrolls her page.
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays
To charm his fancy or his heart engage.
Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood
assuage,
And straight their flames with tenfold fierce-
ness burn:
Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,

But lo, erelong is left alone to mourn,
And languish in the dust, and clasp the aban-
doned urn!

"Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
Where ruin's gulf unfathomed yawns beneath?
Shall life, shall liberty, be lost," he said,
"For the vain toys that pomp and power be-
queath?
The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave:
No note the clarion of renown can breathe,
To alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
Or check the headlong haste of time's o'erwhelm-
ing wave.

"Ah, what avails it to have traced the springs
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel!
Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
Hands drenched in blood, and breasts begirt
with steel!
To those whom Nature taught to think and
feel,
Heroes, alas! are things of small concern.
Could History man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would
not yearn!"

* * *

"Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval
groves!
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eyes still smiling, and his heart content.
Then, hand in hand, health, sport, and labor
went.
Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.
None prowled for prey, none watched to cir-
cumvent.
To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave:
No vassal feared his lord, no tyrant feared his
slave.

"But ah! the historic Muse has never dared
To pierce those hallowed bowers; 't is Fancy's
beam
Poured on the vision of the enraptured bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the
dream
That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!
Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long, where Love and Fancy lead, to go
And meditate on heaven; enough of earth I
know."

"I cannot blame thy choice," the sage replied,
"For soft and smooth are fancy's flowery ways.
And yet, even there, if left without a guide,

The young adventurer unsafely plays.
 Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays
 In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
 And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,

That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
 More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined ?

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
 And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight :
 To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
 But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
 And often, where no real ills affright,
 Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
 Assail with equal or superior might,
 And through the throbbing heart and dizzy brain

And shivering neryes shoot stings of more than mortal pain.

* * *

"Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
 Stunned with the eternal turbulence of waves,
 Lo, with dim eyes, that never learned to smile,
 And trembling hands, the famished native craves

Of Heaven his wretched fare : shivering in caves,
 Or scorched on rocks, he pines from day to day ;

But Science gives the word ; and lo, he braves
 The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
 And to a happier land wafts merrily away !

"And even where Nature loads the teeming plain

With the full pomp of vegetable store,
 Her bounty unimproved, is deadly bane.
 Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,

Stretch their enormous gloom ; which to explore
 Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood ;
 For there each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
 Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,

Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

"'T was from Philosophy man learned to tame
 The soil, by plenty to intemperance fed.
 Lo, from the echoing axe and thundering flame
 Poison and plague and yelling Rage are fled !
 The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 Bring health and melody to every vale :
 And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,

Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
 To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale."

The Minstrel, Books I., II.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

1735 (?) - 1787.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.*

THERE was a jolly miller once lived on the river
 Dee,
 He danced and sang from morn till night, no lark
 so blithe as he,
 And this the burden of his song forever used to be,
 "I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me.

"I live by my mill, God bless her ! she 's kindred,
 child, and wife,
 I would not change my station for any other in life :

No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor e'er had a groat
 from me,
 I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me."

When spring begins his merry career, O, how
 his heart grows gay,
 No summer's drought alarms his fears, nor winter's
 cold decay ;
 No foresight mars the miller's joy, who 's wont
 to sing and say,
 "Let others toil from year to year, I live from
 day to day."

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice
 and sing,
 The days of youth are made for glee, and time is
 on the wing ;
 This song shall pass from me to thee, along the
 jovial ring,
 Let heart and voice and all agree to say, "Long
 live the king."



JOHN LANGHORNE.†

1735 - 1779.

COUNTRY JUSTICES AND THE RURAL POOR.

LET age no longer toil with feeble strife,
 Worn by long service in the war of life ;

* The last two stanzas of this popular song appear to be by different hands, and to have been successively added at different times. The original idea is evidently concluded with the second stanza.

† There may be a question as to whether Dr. Langhorne was a good poet or a specially virtuous man. There can be no question as to the instinctive philanthropy of his heart. The shameful injustice done to the rural poor of England in his time he resented in rhymes which have made his name dear to all who have a fellow-feeling with their race. Nor are his rhymes by any means contemptible, as compared with those of his brother poets.

Nor leave the head, that time hath whitened, bare
To the rude insults of the searching air;
Nor bid the knee, by labor hardened, bend,
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend!

If, when from heaven severer seasons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter day,
More strong than Teniers' pencil could portray;
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart (remembering him who said),
"These people come from far, and have no bread."

Nor leave thy venal clerk empowered to hear;
The voice of want is sacred to thy ear.
He where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.

But chief thy notice shall one monster claim;
A monster furnished with a human frame, —
The parish-officer! — though verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendor of the strain,
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel overseer;
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!

When the poor hind, with length of years decayed,

Leans feebly on his once-subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honest praise,
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labors spread?

When harvest's burning suns and sickening air
From Labor's unbraced hand the grasped hook tear,

Where shall the helpless family be fed,
That vainly languish for a father's bread?
See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair;
Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referred to vestries and a distant day!
Referred — to perish! Is my verse severe?
Unfriendly to the human character?
Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.

If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.
His low-born pride with honest rage control;
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.

But, hapless! oft through fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of the insulting foe;
Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their prayer,
The last extremes of penury they bear.

Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher?
To something more than magistrate aspire!
And, left each poorer, pettier chase behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of human kind!

The game I start courageously pursue!
Adieu to fear! to insolence adieu!
And first we'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,
As meet no more the wintry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.
That roof have I remembered many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer, —
Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;
But time untenants — ha! what seest thou there?
"Horror! — by Heaven, extended on a bed
Of naked fern, two human creatures dead!
Embracing as alive! — ah, no! — no life!
Cold, breathless!"

'T is the shepherd and his wife.
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told —
They died through want —

"By every power I swear,
If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,
Through whose default of duty, or design,
These victims fell, he dies."

They fell by thine.
"Infernal! Mine! by —"

Swear on no pretence:
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.

AN ADVICE TO THE MARRIED.

SHOULD erring nature casual faults disclose,
Wound not the breast that harbors your repose;
For every grief that breast from you shall prove,
Is one link broken in the chain of love.
Soon, with their objects, other woes are past,
But pains from those we love are pains that last.
Though faults or follies from reproach may fly,
Yet in its shade the tender passions die.

Love, like the flower that courts the sun's kind ray,
Will flourish only in the smiles of day;
Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,
And one chill blight of dire contempt destroys.
O, shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast,
Where Peace expires and fair Affection's lost;
By wit, by grief, by anger urged, forbear
The speech contemptuous and the scornful air.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

1738-1786.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

The topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moored by thee:

For though thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should handmen flatter when we're sailed,
O, doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever failed,
If Cupid filled his sails:
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But sailors of the British fleet
Are lovers, and not slaves:
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The powers of France and Spain.
Now Britain's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full, — sweet girls, adieu!

JOHN WOLCOTT (PETER PINDAR).*

1738-1819.

THE APPLE-DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

ONCE on a time, a monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping, and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless harmless buck

* This clever and impudent buffoon, under his assumed name of "Peter Pindar," alternately amused and enraged the readers of the age of George the Third. He had a high opinion of his own abilities; and, from his complaints, we should suppose that, like Milton, he had fallen on evil days. He was but a small poet, yet his rhymes, dealing boldly with personages eminent for their rank, gave him a prominence which was altogether disproportioned to his poetical merits. It is to be said, however, that he understood the character of George the Third and Queen Charlotte better than any other public man of his time. His representations of the king were so true to the life, that even "Farmer George" himself felt their force. Perhaps his drolleries on the whole did much to aid the king's popularity. Some intellectual radicals may have felt outraged at the idea of being governed by a man who had so much in him of the rustic and the boor, and whose talk was a mere chatter, in which "What! what! what!" was constantly interpolated in the swift current of inanities which constituted his "conversation." On the other side, a large proportion of his subjects delighted in the fact that their king was like other folks; that he was as prejudiced and obstinate as the humblest of those he governed; and that his homely, unkingly manners showed him to be a good, honest Briton, eating his dinner of mutton like other people, hating all French fricassees and "kickshaws," and as shrewd at a bargain as any shopkeeper in his wide domain. Sydney Smith warned every statesman of large views to have his "foolometer" constantly by his side to check him when he was inclined to indulge in wide designs either of policy or beneficence. George the Third was a "foolometer" crowned. He was so closely in sympathy with the average character of his people that he was naturally one of the most popular of English sovereigns.

(The horse and rider wet as muck),
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered through curiosity a cot
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finished apple dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke, "What's this? what's this?
what, what?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple: he
cried,
"T is monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed!
What makes it, pray, so hard?" The dame re-
plied,
Low courtesying, "Please your majesty, the
apple."

"Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!"
(Turning the dumpling round) rejoined the king.
"T is most extraordinary, then, all this is, —
It beats Pinette's conjuring all to pieces:
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me where, where, where's the
seam?"

"Sir, there's no seam," quoth she; "I never
knew
That folks did apple dumplings sew."
"No!" cried the staring monarch with a grin;
"How, how the devil got the apple in?"

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the apple lay so sly concealed,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared
All with the wonders of the dumpling art.
There did he labor one whole week to show
The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker;
And, lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seemed the lodging of a baker!

WHITBREAD'S BREWERY VISITED BY THEIR MAJESTIES.

FULL of the art of brewing beer,
The monarch heard of Whitbread's fame;
Quoth he unto the queen, "My dear, my dear,
Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name.
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew;
Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew.
Shame, shame we have not yet his brewhouse
seen!"
Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen!

Red-hot with novelty's delightful rage,
 To Mister Whitbread forth he sent a page,
 To say that majesty proposed to view,
 With thirst of wondrous knowledge deep inflamed,
 His vats and tubs and hops and hogsheads
 famed,
 And learn the noble secret how to brew.

Of such undreamt-of honor proud,
 Most reverently the brewer bowed;
 So humbly (so the humble story goes),
 He touched e'en terra firma with his nose;

Then said unto the page, hight Billy Ramus,
 "Happy are we that our great king should name us
 As worthy unto majesty to show
 How we poor Chiswell people brew."

Away sprung Billy Ramus quick as thought:
 To majesty the welcome tidings brought,
 How Whitbread staring stood like any stake,
 And trembled; then the civil things he said;
 On which the king did smile and nod his head;
 For monarchs like to see their subjects quake;

Such horrors unto kings most pleasant are,
 Proclaiming reverence and humility:
 High thoughts, too, all these shaking fits declare,
 Of kingly grandeur and great capability!

People of worship, wealth, and birth,
 Look on the humbler sons of earth,
 Indeed in a most humble light, God knows!
 High stations are like Dover's towering cliffs,
 Where ships below appear like little skiffs,
 The people walking on the strand like crows.

Muse, sing the stir that happy Whitbread made;
 Poor gentleman! most terribly afraid

He should not charm enough his guests divine,
 He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and
 smocks;

And lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,

To make the apprentices and draymen fine:
 Busy as horses in a field of clover,
 Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools, were tumbled
 over,

Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation,
 To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now moved king, queen, and princesses so grand,
 To visit the first brewer in the land;
 Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his
 meat

In a snug corner christened Chiswell Street;
 But oftener, charmed with fashionable air,
 Amidst the gaudy great of Portman Square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's lord also,
 His Grace the Duke of Montague likewise,

With Lady Harcourt joined the raree show,
 And fixed all Smithfield's wondering eyes:
 For lo! a greater show ne'er graced those quar-
 ters,
 Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Thus was the brewhouse filled with gabbling
 noise,
 Whilst draymen and the brewer's boys,
 Devoured the questions that the king did ask;
 In different parties were they staring seen,
 Wondering to think they saw a king and queen!
 Behind a tub were some, and some behind a
 cask.

Some draymen forced themselves (a pretty lun-
 cheon)

Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon:
 And through the bunghole winked with curious
 eye,

To view and be assured what sort of things
 Were princesses and queens and kings,
 For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!
 And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
 Few were the mouths that had not got a man;

Now majesty into a pump so deep
 Did with an opera-glass so curious peep:
 Examining with care each wondrous matter
 That brought up water!

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
 A chattering bird we often meet,
 A bird for curiosity well known,
 With head awry,
 And cunning eye,

Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious majesty did stoop
 To count the nails on every hoop;
 And lo! no single thing came in his way,
 That, full of deep research, he did not say,
 "What's this? hae hae? What's that? What's
 this? What's that?"

So quick the words too, when he deigned to
 speak,

As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of great whilst others crawl,
 Our sovereign peeps into the world of *small*:
 Thus microscopic geniuses explore
 Things that too oft the public scorn;
 Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
 By finding systems in a peppercorn.

Now boasting Whitbread serious did declare,
 To make the majesty of England stare,
 That he had butts enough, he knew,
 Placed side by side, to reach to Kew;

On which the king with wonder swiftly cried,
 "What, if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,
 What would they do, what, what, placed end
 to end?"

To whom, with knitted, calculating brow,
 The man of beer most solemnly did vow,
 Almost to Windsor that they would extend:
 On which the king, with wondering mien,
 Repeated it unto the wondering queen;
 On which, quick turning round his haltered head,
 The brewer's horse, with face astonished, neighed;
 The brewer's dog, too, poured a note of thunder,
 Rattled his chain, and wagged his tail for wonder.

Now did the king for other beers inquire,
 For Culvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
 And after talking of these different beers,
 Asked Whitbread if his porter equalled theirs.

This was a puzzling, disagreeing question,
 Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
 A kind of question to the Man of Cask
 That even Solomon himself would ask.

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took
 A very pretty memorandum book,
 With gilded leaves of asses'-skin so white,
 And in it logibly began to write:—

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates
 For roasting chestnuts or potatoes.

Mem.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer,
 Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and else-
 where.

Quære.

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
 Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

To try it soon on our small beer, —
 'T will save us several pounds a year.

Mem.

To remember to forget to ask
 Old Whitbread to my house one day.

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
 The brewer offered me, away.

Now, having pencilled his remarks so shrewd,
 Sharp as the point indeed of a new pin,
 His majesty his watch most sagely viewed,
 And then put up his asses'-skin.

To Whitbread now deigned majesty to say,
 "Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?"
 "Yes, please your majesty," in humble notes
 The brewer answered, — "also, sire, of oats;

Another thing my horses, too, maintains,
 And that, an't please your majesty, are grains."

"Grains, grains!" said majesty, "to fill their
 crops?"

Grains, grains! — that comes from hops, — yes,
 hops, hops, hops?"

Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at
 fault.

"Sire," cried the humble brewer, "give me leave
 Your sacred majesty to undeceive;
 Grains, sire, are never made from hops, but malt."

"True," said the cautious monarch with a smile,
 "From malt, malt, malt, — I meant malt all the
 while."

"Yes," with the sweetest bow, rejoined the
 brewer,

"An't please your majesty, you did, I'm sure."
 "Yes," answered majesty, with quick reply,
 "I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I."

Now did the king admire the bell so fine
 That daily asks the draymen all to dine;
 On which the bell rung out (how very proper!)
 To show it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their sovereign's curious eye —
 Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful sprigs,
 All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their style —

Appeared the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs;
 On which the observant man who fills a throne
 Declared the pigs were vastly like his own;
 On which the brewer, swallowed up in joys,
 Fear and astonishment in both his eyes,
 His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,

Exclaimed, "O heavens! and can my swine
 Be deemed by majesty so fine?
 Heavens! can my pigs compare, sire, with pigs
 royal?"

To which the king assented with a nod;
 On which the brewer bowed, and said, "Good
 God!"

Then winked significant on Miss,
 Significant of wonder and of bliss,

Who, bridling in her chin divine,
 Crossed her fair hands, a dear old maid,
 And then her lowest courtesy made
 For such high honor done her father's swine.

Now did his majesty, so gracious, say
 To Mister Whitbread in his flying way,
 "Whitbread, d' ye nick the excisemen now and
 then?"

Hae? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a
 maid?

What, what's the matter with the men?

"D' ye hunt? — hae, hunt? No, no, you are too
 old;

You'll be lord-mayor, — lord-mayor one day;

Yes, yes, I've heard so; yes, yes, so I'm told;
 Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay;
 I'll prick you every year, man, I declare;
 Yes, Whitbread, yes, yes, you shall be lord-mayor.

"Whitbread, d'ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
 Job, job, that's cheapest; yes, that's best,
 that's best.

You put your liveries on the draymen, — hae?
 Hae, Whitbread! you have feathered well your
 nest.

What, what's the price now, hae, of all your
 stock?

But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's
 o'clock?"

Now Whitbread inward said, "May I be curst
 If I know what to answer first."

Then searched his brains with ruminating eye;
 But e'er the man of malt an answer found,
 Quick on his heel, lo, majesty turned round,
 Skipped off, and balked the honor of reply.

MAY-DAY.

THE daisies peep from every field,
 And violets sweet their odor yield;
 The purple blossom paints the thorn,
 And streams reflect the blush of morn.

Then lads and lasses all, be gay,
 For this is nature's holiday.

Let lusty Labor drop his flail,
 Nor woodman's hook a tree assail;
 The ox shall cease his neck to bow,
 And Clodden yield to rest the plough.
 Then lads, etc.

Behold the lark in ether float,
 While rapture swells the liquid note!
 What warbles he, with merry cheer?
 "Let love and pleasure rule the year!"
 Then lads, etc.

Lo! Sol looks down with radiant eye,
 And throws a smile around his sky;
 Embracing hill and vale and stream,
 And warming nature with his beam.
 Then lads, etc.

TO BOSWELL.

O BOSWELL, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,
 Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;
 Thou jackal, leading lion Johnson forth
 To eat Macpherson midst his native north;
 To frighten grave professors with his roar,
 And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore,
 All hail!

Triumphant thou through time's vast gulf shalt
 sail,

The pilot of our literary whale;
 Close to the classic Rambler shalt thou cling,
 Close as a supple courtier to a king;
 Fate shall not shake thee off with all its power;
 Stuck like a bat to some old ivied tower.

Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had blessed thy
 eyes,

Paoli's deeds had raised thee to the skies:
 Yes, his broad wing had raised thee (no bad
 hack),

A tom-tit twittering on an eagle's back.

SLEEP.

COME, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
 And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
 How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
 And, without dying, O how sweet to die!

JANE ELLIOT.

About 1760.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard the liting at our yowe-milking,
 Lasses a-liting before the dawn of day;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loan-
 ing,—

The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are
 scorning,

The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sab-
 bing,

Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are
 jeering,

The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
 At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleech-
 ing,—

The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roam-
 ing,

'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie,—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the
 Border!

The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;

The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the
foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair hiling at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaming,—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

ALICIA COCKBURN.*

—1794.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.*

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favors, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now 't is fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest
Adorn'd the foremost
With flowers of the fairest most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonnie wae their blooming!
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the midday.
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he rowed on his way.

O fickle Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting?
O, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede
away.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

—1777.

AMYNTA.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of
love.

O, what had my youth with ambition to do?

* This poem is a variation of Jane Elliot's.

Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
O, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook re-
store,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no
more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
O fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 't is too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

A. TOPLADY.

1740—1778.

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion!
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O, breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored by thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place!
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI.*

1740 - 1822.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground;
 'T was therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.
 This great affection, to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
 On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,

* Hester Lynch Salusbury was first married to Mr. Thrale, an eminent brewer. As Mrs. Thrale her name is indissolubly connected with that of Dr. Johnson. She afterwards married an accomplished Italian musician, Signor Piozzi, who appears to have been an exemplary man in every respect, with no recorded vices and with many recorded virtues. This marriage made her the object of the meanest and foulest imputations. She was brutally assailed by the London press on the ground that in marrying a professor of one of the finest of the fine arts, after she had enjoyed the high distinction of being the wife of an opulent brewer of beer, she had descended from her rank. The social prejudices of the time may have given some faint excuse for the sarcasms of her contemporaries. Even as late as 1809, Lord Byron characterizes Catalani and Naldi as "amusing vagabonds." But Lord Macaulay had no such excuse. In the generation to which he belonged an artist was as socially respectable as a brewer, if he behaved himself like a gentleman. Yet Lord Macaulay, in his *Life of Johnson*, sympathizes with the most snobbish prejudices of the year 1780. He says that when Thrale died it would have been well if his wife had been laid beside him. "She soon," he says, "fell in love with a music-master from Brescia, in whom nobody but herself could see anything to admire. Her pride, and perhaps some better feelings, struggled hard against this degrading passion." The passion could be intrinsically degrading only by the critic's adoption of the simple Vicar of Wakefield's notions of monogamy. Then Macaulay proceeds, in referring to Johnson's last years: "While sinking under a complication of diseases, he heard that the woman whose friendship had been the chief happiness of sixteen years of his life had married an Italian fiddler; that all London was crying shame upon her; and that the newspapers and magazines were filled with allusions to the Ephesian matron and the two pictures in Hamlet. He vehemently said that he would try to forget her existence. He never uttered her name. Every memorial of her which met his eye he flung into the fire. She, meanwhile, fled from the laughter and hisses of her countrymen and countrywomen to a land where she was unknown, hastened across Mont Cenis, and learned, while passing a merry Christmas of concerts and lemonade parties at Milan, that the great man with whose name hers is inseparably associated had ceased to exist." Macaulay has been frequently accused of injustice; but in the whole body of his writings there is nothing more cruelly unjust than this judgment of the conduct of Mrs. Piozzi. It is false in every particular item of the evidence on which it pretends to be founded. Piozzi, in fact, was a much better man and a much more considerate husband than Thrale; and the phrase, "Italian fiddler," is specially mean, conveying as it does the impression that the music-master was hardly more respectable than any one of the organ-grinders who infest our streets.

Death called aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room,
 And looking grave, "You must," says he,
 "Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
 "With you! and quit my Susan's side?
 With you!" the hapless husband cried;
 "Young as I am, 't is monstrous hard!
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
 My thoughts on other matters go;
 This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard,
 His reasons could not well be stronger;
 So Death the poor delinquent spared,
 And left to live a little longer.
 Yet calling up a serious look,
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke.
 "Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
 And farther, to avoid all blame
 Of cruelty upon my name,
 To give you time for preparation,
 And fit you for your future station,
 Three several warnings you shall have,
 Before you're summoned to the grave;
 Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
 And grant a kind reprieve;
 In hopes you'll have no more to say;
 But, when I call again this way,
 Well pleased the world will leave."
 To these conditions both consented,
 And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
 How long he lived, how wise, how well,
 How roundly he pursued his course,
 And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
 The willing muse shall tell:

He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
 Nor once perceived his growing old,
 Nor thought of Death as near:
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
 Many his gains, his children few,
 He passed his hours in peace.
 But while he viewed his wealth increase,
 While thus along life's dusty road
 The beaten track content he trod,
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
 Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year,
 And now, one night, in musing mood,
 As all alone he sate,
 The unwelcome messenger of Fate
 Once more before him stood.

Half killed with anger and surprise,
 "So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
 "So soon d' ye call it?" Death replies;
 "Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!

Since I was here before
 'T is six-and-thirty years at least,
 And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
 "To spare the aged would be kind:
 However, see your search be legal,—
 And your authority,—is 't regal?
 Else you are come on a fool's errand,
 With but a secretary's warrant.
 Beside, you promised me three warnings,
 Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
 But for that loss of time and ease
 I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best
 I seldom am a welcome guest;
 But don't be captious, friend, at least;
 I little thought you 'd still be able
 To stump about your farm and stable:
 Your years have run to a great length;
 I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!
 I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies:
 "However, you still keep your eyes;
 And sure to see one's loves and friends,
 For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
 But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, 't is true;
 But still there's comfort left for you:
 Each strives your sadness to amuse:
 I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
 I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,

"These are unjustifiable yearnings;

If you are lame and deaf and blind,

You've had your three sufficient warnings;

So come along, no more we'll part."

He said, and touched him with his dart.

And now old Dodson, turning pale,

Yields to his fate,—so ends my tale.

THOMAS PENROSE.

1743-1779.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Faintly brayed the battle's roar

Distant down the hollow wind;

Panting Terror fled before,

Wounds and death were left behind.

The war-fiend cursed the sunken day,

That checked his fierce pursuit too soon;

While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
 Low hung, and lowered the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
 Was now with various carnage spread;
 And floated with a crimson tide
 That drenched the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
 Abandoned all to horrors wild,
 With frantic step Maria flew,
 Maria, Sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
 Was warmed by Hymen's purest flame;
 With Edgar o'er the wintry main
 She, lovely, faithful wanderer, came.

For well she thought a friend so dear
 In darkest hours might joy impart;
 Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
 Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Though looked for long, in chill affright
 (The torrent bursting from her eye)
 She heard the signal for the fight,
 While her soul trembled in a sigh,—

She heard, and clasped him to her breast,
 Yet scarce could urge the inglorious stay;
 His manly heart the charm confessed,
 Then broke the charm,—and rushed away.

Too soon in few but deadly words,
 Some flying straggler breathed to tell,
 That in the foremost strife of swords
 The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She pressed to hear, she caught the tale,—
 At every sound her blood congealed;—
 With terror bold, with terror pale,
 She sprang to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
 She went—with courage not her own;
 On many a corpse she cast her gaze,
 And turned her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urgéd her to press
 Full many a hand, as wild she mourned;—
 Of comfort glad the drear caress
 The damp, chill, dying hand returned.

Her ghastly hope was wellnigh fled,
 When late pale Edgar's form she found,
 Half buried with the hostile dead,
 And gored with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night-bird screamed,
 The moon withdrew her troubled light,
 And left the fair—though fallen she seemed—
 To worse than death—and deepest night.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

1743-1825.

TO A LADY, WITH SOME PAINTED FLOWERS.

FLOWERS to the fair : to you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.
Flowers sweet, and gay, and delicate like you ;
Emblems of innocence, and beauty too.
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.
Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.
To loftier forms are rougher tasks assigned ;
The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,
The tougher yew repels invading foes,
And the tall pine for future navies grows :
But this soft family to cares unknown,
Were born for pleasure and delight alone.
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these ;
Your best, your sweetest empire is — to please.

HYMN TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the nymph with placid eye !
O seldom found, yet ever nigh !
Receive my temperate vow :
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth the unaltered brow.

O come, in simple vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed,
To bless my longing sight ;
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O, gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell ;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye ;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears
A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in eventide,
That rarely ebb or flow ;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,

Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to wait :
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submissive head,
And kissed thy sainted feet.

But thou, O nymph retired and coy !
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale ?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet, blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O, say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway ?
When autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day.

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And every storm is laid ;
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
Low whispering through the shade.

WASHING-DAY.

THE Muses are turned gossips ; they have lost
The buskined step, and clear high-sounding
phrase,
Language of gods. Come, then, domestic Muse,
In slip-shod measure loosely prattling on,
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or droning flies, or shoes lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face, —
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded washing-day.

Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon ; for to that day nor peace belongs,
Nor comfort ; ere the first gray streak of dawn,
The red-armed washers come and chase repose.

Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day ; the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared, and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlor, an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast meal is soon despatched,
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.

From that last evil, O, preserve us, heavens !
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet ; then expect to hear

Of sad disasters, — dirt and gravel stains
 Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
 Snapped short, and linen-horse by dog thrown
 down,
 And all the petty miseries of life.

Saints have been calm while stretched upon the
 rack,

And Montezuma smiled on burning coals;
 But never yet did housewife notable
 Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.
 But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
 Who call'st thyself, perchance, the master there,
 Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
 Or usual 'tendance; ask not, indiscreet,
 Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents
 Gape wide as Erebus; nor hope to find
 Some snug recess impervious. Shouldst thou try
 The 'customed garden-walks, thine eye shall rue
 The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
 Myrtle or rose, all crushed beneath the weight
 Of coarse-checked apron, with impatient hand
 Twitched off when showers impend; or crossing
 lines

Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
 Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend
 Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim
 On such a day the hospitable rites;
 Looks blank at best and stinted courtesy
 Shall he receive; vainly he feeds his hopes
 With dinner of roast chicken, savory pie,
 Or tart or pudding; pudding he nor tart
 That day shall eat; nor, though the husband try —
 Mending what can't be helped — to kindle mirth
 From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
 Clear up propitious; the unlucky guest
 In silence dines, and early slinks away.

I well remember, when a child, the awe
 This day struck into me; for then the maids,
 I scarce knew why, looked cross, and drove me
 from them;

Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
 Usual indulgences; jelly or creams,
 Relic of costly suppers, and set by
 For me their petted one; or buttered toast,
 When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
 Of ghost or witch or murder. So I went
 And sheltered me beside the parlor fire;
 There my dear grandmother, eldest of all forms,
 Tended the little ones, and watched from harm;
 Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles
 With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
 Drawn from her ravelled stocking might have
 soured
 One less indulgent.

At intervals my mother's voice was heard
 Urging despatch; briskly the work went on,

All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to wring,
 Or fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.

Then would I sit me down, and ponder much
 Why washings were; sometimes through hollow
 hole

Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
 The floating bubbles; little dreaming then
 To see, Montgolfier, thy silken ball
 Ride buoyant through the clouds, so near ap-
 proach

The sports of children and the toils of men.

Earth, air, and sky, and ocean hath its bubbles,
 And verse is one of them, — this most of all.

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

SWEET is the scene when Virtue dies!
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
 Fanned by some angel's purple wing; —
 Where is, O Grave! thy victory now?
 And where, insidious Death! thy sting?

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
 Where light and shade alternate dwell!
 How bright the unchanging morn appears; —
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done, — as sinks the day,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies!"

"COME UNTO ME."

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice, —
 Come and make my paths your choice!
 I will guide you to your home, —
 Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain, —
 Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
 Watch to see the morning rise, —

Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care,—
A wounded spirit who can bear!

Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,—
Peace, that ever shall endure,—
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

SLEEP, SLEEP TO-DAY, TORMENTING CARES.

SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The Sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts;
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity!

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

God of my life! and author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallowed name to harps of seraphs sung.
Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men in every different sphere
Are equal all,—for all are nothing here.
All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which nature's works through all their parts proclaim.

I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness through my soul
As by a charm the waves of grief subside;
Impetuous Passion stops her headlong tide:
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,

Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live:
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
Still every wish that centres not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning Pleasure leads
By living waters and through flowery meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
O, teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware!
With caution let me hear the siren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.
If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,

Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resigned to die, or resolute to live;
Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name, emblazoned high
With golden letters on the illumined sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree;

In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy, crowded cities talk,
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control:
Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms;
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws
nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand and stretch my view to either state:
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having lived to thee, in thee to die.

LIFE.

"Animula, vagula, blandula."

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be,
As all that then remains of me.
O, whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years the appointed
hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou, without thought or feeling be?
O, say what art thou, when no more thou 'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

1745 - 1814.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has brought him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty;
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful, below, he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted;
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;
Ah, many's the time and oft!

But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in town,
What danger they are all in,
And now are quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in:
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

"But as for them who're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer the babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London.
We know what risks all landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

FOR England when with favoring gale
Our gallant ship up channel steered,
And, scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appeared;
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the deep — nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view;
 An abbey-tower, a harbor-fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true;
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 "By the mark — seven!"

And as the much-loved shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 "Quarter less — five!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh:
 We shorten sail — she feels the tide —
 "Stand clear the cable," is the cry, —
 The anchor's gone; we safely ride.
 The watch is set, and through the night
 We hear the seamen with delight
 Proclaim, — "All's well!"

TRUE COURAGE.

WHY, what's that to you if my eyes I'm a-wiping?
 A tear is a pleasure, d' ye see, in its way;
 'Tis nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping;
 But they that ha'n't pity, why I pities they.

Says the Captain, says he (I shall never forget it),
 "If of courage you'd know, lads, the true
 from the sham,
 'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it.
 But, duty appeased, 'tis in mercy a lamb."

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one
 not caring,
 Helter-skelter, to work, pelt away, cut and drive;
 Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of sparing,
 And as for a foe, why he'd eat him alive.

But when that he found an old prisoner he'd
 wounded,
 That once saved his life as near drowning he
 swam,
 The lion was tamed, and, with pity confounded,
 He cried over him just all as one as a lamb.

That my friend Jack or Tom I should rescue
 from danger,
 Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
 Is nothing at all, — 'tis the poor wounded
 stranger,
 And the poorer the more I shall succor distress:

For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
 And peril defy, as a bugbear, a flam,

Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
 He'll feel more by compassion when turned to
 a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same
 motion,
 And if both shed their drops 'tis all to the
 same end;
 And thus 'tis that every tight lad of the ocean
 Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for
 his friend.

If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die
 on, —
 You may snigger and titter, I don't care a flam!
 In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
 But, the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship that under sail
 Spreads her white bosom to the gale;
 Sweet, O, sweet 's the flowing can:
 Sweet to poise the laboring oar,
 That tugs us to our native shore,
 When the boatswain pipes the barge to man:
 Sweet sailing with a favoring breeze;
 But, O, much sweeter than all these
 Is Jack's delight, — his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
 To show of constancy the worth,
 A curious lesson teaches man;
 The needle time may rust, — a squall
 Capsize the binnacle and all,
 Let seamanship do all it can;
 My love in worth shall higher rise:
 Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize
 My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penned,
 For serving of a worthless friend,
 And every creature from me ran;
 No ship, performing quarantine,
 Was ever so deserted seen;
 None hailed me, — woman, child, nor man:
 But though false friendship's sails were furled,
 Though cut adrift by all the world,
 I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
 Love truth and merit to defend,
 To mourn their loss who hazard ran;
 I love to take an honest part,
 Love beauty and a spotless heart,
 But manners love to show the man;
 To sail through life by honor's breeze: —
 'T was all along of loving these
 First made me dote on lovely Nan.

POOR JACK.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
 And it a'n't to a little I'll strike.
 Though the tempest topgallant-masts smack
 smooth should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse every-
 thing tight,
 And under reefed foresail we'll scud:
 Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
 To be taken for trifles aback;
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
 And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay;
 Why, 't was just all as one as High Dutch;
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye
 see,

Without orders that come down below;
 And a many fine things that proved clearly to
 me

That Providence takes us in tow:
 "For," says he, "do you mind me, let storms
 e'er so oft

Take the topsails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

I said to our Poll, — for, d'ye see, she would cry, —
 When last we weighed anchor for sea,
 "What argufies snivelling and piping your eye?
 Why, what a blamed fool you must be!
 Can't you see, the world's wide, and there's
 room for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
 You never will hear of me more.
 What then? All's a hazard: come, don't be so
 soft:

Perhaps I may laughing come back;
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world not offering to
 flinch

From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and
 ends,

Naught's a trouble from duty that springs,
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my
 friend's,
 And as for my will, 't is the king's.

Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As for grief to be taken aback;
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

1745 - 1809.

GAFFER GRAY.

Hio! why dost thou shiver and shake,
 Gaffer Gray;
 And why does thy nose look so blue?
 "'T is the weather that's cold,
 'T is I'm grown very old,
 And my doublet is not very new,
 Well-a-day!"

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
 Gaffer Gray;
 And warm thy old heart with a glass.
 "Nay, but credit I've none,
 And my money's all gone;
 Then say how may that come to pass?
 Well-a-day!"

Hie away to the house on the brow,
 Gaffer Gray;
 And knock at the jolly priest's door.
 "The priest often preaches
 Against worldly riches,
 But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
 Well-a-day!"

The lawyer lives under the hill,
 Gaffer Gray;
 Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
 "He will fasten his locks,
 And will threaten the stocks
 Should he ever more find me in want,
 Well-a-day!"

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
 Gaffer Gray;
 And the season will welcome you there.
 "His fat beeves and his beer,
 And his merry new year,
 Are all for the flush and the fair,
 Well-a-day!"

My keg is but low, I confess,
 Gaffer Gray;
 What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live.
 "The poor man alone,
 When he hears the poor moan,
 Of his morsel a morsel will give,
 Well-a-day!"

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

1745-1820.

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF COWPER.

YE who with warmth the public triumph feel
 Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
 Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
 Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust !
 England, exulting in his spotless fame,
 Ranks with her dearest sons his favorite name.
 Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
 So clear a title to affection's praise :
 His highest honors to the heart belong ;
 His virtues formed the magic of his song.

ON THE TOMB OF MRS. UNWIN.

TRUSTING in God with all her heart and mind,
 This woman proved magnanimously kind ;
 Endured affliction's desolating hail,
 And watched a poet through misfortune's vale.
 Her spotless dust angelic guards defend !
 It is the dust of Unwin, Cowper's friend.
 That single title in itself is fame,
 For all who read his verse revere her name

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

1746-1794.

AN ODE, IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

WHAT constitutes a state ?
 Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate ;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned ;
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to
 pride.
 No : men, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare main-
 tain,
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain :
 These constitute a state,
 And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate,
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill ;

Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend Discretion like a vapor sinks,
 And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,
 Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore !
 No more shall Freedom smile ?
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more ?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

A PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
 And bid these arms thy neck enfold ;
 That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
 Would give thy poet more delight
 Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
 And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
 Whate'er the frowning zealots say ;
 Tell them their Eden cannot show
 A stream so clear as Roccnabad,
 A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O, when these fair perfidious maids,
 Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
 Their dear destructive charms display,
 Each glance my tender breast invades,
 And robs my wounded soul of rest,
 As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow :
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
 New lustre to those charms impart ?
 Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
 Require the borrowed gloss of art ?

Speak not of fate : ah ! change the theme,
 And talk of odors, talk of wine,
 Talk of the flowers that round us bloom :
 'T is all a cloud, 't is all a dream ;
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
 That even the chaste Egyptian dame
 Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy :
 For her how fatal was the hour,
 When to the banks of Nilus came
 A youth so lovely and so coy !

But ah ! sweet maid, my counsel hear
 (Youth should attend when those advise

Whom long experience renders sage) :
While music charms the ravished ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard ?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still :
Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung :
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;
But O, far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung !

NARAYENA: SPIRIT OF GOD.

BLUE crystal vault and elemental fires
That in the aerial fluid blaze and breathe !
Thou tossing sea, whose snaky branches wreath
This pensile orb with intertwisted gyves ; —
Mountains whose lofty radiant spires
Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies ;
Smooth meads and lawns that glow with vergant
dyes
Of dew-bespangled leaves and blossoms bright !
Hence ! vanish from my sight :
Delusive pictures ! Unsubstantial shows !
My soul absorbed, one only Being knows ;
Of all perceptions one abundant source ;
Whence every object every moment flows :
Suns hence derive their force ;
Hence planets learn their course ;
But suns and fading worlds I view no more :
God only I perceive ; God only I adore.

THE BABE.

NAKED on parent's knees, a new-born child.
Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled :
So live, that, sinking to thy last long sleep,
Thou then may'st smile while all around thee weep.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE DAY.

SIR EDWARD COKE :

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, — the rest on nature fix.

RATHER :

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to heaven.

THE CONCLUDING SENTENCE OF BERKELEY'S SIRIS IMITATED.

BEFORE thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
I kneel in manhood as I knelt in youth :
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray :
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow.*

MICHAEL BRUCE.

1746-1767.

ELEGY: WRITTEN IN SPRING.

'T is past : the iron North has spent his rage ;
Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day ;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course :
Before his beams all noxious vapors fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore ;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign ;
Where whirlwinds madden and where tempests
roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers ; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold ! the trees new deck their withered boughs ;
Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose ;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun ;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings ;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers ;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she
sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden
blooms
That fill the air with fragrance all around,

* The following is the last sentence of the *Siris*: "He that would make a real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth as well as the first fruits, at the altar of Truth."

The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the greensward, marked with Roman mound,

Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
And follow nature up to nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied nature's laws ;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind ;
Thus Heaven-taught Plato traced the Almighty cause,
And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gathered academic bays ;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walked along the dewy lawn ;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn ;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gathered health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chilled the aged year,
I wandered lonely o'er the hoary plain :
Though frosty Boreas warned me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warned in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet blessed my days ;
I feared no loss, my mind was all my store ;
No anxious wishes e'er disturbed my ease ;
Heaven gave content and health, — I asked no more.

Now, spring returns : but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known ;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass :

The wingéd moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate ;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the laborer's eyes :
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes ;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

1746 - 1818.

MARY OF CASTLE CARY.

"Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
Saw ye my true-love down on yon lea ;
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw-tree ?

Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Dark is the blue of her soft rolling e'e ;
Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,
Where could my wee thing wander frae me ?"

"I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,

Nor saw I your true-love down by yon lea ;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree :

Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,

Dark was the blue of her soft rolling e'e ;
Red were her ripe lips and sweeter than roses —
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me."

"It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,

It was nae my true-love ye met by the tree :
Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
She never loved ony till ance she loed me.

Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,
Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee :
Fair as your face is, wert fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee."

"It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle Cary,
It was then your true-love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me."
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek
grew,

Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling e'e:
"Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and
your scorning,
Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie."

"Away wi' beguiling," cried the youth smiling,
Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling
e'e.

"Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
Is it my true-love here that I see?"
"O Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee."

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

1747-1794.

AULD ROBIN FORBES.

In the Cumberland dialect.

AND auld Robin Forbes hes gien tem a dance,
I pat on my speckets to see them aw prance;
I thout o' the days when I was but fifteen,
And skipped wi' the best upon Forbes's green.
Of aw things that is I think thout is meast queer,
It brings that that's by-past and sets it down
here;

I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,
When he tuik his cwoat lappet and deeghted his
feace.

The lasses aw wondered what Willy cud see
In yen that was dark and hard-featured leyke me;
And they wondered ay mair when they talked o'
my wit,

And slily telt Willy that cud n't be it.
But Willy he laughed, and he meade me his
weyfe,

And whea was mair happy thro' aw his lang
leyfe?

It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
That he offen said, — nea pleace was leyke his
awn heame!

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
Where Willy was deyken, the time to beguile,
He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
And I hammered my noddle to mek out a jest.
But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell

There was nin o' the leave that was leyke my
awn sel;
And he spak what he thout, for I'd hardly a
plack
When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my
back.

When the clock had struck eight I expected him
heame,
And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dum-
leane;

Of aw hours it telt, eight was dearest to me,
But now when it streykes there's a tear i' my e'e.
O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
That age, time, or death can divide thee and me!
For that spot on earth that's aye dearest to me,
Is the turf that has covered my Willy frae me.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery e'e?
What gars me a' turn pale as death
When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa',
Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
I used to meet thee there:
Then I'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
I strove myself to hide.
I'll doat on ilka spot
Where I ha'e been wi' thee;
And ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree.

JOHN LOGAN.

1748-1788.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear :
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year !

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover ;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover !
Forever now, O Yarrow stream !
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father's bowers ;
He promised me a little page
To squire me to his father's towers ;
He promised me a wedding-ring, —
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow ; —
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last we met ;
My passion I as freely told him ;
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should nevermore behold him !
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow ;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother ;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look, —
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou lovely maid ;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow ;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow ;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

1749 - 1806.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods, a long adieu !
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year !
Ah ! 't will be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy
nest ;
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird who sings of pity best :
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love !

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove ;
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in
dew,
Anemones that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.

No more shall violets linger in the dell,
 Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
 Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
 And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
 Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
 Are the fond visions of thy early day,
 Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
 Bid all thy fairy colors fade away!
 Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
 Ah! why has happiness no second spring?

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

1750-1825.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a'
 at hame,
 When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
 While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his
 bride;
 But saving a crown, he had naething else beside.
 To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to
 sea;
 And the crown and the pound, they were baith
 for me!

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was
 stown awa;
 My father brak his arm — my Jamie at the sea —
 And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work, — my mither couldna
 spin;
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna
 win;
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears
 in his e'e,
 Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, will you marry
 me?"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
 But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
 His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jennie dee?
 And wherefore was I spar'd to cry, Wae is me!

My father argued sair — my mither didna speak,
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like
 to break;
 They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the
 sea;
 And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
 When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist — I couldna think it he,
 Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry
 thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say:
 Ae kiss we took — nae mair — I bad him gang
 away.

I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee,
 And why do I live to say, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
 But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
 For Auld Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

JOHN LOWE.

1750-1798.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon has climbed the highest hill
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tower and tree;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
 When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
 Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
 With visage pale and hollow e'e.
 "O Mary dear, cold is my clay;
 It lies beneath a stormy sea.
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
 We tossed upon the raging main;
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.
 Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
 My heart was filled with love for thee:
 The storm is past, and I at rest;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
 We soon shall meet upon that shore
 Where love is free from doubt and care,
 And thou and I shall part no more!"
 Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

ROBERT FERGUSON.

1751-1774.

BRAID CLAITH.

Ye wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote i' the bonnie book o' fame,
Let merit nae pretension claim

To laurelled wreath,

But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
In guid braid claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
And slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa,

Wi' a' this graith,

When beinly clad wi' shell fu' braw
O' guid braid claith.

Waesucks for him wha has nae feck o't!
For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at;
A chiel that ne'er will be respeckit

While he draws breath,

Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' guid braid claith.

On Sabbath days the barber spark,
When he has done wi' scrapin' wark,
Wi' siller broachie in his sair,

Gangs trigly, faith!

Or to the meadows or the park,
In guid braid claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,
Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,

Would be right laith,

When pacin' wi' a gawsy air
In guid braid claith.

If ony mettled stirrah green
For favor frae a lady's een,
He maunna care for bein' seen

Before he sheath

His body in a scabbard clean
O' guid braid claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat threadbare,
A feg for him she winna care,
But crook her bonny mou fou sair,

And scauld him baith:

Woosers should aye their travel spare,
Without braid claith.

Braid claith lends fouk an unca heeze;
Maks mony kail-worms butterflees;
Gies mony a doctor his degrees,

For little skaith:

In short, you may be what you please,
Wi' guid braid claith.

For though you had as wise a snout on
As Shakespear or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment fouk would hae a doubt on,
I'll tak my aith,
Till they could see ye wi' a suit on
O' guid braid claith.

SCOTTISH SCENERY AND MUSIC.

THE Arno and the Tiber lang
Hae run fell clear in Roman sang;
But, save the reverence o' schools,
They're baith but lifeless, dowie pools.
Dought they compare wi' bonnie Tweed,
As clear as ony lammer bead?
Or are their shores mair sweet and gay
Than Forth's haughs or banks o' Tay?
Though there the herds can jink the showers
'Mang thriving vines and myrtle bowers,
And blaw the reed to kittle strains,
While echo's tongue commends their pains;
Like ours, they canna warm the heart
Wi' simple saft bewitching art.
On Leader haughs and Yarrow braes,
Arcadian herds wad tyne their lays,
To hear the mair melodious sounds
That live on our poetic grounds.

Come, Fancy! come, and let us tread
The simmer's flowery velvet bed,
And a' your springs delightful lowse
On Tweed's bank or Cowdenknowes.
That, ta'en wi' thy enchanting sang,
Our Scottish lads may round ye thrang,
Sae pleased they'll never fash again
To court you on Italian plain;
Soon will they guess ye only wear
The simple garb o' nature here;
Mair comely far, and fair to sight,
When in her easy cleedin' dight,
Than in disguise ye was before
On Tiber's or on Arno's shore.

O Bangour!* now the hills and dales
Nae mair gie back thy tender tales!
The birks on Yarrow now deplore,
Thy mournfu' muse has left the shore.
Near what bright burn or crystal spring,
Did you your winsome whistle hing?
The muse shall there, wi' watery ee,
Gie the dunk swaird a tear for thee;
And Yarrow's genius, dowie dame!
Shall there forget her bluid-stained stream,
On thy sad grave to seek repose,
Who mourned her fate, condoled her woes.

Hame Content.

* Mr. Hamilton of Bangour, author of the beautiful ballad,
The Braes of Yarrow.

CAULER WATER.

WHEN father Adie first pat spade in
 The bonnie yard o' ancient Eden,
 His amry had nae liquor laid in
 To fire his mou;
 Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin',
 For bein' fou.

A cauler burn o' siller sheen
 Ran cannily out-owre the green;
 And when our gutcher's drouth had been
 To bide right sair,
 He loutit down, and drank bedeen
 A dainty skair.

His bairns had a', before the flood,
 A langer tack o' flesh and blood,
 And on mair pithy shanks they stood
 Than Noah's line,
 Wha still hae been a feckless brood,
 Wi' drinkin' wine.

The fuddlin' bardies, nowadays,
 Rin maukin-mad in Bacchus' praise;
 And limp and stoiter through their lays
 Anacreontic,
 While each his sea of wine displays
 As big 's the Pontic.

My Muse will no gang far frae hame,
 Or scour a' airths to hound for fame;
 In troth, the jillet ye might blame
 For thinkin' on 't,
 When eithly she can find the theme
 O' *aquafont*.

This is the name that doctors use,
 Their patients' noddles to confuse;
 Wi' simples clad in terms abstruse,
 They labour still
 In kittle words to gar you roose
 Their want o' skill.

But we 'll hac nae sic clitter-clatter;
 And, briefly to expound the matter,
 It shall be ca'd guid cauler water;
 Than whilk, I trow,
 Few drugs in doctors' shops are better
 For me or you.

Though joints be stiff as ony rung,
 Your pith wi' pain be sairly dung,
 Be you in cauler water flung
 Out-owre the lugs,
 'T will mak you souple, swack, and young,
 Withouten drugs.

Though cholic or the heart-scad tease us;
 Or ony inward dwaam should seize us;

It masters a' sic fell diseases
 That would ye spulzie,
 And brings them to a canny crisis
 Wi' little tulzie.

Were 't no for it, the bonnie lasses
 Wad glower nae mair in keekin'-glasses;
 And soon tyne dint o' a' the graces
 That aft conveyen
 In gleefu' looks, and bonnie faces,
 To catch our een.

The fairest, then, might die a maid,
 And Cupid quit his shootin' trade;
 For wha, through clarty masquerade,
 Could then discover
 Whether the features under shade
 Were worth a lover?

As simmer rains bring simmer flowers,
 And leaves to clead the birken bowers,
 Sae beauty gets by cauler showers
 Sae rich a bloom,
 As for estate, or heavy dowers,
 Aft stands in room.

What maks Auld Reekie's dames sae fair?
 It canna be the halesome air;
 But cauler burn, beyond compare,
 The best o' onie,
 That gars them a' sic graces skair,
 And blink sae bonnie.

On May-day, in a fairy ring,
 We've seen them round St. Anthon's spring,*
 Frae grass the cauler dew-draps wring
 To weet their een,
 And water, clear as crystal spring,
 To synd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way
 To look sae feat, sae clean, sae gay!
 Then shall their beauties glance like May;
 And, like her, be
 The goddess of the vocal spray,
 The Muse and me.

A SUNDAY IN EDINBURGH.

ON Sunday, here, an altered scene
 O' men and manners meets our een.
 Ane wad maist trow, some people chose
 To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
 And fain wad gar ilk neibour think
 They thirst for guidness as for drink;
 But there 's an unco dearth o' grace,
 That has nae mansion but the face,

* St. Anthony's Well, a beautiful small spring, on Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh. Thither it is still the practice of young Edinburgh maidens to resort on May-day.

And never can obtain a part
In benmost corner o' the heart.
Why should religion mak us sad,
If good frae virtue 's to be had?
Na: rather gleefu' turn your face,
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;
And never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.

In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes and lasses loe to frisk it.
Some tak a great delight to place
The modest bon-grace owre the face;
Though you may see, if so inclined,
The turning o' the leg behind.
Now, Comely Garden and the Park
Refresh them, after forenoon's wark:
Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
Supply them in their Sunday's gills;
Where writers often spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.

While danderin cits delight to stray
To Castlehill or public way,
Where they nae other purpose mean,
Than that fool cause o' being seen,
Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,
Where bonnie pastures meet the view,
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shakespeare's muse.
If Fancy there would join the thrang,
The desert rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to mirth the live-lang day.

Or should some cankered biting shower
The day and a' her sweets deflower,
To Holyrood House let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Ben days forever frae her view.
O Hamilton, for shame! the Muse
Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
And gie's our dignity again!
For, O, wae's me! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret—
Our palace and our ancient state.

Auld Reekie.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

1751-1816.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

I NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.

Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art?
I will own the color true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

The Duenna.

CONDITIONS OF BEAUTY.

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good-humor to make her his toast;
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four,—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care,
If brown, it is lasting,—more pleasing, if fair:
And though in her face I no dimples should see,
Let her smile,—and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any color but green;
For in eyes, though so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice,—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back;
And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;
A little round chin too's a beauty, I've heard;
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

The Duenna.

LET THE TOAST PASS.

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;

Here's to the widow of fifty;

Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,

And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,

Now to the maid who has none, sir;

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,

And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;

Now to her that's as brown as a berry;

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,

And now to the damsel that's merry.

Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
 So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,
 And let us e'en toast them together.

Let the toast pass, etc.

The School for Scandal.

EPILOGUE TO FATAL FALSEHOOD.

UNHAND me, gentlemen. By Heaven, I say,
 I'll make a ghost of him who bars my way.
 (*Behind the scenes.*)

Forth let me come,—a poetaster true,
 As lean as Envy, and as baneful too;
 On the dull audience let me vent my rage,
 Or drive these female scribblers from the stage.
 For sense or history, we've none but these:
 The law of liberty and wit they seize;
 In tragic—comic—pastoral—they dare to
 please.

Each puny bard must surely burst with spite,
 To find that women with such fame can write:
 But O, your partial favor is the cause,
 Who feed their follies with such full applause;
 Yet still our tribe shall seek to blast their fame,
 And ridicule each fair pretender's aim,
 Where the dull duties of domestic life
 Wage with the muse's toils eternal strife.

What motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
 While maids and metaphors conspire to vex!
 In studious dishabille behold her sit,
 A lettered gossip and a housewife wit;
 At once invoking, though for different views,
 Her gods, her cook, her milliner, and muse.
 Round her stewed room a frippery chaos lies,
 A checkered wreck of notable and wise;
 Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied mass,
 Oppress the toilet and obscure the glass;
 Unfinished here an epigram is laid,
 And there a mantua-maker's bill unpaid;
 Here new-born plays foretaste the town's ap-
 plause,

There dormant patterns lie for future gauze:
 A moral essay now is all her care;
 A satire next, and then a bill of fare:
 A scene she now projects, and now a dish;
 Here's act the first—and here—Remove with
 fish.

Now while this eye in a fine frenzy rolls,
 That soberly casts up a bill for coals;
 Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
 And tears and thread and bowls and thimbles
 mix.

Sappho, 't is true, long versed in epic song,
 For years esteemed all household studies wrong;
 When, dire mishap! though neither shame nor
 sin,

Sappho herself, and not her muse, lies in.
 The virgin Nine in terror fly the bower,
 And matron Juno claims despotic power:
 Soon Gothic hags the classic pile o'erturn,
 A caudle-cup supplants the sacred urn;
 Nor books nor implements escape their rage,
 They spike the inkstand, and they rend the page;
 Poems and plays one barbarous fate partake;
 Ovid and Plautus suffer at the stake;
 And Aristotle's only saved—to wrap plum-cake.

Yet shall a woman tempt the tragic scene?
 And dare—but hold—I must repress my spleen:
 I see your hearts are pledged to her applause,
 While Shakespeare's spirit seems to aid her cause,
 Well pleased to aid,—since o'er his sacred bier
 A female hand did ample trophies rear,
 And gave the gentlest laurel that is worshipped
 there.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
 I ne'er could injure you;
 For though your tongue no promise claimed,
 Your charms would make me true:
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong;
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

For when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

1752-1770.

CHORUS IN GODDWYN, A TRAGEDIE

WHAN Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
 Uponne her hedde wyldede wedes were spredde;
 A gorie anlace by her honge.
 She daunced omne the heathe;
 She hearde the voice of deathe;
 Pale-eyed Affryghte, hys harte of silver hue,
 In vayne assayled¹ her bosom to acale;²
 She hearde onflemmed³ the shriekynge voice of woe,
 And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale;
 She shooke the burled⁴ speere,

¹ Endeavored.

² Freeze.

³ Undismayed.

⁴ Armed, pointed.

On hie she jeste¹ her sheelde,
Her foemen² all appere,
And flizze³ along the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod⁴ straught⁵ ynto the
skyes,

Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a
starre.

Alyche⁶ a twaie⁷ brendeyng⁸ gronfyres⁹ rolls hys
eyes,

Chafte¹⁰ with hys yronne feete, and soundes to war.

She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before his speere,
She ryces from the shocke,
Wielding her own yn ayre.

Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,

Wythe scillye¹¹ wympled¹² gies¹³ ytte to hys crowne,

Hys longe sharpe speere, his spreddying sheelde
ys gon,

He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld¹⁴ arist¹⁵

Hys feyrie heaulme¹⁶ noddynge to the ayre,

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyst.

*

*

*

THE MYNSTRELLES SONGE IN ZELLA, A TRAGY- CAL ENTERLUDE.

O, SYNGE untoe my roundelaie,
O, droppe the brynne teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge¹⁷ ryver bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Black hys cryne¹⁸ as the wyntere nyght,
Whyte hys rode¹⁹ as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Swote hys tongue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynne daunce as thought cann bee,
Defte his taboure, codgelle stote,
O, hee lys bie the willowe-tree.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

¹ Hoisted on high, raised.

² Foes, enemies.

³ Fly.

⁴ Head.

⁵ Stretched.

⁶ Like.

⁷ Two.

⁸ Flaming.

⁹ Meteors.

¹⁰ Beats, stamps.

¹¹ Closely.

¹² Mantled, covered.

¹³ Guides.

¹⁴ Armed.

¹⁵ Arose.

¹⁶ Helmet.

¹⁷ Running.

¹⁸ Hair.

¹⁹ Complexion.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,
In the briered dell belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synges,
To the nyghte-mares as theyie goe.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;

Whyterre ys mie true-loves shroude;

Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,

Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Heere, upon mie true-loves grave,

Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,

Ne one hallie seyncte to save

Al the celness of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dent the brieres

Rounde hys hallie corse to gre;

Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,

Heere mie boddie stille schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,

Drayne my hartys blodde awaie;

Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,

Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Water wythes, crownede wythe reytes¹

Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.

I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.

Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

BRISTOW TRAGEDY; OR, THE DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BAWDIN.*

THE feathered songster chanticleer

Had wound his bugle-horn,

And told the early villager

The coming of the morn:

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks

Of light eclipse the gray,

And heard the raven's croaking throat

Proclaim the fated day.

¹ Water-flags.

* The spelling in this fine ballad is modernized.

"Thou 'rt right," quoth he, "for by the God
That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
To-day shall surely die."

Then with a jug of nappy ale
His knights did on him wait;
"Go tell the traitor that to-day
He leaves this mortal state."

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
With heart brimful of woe;
He journeyed to the castle-gate,
And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain,
And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
For good Sir Charles's life.

"O good Sir Charles!" said Canterlone,
"Bad tidings I do bring."
"Speak boldly, man," said brave Sir Charles;
"What says the traitor king?"

"I grieve to tell: before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honor sworn,
That thou shalt surely die."

"We all must die," said brave Sir Charles;
"Of that I'm not afraid;
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Jesus, I'm prepared."

"But tell thy king, for mine he's not,
I'd sooner die to-day,
Than live his slave, as many are,
Though I should live for aye."

Then Canterlone he did go out,
To tell the mayor straight
To get all things in readiness
For good Sir Charles's fate.

Then Mr. Canynge sought the king,
And fell down on his knee;
"I'm come," quoth he, "unto your grace,
To move your clemency."

"Then," quoth the king, "your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend."

"My noble liege! all my request
Is for a noble knight,
Who, though mayhap he has done wrong,
He thought it still was right."

"He has a spouse and children twain;
All ruined are for aye,

If that you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to-day."

"Speak not of such a traitor vile,"
The king in fury said;
"Before the evening star doth shine,
Bawdin shall lose his head:

"Justice does loudly for him call,
And he shall have his meed:
Speak, Mr. Canynge! what thing else
At present do you need?"

"My noble liege!" good Canynge said,
"Leave justice to our God,
And lay the iron rule aside;
Be thine the olive rod."

"Was God to search our hearts and reins,
The best were sinners great;
Christ's vicar only knows no sin,
In all this mortal state."

"Let mercy rule thine infant reign,
'T will fix thy crown full sure;
From race to race thy family
All sovereigns shall endure:

"But if with blood and slaughter thou
Begin thy infant reign,
Thy crown upon thy children's brows
Will never long remain."

"Canynge, away! this traitor vile
Has scorned my power and me;
How canst thou then for such a man
Entreat my clemency?"

"My noble liege! the truly brave
Will valorous actions prize;
Respect a brave and noble mind,
Although in enemies."

"Canynge, away! By God in heaven
That did me being give,
I will not taste a bit of bread
Whilst this Sir Charles doth live!

"By Mary, and all saints in heaven,
This sun shall be his last!"
Then Canynge dropped a briny tear,
And from the presence passed.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief
He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
And tears began to flow.

"We all must die," said brave Sir Charles;
"What boots it how or when?
Death is the sure, the certain fate
Of all we mortal men."

"Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
 Runs over at thine eye;
 Is it for my most welcome doom
 That thou dost childlike cry?"

Saith godly Canyng, "I do weep
 That thou so soon must die,
 And leave thy sons and helpless wife;
 'T is this that wets mine eye."

"Then dry the tears that out thine eye
 From godly fountains spring;
 Death I despise, and all the power
 Of Edward, traitor-king.

"When through the tyrant's welcome means
 I shall resign my life,
 The God I serve will soon provide
 For both my sons and wife.

"Before I saw the lightsome sun
 This was appointed me;
 Shall mortal man repine or grudge
 What God ordains to be?

"How oft in battle have I stood,
 When thousands died around;
 When smoking streams of crimson blood
 Imbrued the fattened ground.

"How did I know that every dart
 That cut the airy way
 Might not find passage to my heart,
 And close mine eyes for aye?

"And shall I now, for fear of death,
 Look wan and be dismayed?
 No! from my heart fly childish fear;
 Be all the man displayed.

"Ah, godlike Henry! God forefend,
 And guard thee and thy son,
 If 't is his will; but if 't is not,
 Why, then his will be done.

"My honest friend, my fault has been
 To serve God and my prince;
 And that I no time-server am
 My death will soon convince.

"In London city was I born,
 Of parents of great note;
 My father did a noble arms
 Emblazon on his coat:

"I make no doubt but he is gone
 Where soon I hope to go,
 Where we forever shall be blest,
 From out the reach of woe.

"He taught me justice and the laws
 With pity to unite;

And eke he taught me how to know
 The wrong cause from the right:

"He taught me with a prudent hand
 To feed the hungry poor,
 Nor let my servants drive away
 The hungry from my door:

"And none can say but all my life
 I have his wordis kept;
 And summed the actions of the day
 Each night before I slept.

"I have a spouse, go ask of her
 If I defiled her bed?
 I have a king, and none can lay
 Black treason on my head.

"In Lent, and on the holy eve,
 From flesh I did refrain;
 Why should I then appear dismayed
 To leave this world of pain?

"No, hapless Henry! I rejoice
 I shall not see thy death;
 Most willingly in thy just cause
 Do I resign my breath.

"O fickle people! ruined land!
 Thou wilt ken peace no more;
 While Richard's sons exalt themselves,
 Thy brooks with blood will flow.

"Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
 And godly Henry's reign,
 That you did chop your easy days
 For those of blood and pain?

"What though I on a sledge be drawn,
 And mangled by a hind,
 I do defy the traitor's power, —
 He cannot harm my mind;

"What though, uphoisted on a pole,
 My limbs shall rot in air,
 And no rich monument of brass
 Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

"Yet in the holy book above,
 Which time can't eat away,
 There with the servants of the Lord
 My name shall live for aye.

"Then welcome death! for life eterne
 I leave this mortal life:
 Farewell, vain world, and all that's dear, —
 My sons and loving wife!

"Now death as welcome to me comes
 As e'er the month of May;
 Nor would I even wish to live,
 With my dear wife to stay."

Saith Canyuge, "T is a goodly thing
To be prepared to die;
And from this world of pain and grief
To God in heaven to fly."

And now the bell began to toll,
And clarions to sound;
Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet
A-prancing on the ground.

And just before the officers
His loving wife came in,
Weeping unfeignéd tears of woe
With loud and dismal din.

"Sweet Florence! now I pray forbear;
In quiet let me die:
Pray God that every Christian soul
May look on death as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these briny tears?
They wash my soul away,
And almost make me wish for life,
With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

"T is but a journey I shall go
Unto the land of bliss;
Now, as a proof of husband's love,
Receive this holy kiss."

"Then Florence, faltering in her say,
Trembling these wordis spoke:
"Ah, cruel Edward! bloody king!
My heart is wellnigh broke.

"Ah, sweet Sir Charles! why wilt thou go
Without thy loving wife?
The cruel axe that cuts thy neck,
It eke shall end my life."

And now the officers came in
To bring Sir Charles away,
Who turned to his loving wife,
And thus to her did say:

"I go to life, and not to death;
Trust thou in God above,
And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,
And in their hearts him love.

"Teach them to run the noble race
That I their father run;
Florence! should death thee take—adieu!
Ye officers, lead on."

Then Florence raved as any mad,
And did her tresses tear;
"O stay, my husband, lord, and life!"
Sir Charles then dropped a tear.

Till, tired out with raving loud,
She fell upon the floor;

Sir Charles exerted all his might,
And marched from out the door.

Upon a sledge he mounted then,
With looks full brave and sweet;
Looks that enshone no more concern
Than any in the street.

Before him went the councilmen
In scarlet robes and gold,
And tassels spangling in the sun,
Much glorious to behold.

The friars of Saint Augustine next
Appeared to the sight,
All clad in homely russet weeds,
Of godly monkish plight;

In differents parts a godly psalm
Most sweetly they did chant;
Behind their back six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strange bataunt.

Then five-and-twenty archers came;
Each one the bow did bend,
From rescue of King Henry's friends
Sir Charles for to defend.

Bold as a lion came Sir Charles,
Drawn on a cloth-laid sledge,
By two black steeds in trappings white,
With plumes upon their head.

Behind him five-and-twenty more
Of archers strong and stout,
With bended bow each one in hand,
Marchéd in goodly rout.

Saint James's friars marchéd next,
Each one his part did chant;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strange bataunt.

Then came the mayor and aldermen,
In cloth of scarlet decked;
And their attending men each one,
Like Eastern princes tricked.

And after them a multitude
Of citizens did throng;
The windows were all full of heads
As he did pass along.

And when he came to the high cross,
Sir Charles did turn and say,
"O Thou that savest man from sin,
Wash my soul clean this day."

At the great minster window sat
The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sledde drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
And thus his words declare :

"Thou seest me, Edward ! traitor vile !
Exposed to infamy ;
But be assured, disloyal man,
I'm greater now than thee.

"By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown ;
And hast appointed me to die
By power not thine own.

"Thou thinkest I shall die to-day ;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow ;

"Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years
Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
'Twixt king and tyrant hand.

Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave !
Shall fall on thy own head " —
From out of hearing of the king
Departed then the sledde.

King Edward's soul rushed to his face,
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say :

"To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring ;
Behold the man ! he spake the truth ;
He's greater than a king !"

"So let him die !" Duke Richard said ;
"And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows."

And now the horses gently drew
Sir Charles up the high hill ;
The axe did glisten in the sun,
His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
As up a gilded car
Of victory, by valorous chiefs
Gained in the bloody war.

And to the people he did say :
"Behold, you see me die
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

"As long as Edward rules this land
No quiet you will know ;

Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

"You leave your good and lawful king
When in adversity ;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
And for the true cause die."

Then he, with priests, upon his knees
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching him unto himself
His parting soul to take.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
Most seemly on the block ;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman stroke :

And out the blood began to flow,
And round the scaffold twine ;
And tears, enough to wash 't away,
Did flow from each man's eyne.

The bloody axe his body fair
Into four partis cut ;
And every part, and eke his head,
Upon a pole was put.

One part did rot on Kinwulph Hill,
One on the minster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen did devour.

The other on Saint Paul's good gate,
A dreary spectacle ;
His head was placed on the high cross,
In high street most noble.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate :
God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
In heaven God's mercy sing

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

1753 - 1831.

SONNET ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS.

As one who destined from his friends to part
Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart ;
Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
My tedious hours and lighten every toil, —
I now resign you ! Nor with fainting heart ;
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,

And all your sacred fellowship restore;
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

GEORGE CRABBE.

1754 - 1832.

THE PARISH WORKHOUSE AND APOTHECARY.

THEIRS is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives and mothers never wed,
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber
flow,

Mixed with the clamors of the crowd below;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from
pride;

But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride imbitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?

How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched pave the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives
way

To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,

Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit,
With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye;
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience marked in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.

The Village.

ISAAC ASHFORD, THE PEASANT.

NEXT to these ladies, but in naught allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, condemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind:
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favor which their neighbors find);
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbor for offence was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 't was not their vulgar pride
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,

If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors trained;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.

He had no party's rage, no sectary's whim;
Christian and countryman was all with him;
True to his church he came; no Sunday shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect
By the strong glare of their new light direct;
"On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze."

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain,
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would
hide,

And feel in that his comfort and his pride.

At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed and his labor done;
When, save his honest fame, he kept no more;
But lost his wife and saw his children poor;
'T was then a spark of—say not discontent—
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:

"Kind are your laws ('t is not to be denied)
That in yon house for ruined age provide,
And they are just; when young, we give you all,
And then for comforts in our weakness call.
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor and eat the parish-bread?
But yet I linger, loath with him to feed
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need:
He who, by contract, all your paupers took,
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:
On some old master I could well depend;
See him with joy and thank him as a friend;
But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances who at night may die:
Yet help me, Heaven! and let me not complain
Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain."

Such were his thoughts, and so resigned he grew;
Daily he placed the workhouse in his view!
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
He dropt expiring at his cottage-gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honored head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight
Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight;
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile;

No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there: . . .
But he is blest, and I lament no more,
A wise good man contented to be poor.

Parish Register.

PHŒBE DAWSON.

Two summers since I saw at Lammas fair
The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there;
When Phoebe Dawson gayly crossed the green,
In haste to see and happy to be seen;
Her air, her manners, all who saw, admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed;
A native skill her simple robes expressed,
As with untutored elegance she dressed;
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phoebe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gained,
Her beauty won them and her worth retained;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wished her well, whom yet they wished away;
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power;
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.

At length, the youth ordained to move her breast
Before the swains with bolder spirit pressed;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners most unlike her own;
Loud though in love, and confident though young;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue;
By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the squire, and brushed the coat he
made;

Yet now, would Phoebe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth: she sighed and looked con-
sent.

Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross the
green

(Seen by but few and blushing to be seen,—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid),
Led by the lover, walked the silent maid:
Slow through the meadows roved they many a
mile,

Toyed by each bank and trifled at each stile;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly colored what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimmed the false prospect with prophetic tears:
Thus passed the allotted hours, till, lingering late,
The lover loitered at the master's gate;

There he pronounced adieu ! and yet would stay,
Till chidden, soothed, entreated, forced away !
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again ;
When, if his teasing vexed her gentle mind,
The grief assumed compelled her to be kind !
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first, and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his presumption had required before :

Ah ! fly temptation, youth ; refrain ! refrain !
Each yielding maid and each presuming
swain !

Lo ! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains ;
Pinched are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are
fled ;

Pale her parched lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow ;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she 's calm again ;
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes ;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause her anxious soul alarms ;
With water burdened then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay ;
Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in the adhesive ground ;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind as strength the frame for-
sakes ;

For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
And now her path but not her peace she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains ;
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits ;
In vain, they come, she feels the inflating grief
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief ;
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distressed,
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repressed ;
The neighbor-matron leaves her wheel, and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies ;
Unfed, the calls of nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, not allured by praise ;
And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.

Friend of distress ! the mourner feels thy aid,
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.

But who this child of weakness, want, and
care ?

'Tis Phæbe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair ;

Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies :
Compassion first assailed her gentle heart
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart :
“ And then his prayers ! they would a savage
move,

And win the coldest of the sex to love ” ;
But ah ! too soon his looks success declared,
Too late her loss the marriage-rite repaired ;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot :
If present, railing till he saw her pained ;
If absent, spending what their labors gained :
Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.

Then fly temptation, youth ; resist ! refrain !
Nor let me preach forever and in vain !

Parish Register.

DREAM OF THE CONDEMNED FELON.

Yes ! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain ;
He sees the judge and jury when he shakes,
And loudly cries, “ Not guilty,” and awakes :
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.

Now comes the dream again : it shows each
scene,

With each small circumstance that comes be-
tween, —

The call to suffering, and the very deed, —
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede ;
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
While he in fancied envy looks at them :
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be ;
A priest attends, — it seems the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.

At this his terrors take a sudden flight ;
He sees his native village with delight ;
The house, the chamber, where he once arrayed
His youthful person, where he knelt and prayed ;
Then, too, the comforts he enjoyed at home,
The days of joy ; the joys themselves are come ;
The hours of innocence, the timid look
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took
And told his hope ; her trembling joy appears,
Her forced reserve, and his retreating fears.
All now are present, — 't is a moment's gleam
Of former sunshine, — stay, delightful dream !
Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.

Yes ! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile ;
Then come his sister and his village friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend
Life has to yield : no, never will he find

Again on earth such pleasure in his mind :
He goes through shrubby walks these friends
among,

Love in their looks and honor on the tongue ;
Nay, there 's a charm beyond what nature shows,
The bloom is softer, and more sweetly glows ;
Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire
For more than true and honest hearts require,
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane, then linger in the mead,
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
And pluck the blossom where the wild bees hum ;
Then through the broomy bound with ease they
pass,

And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are
spread,

And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed ;
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their
way

O'er its rough bridge, and there behold the bay ;
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun,
The waves that faintly fall, and slowly run,
The ships at distance, and the boats at hand ;
And now they walk upon the seaside sand,
Counting the number, and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea ;
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glittering waters on the shingles rolled :
The timid girls, half dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
And search for crimson weeds, which spreading
flow,

Or lie like pictures on the sand below ;
With all those bright red pebbles that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon ;
And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by ;
Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlor fire.
Tokens of bliss ! " O, horrible ! a wave
Roars as it rises, — save me, Edward, save !"
She cries. Alas ! the watchman on his way
Calls, and lets in — truth, terror, and the day !

The Borough.

STORY OF A BETROTHED PAIR IN HUMBLE LIFE.

YES, there are real mourners ; I have seen
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene ;
Attention through the day her duties claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed ;
Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed to expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect ;
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep :
Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid ;

For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth ;
In every place she wandered where they 'd been,
And sadly sacred held the parting scene
Where last for sea he took his leave, — that place
With double interest would she nightly trace ;
For long the courtship was, and he would say,
Each time he sailed, " This once, and then the
day " ;

Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went
He drew from pitying love a full consent.

Happy he sailed, and great the care she took
That he should softly sleep and smartly look ;
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck ;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow ;
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told
How he should guard against the climate's cold,
Yet saw not danger, dangers he 'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood.
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he, too, smiled, but seldom would he speak ;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.

He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message, — " Thomas, I must die ;
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go ! if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake.
Yes, I must die, — blow on, sweet breeze, blow on !
Give me one look before my life be gone ;
O, give me that ! and let me not despair, —
One last fond look, — and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, and more. I will not paint
The lovers' meeting : she beheld him faint, —
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew ;
He tried to smile, and half succeeding, said,
" Yes, I must die," — and hope forever fled.

Still long she nursed him ; tender thoughts
meantime

Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away ;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head ;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer,
Apart she sighed, alone she shed the tear ;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot ;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so, — " Perhaps he will not sink."
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigor in his voice was heard ;

She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favorite few:
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all.
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people, — death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she pressed,
And fondly whispered, "Thou must go to rest."
"I go," he said, but as he spoke she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
Then gazed affrightened, but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past.

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved, an offering of her love:
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead.
She would have grieved had they presumed to spare
The least assistance, — 't was her proper care.
Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

The Borough.

THE LOVER'S JOURNEY.*

It is the soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the mind descries;
And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference
rise:

When minds are joyful, then we look around,
And what is seen is all on fairy ground;
Again they sicken, and on every view
Cast their own dull and melancholy hue;
Or, if absorbed by their peculiar cares,
The vacant eye on viewless matter glares,
Our feelings still upon our views attend,
And their own natures to the objects lend;
Sorrow and joy are in their influence sure,
Long as the passion reigns the effects endure;
But Love in minds his various changes makes,
And clothes each object with the change he takes;
His light and shade on every view he throws,
And on each object, what he feels, bestows.

Fair was the morning, and the month was June,
When rose a lover; love awakens soon;
Brief his repose, yet much he dreamt the while
Of that day's meeting, and his Laura's smile;
Fancy and love that name assigned to her,
Called Susan in the parish-register;
And he no more was John — his Laura gave
The name Orlando to her faithful slave.

Bright shone the glory of the rising day,
When the fond traveller took his favorite way;

* This tale Dickens was never tired of praising.

He mounted gayly, felt his bosom light,
And all he saw was pleasing in his sight.

"Ye hours of expectation, quickly fly,
And bring on hours of blest reality;
When I shall Laura see, beside her stand,
Hear her sweet voice, and press her yielded hand."

First o'er a barren heath beside the coast
Orlando rode, and joy began to boast.

"This neat low gorse," said he, "with golden
bloom,

Delights each sense, is beauty, is perfume;
And this gay ling, with all its purple flowers,
A man at leisure might admire for hours;
This green-fringed cup-moss has a scarlet tip,
That yields to nothing but my Laura's lip;
And then how fine this herbage! men may say
A heath is barren; nothing is so gay:
Barren or bare to call such charming scene
Argues a mind possessed by care and spleen."

Onward he went, and fiercer grew the heat,
Dust rose in clouds before the horse's feet;
For now he passed through lanes of burning sand,
Bounds to thin crops or yet uncultured land;
Where the dark poppy flourished on the dry
And sterile soil, and mocked the thin-set rye.

"How lovely this!" the rapt Orlando said;
"With what delight is laboring man repaid!
The very lane has sweets that all admire,
The rambling suckling and the vigorous brier;
See! wholesome wormwood grows beside the way,
Where dew-pressed yet the dog-rose bends the
spray;

Fresh herbs the fields, fair shrubs the banks adorn,
And snow-white bloom falls flaky from the thorn;
No fostering hand they need, no sheltering wall,
They spring uncultured and they bloom for all."

The lover rode as hasty lovers ride,
And reached a common pasture wild and wide;
Small black-legged sheep devour with hunger keen
The meagre herbage, fleshless, lank, and lean;
Such o'er thy level turf, Newmarket! stray,
And there, with other *black-legs*, find their prey:
He saw some scattered hovels; turf was piled
In square brown stacks; a prospect bleak and wild!
A mill, indeed, was in the centre found,
With short sere herbage withering all around;
A smith's black shed opposed a wright's long shop,
And joined an inn where humble travellers stop.

"Ay, this is nature," said the gentle squire;
"This ease, peace, pleasure, — who would not
admire?"

With what delight these sturdy children play,
And joyful rustics at the close of day;
Sport follows labor, on this even space
Will soon commence the wrestling and the race;
Then will the village-maidens leave their home,
And to the dance with buoyant spirits come;
No affectation in their looks is seen,

Nor know they what disguise or flattery mean ;
 Nor ought to move an envious pang they see,
 Easy their service, and their love is free ;
 Hence early springs that love, it long endures,
 And life's first comfort, while they live, insures :
 They the low roof and rustic comforts prize,
 Nor cast on prouder mansions envying eyes :
 Sometimes the news at yonder town they hear,
 And learn what busier mortals feel and fear ;
 Secure themselves, although by tales amazed,
 Of towns bombarded and of cities razed ;
 As if they doubted, in their still retreat,
 The very news that makes their quiet sweet,
 And their days happy, — happier only knows
 He on whom Laura her regard bestows : ”

On rode Orlando, counting all the while
 The miles he passed and every coming mile ;
 Like all attracted things, he quicker flies,
 The place approaching where the attraction lies ;
 When next appeared a *dam*, — so call the place, —
 Where lies a road confined in narrow space ;
 A work of labor, for on either side
 Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
 With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied :
 Far on the right the distant sea is seen,
 And salt the springs that feed the marsh between :
 Beneath an ancient bridge, the straitened flood
 Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud ;
 Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
 That frets and hurries to the opposing side ;
 The rushes sharp, that on the borders grow,
 Bend their brown flowerets to the stream below,
 Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow :
 Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom,
 Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume ;
 The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread
 Partake the nature of their fenny bed.
 Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
 Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume ;
 Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
 And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh ;
 Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
 And just in view appears their stony bound ;
 No hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun ;
 Birds, save a watery tribe, the district shun,
 Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.

“ Various as beauteous, Nature, is thy face,”
 Exclaimed Orlando : “ All that grows has grace ;
 All are appropriate, — bog, and marsh, and fen,
 Are only poor to undiscerning men ;
 Here may the nice and curious eye explore
 How Nature's hand adorns the rushy moor ;
 Here the rare moss in secret shade is found,
 Here the sweet myrtle of the shaking ground ;
 Beauties are these that from the view retire,
 But well repay the attention they require ;
 For these my Laura will her home forsake,
 And all the pleasures they afford partake.”

Again the country was enclosed, a wide
 And sandy road has banks on either side ;
 Where, lo ! a hollow on the left appeared,
 And there a gypsy tribe their tent had reared ;
 ’T was open spread, to catch the morning sun,
 And they had now their early meal begun,
 When two brown boys just left their grassy seat,
 The early traveller with their prayers to greet ;
 While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,
 He saw their sister on her duty stand ;
 Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
 Prepared the force of early powers to try ;
 Sudden a look of languor he descries,
 And well-feigned apprehension in her eyes ;
 Trained, but yet savage, in her speaking face
 He marked the features of her vagrant race ;
 When a light laugh and roguish leer expressed
 The vice implanted in her youthful breast :
 Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
 Who seemed offended, yet forbore to blame
 The young designer, but could only trace
 The looks of pity in the traveller's face.
 Within the father, who from fences nigh
 Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
 Watched now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected
 by ;

On ragged rug, just borrowed from the bed,
 And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
 In dirty patchwork negligently dressed,
 Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast ;
 In her wild face some touch of grace remained,
 Of vigor palsied and of beauty stained ;
 Her bloodshot eyes on her unheeding mate
 Were wrathful turned, and seemed her wants to
 state,

Cursing his tardy aid. Her mother there
 With gypsy state engrossed the only chair ;
 Solemn and dull her look ; with such she stands,
 And reads the milkmaid's fortune in her hands,
 Tracing the lines of life ; assumed through years,
 Each feature now the steady falsehood wears ;
 With hard and savage eye she views the food,
 And grudging pinches their intruding brood.
 Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits,
 Neglected, lost, and living but by fits ;
 Useless, despised, his worthless labors done,
 And half protected by the vicious son,
 Who half supports him ; he with heavy glance
 Views the young ruffians who around him dance ;
 And, by the sadness in his face, appears
 To trace the progress of their future years ;
 Through what strange course of misery, vice,
 deceit,

Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat :
 What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
 Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain,
 Ere they like him approach their latter end,
 Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend !

But this Orlando felt not; "Rogues," said he,
 "Doubtless they are, but merry rogues they be;
 They wander round the land, and be it true,
 They break the laws, — then let the laws pursue
 The wanton idlers; for the life they live,
 Acquit I cannot, but I can forgive."
 This said, a portion from his purse was thrown,
 And every heart seemed happy like his own.

He hurried forth, for now the town was nigh, —
 "The happiest man of mortal men am I,"
 Thou art! but change in every state is near
 (So while the wretched hope, the blest may fear);
 "Say, where is Laura?" "That her words
 must show,"

A lass replied; "read this, and thou shalt know!"
 "What, gone!" — her friend insisted — forced
 to go; —

"Is vexed, was teased, could not refuse her! — No?"
 "But you can follow." "Yes." "The miles are
 few,

The way is pleasant; will you come? — Adieu!
 Thy Laura!" "No! I feel I must resign
 The pleasing hope, thou hadst been here, if mine:
 A lady was it? — Was no brother there?
 But why should I afflict me if there were?"
 "The way is pleasant." "What to me the way?
 I cannot reach her till the close of day.
 My dumb companion! is it thus we speed?
 Not I from grief nor thou from toil art freed;
 Still art thou doom'd to travel and to pine,
 For my vexation — What a fate is mine!

"Gone to a friend, she tells me; I commend
 Her purpose; means she to a female friend?
 By Heaven, I wish she suffered half the pain
 Of hope protracted through the day in vain:
 Shall I persist to see the ungrateful maid?
 Yes, I will see her, slight her, and upbraid:
 What! in the very hour? she knew the time,
 And doubtless chose it to increase her crime."

Forth rode Orlando by a river's side,
 Inland and winding, smooth and full and wide,
 That rolled majestic on, in one soft-flowing tide;
 The bottom gravel, flowery were the banks,
 Tall willows, waving in their broken ranks;
 The road, now near, now distant, winding led
 By lovely meadows which the waters fed;
 He passed the wayside inn, the village spire,
 Nor stopped to gaze, to question, or admire;
 On either side the rural mansions stood,
 With hedge-row trees, and hills high-crowned with
 wood,

And many a devious stream that reached the nobler flood.

"I hate these scenes," Orlando angry cried,
 "And these proud farmers! yes, I hate their pride:
 See! that sleek fellow, how he strides along,
 Strong as an ox, and ignorant as strong;
 Can yon close crops a single eye detain

But his who counts the profits of the grain?
 And these vile beans with deleterious smell,
 Where is their beauty? can a mortal tell?
 These deep fat meadows I detest; it shocks
 One's feelings there to see the grazing ox; —
 For slaughter fatted, as a lady's smile
 Rejoices man, and means his death the while.
 Lo! now the sons of labor! every day
 Employed in toil, and vexed in every way;
 Theirs is but mirth assumed, and they conceal,
 In their affected joys, the ills they feel:
 I hate these long green lanes; there's nothing seen
 In this vile country but eternal green;
 Woods! waters! meadows! Will they never end?
 'T is a vile prospect: 'Gone to see a friend!'"

Still on he rode! a mansion fair and tall
 Rose on his view, — the pride of Loddon Hall:
 Spread o'er the park he saw the grazing steer,
 The full-fed steed, the herds of bounding deer:
 On a clear stream the vivid sunbeams played,
 Through noble elms, and on the surface made
 That moving picture, checkered light and shade;
 The attended children, there indulged to stray,
 Enjoyed and gave new beauty to the day;
 Whose happy parents from their room were seen
 Pleased with the sportive idlers on the green.

"Well!" said Orlando, "and for one so blessed,
 A thousand reasoning wretches are distressed;
 Nay, these so seeming glad are grieving like the
 rest:

Man is a cheat, — and all but strive to hide
 Their inward misery by their outward pride.
 What do yon lofty gates and walls contain,
 But fruitless means to soothe the unconquered pain?
 The parents read each infant daughter's smile,
 Formed to seduce, encouraged to beguile;
 They view the boys unconscious of their fate;
 Sure to be tempted, sure to take the bait;
 These will be Lauras, sad Orlandos these; —
 There's guilt and grief in all one hears and sees."

Our traveller, laboring up a hill, looked down
 Upon a lively, busy, pleasant town;
 All he beheld were there alert, alive,
 The busiest bees that ever stocked a hive:
 A pair were married, and the bells aloud
 Proclaimed their joy, and joyful seemed the crowd;
 And now proceeding on his way, he spied,
 Bound by strong ties, the bridegroom and the
 bride;

Each by some friends attended, near they drew,
 And spleen beheld them with prophetic view.

"Married! nay, mad!" Orlando cried in scorn;
 "Another wretch on this unlucky morn:
 What are this foolish mirth, these idle joys?
 Attempts to stifle doubt and fear by noise:
 To me these robes, expressive of delight,
 Foreshow distress, and only grief excite;
 And for these cheerful friends, will they behold

Their wailing brood in sickness, want, and cold;
And his proud look, and her soft languid air
Will — but I spare you — go, unhappy pair !”

And now approaching to the journey's end,
His anger fails, his thoughts to kindness tend,
He less offended feels, and rather fears to offend :
Now gently rising, hope contends with doubt,
And casts a sunshine on the views without ;
And still reviving joy and lingering gloom
Alternate empire o'er his soul assume ;
Till, long perplexed, he now began to find
The softer thoughts engross the settling mind :
He saw the mansion, and should quickly see
His Laura's self, — and angry could he be ?
No ! the resentment melted all away, —
“ For this my grief a single smile will pay,”
Our traveller cried ; “ and why should it offend,
That one so good should have a pressing friend ?
Grieve not, my heart ! to find a favorite guest
Thy pride and boast, — ye selfish sorrows, rest ;
She will be kind, and I again be blest.”

While gentler passions thus his bosom swayed,
He reached the mansion, and he saw the maid ;
“ My Laura ! ” — “ My Orlando ! — this is kind ;
In truth I came persuaded, not inclined :
Our friends' amusement let us now pursue,
And I to-morrow will return with you.”

Like man entranced, the happy lover stood, —
“ As Laura wills, for she is kind and good ;
Ever the truest, gentlest, fairest, best, —
As Laura wills, I see her and am blest.”

Home went the lovers through that busy place,
By Loddon Hall, the country's pride and grace ;
By the rich meadows where the oxen fed,
Through the green vale that formed the river's bed ;
And by unnumbered cottages and farms,
That have for musing minds unnumbered charms ;
And how affected by the view of these
Was then Orlando, — did they pain or please ?

Nor pain nor pleasure could they yield, — and
why ?

The mind was filled, was happy, and the eye
Roved o'er the fleeting views, that but appeared
to die.

Alone Orlando on the morrow paced
The well-known road ; the gypsy-tent he traced ;
The dam high-raised, the reedy dikes between,
The scattered hovels on the barren green,
The burning sand, the fields of thin-set rye,
Mocked by the useless Flora, blooming by ;
And last the heath with all its various bloom,
And the close lanes that led the traveller home.

Then could these scenes the former joys renew ?
Or was there now dejection in the view ? —
Nor one or other would they yield, — and why ?
The mind was absent, and the vacant eye
Wandered o'er viewless scenes, that but appeared
to die.

Tales.

GRADUAL APPROACHES OF AGE.

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When time began to play his usual tricks ;
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching
white ;

The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more ;
A moderate pace would now my body heat ;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said, “ The view is poor ; we need not climb.”
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed :
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt ; my horses pleased me less, —
My dinner more ; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose :
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on ;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone ;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose ;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose ;
Told the same story oft, — in short, began to prose.

Tales of the Hall.

SONG OF THE CRAZED MAIDEN.

LET me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed ;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brow instead ;
As flowers that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day their sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

O, let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath !
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know,
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below :
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown ;
The soil a pure and silver sand ;

The green cold moss above it grown,
Unplucked of all but maiden hand.
In virgin earth, till then unturned,
There let my maiden form be laid;
Nor let my changéd clay be spurned,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark, the lamb, in sport,
In air, on earth, securely play:
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent, but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground,
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringéd earthworms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey.
I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage rites begin,
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care,—
I cannot these cold truths allow;
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But O, they vex and tease me now!
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace,
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
And let affection find the place!

Tales of the Hall.

ANNE GRANT (OF LAGGAN).

1755-1838.

THE HIGHLAND POOR.

WHERE yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene,
The narrow opening glens that intervene
Still shelter, in some lowly nook obscure,
One poorer than the rest, — where all are poor;
Some widowed matron, hopeless of relief,
Who to her secret breast confines her grief;
Dejected sighs the wintry night away,
And lonely muses all the summer day:
Her gallant sons, who, smit with honor's charms
Pursued the phantom Fame through war's alarms,
Return no more; stretched on Hindostan's plain,
Or sunk beneath the unfathomable main;
In vain her eyes the watery waste explore
For heroes, — fated to return no more!
Let others bless the morning's reddening beam,
Foe to her peace, — it breaks the illusive dream
That, in their prime of manly bloom confest,

Restored the long-lost warriors to her breast;
And as they strove, with smiles of filial love,
Their widowed parent's anguish to remove,
Through her small casement broke the intrusive
day,

And chased the pleasing images away!
No time can e'er her banished joys restore,
For ah! a heart once broken heals no more.
The dewy beams that gleam from pity's eye,
The "still small voice" of sacred sympathy,
In vain the mourner's sorrows would beguile,
Or steal from weary woe one languid smile;
Yet what they can they do, — the scanty store,
So often opened for the wandering poor,
To her each cottager complacent deals,
While the kind glance the melting heart reveals;
And still, when evening streaks the west with gold,
The milky tribute from the lowing fold
With cheerful haste officious children bring,
And every smiling flower that decks the spring:
Ah! little know the fond attentive train,
That spring and flowerets smile for her in vain:
Yet hence they learn to reverence modest woe,
And of their little all a part bestow.
Let those to wealth and proud distinction born,
With the cold glance of insolence and scorn
Regard the suppliant wretch, and harshly grieve
The bleeding heart their bounty would relieve:
Far different these; while from a bounteous heart
With the poor sufferer they dividè a part;
Humbly they own that all they have is given
A boon precarious from indulgent Heaven:
And the next blighted crop or frosty spring
Themselves to equal indigence may bring.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

1756-1826.

THE GRAVE OF ANNA.*

I WISH I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries,
Go and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! For when she died,
I lost my all; and life has proved

* These feeble elegiac stanzas are quoted merely to show the poetical mediocrity of the brutal critic who, as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, did such gross wrong to poets infinitely superior to himself. Shelley, Keats, Hunt, and many others, must, however, have often joined in lamenting, with him, that his existence did not terminate with that of the faithful domestic he here bemoans; and they must therefore have heartily echoed the desire expressed in the first line, varying the pronoun: —

"I wish *he* was where Anna lies."

Had Gifford's wish been gratified, he would, at least, have been saved from committing many inexpiable critical sins.

Since that sad hour a dreary void;
A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turned to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have "no business there"?

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherished, snowdrops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallowed mould?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name forever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore,—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undecked remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye;

Thy spirits frolicsome as good,
Thy courage by no ills dismayed,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good-humor, can they fade?

Perhaps,—but sorrow dims my eye;
Cold turf which I no more must view,
Dear name which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu!

WILLIAM SOTHEY.

1757-1833.

SONG OF THE VIRGINS CELEBRATING THE VICTORY OF SAUL.

DAUGHTERS of Israel! praise the Lord of
Hosts!

Break into song! With harp and tabret lift
Your voices up, and weave with joy the dance;
And to your twinkling footsteps toss aloft
Your arms; and from the flash of cymbals shake
Sweet clangor, measuring the giddy maze.

Shout ye! and ye! make answer, "Saul hath
slain

His thousands; David his ten thousands slain."
Sing a new song. I saw them in their rage;
I saw the gleam of spears, the flash of swords,
That rang against our gates. The warders' watch
Ceased not. Tower answered tower: a warning
voice

Was heard without; the cry of woe within:
The shriek of virgins, and the wail of her,
The mother, in her anguish, who fore-wept,
Wept at the breast her babe as now no more.
Shout ye! and ye! make answer, "Saul hath
slain

His thousands; David his ten thousands slain."
Sing a new song. Spake not the insulting foe?
I will pursue, o'ertake, divide the spoil.
My hand shall dash their infants on the stones;
The ploughshare of my vengeance shall draw out
The furrow, where the tower and fortress rose.
Before my chariot Israel's chiefs shall clank
Their chains. Each side their virgin daughters
groan;

Erewhile to weave my conquest on their looms.
Shout ye! and ye! make answer, "Saul hath
slain

His thousands; David his ten thousands slain."
Thou heardst, O God of battle! Thou, whose
look

Snappeth the spear in sunder. In thy strength
A youth, thy chosen, laid their champion low.
Saul, Saul pursues, o'ertakes, divides the spoil;
Wreathes round our necks these chains of gold,
and robes

Our limbs with floating crimson. Then rejoice,
Daughters of Israel! from your cymbals shake
Sweet clangor, hymning God! the Lord of Hosts!

Ye! shout! and ye! make answer, "Saul hath
slain

His thousands; David his ten thousands slain."
Such the hymned harmony, from voices
breathed

Of virgin minstrels, of each tribe the prime
For beauty, and fine form, and artful touch
Of instrument, and skill in dance and song;
Choir answering choir, that on to Gibeah led
The victors back in triumph. On each neck
Played chains of gold; and, shadowing their
charms

With color like the blushes of the morn,
Robes, gift of Saul, round their light limbs, in
toss

Of cymbals, and the many-mazéd dance,
Floated like roseate clouds. Thus, these came on
In dance and song; then, multitudes that swelled
The pomp of triumph, and in circles ranged
Around the altar of Jehovah, brought
Freely their offerings; and with one accord
Sang, "Glory, and praise, and worship unto God."
Loud rang the exultation. 'T was the voice

Of a free people from impending chains
 Redeemed; a people proud, whose bosom beat
 With fire of glory and renown in arms
 Triumphant. Loud the exultation rang.

There, many a wife, whose ardent gaze from
 far

Singled the warrior whose glad eye gave back
 Her look of love. There, many a grandsire held
 A blooming boy aloft, and 'midst the array
 In triumph, pointing with his staff, exclaimed,
 "Lo, my brave son! I now may die in peace."

There, many a beauteous virgin, blushing deep,
 Flung back her veil, and, as the warrior came,
 Hailed her betrothed.

Saul.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

1757 - 1827.

HOW SWEET I ROAMED FROM FIELD TO FIELD.

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
 And tasted all the summer's pride,
 Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
 Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,
 And blushing roses for my brow;
 He led me through his gardens fair
 Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
 And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
 He caught me in his silken net,
 And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
 Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
 Then stretches out my golden wing
 And mocks my loss of liberty.

MY SILKS AND FINE ARRAY.

My silks and fine array,
 My smiles and languished air,
 By love are driven away;
 And mournful, lean Despair
 Brings me yew to deck my grave:
 Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
 When springing buds unfold;
 O, why to him was 't given,
 Whose heart is wintry cold?
 His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb,
 Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
 Bring me a winding-sheet;

When I my grave have made,
 Let winds and tempests beat:
 Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.
 True love doth pass away!

I LOVE THE JOCUND DANCE.

I LOVE the jocund dance,
 The softly breathing song,
 Where innocent eyes do glance,
 And where lisps the maiden's tongue.

I love the laughing vale,
 I love the echoing hill,
 Where mirth does never fail,
 And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,
 I love the innocent bower,
 Where white and brown is our lot
 Or fruit in the midday hour.

I love the oaken seat,
 Beneath the oaken tree,
 Where all the old villagers meet,
 And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbors all,
 But, Kitty, I better love thee;
 And love them I ever shall,
 But thou art all to me.

TO THE MUSES.

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow
 Or in the chambers of the East,
 The chambers of the sun, that now
 From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
 Or the green corners of the earth,
 Or the blue regions of the air,
 Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
 Beneath the bosom of the sea
 Wandering in many a coral grove,
 Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love
 That bards of old enjoyed in you!
 The languid strings do scarcely move,
 The sound is forced, the notes are few!

THE PIPER.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me: —

"Pipe a song about a lamb":
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again":
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer":
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read —"
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

My mother bore me in the Southern wild,
And I am black, but O, my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap, and kisséd me,
And, pointing to the east, began to say: —

"Look on the rising sun, — there God does live,
And gives his light, and gives his heat away;
And flowers and trees and beasts and men re-
ceive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-day.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learnt the heat to bear,
The clouds will vanish, we shall hear his voice,
Saying, 'Come out from the grove, my love and
care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kisséd me;
And thus I say to little English boy, —
"When I from black, and he from white cloud
free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

"I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand, and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me."

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry "'weep, 'weep, 'weep, 'weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his
head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved; so
I said:
"Hush, Tom, never mind it, for when your head's
bare
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white
hair."

And so he was quiet; and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and
Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they
run,
And wash in a river and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy
and warm:
So if all do their duty they need not fear harm.

THE DIVINE IMAGE.

To mercy, pity, peace, and love
All pray in their distress;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For mercy, pity, peace, and love
Is God our Father dear;
And mercy, pity, peace, and love
Is man his child and care.

For mercy has a human heart,
Pity, a human face;
And love, the human form divine,
And peace, the human dress.

Then every man of every clime
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form
In heathen, Turk, or Jew;
Where mercy, love, and pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no, never can it be,
Never, never can it be.

And can He who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast;
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear.

And not sit, both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
O, no, never can it be,
Never, never can it be.

He doth give his joy to all;
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh
And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear
And thy Maker is not near.

O, he gives to us his joy
That our grief he may destroy:
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

THE TIGER.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?

On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

A LITTLE BOY LOST.

"NAUGHT loves another as itself,
Nor venerates another so,
Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know:

"And, father, how can I love you
Or any of my brothers more?
I love you like the little bird
That picks up crumbs around the door."

The priest sat by and heard the child,
In trembling zeal he seized his hair:
He led him by his little coat,
And all admired the priestly care.

And, standing on the altar high,
"Lo! what a fiend is here!" said he:
"One who sets reason up for judge
Of our most holy mystery."

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain;
They stripped him to his little shirt
And bound him in an iron chain;

And burned him in a holy place
Where many had been burned before:
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such things done on Albion's shore?

A LITTLE BLACK THING AMONG THE SNOW.

A LITTLE black thing among the snow,
Crying, "'weep! 'weep!" in notes of woe:
"Where are thy father and mother, say?"
"They are both gone up to the church to pray."

"Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smiled among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe :

"And because I am happy, and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his priest and
king
Who make up a heaven of our misery."

THE SMILE.

THERE is a smile of love,
And there is a smile of deceit,
And there is a smile of smiles
In which these two smiles meet.

And there is a frown of hate,
And there is a frown of disdain,
And there is a frown of frowns
Which you strive to forget in vain.

For it sticks in the heart's deep core,
And it sticks in the deep backbone;
And no smile that ever was smiled,
But only one smile alone, —

That betwixt the cradle and grave
It only once smiled can be;
But when it once is smiled
There's an end to all misery.

THE LITTLE VAGABOND.

DEAR mother, dear mother, the church is cold,
But the alehouse is healthy and pleasant and
warm;

Besides, I can tell where I am used well,
Such usage in heaven will never do well.

But if at the church they would give us some ale
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day:
Nor ever once wish from the church to stray.

Then the parson might preach and drink and
sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring:
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at church,
Would not have bandy children nor fasting nor
birch.

And God, like a father rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant and happy as he,
Would have no more quarrel with the devil or the
barrel,
But kiss him and give him both drink and apparel.

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE.

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour.
A robin-redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage.
A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons
Shudders hell through all its regions.
A dog starved at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the state.
A horse misused upon the road
Calls to heaven for human blood.
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain does tear.
A skylark wounded in the wing,
A cherubim does cease to sing.
The game-cock clapt and armed for fight
Does the rising sun affright.
Every wolf's and lion's howl
Raises from hell a human soul.
The wild deer, wandering here and there,
Keeps the human soul from care.
The lamb misused breeds public strife,
And yet forgives the butcher's knife.
The bat that flits at close of eve
Has left the brain that won't believe.
The owl that calls upon the night
Speaks the unbeliever's fright.
He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men.
He who the ox to wrath has moved
Shall never be by woman loved.
The wanton boy that kills the fly
Shall feel the spider's enmity.
He who torments the chafer's sprite
Weaves a bower in endless night.
The caterpillar on the leaf.
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief.
Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the last judgment draweth nigh.
He who shall train the horse to war
Shall never pass the polar bar.
The beggar's dog and widow's cat,
Feed them, and thou wilt grow fat.
The gnat that sings his summer's song
Poison gets from slander's tongue.
The poison of the snake and newt
Is the sweat of Envy's foot;
The poison of the honey-bee
Is the artist's jealousy.
The prince's robes and beggar's rags
Are toadstools on the miser's bags.
A truth that's told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent.
It is right it should be so,
Man was made for joy and woe;
And, when this we rightly know,

Through the world we safely go.
 Joy and woe are woven fine,
 A clothing for the soul divine.
 Under every grief and pine
 Runs a joy with silken twine.
 The babe is more than swaddling-bands;
 Throughout all these human lands,
 Tools were made, and born were hands,
 Every farmer understands.
 Every tear from every eye
 Becomes a babe in eternity,
 This is caught by females bright,
 And returned to its own delight.
 The bleat, the bark, bellow and roar,
 Are waves that beat on heaven's shore.
 The babe that weeps the rod beneath
 Writes revenge in realms of death.
 The beggar's rags, fluttering in air,
 Do to rags the heavens tear.
 The soldier, armed with sword and gun,
 Palsied strikes the summer's sun.
 The poor man's farthing is worth more
 Than all the gold on Afric's shore.
 One mite, wrung from the laborer's hands,
 Shall buy and sell the miser's lands;
 Or, if protected from on high,
 Do that whole nation sell and buy.
 He who mocks the infant's faith,
 Shall be mocked in age and death;
 He who shall teach the child to doubt,
 The rotting grave shall ne'er get out;
 He who respects the infant's faith,
 Triumphs over hell and death.
 The child's toys, and the old man's reasons,
 Are the fruits of the two seasons.
 The questioner, who sits so sly,
 Shall never know how to reply;
 He who replies to words of doubt
 Doth put the light of knowledge out.
 The strongest poison ever known
 Came from Cæsar's laurel crown.
 Naught can deform the human race,
 Like to the armor's iron brace.
 When gold and gems adorn the plough,
 To peaceful arts shall envy bow.
 A riddle, or the cricket's cry,
 Is to doubt a fit reply.
 The emmet's inch and eagle's mile
 Make lame philosophy to smile.
 He who doubts from what he sees,
 Will ne'er believe, do what you please;
 If the sun and moon should doubt,
 They'd immediately go out.
 To be in a passion you good may do,
 But no good if a passion is in you.

* * *

The harlot's cry from street to street
 Shall weave old England's winding-sheet.

The winner's shout, the loser's curse,
 Dance before dead England's hearse.
 Every night and every morn
 Some to misery are born;
 Every morn and every night
 Some are born to sweet delight;
 Some are born to sweet delight,
 Some are born to endless night.
 We are led to believe a lie,
 When we see not through the eye,
 Which was born in a night to perish in a night,
 When the soul slept in beams of light.
 God appears, and God is light,
 To those poor souls who dwell in night;
 But does a human form display
 To those who dwell in realms of day.

ROBERT BURNS.

1759-1796.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.,¹ OF AYR.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.
 GRAY.

My loved, my honored, much respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier
 there I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh;²
 The shortening winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
 The blackening trains o' craws to their repose;
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-
 ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;

¹ Mr. Aiken was a "writer" in Ayr; Gilbert Burns affectionately notices him in a letter to Currie, as a man of worth and taste, and warm affections, and who eagerly spread among his friends the merits of the new poet.

² Rushing sound.



Robert Burns

The expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher¹
through,

To meet their dad, wi' flichterin² noise an' glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,

His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,

The lisping infant prattling on his knee,

Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,

An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve,³ the elder bairns come drapping in,

At service out, amang the farmers roun'⁴;

Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie⁵ rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town :

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,

In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,

Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,

Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,

To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unconfeigned brothers and sisters meet,

An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers :

The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;

Each tells the uncos⁶ that he sees or hears ;

The parents, partial, e'e their hopeful years,

Anticipation forward points the view.

The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears, ,

Gars⁷ auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;

The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,

The younkens a' are warn'd to obey ;

An' mind their labors wi' an eydent⁸ hand,

An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play :

"An', O, be sure to fear the Lord alway,

An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !

Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,

Implore his protection and assisting might :

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
aright !"

But, hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;

Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,

Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,

To do some errands, and convoy her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame

Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;

Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,

While Jenny hafflins⁹ is afraid to speak ;

Weel pleased the mother hears, it's nae wild
worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;

A strappan youth ; he takes the mother's eye ;

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;

The father cracks¹ of horses, pleughs, and kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,

But, blate² and laithfu',³ scarce can weel be-
have ;

The woman, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy

What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae
grave ;

Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like
the lave.⁴

O happy love ! where love like this is found !

O heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !

I've pacéd much this weary, mortal round,

And sage experience bids me this declare :

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair,

In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
evening gale !"

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart, —

A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art, .

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?

Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?

Is there no pity, no-renting ruth,

Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?

Then paints the ruined maid, and their distrac-
tion wild !

But now the supper crowns their simple board,

The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :

The soup their only hawkie⁵ does afford,

That 'yont the hallan⁶ snugly chows her cood ;

The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hained⁷ kebbuck,⁸
fell,

An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;

The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell

How 't was a towmond⁹ auld, sin' lint was i'
the bell.¹⁰

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,

The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride :

His bonnet reverently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets¹¹ wearing thin an' bare ;

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,

¹ Talks.

² Bashful.

³ Sheepish.

⁴ The rest.

⁵ Cow.

⁶ Partition wall.

⁷ Well-saved.

⁸ Cheese.

⁹ A twelvemonth.

¹⁰ Since the flax was in flower.

¹¹ Gray locks.

¹ Stagger.

² Fluttering.

³ By and by.

⁴ "Although the 'Cotter,' in the *Saturday Night*, is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotions, and exhortations, yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us ever were 'At service out, amang the neebors roun'.' Instead of our depositing our 'sair-won penny-fee' with our parents, my father labored hard, and lived with the most rigid economy, that he might be able to keep his children at home." — GILBERT BURNS to DR. CURRIE, Oct. 24, 1800.

⁵ Cautious.

⁷ Makes.

⁹ Half.

⁶ News.

⁸ Diligent.

He wales¹ a portion with judicious care ;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with
solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures
rise,

Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name ;
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How he, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head ;
How his first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
How he, who lone in Patmos banish'd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"²
'That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the
soul ;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

¹ Chooses.

² "Pope's *Windsor Forest*." — R. B.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That he, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them, and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine pre-
side.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings ;
"An honest man's the noblest work of God" :
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
content !

And, O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved
isle.

O thou ! who poured the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart ;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert ;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and
guard !

TAM O'SHANTER.¹

A TALE.

"Brownie's and of Bogilie full is this Buke."

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate ;

¹ This poem was written to illustrate a drawing of Alloway Kirk, by Captain Grose, in whose *Antiquities of Scotland* it was published. The poet versified the chief circumstances of the historical story. Gilbert Burns specifies those of "a man riding home very late from Ayr in a stormy night, his seeing a light in Alloway Kirk, his having the curiosity to look in, his seeing a dance of witches with the devil playing on the bag-

While we sit bousing at the nappy,¹
 An' getting fou and unco happy,
 We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,²
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blemm;³
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
 That ilka melder,⁴ wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton⁵ Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drowned in Dóon;
 Or catched wi' warlocks⁶ i' the mirk,⁷
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet⁸
 To think how many counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthened, sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats,⁹ that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter:
 And ay the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious:
 The souter¹⁰ tauld his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,

E'en drowned himself amang the nappy!
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white, then melts forever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
 That hour o' night's black arch the keystone,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
 And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last,
 The rattling showers rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
 A better never lifted leg,
 Tam skelpit¹ on through dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
 Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
 Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smooored;²
 And past the birks³ and meikle⁴ stane,
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neckbane;
 And through the whins, and by the cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murdered bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars through the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll:
 When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
 Kirk Alloway seemed in a breeze;
 Through ilka bore⁵ the beams were glancing;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the Devil!
 The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,

pipe to them, the scanty covering of one of the witches, which made him so far forget himself as to cry, 'Weel loupin, short sark!' with the melancholy catastrophe of the piece." The poet has giving a fuller and racier description of the original scene in a letter to Grose.

¹ Ale. ² Worthless fellow.

³ Idle talker.

⁴ Every time that corn was sent to be ground.

⁵ Kirkton is the distinctive name of a village in which the parish kirk stands.

⁶ Wizards. ⁷ Makes me weak.

¹⁰ Shoemaker.

⁷ Dark. ⁹ Frothing ale.

¹ Went at a smart pace.

³ Birches.

⁵ Hole in the wall.

² Smothered.

⁴ Big.

Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
 She ventured forward on the light;
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;
 Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 At winnock-bunker¹ in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
 A towzie² tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge:
 He screwed the pipes and gart³ them skirl,⁴
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some devilish cantrip⁵ sleight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light, —
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;⁶
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter which a babe had strangled;
 A knife a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
 The piper loud and louder blew;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies⁷ to the wark,
 And linket⁸ at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans
 A' plump and strapping in their teens;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie⁹ flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linnen!¹⁰
 Thir¹¹ brecks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,¹²
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
 Lowping and flinging on a crummock,¹³
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie,
 "There was ae winsome wench and walie,"
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perished mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,¹
 And kept the country-side in fear,)
 Her cutty² sark, o' Paisley harn,³
 That, while a lassie, she had worn,
 In longitude though sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie. —
 Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft⁴ for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
 Sic flights are far beyond her power;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang
 (A souple jade she was, and strang),
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
 And thought his very e'en enriched;
 Even Satan glowered, and fidget fu' fain,
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main:
 Till first ae caper, syne⁵ anither,
 Tam tint⁶ his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant all was dark;
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,⁷
 When plundering herds assail their byke;⁸
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the keystone⁹ of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross.
 But ere the keystone she could make,
 The sient a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,

¹ Window-seat. ⁴ Scream. ⁷ Clothes.
² Shaggy. ⁵ Magic. ⁸ Tripped along.
³ Forced. ⁶ Irons. ⁹ Greasy.
¹⁰ "The manufacturing term for a fine linen, woven in a reed of 1700 divisions." — CROMEK.
¹¹ These. ¹² Loins. ¹³ Short staff.

¹ Barley. ⁵ Then.
² Short. ⁶ Lost.
³ Very coarse linen. ⁷ Bustle.
⁴ Bought. ⁸ Hive.

⁹ "It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back." — R. B.

And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;¹
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle, —
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail:
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed;
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam O'Shanter's mare.

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
 That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,²
 Upon a bonnie day in June,
 When wearing through the afternoon,
 Twa dogs, that werena thrang³ at hame,
 Forgathered ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
 Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure:
 His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,⁴
 Shewed he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;⁵
 But whalpit⁶ some place far abroad,
 Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockéd, lettered, braw⁶ brass collar,
 Shewed him the gentleman and scholar;
 But though he was o' high degree,
 The fient⁷ a pride, na pride had he;
 But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
 Even wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messin.⁸
 At kirk or market, mill or smidgie,⁹
 Nae tawtled tyke,¹⁰ though e'er sae duddie,
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
 And stroan't on stanes and hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,¹¹
 A rhyiming, ranting, raving billie,¹²
 Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang,¹³
 Was made lang syne, — Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash¹⁴ an' faithfu' tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh¹⁵ or dike.
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt¹⁶ face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
 His breast was white, his towzie¹⁷ back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;

His gawcie¹ tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung owre his hurdies² wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuffed and snowkit;
 Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit;⁴
 Whyles scoured awa in lang excursion,
 An' worried ither in diversion;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 An' there began a lang digression
 About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wondered, honest Luath,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies lived awa.⁶

Our Laird gets in his rackéd rents,
 His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents:⁶
 He rises when he likes himsel;
 His flunkies answer at the bell;
 He ca's his coach: he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonnie, silken purse
 As lang's my tail, where thro' the steeks,⁷
 The yellow lettered Geordie keeks.⁸

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
 An' though the gentry first are stechin,⁹
 Yet even the ha' folk fill their pechan¹⁰
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, and such like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,¹¹
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
 Better than ony tenant man
 His Honor has in a' the lan:
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch¹² in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough.
 A cotter howkin¹³ in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin¹⁴ a dyke,
 Barring a quarry, and siclike,
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytie¹⁵ o' wee duddie¹⁶ weans,¹⁷
 An' nought but his han' darg,¹⁸ to keep
 Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.¹⁹
 An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,

¹ Large.² Loins.³ Scented.⁴ Digged.⁵ At all.⁶ Dues of any kind.⁷ Stitches.⁸ Peeps.⁹ Cramming.¹⁰ Stomach.¹¹ Wonder.¹² Paunch.¹³ Digging.¹⁴ Building.¹⁵ A numerous collection.¹⁶ Ragged.¹⁷ Children.¹⁸ Labor.¹⁹ Clothing necessities.¹ Effort.² A Pictish king, said to have given a name to Kyle.³ Busy.⁷ Fiend.¹⁰ Dog with matted hair.⁴ Ears.⁸ A small dog.¹¹ A country cur.⁵ Whelped.⁹ A smithy.¹² A brother.⁶ Handsome.¹³ Cuchillin's dog in Ossian's *Fingal*. — R. R.¹⁴ Wise.¹⁶ White-striped.¹⁷ Rough.¹⁵ A ditch.

An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
But, how it comes, I never kend yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly¹ chiefls, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CESAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huffed, an' cuffed, an' disrespeckit!
Lord, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle,
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.²

I've noticed on our laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wao
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole³ a factor's snash:⁴
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse and swear;⁵
He'll apprehend them, poind⁶ their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear and tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches:
But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think,
Though constantly on poorth's⁷ brink:
They're sae accustomed wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided.
They're ay in less or mair provided;
An' though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie⁸ weans an' faithfu' wives:
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fireside.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the kirk and state affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
And ferlie⁹ at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmass¹⁰ returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,¹¹
When rural life, o' every station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty wins;

The nappy¹ reeks wi' mantling ream,²
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin³ pipe, an' sneeshin mill,⁴
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie⁵ auld folks crackin crouse,⁶
The young anes ranting through the house, —
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften played.
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest fawsont⁷ folk,
Are riven out baith root an' branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favor wi' some gentle Master,
Wha, aiblins,⁸ thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin —

CESAR.

Haith,⁹ lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
Say, rather, gaun as premiers lead him:
An' saying aye or no's they bid him,
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:

Or maybe, in a frolic daft,¹⁰
To Hague or Calais taks a waft,
To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by Madrid he taks the rout,
To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowt,¹¹
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wae hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
Then bouses drumly¹² German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction!

LUATH.

Hech,¹³ man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughthen an' harassed
For gear to gang that gate at last?

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for every ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, an' the cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,

¹ Stout-grown.² Badger.³ Endure.⁴ Abuse.⁵ My indignation yet boils at the recollection of the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears. — R. B.⁶ Seize their goods.⁷ Thriving.⁸ 31st October.⁹ Poverty.¹⁰ Wonder.¹¹ Harvest-suppers.¹² Ale.¹³ Cream.¹⁴ Smoking.¹⁵ Snuff-box.¹⁶ Cheerful.¹⁷ Conversing merrily.¹⁸ Seemly.¹⁹ Perhaps.²⁰ A petty oath.²¹ Giddy.²² Fight with black cattle.²³ Muddy.²⁴ O, strange.

Fient haet¹ o' them 's ill-hearted fellows;
 Except for breakin' o' their timmer,²
 Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,³
 Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
 The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
 Sure great folk's life 's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae could nor hunger e'er can steer⁴ them,
 The vera thought o't needna fear them.

CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
 It's true, they needna starve or sweat,
 Through winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
 They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
 An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:⁵
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They mak enow themselves to vex them;
 An' ay the less they hae to sturt⁶ them,
 In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the plough,
 His acres tilled, he's right enough,
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizzens⁷ done, she's unco weel:
 But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
 Wi' even down want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
 Though deil haet ails them, yet uneasy:
 Their days insipid, dull, an' restless;
 Their nights unquiet, lang, an' tasteless;
 An' even their sports, their balls an' races,
 Their galloping through public places,
 There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches,
 Then sowther⁸ a' in deep debauches.
 The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a run deils an' jades thegither.⁹
 Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's pictured beuks;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like only unhanged blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman;
 But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out of sight,
 An' darker gloaming brought the night;

The burn-clock hummed wi' lazy drone,
 The kye¹ stood rowtin'² i' the loan;
 When up they gat, an' shook their lugs,
 Rejoiced they werena *men*, but *dogs*;
 An' each took aff his several way,
 Resolved to meet some ither day.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.³

"O Prince! O Chief of many thronéd powers,
 That led the embattled Seraphim to war."
 MILTON.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
 Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
 Closed under hatches,
 Spairges⁴ about the brunstane cootie,⁵
 To scaud poor wretches.

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
 An' let poor damned bodies be;
 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 Even to a deil,
 To skelp⁶ an' scaud poor dogs like me,
 An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy power, an' great thy fame;⁷
 Far kend an' noted is thy name;
 An' though yon lowin heugh's⁷ thy hame,
 Thou travels far;
 An', faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.⁸

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
 For prey a' holes an' corners tryin;
 Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flyin,
 Tirlin⁹ the kirks;
 Whyles in the human bosom pryin,
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverent grannie say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray;
 Or where auld ruined castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wanderer's way,
 Wi' eldritch croon.¹⁰

When twilight did my grannie summon,
 To say her prayers, douce, honest woman!

¹ Cows.² Lowing.

³ "It was, I think, in the winter, as we were going together with carts for coal to the family fire (and I could yet point out the particular spot), that the author first repeated to me the *Address to the Deil*. The curious idea of such an address was suggested to him by running over in his mind the many ludicrous accounts and representations we have from various quarters of this august personage." — GILBERT BURNS.

⁴ Dashest.⁵ Wooden dish.⁶ Strike.⁷ Flaming pit.⁸ Neither bashful nor apt to be scared.⁹ Uncovering.¹⁰ Frightful moan.¹ A petty oath of negation.² Timber.³ A woman of ill character.⁴ Molest.⁵ Groans.⁶ Trouble.⁷ Dozens.⁸ Cement.⁹ Together.

Aft yont the dyke she 's heard you bummin,¹
 Wi' eerie drone;
 Or, rustlin, through the boortries² comin,
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentinn³ light,
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
 Ayont the lough;
 Ye, like a rash-bush,⁴ stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve⁵ did shake,
 Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch stoor,⁶ quaiick, quaiick,
 Among the springs,
 Awa ye squattered,⁷ like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

Let warlocks⁸ grim, an' withered hags,
 Tell how wi' you on ragweed⁹ nags,
 They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed;
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagnes,
 Owre howkit¹⁰ dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
 May plunge an' plunge the kirk¹¹ in vain;
 For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witching skill;
 An' dawtit,¹² twal-pint¹³ Hawkie's gaen
 As yell's¹⁴ the bill.¹⁵

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
 On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;¹⁶
 When the best wark-lume¹⁷ i' the house,
 By cantraip¹⁸ wit,
 Is instant made no worth a —
 Just at the bit.

When throwes¹⁹ dissolve the snawy hoord,²⁰
 An' float the jinglin' icy-boord,
 Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
 By your direction,
 An' nighted travellers are allured
 To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing spunkies²¹
 Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
 The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 No'er mair to rise.

¹ Humming.

² The shrub elder, common in the hedges of barnyards.

³ Slanting.

¹⁰ Digged up.

¹⁶ Courageous.

⁴ A bush of rushes.

¹¹ Churn.

¹⁷ Working tool.

⁵ Fiat.

¹² Fondled.

¹⁸ Magical.

⁶ Hoarse.

¹³ Twelve-pint.

¹⁹ Thaws.

⁷ Fluttered.

¹⁴ Barren.

²⁰ Hoard.

⁸ Wizards.

¹⁵ Bull.

²¹ Will-o'-wisp.

⁹ Ragwort.

When masons' mystic word an' grip,
 In storms an' tempests raise you up,
 Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
 Or, strange to tell!
 The youngest brother ye wad whip
 Aft straught to hell.

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
 When youthfu' lovers first were paired,
 An' all the soul of love they shared,
 The raptured hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant, flowery swaird,
 In shady bower:

Then you, ye auld, snec-drawing¹ dog!
 Ye came to Paradise incog,
 An' played on man a cursed brogue,²
 (Black be you fa'!)
 An' gied the infant warld a shog,³
 'Maist ruined a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,⁴
 Wi' reekit duds,⁵ and reecit gizz,⁶
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz
 'Mang better folk,
 An' skiented⁷ on the man of Uzz
 Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house an' hal',
 While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' lowsed⁸ his ill-tongued, wicked scawl,⁹
 Wast warst ava?¹⁰

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin¹¹ fierce,
 Sin' that day Michael¹² did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding¹³ a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye 're thinkin,
 A certain bardie's rantin, drinkin,
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin¹⁴
 To your black pit;
 But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,¹⁵
 An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men!
 Ye aiblins¹⁶ might — I dinna ken —
 Still hae a stake —
 I'm wae to think upo' you den,
 Even for your sake!

¹ Trick-contriving.

⁹ Scold.

² Trick.

¹⁰ Of all.

³ Shock.

¹¹ Fighting.

⁴ Bustle.

¹² Vide Milton, Book VI.—R. B.

⁵ Smoky clothes.

¹³ Worst.

⁶ Stunted periwig.

¹⁴ Tripping.

⁷ Played.

¹⁵ Dodging.

⁸ Lowsed.

¹⁶ Perhaps.

ON PASTORAL POETRY.¹

HAIL, Poesie! thou Nymph reserved!
 In chase o' thee what crowds hae swerved
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerved
 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
 And och! owre aft thy joes hae starved,
 Mid a' thy favors!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
 While loud the trump's heroic clang,
 And sock or buskin skelp alang
 To death or marriage:
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
 But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin,² till him rives
 Horatian fame;
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
 They 're no herd's ballads, Maro's catches;
 Squire Pope but busks³ his skinklin⁴ patches
 O' heathen tatters:
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
 Will nane the shepherd's whistle mair
 Blaw sweetly in its native air
 And rural grace;
 And wi' the far-famed Grecian share
 A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan —
 There 's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
 Thou needna jouk⁵ behint the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever;
 The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,⁶
 But thou 's forever!

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
 Nae gowden stream through myrtles twines,
 Where Philomel,
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens⁷ thy burnie strays,
 Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
 Or trots by hazely shaws and braes,
 Wi' hawthorns gray,
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
 At close o' day,

Thy rural loves are nature's sel';
 Nae bombast spates¹ o' nonsense swell;
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
 O' witchin' love;
 That charm that can the strongest quell,
 The sternest move.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE
 PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.²

WEE, sleekit, cowerin, timorous beastie,
 O, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
 Thou needna start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!³
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murdering pattie!⁴

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!

I doubtna, whyles, but thou mayst thiefe;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen-icker⁵ in a thrave
 'S a sma' request:
 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
 And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
 An' naething, now, to big⁶ a new one,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell⁷ an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou 's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,⁸
 To thole⁹ the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch¹⁰ cauld!

¹ Torrents.

² A farm-servant, lately living, was driving the plough, which Burns held, when a mouse ran across the field. The man's first impulse was to rush after and kill it; but the poet stopped him, and, soon turning thoughtful, the verses were conceived and born.

³ Hurry.

⁴ Instrument for clearing the plough.

⁵ An ear of corn now and then; a thrave is twenty-four sheaves.

⁶ Build.

⁸ Without abiding-place.

¹⁰ Hoar-frost.

⁷ Bitter.

⁹ Endure.

¹ Gilbert Burns doubted the authenticity of these verses, but surely without reason.

² Dwarf.

⁴ Small.

⁶ The name of a castle.

³ Dresses.

⁵ Stoop.

⁷ Daisied dales.

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,¹
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
 Gang aft a-gley,²
 An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, though I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN
 APRIL, 1786.³

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou 's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet!
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat!
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield,
 But thou beneath the random bield⁴
 O' clod, or stane,
 Adorns the histie⁵ stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet floweret of the rural shade!

By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless star'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine — no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom!

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.

THE sun had closed the winter day,
 The curlers² quat their roarin play,
 And hungered Maukin³ taen her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Where she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree
 The lee-lang day had tired me;
 And when the day had closed his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
 Ben i' the Spence,⁴ right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-check,
 I sat and eyed the spewing reek,
 That filled, wi' hoast-provoking smeck,
 The auld, clay biggin;⁵
 An' heard the restless rattons⁶ squeak
 About the rigin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
 I backward mused on wasted time,
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 An' done naething,

¹ Thysel' alone.

² Wrong.

³ The daisy grew in the field next to that in which the plough had turned up the mouse's nest.

⁴ Shelter.

⁵ Dry.

¹ Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, Vol. II. of M'Pherson's translation. — R. B.

² Players at a game on the ice, called curling.

³ Harc.

⁴ The parlor.

⁵ House.

⁶ Rats.

But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market
Or strutted in a bank, and clarkit
My cash-account:
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit¹
Is a' the amount.

I started, muttering, blockhead! coof!²
And heaved on high my waukit loof,³
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath—

When, click! the string the snick⁴ did draw;
And, jee! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-low⁵ I saw,
Now bleedin bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye needna doubt, I held my whist;⁶
The infant aith, half-formed, was crusht;
I glowered as eerie's I'd been dusht⁷
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.⁸

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token;
And come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon been broken.

A "hair-brained, sentimental trace,"
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, even turned on empty space,
Beamed keen with honor.

Down flowed her robe, a tartan sheen:
Till half a leg was scrippie⁹ seen;
And such a leg! my bonnie Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straight, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand;
And seemed, to my astonished view,
A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost:
Here, tumbling billows marked the coast,
With surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon poured down his far-fetched floods;
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds:¹
Auld hermit Ayr staw² through his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough reared her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To every nobler virtue bred,
And polished grace.

By stately tower or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
Some seemed to muse, some seemed to dare,
With features stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race³ heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
In sturdy blows:
While back-recoiling seemed to reel
Their Southron foes.

His Country's savior,⁴ mark him well!
Bold Richarton's⁵ heroic swell;
The Chief on Sark⁶ who glorious fell,
In high command;
And he whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptred Pictish shade⁷
Stalked round his ashes lowly laid,
I marked a martial race, portrayed
In colors strong;
Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed
They strode along.

Through many a wild, romantic grove,⁸
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,

¹ Sounds.

³ The Wallaces. — R. B.

² Did steal.

⁴ William Wallace. — R. B.

⁵ Adam Wallace, of Richarton, cousin of the immortal preserver of Scottish independence. — R. B.

⁶ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448.

⁷ Coilus, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial-place is still shown. — R. B.

⁸ Barskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice Clerk [Miller]. — R. B.

¹ Half-provided with shirts.

⁶ Silence.

² Ninny.

⁷ Struck down.

³ Thickened or stained palm.

⁸ Inward.

⁴ Latch.

⁹ Partly.

⁵ Hearth-flame.

(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love
In musing mood,)
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe
The learned sire and son I saw,¹
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw:
That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward² I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
Who called on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonished stare,
I viewed the heavenly-seeming Fair;
A whispering throb did witness bear,
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet.

"All hail! my own inspired Bard!
In me thy native Muse regard!
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

"Know, the great Genius of this land
Has many a light, aerial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As Arts or Arms they understand,
Their labors ply.

"They Scotia's race among them share;
Some fire the soldier on to dare:
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart:
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

"Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or, mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot-lore,
And grace the hand.

"And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,

They bind the wild, poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

"Hence, Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;
Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His 'Minstrel lays,'
Or tore, with noble ardor stung,
The sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assigned
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic bard, the laboring hind,
The artisan:
All choose, as various they're inclined,
The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threatening storm some, strongly, rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the laborer's weary toil,
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a distant-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the ebbryotic trace
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each opening grace,
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I — Coila my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling power:
I marked thy embryo-tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely-carolled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

¹ Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor and present Professor Stewart. — R. B.

² Colonel Fullarton. — R. B.

"Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm-cherished every floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

"When ripened fields, and azure skies,
Called forth the reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In patient walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
The adored name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
By Passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

"Yet, all beneath the unrivalled rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn-grows,
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one, —
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust, the universal plan
Will all protect.

"And wear thou this," she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polished leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.¹

MAY, 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Even when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where every nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, hardened wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricted;
But, och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha² fa'³ in fortune's strife,
Their fate we shouldna censure,
For still the important end of life
They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Though poortith⁴ hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff-han'⁵ your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crouny;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek⁶ through every other man,
Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

¹ Andrew Aiken, of Ayr, son of the friend to whom Burns inscribed *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

² Who.

⁴ Poverty.

⁶ Peep.

³ Fall.

⁵ Off-hand.

The sacred lowe¹ o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt the illicit rove,
Though naething should divulge it;
I wae the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause, —
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And even the rigid feature;
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or, if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driven,
A conscience but a canker —
A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may you better reck the rede,^a
Than ever did the adviser!

TO DR. BLACKLOOK.

ELLISLAND, 21st Oct. 1789.

Wow,^b but your letter made me vauntie!
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?

¹ Flame.

^a An exclamation of pleasure.

^b Heed the counsel.

I kenned it still your wee bit jauntie
Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,
And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron¹ south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tald mysel by word o' mouth,
He'd tak my letter;
I lippened to the chiel in trouth,
And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on,
And holy study;
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear² on,
E'en tried the body.

But what d' ye think, my trusty fier,³
I'm turned a gauger — Peace be here!
Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear
Ye'll now disdain me!
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaikit, glesome, dainty damies,
Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;⁴
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, —
I needna vaunt
But I'll sned⁵ besoms, — thrav saugh woodies,⁶
Before they want.

Lord, help me through this warld o' care!
I'm weary sick o't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than monie ithers;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers?

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van, —
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp⁷ in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair;
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles the mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time),

¹ Robert Heron, who wrote a History of Scotland and a Life of Burns.

² Learning.

³ Lop.

⁴ Brother.

⁵ Twist willow ropes.

⁶ Rags of clothes.

⁷ The male, or stronger stalk of hemp.

To make a happy fireside clime
 To weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
 And eke the same to honest Lucky,
 I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
 As e'er tread clay!
 And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
 I'm yours for ay,

ROBERT BURNS.

BANNOCKBURN.¹

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour
 See the front o' battle lour:
 See approach proud Edward's power,—
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
 Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!²

¹ "A friend had got a 'gray Highland sheltie' for Burns, and he made a little excursion on it into Galloway. He was particularly struck with the scenery round Kenmore. From that place he and his companion took the Moor-road to Gatehouse, the dreary country being lighted up by frequent gleams of a thunder-storm, which soon poured down a flood of rain. Burns spoke not a word. 'What do you think he was about?' asked his fellow-traveller, relating the adventure. 'He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle. I did not disturb him. Next day he produced the following address of Bruce to his troops.'"—MR. SYME, *quoted by CURRIE*, I, 211.

² "Independent of my enthusiasm as a Scotchman, I have rarely met with anything in history which interests my feelings as a man equal with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand, a cruel but able usurper leading on the finest army in Europe to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a

AFTON WATER.¹

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
 braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stockdove whose echo resounds through
 the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
 Far marked with the courses of clear, winding
 rills,
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses
 blow;
 There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear
 wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE SODGER'S RETURN.²

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning,
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstained wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.

greatly daring and greatly injured people; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant nation, devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country or to perish with her."—
 BURNS to EARL OF BUCHAN, January 12, 1794.

¹ Afton, a stream in Ayrshire.

² A soldier, passing by the window of an inn, suggested these touching lines. The poet called him in, and asked him to relate his adventures.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonnie glen,
 Where early life I sported;
 I passed the mill, and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted:
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling!
 And turned me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' altered voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
 O, happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom!
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger;
 I've served my king and country lang, —
 Take pity on a sodger!"

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
 And lovelier was than ever:
 Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never:
 Our humble cot and hamely fare
 Ye freely shall partake it,
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gazed — she reddened like a rose —
 Syne¹ pale like onie lily;
 She sank within my arms and cried,
 "Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
 "By him who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded!"

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted."
 Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen² plenished fairly;
 And come, my faithful sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!"

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's prize;
 The sodger's wealth is honor:
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger,
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour o' danger.

¹ Then.

² Farm.

PRAYER FOR MARY,¹

Powers celestial, whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 When in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care:
 Let her form sae fair and faultless,
 Fair and faultless as your own, —
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit
 Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
 Soft and peaceful as her breast;
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest;
 Guardian angels, O, protect her,
 When in distant lands I roam;
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!²
 There simmer first unfold her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and locked embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder;
 But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mouldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

¹ Probably written on Highland Mary, on the eve of the poet's departure to the West Indies.

² Muddy.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.¹

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hearest thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray, —
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wingéd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hearest thou the groans that rend his breast?

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
An' I sae weary, fu' o' care!

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return.

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wistna o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;

And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luvie stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;¹
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we 'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray,² and a' that.
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that:
Their tinsel show, and a' that:
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,³ ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof⁴ for a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

¹ Mary Campbell. The stanzas were composed while Burns lay on some sheaves in the harvest-field, with his eyes fixed on a star of exceeding brightness.

¹ High and smooth.
³ Conceited fellow.

² Coarse woollen cloth.
⁴ Blockhead.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' ¹ that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, ² and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that;
 It's coming yet, for a' that;
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Or a' the airts ³ the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best;
 There wildwoods grow, and rivers row,
 And monie a hill between;
 By day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

AE FOND KISS.⁴

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, alas! forever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him?
 While the star of hope she leaves him?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her was to love her;
 Love but her, and love forever.
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,

Never met, — or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, alas! forever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,

OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

"My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them aye thegither;
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
 The Rigid Wise anither:
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
 May hae some pyles o' caw in;
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' daftin."

SOLOMON, *Eccles.* vii. 16.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've naught to do but mark and tell
 Your neebor's fauts and folly!
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supplied wi' store o' water,
 The heaped happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.
 Hear me, ye venerable core,¹
 As counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door,
 For glaikit ² Folly's portals;
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donsie ³ tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd
 And shudder at the niffer,⁴
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What maks the mighty differ?
 Discount what scant occasion gave
 That purity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
 Your better art o' hidin'.

Think, when your castigated pulse
 Gies now and then a wallop,
 What raging must his veins convulse,
 That still eternal gallop:
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way:
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
 It maks an unco leeway.

¹ Try.

² May be conquerors.

³ Points of the compass.

⁴ "These exquisitely affecting stanzas contain the essence of a thousand love-tales." — SCOTT.

¹ Corps.

² Unlucky.

³ Careless.

⁴ Exchange.

See Social life and Glee sit down,
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till quite transmugrified¹ they 're grown
 Debauchery and Drinking:
 O, would they stay to calculate
 The eternal consequences;
 Or your more dreaded hell to state,
 Damnation of expenses!

* * *

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman;
 Though they may gang a kennie² wrang,
 To step aside is human:
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *Why* they do it;
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 't is he alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord, — its various tone,
 Each spring, — its various bias:
 Then at the balance let 's be mute,
 We never can adjust it;
 What 's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what 's resisted.

O, MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

O, my love 's like a red, red rose
 That 's newly sprung in June:
 O, my love 's like the melody
 That 's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in love am I:
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love!
 And fare thee weel awhile!
 And I will come again, my love,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,

We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we 've wandered mony a weary foot
 Sin auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn,
 From mornin sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roared
 Sin auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And here 's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie 's a hand o' thine;
 And we 'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I 'll be mine;
 And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.*

'T was even, — the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls did hang,
 The Zephyrs wantoned round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along:
 In every glen the mavis sang,
 All nature listening seemed the while,
 Except where greenwood echoes rang
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,
 My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
 When musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy;
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like nature's vernal smile,
 Perfection whispered, passing by,
 "Behold the Lass o' Ballochmyle!"

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild,

* "The Lass of Ballochmyle" was Miss Alexander, whose brother had recently come to reside in Ballochmyle House, of which the pleasure-grounds extend along the north bank of the Ayr. The farm of Burns, Mossiel, was in the immediate neighborhood. He enclosed a copy of the song to Miss Alexander, and was extremely indignant at the lady's silence respecting his letter. Of the verses his own opinion was justly high: "I think myself," he told Mrs. Stewart of Stair, "it has some merit, both as a tolerable description of one of Nature's scenes, — a July evening, and one of the finest pieces of Nature's workmanship, — the finest indeed we know anything of, — an amiable, beautiful young woman."

¹ Transformed.

² Small matter.

When roving through the garden gay,
Or wandering in a lonely wild:
But Woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Even there her other works are foiled
By the bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose in Scotland's plain:
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
Where fame and honors lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine:
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
With the bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle.

LOGAN BRAES.*

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun;
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn-bush,
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush:
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!

As ye mak monie a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan Braes!

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.¹

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie:
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

CHORUS.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He played a spring and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

O, what is death but parting breath? —
On mony a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, etc.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword!
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, etc.

I've liv'd a life of sturt² and strife;
I die by treachery:
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, etc.

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, etc.

MY BONNIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;³
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankéd ready;

* The song was the fruit of "three quarters of an hour's meditation" by the poet in his elbow-chair, on the wickedness of ambition.

¹ A noted Highland robber, whose daring is portrayed in the verses. He broke his violin at the foot of the gallows.

² Trouble.

³ Measure.

The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody;
 But it's no the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar, —
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.¹

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never loved a dearer,
 And neist² my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't;
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.³

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
 here;

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, —
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands forever I love.
 Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, —
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

¹ "There is a peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, and a necessity of adapting syllables to the emphasis, or what I would call the *feature notes* of the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties. For instance, in the air, 'My wife's a wanton wee thing,' if a few lines, smooth and pretty, can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made extempore to it: and though, on further study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink." — BURNS to THOMSON.

² Next.

³ "The first half-stanza of this song is old, the rest is mine." — R. B.

BONNIE LESLEY.¹

O, SAW ye bonnie Lesley,
 As she gae'd o'er the border?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her forever;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee:
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he couldna scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee:
 Misfortune sha'na steer² thee;
 Thou'rt like themselves, sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie!
 That we may brag we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wished, the trysted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor.
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure,³
 A weary slave frae sun to sun;
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha'
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
 Though this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sighed, and said among them a',
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?

¹ Miss Lesley Baillie. The ballad was composed by Burns after spending a day with the lady's family, then on their way to England.

² Hurt.

³ Dust.

If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown !
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate¹ to seek, owre proud to snool,²
Let him draw near ;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustie song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by !
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear³
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
Wild as the wave ;
Here pause, — and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name !

Reader, attend, — whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.⁴

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out owre the grassy lea :

¹ Bashful.

² Submit tamely.

³ " Burns might have remembered Goldsmith's picture of an author: A *child* of the public he is in all respects; for while he is so able to direct others, how incapable is he frequently found of guiding himself! His simplicity exposes him to all the insidious approaches of cunning; his sensibility, to the slightest invasions of contempt. Though possessed of fortitude to stand unmoved the expected bursts of an earthquake, yet of feelings so exquisitely poignant as to agonize under the slightest disappointment." — *The Present State of Polite Learning*, Chap. X.

⁴ " Whether it is that the story of our Mary, Queen of Scots, has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet, or whether I

Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks¹ wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis² mild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been,
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae;
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor the balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O, soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

have, in the enclosed ballad, succeeded beyond my usual poetic success, I know not; but it has pleased me beyond any effort of my Muse for a good while past." — R. B.

¹ Larks.

² Thrush.

JESSIE.

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the
Yarrow,

And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
Enthroned in her e'en he delivers his la'.
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger, —
Her modest demcanor's the jewel of a'.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.¹

NAE gentle dames, though e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

CHORUS.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

O, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, etc.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, etc.

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honor's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, etc.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I'll dare the distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, etc.

¹ "Mary Campbell, my Highland lassie, was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love." — R. B.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honor's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O!
Fareweel the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lauds I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O!

PEGGY'S CHARMS.¹

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art:
But I adore my Peggy's heart.
The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms, —
These are all immortal charms.

MY NANNIE, O.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud an' shrill:
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O!
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O:
The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;

¹ Peggy was Miss Margaret Chalmers.

But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weal, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heaven will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

CHORUS.

GREEN grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 't were na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, etc.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, etc.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalterie, O!
Green grow, etc.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.
Green grow, etc.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, etc.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

COMING through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.
Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;

She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body, —
Need a body cry?
Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body, —
Need the world ken!
Jenny's a' wat, poor body;
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
His loyal heart was firm and true,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
Glory, honor, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake;
Bonnie Highland laddie.
Go, for yoursels procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful king his crown;
Bonnie Highland laddie!

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.¹

I GAED a' waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

'T was not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white;
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

¹ Jean Jeffry, daughter of the minister of Lochmaben.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wyled,
 She charmed my soul I wist na how;
 And aye the stound,¹ the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
 She 'll aiblins listen to my vow:
 Should she refuse, I 'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION, ON BEING AP- POINTED TO THE EXCISE.

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
 Och, hon! the day!
 That clartie² barm should stain my laurels;
 But — what 'll ye say?
 These movin' things, ca'd wives and weans,
 Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.³

THE Deil cam fiddling through the town,
 And danced awa wi' the exciseman;
 And ilka wife cried, "Auld Mahoun,
 We wish yon luck o' your prize, man.
 We 'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
 We 'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
 And monie thanks to the muckle black Deil
 That danced awa wi' the exciseman.

"There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
 Was — The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.
 We 'll mak our maut," etc.

ON SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
 Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
 But distress, with horrors arming,
 Thou hast also known too well.

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
 Blooming in the sunny ray:
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
 See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
 Telling o'er his little joys;
 Hapless bird! a prey the surest
 To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought, the hidden treasure
 Finer feelings can bestow;
 Chords, that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.¹

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wandered forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man, whose aged step
 Seemed weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrowed o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
 Began the reverend sage;
 "Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage?
 Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of man.

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Outspreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labor to support
 A haughty lordling's pride;
 I've seen yon weary winter sun
 Twice forty times return;
 And every time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.

"O man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Misspending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway;
 Licentious passions burn;
 Which tenfold force give nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right.
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn;
 Then age and want, oh! ill-matched pair!
 Show man was made to mourn.

¹ Pang.
² Dirty.
³ "At a meeting of his brother excisemen in Dumfries, Burns, being called upon for a song, handed these verses to the president, written on the back of a letter." — CROMEK.

¹ "Several of the poems were produced for the purpose of bringing forward some favorite sentiment of the author. He used to remark to me that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the elegy, 'Man was made to mourn,' was composed." — GILBERT BURNS.

"A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn.
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave, —
By Nature's law designed, —
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn!

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the *last*!
The poor, oppresséd, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

"O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!¹

¹ "Whatever might be the casual idea that set the poet to work, it is but too evident that he wrote from the habitual feelings of his own bosom. The indignation with which he contemplated the inequality of human condition, and particularly the contrast between his own worldly circumstances and intellectual rank, was never more bitterly nor more loftily expressed than in some of these stanzas." — LOCKHART.

SKETCH.

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets:
A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
Learned vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour;
So travelled monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
Much specious lore, but little understood;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
His solid sense, — by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell;
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

JOHN MAYNE.

1761-1836.

LOGAN BRAES.

By Logan streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
Herded sheep and gathered slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But wae's my heart, thae days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane:
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dauner out and sit alane;
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
Oh! could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain!
Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes!

MUSTERING OF THE TRADES TO SHOOT FOR
THE SILLER GUN.

THE lift was clear, the morn serene,
The sun just glinting owre the scene,
When James M'Noe began again
To beat to arms,
Rousing the heart o' man and wean
Wi' war's alarms.

Frae far and near the country lads
 (Their joes ahint them on their yads)
 Flocked in to see the show in squads;
 And, what was dafter,
 Their pawky mithers and their dads
 Cam trotting after!

And mony a beau and belle were there,
 Doited wi' dozing on a chair;
 For lest they 'd, sleeping, spoil their hair,
 Or miss the sight,
 The gowks, like bairns before a fair,
 Sat up a' night!

Wi' hats as black as ony raven,
 Fresh as the rose, their beards new shaven,
 And a' their Sunday's cleeding having
 Sae trim and gay,
 Forth cam our trades, some ora saving
 To wair that day.

Fair fa' ilk canny, caidgy carl,
 Weel may he bruik his new apparel!
 And never dree the bitter snarl
 O' scowling wife!
 But, blest in pantry, barn, and barrel,
 Be blithe through life!

Hech, sirs! what crowds cam into town,
 To see them mustering up and down!
 Lasses and lads, sunburnt and brown, —
 Women and weans,
 Gentle and semple, mingling, crown
 The gladsome scenes!

At first, forenent ilk deacon's hallan,
 His ain brigade was made to fall in;
 And, while the muster-roll was calling,
 And joybells jowing,
 Het-pints, weel spiced, to keep the saul in,
 Around were flowing!

Broiled kipper, cheese, and bread, and ham,
 Laid the foundation for a dram
 O' whiskey, gin frae Rotterdam,
 Or cherry brandy;
 Whilk after, a' was fish that cam
 To Jock or Sandy:

O, weel ken they wha lo'e their chappin,
 Drink maks the auldest swack and strapping;
 Gars Care forget the ills that happen —
 The blate look spruce —
 And even the throwless cock their tappin,
 And craw fu' croose!

The muster owre, the different bands
 File aff in parties to the sands;

Where, mid loud laughs and clapping hands,
 Gley'd Geordy Smith
 Reviews them, and their line expands
 Alang the Nith!

But ne'er, for uniform or air,
 Was sic a group reviewed elsewhere!
 The short, the tall; fat folk, and spare;
 Syde coats, and dockit;
 Wigs, queues, and clubs, and curly hair;
 Round hats, and cockit!

As to their guns, — thae fell engines,
 Borrowed or begged, were of a' kinds
 For bloody war, or bad designs,
 Or shooting cushies, —
 Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
 And blunderbusses!

Maist feck, though oiled to mak them glimmer,
 Hadna been shot for mony a simmer;
 And Fame, the story-telling kimmer,
 Jocosely hints
 That some o' them had bits o' timmer
 Instead o' flints!

Some guns, she threeps, within her ken,
 Were spiked, to let nae priming ben;
 And, as in twenty there were ten
 Worm-eaten stocks,
 Sae, here and there, a rozit-end
 Held on their locks!

And then, to show what difference stands
 Atween the leaders and their bands,
 Swords that, unsheathed since Prestonpans,
 Neglected lay,
 Were furbished up, to grace the hands
 O' chiefs this day!

"Ohon!" says George, and ga'e a grane,
 "The age o' chivalry is gane!"

Syne, having owre and owre again
 The hale surveyed,
 Their route, and a' things else, made plain;
 He snuffed, and said:

"Now, gentlemen! now, mind the motion,
 And dinna, this time, mak a botion:
 Shouter your arms! O, ha'd them tosh on,
 And not athraw!
 Wheel wi' your left hands to the ocean,
 And march awa!"

Wi' that, the dinlin drums rebound,
 Fifes, clarionets, and hautboys sound!
 Through crowds on crowds, collected round,
 The corporations
 Trudge aff, while echo's self is drowned
 In acclamations!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

1762 - 1851.

THE GOWAN GLITTERS ON THE SWORD.

THE gowan glitter on the sward,
 The laverock 's in the sky,
 And Collie on my plaid keeps ward,
 And time is passing by.
 O, no ! sad and slow,
 And lengthened on the ground ;
 The shadow of our trysting bush
 It wears so slowly round.

My sheep-bells tinkle frae the west,
 My lambs are bleating near ;
 But still the sound that I love best,
 Alack ! I canna hear.
 O, no ! sad and slow,
 The shadow lingers still ;
 And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
 And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
 The mill wi' clacking din,
 And Lucky scolding frae the door,
 To ca' the bairnies in.
 O, no ! sad and slow,
 These are nae sounds for me ;
 The shadow of our trysting bush
 It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen, frae chapman Tam,
 A snood o' bonnie blue,
 And promised, when our trysting cam',
 To tie it round her brow.
 O, no ! sad and slow,
 The mark it winna' pass ;
 The shadow o' that dreary bush
 Is tethered on the grass.

O, now I see her on the way !
 She 's past the witch's knowe ;
 She 's climbing up the brownie's brae ;
 My heart is in a lowe,
 O, no ! 't is not so,
 'T is glamrie I hae seen ;
 The shadow o' that hawthorn bush
 Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I'll try to read,
 Though connd wi' little skill ;
 When Collie barks I'll raise my head,
 And find her on the hill.
 O, no ! sad and slow,
 The time will ne'er be gane ;
 The shadow o' our trysting bush
 Is fixed like ony stane.

THE KITTEN.

WANTON droll, whose harmless play
 Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
 When drawn the evening fire about,
 Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,
 And child upon his three-foot stool,
 Waiting till his supper cool ;
 And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,
 As bright the blazing fagot glows,
 Who, bending to the friendly light,
 Plies her task with busy sleight ;
 Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
 Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coiled, and crouching low,
 With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
 The housewife's spindle whirling round,
 Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
 Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
 Held out to lure thy roving eye ;
 Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
 Upon the futile, faithless thing.
 Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill,
 Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
 As oft beyond thy curving side
 Its jetty tip is seen to glide ;
 Till, from thy centre starting fair,
 Thou sidelong rearest, with rump in air,
 Erected stiff, and gait awry,
 Like madam in her tantrums high :
 Though ne'er a madam of them all,
 Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
 More varied trick and whim displays,
 To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

* * *

The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,
 To thee is but a clumsy wight,
 Who every limb and sinew strains
 To do what costs thee little pains ;
 For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
 Requisites him oft with plaudits loud.
 But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
 Applauses, too, *thy* feats repay :
 For then beneath some urchin's hand,
 With modest pride thou takest thy stand,
 While many a stroke of fondness glides
 Along thy back and tabby sides.
 Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
 And loudly sings thy busy pur,
 As, timing well the equal sound,
 Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
 And all their harmless claws disclose,
 Like prickles of an early rose ;
 While softly from thy whiskered cheek
 Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But not alone by cottage-fire
 Do rustics rude thy feats admire ;
 The learnéd sage, whose thoughts explore

The widest range of human lore,
 Or, with unfettered fancy, fly
 Through airy heights of poesy,
 Pausing, smiles with altered air
 To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
 Or, struggling on the mat below,
 Hold warfare with his slippered toe.
 The widowed dame, or lonely maid,
 Who in the still, but cheerless shade
 Of home unsocial, spends her age,
 And rarely turns a lettered page;
 Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
 The rounded cork, or paper-ball,
 Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
 The ends of ravelled skein to catch,
 But lets thee have thy wayward will,
 Perplexing oft her sober skill.
 Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
 In lonely tower or prison pent,
 Reviews the coil of former days,
 And loathes the world and all its ways;
 What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
 Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
 Feels, as thou gambolest round his seat,
 His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
 And smiles, a link in thee to find
 That joins him still to living kind.

Whence hast thou, then, thou witless Puss,
 The magic power to charm us thus?
 Is it, that in thy glaring eye,
 And rapid movements, we descry,
 While we at ease, secure from ill,
 The chimney-corner snugly fill,
 A lion, darting on the prey,
 A tiger, at his ruthless play?
 Or is it, that in thee we trace,
 With all thy varied wanton grace,
 An emblem viewed with kindred eye,
 Of tricky, restless infancy?
 Ah! many a lightly sportive child,
 Who hath, like thee, our wits beguiled,
 To dull and sober manhood grown,
 With strange recoil our hearts disown.
 Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
 When thou becomest a cat demure,
 Full many a cuff and angry word,
 Chid roughly from the tempting board.
 And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
 So oft our favored playmate been,
 Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
 When time hath spoiled thee of our love;
 Still be thou deemed, by housewife fat,
 A comely, careful, mousing cat,
 Whose dish is, for the public good,
 Replenished oft with savory food.

Nor, when thy span of life is past,
 Be thou to pond or dunghill cast;
 But, gently borne on good man's spade,

Beneath the decent sod be laid,
 And children show, with glistening eyes,
 The place where poor old Pussy lies.

DESCRIPTION OF JANE DE MONTFORT.*

PAGE. Madam, there is a lady in your hall
 Who begs to be admitted to your presence.

LADY. Is it not one of our invited friends?

PAGE. No; far unlike to them. It is a stranger.

LADY. How looks her countenance?

PAGE. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,

I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
 Methought I could have compassed sea and land

To do her bidding.

LADY. Is she young or old?

PAGE. Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair,

For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
 As he, too, had been awed.

LADY. The foolish stripling!

She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature?

PAGE. So stately and so graceful is her form,
 I thought at first her stature was gigantic;
 But on a near approach, I found, in truth,
 She scarcely does surpass the middle size.

LADY. What is her garb?

PAGE. I cannot well describe the fashion of it:
 She is not decked in any gallant trim,
 But seems to me clad in her usual weeds
 Of high habitual state; for as she moves,
 Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
 As I have seen unfurled banners play
 With the soft breeze.

LADY. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy;
 It is an apparition thou hast seen.

FREBERG (*starting from his seat, where he has been sitting during the conversation between the LADY and the PAGE*). It is an apparition he has seen,

Or it is Jane de Montfort.

De Montfort.

DE MONTFORT AND HIS SISTER.

JANE. What sayst thou, Montfort? O, what words are these!

They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts.
 I do beseech thee, speak!

By the affection thou didst ever bear me;

By the dear memory of our infant days;

By kindred living ties — ay, and by those

* Supposed to have been intended as a description of Mrs. Siddons.

Who sleep in the tomb, and cannot call to thee,
I do conjure thee, speak!

Ha! wilt thou not?

Then, if affection, most unwearied love,
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,
O'er generous man hath more authority,
More rightful power than crown or sceptre give,
I do command thee!

De Montfort, do not thus resist my love.
Here I entreat thee on my bended knees.
Alas! my brother!

DE MONTFORT (*raising her and kneeling*). Thus
let him kneel who should the abased be,
And at thine honored feet confession make.
I'll tell thee all — but, O, thou wilt despise me.
For in my breast a raging passion burns,
To which thy soul no sympathy will own, —
A passion which hath made my nightly couch
A place of torment, and the light of day,
With the gay intercourse of social man,
Feel like the oppressive airless pestilence.
O Jane! thou wilt despise me.

JANE. Say not so:
I never can despise thee, gentle brother.
A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs
No kindly heart contemas.

DE MONT. A lover's, say'st thou?
No, it is hate! black, lasting, deadly hate!
Which thus hath driven me forth from kindred
peace,

From social pleasure, from my native home,
To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
Avoiding all men, cursing and accursed.

JANE. De Montfort, this is fiend-like, terrible!
What being, by the Almighty Father formed
Of flesh and blood, created even as thou,
Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,
Who art thyself his fellow?

Unknit thy brows, and spread those wrath-
clenched hands.

Some sprite accursed within thy bosom mates
To work thy ruin. Strive with it, my brother!
Strive bravely with it; drive it from thy heart;
'T is the degrader of a noble heart.

Curse it, and bid it part.

DE MONT. It will not part. I've lodged it
here too long.

With my first cares I felt its rankling touch.
I loathed him when a boy.

JANE. Whom didst thou say?

DE MONT. Detested Rezenvelt!

E'en in our early sports, like two young whelps
Of hostile breed, instinctively averse,
Each 'gainst the other pitched his ready pledge,
And frowned defiance. As we onward passed
From youth to man's estate, his narrow art
And envious glibing malice, poorly veiled
In the affected carelessness of mirth,

Still more detestable and odious grew.
There is no living being on this earth
Who can conceive the malice of his soul,
With all his gay and damned merriment,
To those by fortune or by merit placed
Above his paltry self. When, low in fortune,
He looked upon the state of prosperous men,
As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,
Do scowl and chatter at the light of day,
I could endure it; even as we bear
The impotent bite of some half-trodden worm,
I could endure it. But when honors came,
And wealth and new-got titles fed his pride;
Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his
praise,

And grovelling idiots grinned applauses on him;
O, then I could no longer suffer it!
It drove me frantic. What, what would I give, —
What would I give to crush the bloated toad,
So rankly do I loathe him!

JANE. And would thy hatred crush the very
man

Who gave to thee that life he might have taken?
That life which thou so rashly didst expose
To aim at his? O, this is horrible!

DE MONT. Ha! thou hast heard it, then!
From all the world,

But most of all from thee, I thought it hid.

JANE. I heard a secret whisper, and resolved
Upon the instant to return to thee.
Didst thou receive my letter?

DE MONT. I did! I did! 'T was that which
drove me hither.

I could not bear to meet thine eye again.

JANE. Alas! that, tempted by a sister's tears,
I ever left thy house! These few past months,
These absent months, have brought us all this
woe.

Had I remained with thee, it had not been,
And yet; methinks, it should not move you thus.
You dared him to the field; both bravely fought;
He, more adroit, disarmed you; courteously
Returned the forfeit sword, which, so returned,
You did refuse to use against him more;
And then, as says report, you parted friends.

DE MONT. When he disarmed this cursed,
this worthless hand

Of its most worthless weapon, he but spared
From devilish pride, which now derives a bliss
In seeing me thus fettered, shamed, subjected
With the vile favor of his poor forbearance;
Whilst he securely sits with glibing brow,
And basely baits me like a muzzled cur,
Who cannot turn again.
Until that day, till that accursed day,
I knew not half the torment of this hell
Which burns within my breast. Heaven's light-
nings blast him!

JANE. O, this is horrible! Forbear, forbear!
Lest Heaven's vengeance light upon thy head
For this most impious wish.

DE MONT. Then let it light.
Torments more fell than I have known already
It cannot send. To be annihilated,
What all men shrink from; to be dust, be nothing,

Were bliss to me, compared to what I am!

JANE. O, wouldst thou kill me with these
dreadful words?

DE MONT. Let me but once upon his ruin look,
Then close mine eyes forever! —

Ha! how is this? Thou'rt ill; thou'rt very pale;
What have I done to thee? Alas! alas!
I meant not to distress thee, — O my sister!

JANE. I cannot now speak to thee.

DE MONT. I have killed thee.

Turn, turn thee not away! Look on me still!
O, droop not thus, my life, my pride, my sister!
Look on me yet again.

JANE. Thou, too, De Montfort,
In better days were wont to be my pride.

DE MONT. I am a wretch, most wretched in
myself,

And still more wretched in the pain I give.
O, curse that villain, that detested villain!
He has spread misery o'er my fated life;
He will undo us all.

JANE. I've held my warfare through a troubled
world,

And borne with steady mind my share of ill;
For then the helpmate of my toil wast thou.
But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
And hideous passion tears thee from my heart,
Blasting thy worth. I cannot strive with this.

DE MONT. What shall I do?

De Montfort.

TO A CHILD.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulder round and sleek,
And soft and fair? — thou urchin sly!

What boots it who with sweet caresses
First called thee his, — or squire or hind?
Since thou in every wight that passes,
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall;
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,
Is infantine coquetry all.

But far afield thou hast not flown;
With mocks and threats half lisped, half
spoken,

I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging;
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure:
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or hornbook thumbing.

Well; let it be! — through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley, shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change.

PATRIOTISM AND FREEDOM.

INSENSIBLE to high heroic deeds,
Is there a spirit clothed in mortal weeds,
Who at the patriot's moving story,
Devoted to his country's good,
Devoted to his country's glory,
Shedding for freemen's rights his generous
blood, —

Listeneth not with deep-heaved sigh,
Quivering nerve, and glistening eye,
Feeling within a spark of heavenly flame,
That with the hero's worth may humble kindred
claim?

If such there be, still let him plod
On the dull foggy paths of care,
Nor raise his eyes from the dank sod
To view creation fair:

What boots to him the wondrous works of
God?
His soul with brutal things hath ta'en its earthly
lair.

O, who so base as not to feel
The pride of freedom once enjoyed,
Though hostile gold or hostile steel
Have long that bliss destroyed?
The meanest drudge will sometimes vaunt
Of independent sires, who bore
Names known to fame in days of yore,
Spite of the smiling stranger's taunt;
But recent freedom lost, — what heart
Can bear the humbling thought, — the quicken-
ing, maddening smart?

ANDREW CHERRY.

1762 - 1812.

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!^{*}

LOUD roared the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge showers,
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid powers ;
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day, there she lay,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Now dashed upon the billow,
 Our opening timbers creak,
 Each fears a watery pillow,
 None stops the dreadful leak ;
 To cling to slippery shrouds
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay, till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

At length the wished-for morrow,
 Broke through the hazy sky,
 Absorbed in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved a bitter sigh ;
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay, on that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent.
 When Heaven all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent ;
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers,
 Now we sail, with the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O !

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

1762 - 1837.

ECHO AND SILENCE.[†]

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
 And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
 As mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
 Through glens untrod, and woods that frowned
 on high,
 Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy !

* This song, as a specimen of literary composition, is unworthy of the favor and reputation it has acquired.

† Wordsworth declared this sonnet the best in the language ; and Southey said that he knew of none in any language more beautifully imaginative.

And, lo, she's gone ! — In robe of dark-green hue

'T was Echo from her sister Silence flew,
 For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky !
 In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
 Not so her sister. Hark ! for onward still,
 With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,
 Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
 Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play
 With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill !

THE WINDS.

SUBLIME the pleasure, meditating song,
 Lulled by the piping of the winds to lie,
 While, ever and anon collecting, fly
 The choir still swelling as they haste along,
 And shake with full Æolian notes the sky.
 A pause ensues : the sprites, that lead the throng,
 Recall their force ; and first, begin to sigh ;
 Then howls the gathering stream the rocking
 domes among.

Methinks I hear the shrieking spirits oft
 Groan in the blast, and flying tempests lead :
 While some aerial beings sighing soft
 Round once-loved maids, their guardian wishes
 plead ;
 Spirits of torment shrilly speak aloft,
 And warn the wretch, who rolls in guilt, to heed.

TO EVENING.

SWEET EVE, of softest voice and gentlest beam,
 Say, since the pensive strains thou once didst
 hear
 Of him,* the bard sublime of Arun's stream,
 Will aught beside delight thy nicer ear ?
 Me wilt thou give to praise thy shadowy gleam,
 Thy fragrant breath, and dying murmurs dear ;
 The mists, that o'er thee from thy valleys steam,
 And elfin shapes that round thy car appear ;
 The music that attends thy state ; the bell
 Of distant fold ; the gently warbling wind
 And watch-dog's hollow voice from cottaged dell ?
 For these to purest pleasure wake the mind ;
 Lull each tumultuous passion to its cell ;
 And leave soft, soothing images behind.

TO AUTUMN, NEAR HER DEPARTURE.

Thou maid of gentle light ! thy straw-wove vest,
 And russet cincture ; thy loose pale-tinged hair ;
 Thy melancholy voice, and languid air,
 As if, shut up within that pensive breast,
 Some ne'er-to-be-divulged grief was prest ;

* Collins.

Thy looks resigned, that smiles of patience wear,
While Winter's blasts thy scattered tresses tear;
Thee, Autumn, with divinest charms have blest!
Let blooming Spring with gaudy hopes delight
That dazzling Summer shall of her be born;
Let Summer blaze; and Winter's stormy train
Breathe awful music in the ear of Night;
Thee will I court, sweet dying maid forlorn,
And from thy glance will catch the inspired strain.

TO MARY.

WHERE art thou, Mary, pure as fair,
And fragrant as the balmy air,
That, passing, steals upon its wing
The varied perfumes of the spring?
With tender bosom, white as snow;
With auburn locks, that freely flow
Upon thy marble neck; with cheeks
On which the blush of morning breaks;
Eyes, in whose pure and heavenly beams
The radiance of enchantment seems;
A voice, whose melting tones would still
The madness of revenge from ill;
A form of such a graceful mould,
We scarce an earthly shape behold;
A mind of so divine a fire
As angels only could inspire!
Where art thou, Mary? For the sod
Is hallowed where thy feet have trod;
And every leaf that's touched by thee
Is sanctified, sweet maid, to me.
Where dost thou lean thy pensive head?
Thy tears what tender tale can shed?
Where dost thou stretch thy snowy arm?
And with thy plaintive accents charm?
But hold! that image through my frame
Raises a wild tempestuous flame.

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

1762 - 1836.

SIR MARMADUKE.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight;
Good man! old man!
He's painted standing bolt upright,
With his hose rolled over his knee;
His periwig's as white as chalk;
And on his fist he holds a hawk,
And he looks like the head
Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide;
Good man! old man!

His spaniels lay by the fireside;
And in other parts, d'ye see
Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;
And he looked like the head
Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from gate;
Good man! old man!
But always ready to break the pate
Of his country's enemy.
What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor and fight for his king?
And so may every head
Of an ancient family.

The Iron Chest.

THOMAS RUSSELL.

1762 - 1788.

SONNET TO VALCLUSA.

WHAT though, Valclusa, the fond bard be fled,
That wooed his fair in thy sequestered bowers,
Long loved her living, long bemoaned her dead,
And hung her visionary shrine with flowers!
What though no more he teach thy shades to mourn
The hapless chances that to love belong,
As erst when drooping o'er her turf forlorn,
He charmed wild Echo with his plaintive song.
Yet still, enamored of the tender tale,
Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic gloom,
Yet still soft music breathes in every gale,
Still undecayed the fairy garlands bloom,
Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale,
Still Petrarch's Genius weeps o'er Laura's tomb.

THOMAS MOSS.

1740 - 1808.

THE BEGGAR.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road

For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

O, take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes,—why should we
repine?

'T is Heaven has brought me to the state you
see:

And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, — once the comfort of my age!
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wild stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, — sweet soother of my care! —
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, — lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.*

1762 - 1850.

TO TIME.

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)

* The sonnets of Bowles exerted considerable influence on the minds of many youthful men of genius. Coleridge specially acknowledges his indebtedness to Bowles. As we read the sonnets now, their chief characteristic appears to be a kind of tender feebleness,—a sweet and pensive thoughtfulness

The faint pang stealest, unperceived, away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile,—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

HOPE.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watched the lingering night, and
heard,

Heartless, the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
He the green slope and level meadow views,
Delightful bathed in slow ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds that o'er the mountain's head,
In varying forms, fantastic wander white;
Or turns his ear to every random song
Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steeped in still delight:
With such delight o'er all my heart I feel
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing in-
cense steal.

TO THE RIVER TWEED.

O TWEED! a stranger, that with wandering feet
O'er hill and dale has journeyed many a mile
(If so his weary thoughts he might beguile),
Delighted turns thy beauteous scenes to greet.
The waving branches that romantic bend
O'er thy tall banks, a soothing charm bestow;
The murmurs of thy wandering wave below
Seem to his ear the pity of a friend.
Delightful stream! though now along thy shore,
When spring returns in all her wonted pride,
The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more,
Yet here with pensive peace could I abide,
Far from the stormy world's tumultuous roar,
To muse upon thy banks at eventide.

WRITTEN AT TYNEMOUTH AFTER A TEMPE- STUOUS VOYAGE.

As slow I climbed the cliff's ascending side,
Much musing on the track of terror past,
When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast,

which melodiously vells an absence of vigorous thinking. It is not to be wondered at that both Byron and Campbell felt that an essentially minor poet like Bowles exposed himself to ridicule in declaring that Pope was not a poet. Bowles had the right poetic feeling, but lacked the true poetic faculty.

Pleased I look back, and view the tranquil tide
That laves the pebbled shore: and now the beam
Of evening smiles on the gray battlement,
And yon forsaken tower that Time has rent:—
The lifted oar far off with silver gleam
Is touched, and hushed is all the billowy deep!
Soothed by the scene, thus on tired Nature's
breast

A stillness slowly steals, and kindred rest;
While sea-sounds lull her, as she sinks to sleep,
Like melodies which mourn upon the lyre,
Waked by the breeze, and, as they mourn, expire!

THE GREENWICH PENSIONERS.

WHEN evening listened to the dripping oar,
Forgetting the loud city's ceaseless roar,
By the green banks, where Thames, with conscious
pride,

Reflects that stately structure on his side,
Within whose walls, as their long labors close,
The wanderers of the ocean find repose,
We wore in social ease the hours away,
The passing visit of a summer's day.

Whilst some to range the breezy hill are gone,
I lingered on the river's marge alone;
Mingled with groups of ancient sailors gray,
And watched the last bright sunshine steal away.

As thus I mused amidst the various train
Of toil-worn wanderers of the perilous main,
Two sailors — well I marked them (as the beam
Of parting day yet lingered on the stream,
And the sun sunk behind the shady reach) —
Hastened with tottering footsteps to the beach.
The one had lost a limb in Nile's dread fight;
Total eclipse had veiled the other's sight
Forever! As I drew more anxious near,
I stood intent, if they should speak, to hear;
But neither said a word! He who was blind
Stood as to feel the comfortable wind
That gently lifted his gray hair: his face
Seemed then of a faint smile to wear the trace.

The other fixed his gaze upon the light
Parting; and when the sun had vanished quite,
Methought a starting tear that Heaven might
bless,

Unfelt, or felt with transient tenderness,
Came to his aged eyes, and touched his cheek!
And then, as meek and silent as before,
Back hand in hand they went, and left the shore.

As they departed through the unheeding crowd,
A caged bird sung from the casement loud;
And then I heard alone that blind man say,
"The music of the bird is sweet to-day!"

I said, "O Heavenly Father! none may know
The cause these have for silence or for woe!"
Here they appear heart-stricken or resigned
Amidst the unheeding tumult of mankind.

There is a world, a pure unclouded clime,
Where there is neither grief nor death nor
time!

Nor loss of friends! Perhaps when yonder bell
Beat slow, and bade the dying day farewell,
Ere yet the glimmering landscape sunk to night,
They thought upon that world of distant light;
And when the blind man, lifting light his hair,
Felt the faint wind, he raised a warmer prayer;
Then sighed, as the blithe bird sung o'er his
head,

"No morn will shine on me till I am dead!"

THE GREENWOOD.

O, WHEN 't is summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green, —

O, then 't is sweet,
In some retreat,

To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood together.

But when 't is winter weather,

And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,
And rain and sleet
The lattice beat, —
O, then 't is sweet
To sit and sing

Of the friends with whom, in the days of spring
We roamed through the greenwood together.

THE GLOWWORM.

O, WHAT is this which shines so bright,
And in the lonely place
Hangs out his small green lamp at night,
The dewy bank to grace?

It is a glowworm, — still and pale
It shines the whole night long,
When only stars, O nightingale,
Seem listening to thy song.

And so, amid the world's cold night,
Through good report or ill,
Shines out the humble Christian's light,
As lonely and as still.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

1763 - 1855.

FROM "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

TWILIGHT's soft dews steal o'er the village-green,

With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
 Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
 When round the ruins of their ancient oak
 The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
 And games and carols closed the busy day.
 Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
 With treasured tales and legendary lore.
 All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
 To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
 All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
 What secret charms this silent spot endear?

Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,

Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
 That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
 First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
 The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,

Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
 When all things pleased, for life itself was new,
 And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
 The gypsy's fagot,—there we stood and gazed;
 Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
 Her tattered mantle, and her hood of straw;
 Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
 The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
 Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
 From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
 Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest shade,

When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed;—

And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call,
 Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall.
 As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
 And traced the line of life with searching view,
 How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,

To learn the color of my future years!

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
 Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
 Awake but one, and, lo! what myriads rise!
 Each stamps its image as the other flies.
 Each, as the various avenues of sense
 Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
 Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
 Control the latent fibres of the heart.
 As studious Prospero's mysterious spell

Drew every subject-spirit to his cell;
 Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
 As judgment dictates or the scene inspires.
 Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source
 Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,
 And through the frame invisibly convey
 The subtle, quick vibrations as they play;
 Man's little universe at once o'ercast,
 At once illumined when the cloud is past.

Recall the traveller, whose altered form
 Has born the buffet of the mountain-storm;
 And who will first his fond impatience meet?
 His faithful dog's already at his feet!
 Yes, though the porter spurn him from the door,
 Though all, that knew him, know his face no more,

His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
 With that mute eloquence which passes speech.—
 And see, the master but returns to die!
 Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
 The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,

The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,
 These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,
 Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
 Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
 O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
 And many a stream allures her to its source.
 'T is noon, 't is night. That eye so finely wrought,

Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
 Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
 Its orb so full, its vision so confined!
 Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
 Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
 With conscious truth retrace the mazy clew
 Of summer-scents, that charmed her as she flew?

Hail, Memory, hail! thy universal reign
 Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

The beauteous maid who bids the world adieu,
 Oft of that world will snatch a fond review:
 Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
 Some social scene, some dear, familiar face:
 And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell
 Bursts through the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,

Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
 To love and joy still tremblingly alive;
 The whispered vow, the chaste caress prolong,
 Weave the light dance and swell the choral song;
 With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
 And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade,

To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

* * *

When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying
round

With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and sheltered cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
Though far below the forkéd lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rocked to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
With Memory's aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends to hear their cherub-voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

* * *

O thou! with whom my heart was wont to
share

From reason's dawn each pleasure and each
care;

With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no dis-
guise,

Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes time and chance present
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet remembrance of unblemished youth,
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!

Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo! fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

FROM "HUMAN LIFE."

THE day arrives, the moment wished and feared;
The child is born, by many a pang endeared.
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;
O, grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes,—she clasps him. To her bosom
pressed,

He drinks the balm of life and drops to rest.

Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear forever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss im-
part;

Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

But soon a nobler task demands her care.
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there!
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye,—now many a written
thought,

Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,
His moving, murmuring lips endeavor to repeat.

Released, he chases the bright butterfly;
O, he would follow,—follow through the sky!
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane;
Then runs, and, kneeling by the fountain-side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
A dangerous voyage; or, if now he can,
If now he wears the habit of a man,
Flings off the coat so much his pride and pleasure,
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise!
Where'er he goes, forever in her sight,
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight!

Ah! who, when fading of itself away,
Would cloud the sunshine of his little day!
Now is the May of life. Exulting round,
Joy wings his feet, joy lifts him from the ground!
Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
"These are *my* jewels!" Well of such as he,
When Jesus spake, well might the language be,
"Suffer these little ones to come to me!"

Thoughtful by fits, he scans and he reverts

The brow engraven with the thoughts of years ;
Close by her side his silent homage given
As to some pure intelligence from Heaven ;
His eyes cast downward with ingenuous shame,
His conscious cheeks, conscious of praise or
blame,

At once lit up as with a holy flame !
He thirsts for knowledge, speaks but to inquire ;
And soon with tears relinquished to the sire,
Soon in his hand to Wisdom's temple led,
Holds secret converse with the mighty dead ;
Trembles and thrills and weeps as they inspire,
Burns as they burn, and with congenial fire !
Like her most gentle, most unfortunate,
Crowned but to die, — who in her chamber sate
Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown,
And every ear and every heart was won,
And all in green array were chasing down the sun !

Then is the Age of Admiration ! Then
Gods walk the earth, or beings more than men ;
Who breathe the soul of inspiration round,
Whose very shadows consecrate the ground !
Ah ! then comes thronging many a wild desire,
And high imagining and thought of fire !
Then from within a voice exclaims, "Aspire !" —
Phantoms, that upward point, before him pass,
As in the cave athwart the wizard's glass ;
They, that on youth a grace, a lustre shed,
Of every age, — the living and the dead !
Thou, all-accomplished Surrey, thou art known ;
The flower of knighthood, nipt as soon as blown !
Melting all hearts but Geraldine's alone !
And, with his beaver up, discovering there
One who loved less to conquer than to spare,
Lo ! the Black Warrior, he, who, battle-spent,
Bareheaded served the captive in his tent !
Young B—— in the groves of Academe,
Or where Ilyssus winds his whispering stream ;
Or where the wild bees swarm with ceaseless hum,
Dreaming old dreams, — a joy for years to come ;
Or on the rock within the sacred fane ; —
Scenes such as Milton sought, but sought in vain :
And Milton's self (at that thrice-honored name
Well may we glow, — as men, we share his fame)
And Milton's self, apart with beaming eye,
Planning he knows not what, — that shall not die !

* * *

The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,
And the swart seaman, sailing far below,
Not undelighted watch the morning ray
Purpling the orient, — till it breaks away,
And burns and blazes into glorious day !
But happier still is he who bends to trace
That sun, the soul, just dawning in the face ;
The burst, the glow, the animating strife,
The thoughts and passions stirring into life ;
The forming utterance, the inquiring glance,
The giant waking from his tenfold trance,

Till up he starts as conscious whence he came,
And all is light within the trembling frame !

What then a father's feelings ? Joy and fear
In turn prevail, — joy most ; and through the year
Tempering the ardent, urging night and day
Him who shrinks back or wanders from the way,
Praising each highly, — from a wish to raise
Their merits to the level of his praise,
Onward in their observing sight he moves,
Fearful of wrong, in awe of whom he loves !
Their sacred presence who shall dare profane ?
Who, when he slumbers, hope to fix a stain ?
He lives a model in his life to show,
That, when he dies and through the world they go,
Some men may pause and say, when some admire,
"They are his sons, and worthy of their sire !" —

* * *

And now behold him up the hill ascending,
Memory and Hope like evening stars attending ;
Sustained, excited, till his course is run,
By deeds of virtue done or to be done.
When on his couch he sinks at length to rest,
Those by his counsel saved, his power redressed,
Those by the world shunned ever as unblest,
At whom the rich man's dog growls from the
gate,

But whom he sought out, sitting desolate,
Come and stand round, — the widow with her
child,

As when she first forgot her tears and smiled !
They, who watch by him, see not ; but he sees,
Sees and exults. Were ever dreams like these ?
They, who watch by him, hear not ; but he hears,
And earth recedes, and heaven itself appears !

'Tis past ! That hand we grasped, alas ! in
vain !

Nor shall we look upon his face again !
But to his closing eyes, for all were there,
Nothing was wanting ; and through many a year
We shall remember with a fond delight
The words so precious which we heard to-night ;
His parting, though awhile our sorrow flows,
Like setting suns or music at the close !

Then was the drama ended. Not till then,
So full of chance and change the lives of men,
Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure
From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,
He slept in peace, — say rather soared to heaven,
Upborne from earth by Him to whom 't is given
In his right hand to hold the golden key
That opes the portals of eternity.

A PROPHECY OF ITALIAN EMANCIPATION.

O ITALY, how beautiful thou art !
Yet I could weep, — for thou art lying, alas !
Low in the dust ; and we admire thee now
As we admire the beautiful in death.

Thine was a dangerous gift, when thou wert born,
The gift of beauty. Would thou hadst it not;
Or wert as once, awing the caitiffs vile
That now beset thee, making thee their slave!
Would they had loved thee less, or feared thee
more!

— But why despair? Twice hast thou lived
already;

Twice shone among the nations of the world,
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour shall come,
When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,
Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike
again

If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
And, dying, left a splendor like the day,
That like the day diffused itself, and still
Blesses the earth, — the light of genius, virtue,
Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
Godlike example. Echoes that have slept
Since Athens, Lacedæmon, were themselves,
Since men invoked "By those in Marathon!"
Awake along the Ægean; and the dead,
They of that sacred shore, have heard the call,
And through the ranks, from wing to wing, are
seen

Moving as once they were, — instead of rage
Breathing deliberate valor.

Italy.

VENICE.

THERE is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city, — steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently, — by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some, though time had shattered
them,

Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

* * *

Gliding on,

At length we leave the river for the sea.
At length a voice aloft proclaims "Venezia!"
And, as called forth, she comes.

A few in fear,
Flying away from him whose boast it was
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean waves;
And where the sands were shifting, as the wind
Blew from the north or south, — where they that
came

Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,
A vast metropolis, with glistering spires,
With theatres, basilicas adorned;
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men.

And whence the talisman, whereby she rose,
Towering? 'Twas found there in the barren
sea.

Want led to Enterprise; and, far or near,
Who met not the Venetian? — now among
The Ægean Isles, steering from port to port,
Landing and bartering; now, no stranger there,
In Cairo, or without the eastern gate,
Ere yet the Casila came, listening to hear
Its bells approaching from the Red Sea coast;
Then on the Euxine, and that smaller Sea
Of Azoph, in close converse with the Russ
And Tartar; on his lowly deck receiving
Pearls from the Persian Gulf, gems from Gol-
conde;

Eyes brighter yet, that shed the light of love,
From Georgia, from Circassia. Wandering round,
When in the rich bazaar he saw, displayed,
Treasures from climes unknown, he asked and
learnt,

And, travelling slowly upward, drew erelong
From the well-head, supplying all below;
Making the imperial city of the East,
Herself, his tributary. If we turn
To those black forests, where, through many an
age,

Night without day, no axe the silence broke,
Or seldom, save where Rhine or Danube rolled;
Where o'er the narrow glen a castle hangs,
And, like the wolf that hungered at his door,
The baron lived by rapine, — there we meet,
In warlike guise, the caravan from Venice;
When on its march, now lost and now beheld,
A glittering file (the trumpet heard, the scout
Sent and recalled), but at a city-gate
All gayety, and looked for ere it comes;
Winning regard with all that can attract,
Cages, whence every wild cry of the desert,
Jugglers, stage-dancers. Well might Charlemain,
And his brave peers, each with his visor up,
On their long lances lean and gaze awhile,
When the Venetian to their eyes disclosed
The wonders of the East! Well might they then
Sigh for new conquests!

Thus did Venice rise,
 Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,
 That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet
 From India, from the region of the sun,
 Fragrant with spices, — that a way was found,
 A channel opened, and the golden stream
 Turned to enrich another. Then she felt
 Her strength departing, yet awhile maintained
 Her state, her splendor; till a tempest shook
 All things most held in honor among men,
 All that the giant with the scythe had spared,
 To their foundations, and at once she fell;
 She who had stood yet longer than the last
 Of the four kingdoms, — who, as in an ark,
 Had floated down, amid a thousand wrecks,
 Uninjured, from the Old World to the New,
 From the last glimpse of civilized life — to where
 Light shone again, and with the blaze of noon.

Italy.

GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
 To Modena, where still religiously
 Among her ancient trophies is preserved
 Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
 Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain thee; through their archéd walks,
 Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
 Of knights and dames such as in old romance,
 And lovers such as in heroic song, —
 Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
 That in the spring-time, as alone they sate,
 Venturing together on a tale of love,
 Read only part that day. A summer sun
 Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
 Enter the house — prithee, forget it not —
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,
 The very last of that illustrious race,
 Done by Zampieri, — but by whom I care not.
 He who observes it, ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
 That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half open, and her finger up,
 As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold
 Brodered with flowers, and clasped from head
 to foot,

An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart, —

It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
 An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by Antony of Trent
 With scripture-stories from the life of Christ;
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held
 The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
 That by the way — it may be true or false —
 But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
 When thou hast heard the tale they told me
 there.

She was an only child; from infancy
 The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire.
 Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
 That precious gift, what else remained to him?
 The young Ginevra was his all in life,
 Still as she grew, forever in his sight;
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gayety,
 Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
 Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
 When all sate down, the bride was wanting there.
 Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
 "'T is but to make a trial of our love!"
 And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
 'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
 Laughing and looking back and flying still,
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas! she was not to be found;
 Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
 But that she was not! — Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Orsini lived; and long was to be seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,
 Something he could not find, — he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remained awhile
 Silent and tenantless, — then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
 When on an idle day, a day of search
 Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas
 said

By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
 "Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
 'T was done as soon as said; but on the way
 It burst, it fell; and, lo! a skeleton,

With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished, — save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra." — There, then, had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever!

Italy.

JORASSE.

JORASSE was in his three-and-twentieth year;
Graceful and active as a stag just roused;
Gentle withal, and pleasant in his speech,
Yet seldom seen to smile. He had grown up
Among the hunters of the Higher Alps;
Had caught their starts and fits of thoughtfulness,
Their haggard looks, and strange soliloquies,
Arising (so say they that dwell below)
From frequent dealings with the Mountain-
Spirits.

But other ways had taught him better things;
And now he numbered, marching by my side,
The great, the learned, that with him had crossed
The frozen tract, — with him familiarly
Through the rough day and rougher night con-
versed

In many a chalet round the Peak of Terror,
Round Tacul, Tour, Well-horn, and Rosenlau,
And her whose throne is inaccessible,
Who sits, withdrawn in virgin majesty,
Nor oft unveils. Anon an avalanche
Rolled its long thunder; and a sudden crash,
Sharp and metallic, to the startled ear
Told that far down a continent of ice
Had burst in twain. But he had now begun;
And with what transport he recalled the hour
When, to deserve, to win his blooming bride,
Madelaine of Annecy, to his feet he bound
The iron crampons, and, ascending, trod
The upper realms of frost; then, by a cord
Let half-way down, entered a grot star-bright,
And gathered from above, below, around,
The pointed crystals! — Once, nor long before
(Thus did his tongue run on, fast as his feet,
And with an eloquence that Nature gives
To all her children, — breaking off by starts
Into the harsh and rude, oft as the mule
Drew his displeasure), once, nor long before,
Alone at daybreak on the Mettenberg
He slipped and fell; and, through a fearful cleft
Gliding insensibly from ledge to ledge,
From deep to deeper and to deeper still,
Went to the underworld! Long while he lay
Upon his rugged bed, — then waked like one

Wishing to sleep again and sleep forever!
For, looking round, he saw, or thought he saw,
Innumerable branches of a cave,
Winding beneath that solid crust of ice;
With here and there a rent that showed the stars!
What then, alas! was left him but to die?
What else in those immeasurable chambers,
Strewn with the bones of miserable men,
Lost like himself? Yet must he wander on,
Till cold and hunger set his spirit free!
And, rising, he began his dreary round;
When hark! the noise as of some mighty flood
Working its way to light! Back he withdrew,
But soon returned, and, fearless from despair,
Dashed down the dismal channel; and all day,
If day could be where utter darkness was,
Travelled incessantly; the craggy roof
Just overhead, and the impetuous waves,
Nor broad nor deep, yet with a giant's strength,
Lashing him on. At last as in a pool
The water slept; a pool sullen, profound,
Where, if a billow chanced to heave and swell,
It broke not; and the roof, descending, lay
Flat on the surface. Statue-like he stood,
His journey ended; when a ray divine
Shot through his soul. Breathing a prayer to her
Whose ears are never shut, the Blessed Virgin,
He plunged and swam, — and in an instant rose,
The barrier passed, in sunshine! Through a vale,
Such as in Arcady, where many a thatch
Gleams through the trees, half seen and half
embowered,

Glittering the river ran; and on the bank
The young were dancing ('t was a festival-day)
All in their best attire. There first he saw
His Madelaine. In the crowd she stood to hear,
When all drew round, inquiring; and her face,
Seen behind all and varying, as he spoke,
With hope and fear and generous sympathy,
Subdued him. From that very hour he loved.

The tale was long, but coming to a close,
When his wild eyes flashed fire; and, all forgot,
He listened and looked up. I looked up too;
And twice there came a hiss that through me
thrilled!

'T was heard no more. — A chamois on the cliff
Had roused his fellows with that cry of fear,
And all were gone. But now the theme was
changed;

And he recounted his hair-breadth escapes,
When with his friend, Hubert of Bionnay
(His ancient carbine from his shoulder slung,
His axe to hew a stairway in the ice),
He tracked their wanderings. By a cloud sur-
prised,

Where the next step had plunged them into air,
Long had they stood, locked in each other's arms,
Amid the gulfs that yawned to swallow them;

Each guarding each through many a freezing hour

As on some temple's highest pinnacle,
From treacherous slumber. O, it was a sport
Dearer than life, and but with life relinquished!
"My sire, my grandsire died among these wilds.
As for myself," he cried, and he held forth
His wallet in his hand, "this do I call
My winding-sheet, — for I shall have no other!"

And he spoke truth. Within a little month
He lay among these awful solitudes
(T was on a glacier, — half-way up to heaven),
Taking his final rest. Long did his wife,
Suckling her babe, her only one, look out
The way he went at parting, — but he came not;
Long fear to close her eyes, from dusk till dawn
Plying her distaff through the silent hours,
Lest he appear before her, — lest in sleep,
If sleep steal on, he come, as all are wont,
Frozen and ghastly blue or black with gore,
To plead for the last rite.

Italy.

ÆSTUM.*

THEY stand between the mountains and the sea;
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not!
The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck.
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic and moves on.
Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of gods! and on their ample steps
What various habits, various tongues, beset
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice!
Time was perhaps the third was sought for justice;

And here the accuser stood, and there the accused;
And here the judges sate, and heard, and judged.
All silent now! — as in the ages past,
Trodden under foot and mingled, dust with dust.

How many centuries did the sun go round
From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene Sea,
While, by some spell rendered invisible,
Or, if approached, approached by him alone
Who saw as though he saw not, they remained
As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
Waiting the appointed time! All, all within
Proclaims that Nature had resumed her right,
And taken to herself what man renounced;
No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
But with thick ivy hung or branching fern;
Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure!

From my youth upward have I longed to tread
This classic ground. And am I here at last?

* The temples of Æstum are three in number; and have survived, nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them; but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,
Towns like the living rock from which they grew?
A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave* withstood a world in arms.

The air is sweet with violets, running wild †
Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals;
Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost
(Turning to thee, divine Philosophy,
Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul),
Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,
For Athens; when a ship, if northeast winds
Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slackened her
course.

On as he moved along the level shore,
These temples, in their splendor eminent
Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
Well might he dream of glory! Now, coiled up,
The serpent sleeps within them; the she-wolf
Suckles her young: and, as alone I stand
In this, the nobler pile, the elements
Of earth and air its only floor and roof,
How solemn is the stillness! Nothing stirs
Save the shrill-voiced cicada flitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
And up the fluted shaft with short quick spring,
To vanish in the chinks that time has made.

In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries
(Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
Athwart the innumerable columns flung), —
In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
Led by the mighty genius of the place.

Walls of some capital city first appeared,
Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn;
— And what within them? what but in the midst
These three in more than their original grandeur,
And, round about, no stone upon another?
As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
And, turning, left them to the elements.

'T is said a stranger in the days of old
(Some say a Dorian, some a Sybarite;
But distant things are ever lost in clouds), —
'T is said a stranger came, and, with his plough,
Traced out the site; and Posidonia ‡ rose,
Severely great, Neptune the tutelar god;

* Spartacus.

† The violets of Æstum were as proverbial as the roses. Martial mentions them with the honey of Hybla.

‡ Originally a Greek city under that name, and afterwards a Roman city under the name of Pæstum. It was surprised and destroyed by the Saracens at the beginning of the tenth century.

A Homer's language murmuring in her streets,
And in her haven many a mast from Tyre.
Then came another, an unbidden guest.
He knocked and entered with a train in arms;
And all was changed, her very name and language!
The Tyrian merchant, shipping at his door
Ivory and gold, and silk, and frankincense,
Sailed as before, but, sailing, cried, "For Pæstum!"

And now a Virgil, now an Ovid sung
Pæstum's twice-blowing roses; while, within,
Parents and children mourned, — and, every year
(T was on the day of some old festival),
Met to give way to tears, and once again
Talk in the ancient tongue of things gone by.*
At length an Arab climbed the battlements,
Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night;
And from all eyes the glorious vision fled!
Leaving a place lonely and dangerous,
Where whom the robber spares, a deadlier foe†
Strikes at unseen, — and at a time when joy
Opens the heart, when summer skies are blue,
And the clear air is soft and delicate;
For then the demon works, — then with that air
The thoughtless wretch drinks in a subtle poison
Lulling to sleep; and, when he sleeps, he dies.

But what are these still standing in the midst?
The earth has rocked beneath; the thunderbolt
Passed through and through, and left its traces
there;
Yet still they stand as by some unknown charter!
O, they are Nature's own!‡ and, as allied
To the vast mountains and the eternal sea,
They want no written history; theirs a voice
Forever speaking to the heart of man!

Italy.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

* *Alhæneus*, XIV.

† *The Malaria.*

‡ "And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat."

EMERSON.

The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

ON A TEAR.

O THAT the chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell, —
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever flyest to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source, —
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light;
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

"SAY, what remains when hope is fled?"
She answered, "Endless weeping!"
For in the herdsman's eye she read
Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At Embsay rung the matin-bell,
The stag was roused on Barden-fell;

The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
 And down the Wharfe a hern was flying;
 When near the cabin in the wood,
 In tartan-clad and forest-green,
 With hound in leash and hawk in hood,
 The boy of Egremont was seen.
 Blithe was his song, a song of yore;
 But where the rock is rent in two,
 And the river rushes through,
 His voice was heard no more!
 'T was but a step! the gulf he passed;
 But that step, — it was his last!
 As through the mist he winged his way
 (A cloud that hovers night and day),
 The hound hung back, and back he drew
 The master and his merlin too.
 That narrow place of noise and strife
 Received their little all of life!

There now the matin-bell is rung;
 The "Miserere!" duly sung;
 And holy men in cowl and hood
 Are wandering up and down the wood.
 But what avail they? Ruthless lord,
 Thou didst not shudder when the sword
 Here on the young its fury spent,
 The helpless and the innocent.
 Sit now and answer, groan for groan.
 The child before thee is thy own.
 And she who wildly wanders there,
 The mother in her long despair,
 Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,
 Of those who by the Wharfe were sweeping;
 Of those who would not be consoled
 When red with blood the river rolled.

JAMES GRAHAME.

1765 - 1811.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

How pleasant came thy rushing, silver Tweed!
 Upon my ear, when, after roaming long
 In southern plains, I've reached thy lovely bank!
 How bright, renowned Sark! thy little stream,
 Like ray of columned light chasing a shower,
 Would cross my homeward path; how sweet the
 sound,
 When I, to hear the Doric tongue's reply,
 Would ask thy well-known name!
 And must I leave,
 Dear land, thy bonny braes, thy dales,
 Each haunted by its wizard stream, o'erhung
 With all the varied charms of bush and tree?
 And must I leave the friends of youthful years,
 And mould my heart anew, to take the stamp
 Of foreign friendships in a foreign land,

And learn to love the music of strange tongues!
 Yes, I may love the music of strange tongues,
 And mould my heart anew to take the stamp
 Of foreign friendships in a foreign land:
 But to my parchéd mouth's roof cleave this tongue,
 My fancy fade into the yellow leaf,
 And this oft-pausing heart forget to throb,
 If, Scotland! thee and thine I e'er forget.

CHURCH WORSHIP.

BUT chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
 Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
 On other days, the man of toil is doomed
 To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
 Both seat and board, screened from the winter's
 cold

And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree;
 But on this day, embosomed in his home,
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
 With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
 Of giving thanks to God, — not thanks of form,
 A word and a grimace, but reverently,
 With covered face and upward earnest eye.
 Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
 The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
 The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
 While wandering slowly up the river-side,
 He meditates on him whose power he marks
 In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
 As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
 Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
 With elevated joy each rural charm,
 He hopes (yet fears presumption in the hope)
 To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
 Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
 Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
 Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved
 ground;

The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
 Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
 With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well-
 pleased;

These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
 The house of God, — these, spite of all their ills,
 A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
 They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
 Until the man of God, worthy the name,
 Opens the book, and reverentially
 The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
 The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
 Then swells into a diapason full:
 The people rising sing, "With harp, with harp,
 And voice of psalms"; harmoniously attuned
 The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
 At every close, the lingering strain prolong.
 And now the tubes a softened stop controls;

In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.
Again the organ-peal, loud, rolling, meets
The hallelujahs of the choir. Sublime
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
As if the whole were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward : afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch :
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still : his heart is cheered ;
He smiles on death ; but ah ! a wish will rise, —
"Would I were now beneath that echoing roof !
No lukewarm accents from my lips should flow ;
My heart would sing ; and many a Sabbath-day
My steps should thither turn ; or, wandering far
In solitary paths, where wild-flowers blow,
There would I bless His name who led me forth
From death's dark vale, to walk amid those
sweets, —

Who gives the bloom of health once more to glow
Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye."

The Sabbath.

THE BLIND OLD MAN AND HIS DOG.

WHEN homeward bands their several ways dis-
perse,

I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent sleep below.
Sad sighs the wind that from these ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered
grass :

The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.
But list that moan ! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend, — conjunction rare !
A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep : the lightning's
flash

Had dimmed, not closed, his mild but sightless
eyes.

He was a welcome guest through all his range
(It was not wide) ; no dog would bay at him :
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elves how to plait
The rushy cap and crown, or sedgey ship :
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit, that now looks on me
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.

The Sabbath.

A SCOTTISH COUNTRY WEDDING.

Now, mid the general glow of opening blooms,
Coy maidens blush consent, nor slight the gift
From neighboring fair brought home, till now
refused.

Swains, seize the sunny hours to make your hay,
For woman's smiles are fickle as the sky ;
Bespeak the priest, bespeak the minstrel too,
Ere May, to wedlock hostile, stop the banns.

The appointed day arrives, a blithesome day
Of festive jollity, yet not devoid
Of soft regret to her about to leave
A parent's roof ; yes, at the word, join hands,
A tear reluctant starts, as she beholds
Her mother's looks, her father's silvery hairs.
But serious thoughts take flight, when from the
barn,

Soon as the bands are knit, a jocund sound
Strikes briskly up, and nimble feet beat fast
Upon the earthen floor. Through many a reel
With various steps uncouth, some new, some old,
Some all the dancer's own, with Highland flings
Not void of grace, the lads and lasses strive
To dance each other down ; and oft when quite
Forespent, the fingers merrily cracked, the bound,
The rallying shout well-timed, and sudden change
To sprightlier tune, revive the flagging foot,
And make it feel as if it tripped in air.

When all are tired, and all his stock of reels
The minstrel o'er and o'er again has run,
The cheering flagon circles round ; meanwhile,
A softened tune, and slower measure, flows
Sweet from the strings, and stills the boisterous
joy.

Maybe *The Bonny Broom of Cowdenknowes*
(If simply played, though not with master hand),
Or *Pattie's Mill*, or *Bush Aboon Traquair*,
Inspire a tranquil gladness through the breast ;
Or that most mournful strain, the sad lament
For Flodden-field, drives mirth from every face,
And makes the firmest heart strive hard to curb
The rising tear ; till, with unpausing bow,
The blithe strathspey springs up, reminding some
Of nights when Gow's old arm (nor old the tale),
Unceasing, save when reeking cans went round,
Made heart and heel leap light as bounding roe.
Alas ! no more shall we behold that look
So venerable, yet so blent with mirth,
And festive joy sedate ; that ancient garb
Unvaried, — tartan hose and bonnet blue !
No more shall beauty's partial eye draw forth
The full intoxication of his strain,
Mellifluous, strong, exuberantly rich !
No more amid the pauses of the dance
Shall he repeat those measures, that in days
Of other years could soothe a falling prince,
And light his visage with a transient smile

Of melancholy joy, — like autumn sun
Gilding a scere tree with a passing beam!
Or play to sportive children on the green
Dancing at gloaming hour; or willing cheer,
With strains unbought, the shepherd's bridal day!

But light now failing, glimmering candles shine
In ready chandeliers of moulded clay
Stuck round the walls, displaying to the view
The ceiling rich with cobweb-drapery hung.
Meanwhile, from mill and smiddy, field and barn,
Fresh groups come hastening in; but of them
all,

The miller bears the *gree*, as rafter high
He leaps, and, lighting, shakes a dusty cloud all
round.

In harmless merriment, protracted long,
The hours glide by. At last, the stocking
thrown,

And duly every gossip rite performed,
Youths, maids, and matrons take their several
ways;

While drouthy carles, waiting for the moon,
Sit down again, and quaff till daylight dawn.

British Georgics.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

1766 - 1823.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

My untried Muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor strut in arms, — farewell my cap and plume!
Brief be my verse, a task within my power;
I tell my feelings in one happy hour:
But what an hour was that! when from the main
I reached this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest filled my eager sight,
Half shocked, half waving in a flood of light;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born,
The sun looked down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appeared;
I listened on the threshold, nothing heard;
I called my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide;
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appeared the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before! The same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,

Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seemed to say (past friendship to renew),
"Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?"
Through the room ranged the imprisoned humble-
bee,

And boomed, and bounced, and struggled to be
free;

Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy strayed,
O'er undulating waves the broom had made;
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we passed the Cape of Storms,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes
never;

They roll and foam, and roll and foam forever.
But here was peace, that peace which home can
yield;

The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitute for clarion, fife, and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,
On beds of moss that spread the window-sill,
I deemed no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guessed some infant hand had placed it
there,

And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose;
My heart felt everything but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and burst into tears;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared.
In stepped my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasped me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid;
And stooping to the child, the old man said,
"Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again.
This is your Uncle Charles, come home from
Spain,"

The child approached, and with her fingers light
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
But why thus spin my tale, — thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me!

CAROLINA, LADY NAIRN.

1766 - 1845.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when its thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'

To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither could nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair

In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you

To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
O, we grudged her right sair

To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me

To the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fain

In the land o' the leal.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

1766 - 1813.

A VILLAGE SCOLD SURPRISING HER HUSBAND
IN AN ALEHOUSE.

I' THE thrang o' stories tellin,
Shakin hands and jokin queer,
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan, —
“Mungo! is our Watty here?”

Maggy's weel-kent tongue and hurry
Darted through him like a knife:
Up the door flew, — like a fury
In came Watty's scoldin wife.

“Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
O ye snuffy drucken sow!
Bringin wife and weans to ruin,
Drinkin here wi' sic a crew!

“Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
Drink's your night and day's desire;
Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
Fling your whiskey i' the fire!”

Watty heard her tongue unhallowed,
Paid his groat wi' little din,
Left the house, while Maggy fallowed,
Flying a' the road behin'.

Folk frae every door came lampin,
Maggy curst them ane and a',
Clappéd wi' her hands, and stampin,
Lost her bauchels i' the snaw.

Hame, at length, she turned the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout,
Ragin like a very devil,
Kickin stools and chairs about.

“Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye, —
Hang you, sir, I'll be your death!
Little hands my hands, confound you,
But I cleave you to the teeth!”

Watty, wha, midst this oration,
Eyed her whites, but durst na speak,
Sat, like patient Resignation,
Trembling by the ingle-check.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet
(Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell),
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighin aften to himsel, —

“Nane are free frae some vexation,
Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
But through a' the hale creation
Is nae mortal vexed like me.”

AMELIA OPIE.

1769 - 1853.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale,
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 't was bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
 "Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd;
 My mother answered with her tears.
 "Why are you crying thus," said I,
 "While others laugh and shout with joy?"
 She kissed me, — and with such a sigh!
 She called me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,
 As in her face I looked, and smiled;
 My mother through her tears replied,
 "You 'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"
 And now they 've tolled my mother's knell,
 And I'm no more a parent's joy;
 O lady, I have learned too well
 What 't is to be an orphan boy!

O, were I by your bounty fed!
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide —
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
 Lady, you weep! — ha? — this to me?
 You 'll give me clothing, food, employ?
 Look down, dear parents! look, and see
 Your happy, happy orphan boy!



JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

1769 - 1846.

PROSPECTUS AND SPECIMEN OF AN INTENDED NATIONAL WORK,

BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT WHISTLECRAFT, OF STOW-MARKET,
 IN SUFFOLK, HARNESS AND COLLAR-MAKERS; INTENDED
 TO COMPRISE THE MOST INTERESTING PARTICULARS RE-
 LATING TO KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE.

THE PROEM.

I've often wished that I could write a book,
 Such as all English people might peruse;
 I never should regret the pains it took,
 That's just the sort of fame that I should
 chuse:

To sail about the world like Captain Cook,
 I'd sling a cot up for my favorite Muse,
 And we'd take verses out to Demarara,
 To New South Wales, and up to Niagara.

Poets consume excisable commodities,
 They raise the nation's spirit when victorious,
 They drive an export trade in whims and oddities,
 Making our commerce and revenue glorious;
 As an industrious and painstaking body 't is
 That poets should be reckoned meritorious;
 And therefore I submissively propose
 To erect one board for verse and one for prose.

Princes protecting sciences and art
 I've often seen, in copperplate and print;
 I never saw them elsewhere, for my part,
 And therefore I conclude there's nothing in 't;
 But everybody knows the Regent's heart;
 I trust he won't reject a well-meant hint;
 Each board to have twelve members, with a seat
 To bring them in per ann. five hundred neat: —

From princes I descend to the nobility:
 In former times all persons of high stations,
 Lords, baronets, and persons of gentility,
 Paid twenty guineas for the dedications:
 This practice was attended with utility;
 The patrons lived to future generations,
 The poets lived by their industrious earning, —
 So men alive and dead could live by learning.

Then, twenty guineas was a little fortune;
 Now, we must starve unless the times should
 mend:

Our poets nowadays are deemed importune
 If their addresses are diffusely penned;
 Most fashionable authors make a short one
 To their own wife, or child, or private friend,
 To show their independence, I suppose;
 And that may do for gentlemen like those.

Lastly, the common people I beseech —

Dear people! if you think my verses clever,
 Preserve with care your noble parts of speech,
 And take it as a maxim to endeavor
 To talk as your good mothers used to teach,
 And then these lines of mine may last forever;
 And don't confound the language of the nation
 With long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*.

I think that poets (whether Whig or Tory)
 (Whether they go to meeting or to church)
 Should study to promote their country's glory
 With patriotic, diligent research;
 That children yet unborn may learn the story,
 With grammars, dictionaries, canes, and birch;
 It stands to reason. This was Homer's plan,
 And we must do — like him — the best we can.

Madoc and Marmion, and many more,
 Are out in print, and most of them are sold;
 Perhaps together they may make a score;
 Richard the First has had his story told,
 But there were lords and princes long before
 That had behaved themselves like warriors bold;
 Among the rest there was the great King Arthur,
 What hero's fame was ever carried farther?

King Arthur, and the Knights of his Round Table,
 Were reckoned the best king, and bravest lords,
 Of all that flourished since the tower of Babel,
 At least of all that history records;

Therefore I shall endeavor, if I'm able,
To paint their famous actions by my words :
Heroes exert themselves in hopes of fame,
And having such a strong decisive claim,

It grieves me much, that names that were respected
In former ages, persons of such mark,
And countrymen of ours, should lie neglected,
Just like old portraits lumbering in the dark :
An error such as this should be corrected,
And if my Muse can strike a single spark,
Why then (as poets say) I'll string my lyre ;
And then I'll light a great poetic fire ;

I'll air them all, and rub down the Round Table,
And wash the canvas clean, and scour the frames,
And put a coat of varnish on the fable,
And try to puzzle out the dates and names ;
Then (as I said before) I'll heave my cable,
And take a pilot, and drop down the Thames, —
— These first eleven stanzas make a proem,
And now I must sit down and write my poem.

SIR GAWAIN.

SIR GAWAIN may be painted in a word, —
He was a perfect loyal cavalier ;
His courteous manners stand upon record,
A stranger to the very thought of fear.
The proverb says, *As brave as his own sword* ;
And like his weapon was that worthy peer,
Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
Polished yet keen, though pliant yet upright.

On every point, in earnest or in jest,
His judgment and his prudence and his wit
Were deemed the very touchstone and the test
Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit ;
A word from him set everything at rest,
His short decisions never failed to hit ;
His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
Were felt as the severest reprehension :

His memory was the magazine and hoard,
Where claims and grievances, from year to year,
And confidences and complaints were stored,
From dame and knight, from damsel, boor,
and peer :

Loved by his friends, and trusted by his lord,
A generous courtier, secret and sincere,
Adviser-general to the whole community,
He served his friend, but watched his opportunity.

One riddle I could never understand, —
But his success in war was strangely various ;
In executing schemes that others planned,
He seemed a very Cæsar or a Marius ;
Take his own plans, and place him in command,
Your prospect of success became precarious :

His plans were good, but Launcelot succeeded
And realized them better far than he did.

His discipline was steadfast and austere,
Unalterably fixed, but calm and kind ;
Founded on admiration more than fear,
It seemed an emanation from his mind ;
The coarsest natures that approached him near
Grew courteous for the moment and refined ;
Beneath his eye the poorest, weakest wight
Felt full of point of honor, like a knight.

In battle he was fearless to a fault,
The foremost in the thickest of the field ;
His eager valor knew no pause nor halt,
And the red rampant lion in his shield
Scaled towns and towers, the foremost in assault,
With ready succor where the battle reeled :
At random like a thunderbolt he ran,
And bore down shields and pikes and horse and man.

THE GIANTS AND THE ABBEY.

Of that wild untutored race would draw,
Led by the solemn sound and sacred light,
Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely shaw,
To listen all the livelong summer night,
Till deep, serene, and reverential awe
Environed them with silent calm delight,
Contemplating the minster's midnight gleam,
Reflected from the clear and glassy stream.

But chiefly, when the shadowy moon had shed
O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,
Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed
With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,
Till their brute souls with inward working bred
Dark hints that in the depths of instinct grew
Subjective, — not from Locke's associations,
Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.

Each was ashamed to mention to the others
One half of all the feelings that he felt,
Yet thus far each would venture : " Listen,
brothers,
It seems as if one heard heaven's thunders melt
In music ! "

WAR-SONG ON THE VICTORY OF BRUNNENBURG.

THE gates were then thrown open, and forth at
once they rushed,
The outposts of the Moorish hosts back to the
camp were pushed ;
The camp was all in tumult, and there was such
a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums, as if earth would cleave
in sunder.

There you might see the Moors arming themselves in haste
 And the two main battles how they were forming fast;
 Horsemen and footmen mixt, a countless troop and vast.
 The Moors are moving forward, the battle soon must join,
 "My men, stand here in order, ranged upon a line!
 Let not a man move from his rank before I give the sign."
 Pero Bermuez heard the word, but he could not refrain,
 He held the banner in his hand, he gave his horse the rein;
 "You see yon foremost squadron there, the thickest of the foes,
 Noble Cid, God be your aid, for there your banner goes!
 Let him that serves and honors it show the duty that he owes."
 Earnestly the Cid called out, "For heaven's sake, be still!"
 Bermuez cried, "I cannot hold," so eager was his will.
 He spurred his horse, and drove him on amid the Moorish rout:
 They strove to win the banner, and compassed him about.
 Had not his armor been so true, he had lost either life or limb;
 The Cid called out again, "For heaven's sake, succor him!"
 Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
 Their lances in the rest levelled fair and low;
 Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
 Their heads all stooping down towards the saddle-bow.
 The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,
 "I am Rui Diaz, the champion of Bivar;
 Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet mercies' sake!"
 There where Bermuez fought amidst the foe they brake;
 Three hundred bannered knights, it was a gallant show;
 Three hundred Moors they killed, a man at every blow;
 When they wheeled and turned, as many more lay slain,
 You might see them raise their lances, and level them again.
 There you might see the breastplates, how they were cleft in twain,
 And many a Moorish shield lie scattered on the plain.

The pennons that were white marked with a crimson stain,
 The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.

SYDNEY SMITH.

1769 - 1845.

A RECIPE FOR A SALAD.

To make this condiment, your poet begs
 The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
 Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
 Smoothness and softness to the salad give.
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
 And, half suspected, animate the whole.
 Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
 Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;
 But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
 To add a double quantity of salt.
 Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca brown,
 And twice with vinegar procured from town;
 And, lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss
 A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.
 O, green and glorious! O, herbaceous treat!
 'T would tempt the dying anchorite to eat:
 Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
 And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!
 Serenely full, the epicure would say,
 "Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

PARODY ON POPE.

WHY has not man a collar and a log?
 For this plain reason, — man is not a dog.
 Why is not man served up with sauce in dish?
 For this plain reason, — man is not a fish.

GEORGE CANNING.

1770 - 1827.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Cold was the night-wind: drifting fast the snows fell;
 Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked;
 When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
 Weary and way-sore."

SOUTHEY.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going?
 Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order;
 Bleak blows the blast, — your hat has got a hole
 in 't,
 So have your breeches!

Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 road, what hard work 't is crying all day, "Knives
 and
 Scissors to grind O!"

Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind
 knives?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
 Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,
 Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
 Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
 Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
 All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom
 Paine?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
 Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
 Pitiful story.

. KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
 Only, last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
 Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
 Custody; they took me before the justice;
 Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
 stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
 A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
 But for my part, I never love to meddle
 With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d——d first, —
 Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
 vengeance, —
 Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
 Spiritless outcast!

*(Kicks the KNIFE-GRINDER, overturns his wheel, and exit in
 a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philan-
 thropy.)*

SONG BY ROGERO IN "THE ROVERS."

WHEN'E'R with haggard eyes I view
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
 I think of those companions true
 Who studied with me at the U-

niversity of Gottingen,
 niversity of Gottingen.

*(Weeps and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his
 eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.)*

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
 Which once my love sat knotting in —

Alas, Matilda *then* was true!

At least I thought so at the U-

niversity of Gottingen,
 niversity of Gottingen.

(At the repetition of this line ROGERO clanks his chains in cadence.)

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew
 Her neat post-wagon trotting in!

Ye bore Matilda from my view;

Forlorn I languished at the U-

niversity of Gottingen,
 niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!

This blood my veins is clotting in,

My years are many — they were few

When first I entered at the U-

niversity of Gottingen,
 niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
 Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!

Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
 tor, law professor at the U-

niversity of Gottingen,
 niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
 That kings and priests are plotting in:
 Here doomed to starve on water gru-
 el, never shall I see the U-

niversity of Gottingen,
 niversity of Gottingen.

*(During the last stanza ROGERO dashes his head repeatedly
 against the walls of his prison; and finally so hard as to pro-
 duce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor
 in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to
 play till it is wholly fallen.)*

LINES ON THE DEATH OF HIS ELDEST SON.

THOUGH short thy span, God's unimpeached de-
 crees,

Which made that shortened span one long disease;
 Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
 For mild redeeming virtues, faith and hope,
 Meek resignation, pious charity;
 And, since this world was not the world for thee,
 Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
 Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare;
 Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
 And fixed on Heaven thine unreverted eye!
 O, marked from birth, and nurtured for the
 skies!

In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise!
 As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
 Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure!
 Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
 Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed
 away!)

By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest!
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

1770 - 1834.

BETH GÉLERT, OR THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.*

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

O, where does faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race,
So true, so brave,—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

'T was only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'turned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child,—no voice replied,—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir:

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's wo;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forester unmoved;

* This touching ballad is an illustration of Coleridge's remark, that the dog alone, of all brute animals, has an affection upwards to man.

There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

WHEN the black-lettered list to the gods was
presented
(The list of what fate for each mortal intends),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings,— wife, children,
and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was de-
feated,
For earth becomes heaven with — wife, chil-
dren, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands
vested,
The fund, ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never pro-
tested,
When drawn on the firm of — wife, children,
and friends.

Though valor still glows in his life's dying em-
bers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
How blessed was his home with — wife, chil-
dren and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy day with — wife, children, and
friends.

Though spice-breathing gales on his caravan
hover,
Though for him all Arabia's fragrance ascends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that
cover
The bower where he sat with — wife, children,
and friends.

The dayspring of youth, still unclouded by sor-
row,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;

But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of — wife, children,
and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and
nourish
The laurel which o'er the dead favorite bends;
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it
flourish,
Bedewed with the tears of — wife, children,
and friends.

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and
graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue
shall flavor
The glass which I fill to — wife, children, and
friends.

TOO LATE I STAYED,—FORGIVE THE CRIME.

Too late I stayed, — forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass!

O, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings!

EPITAPH UPON THE YEAR 1806.

'T is gone, with its thorns and its roses!
With the dust of dead ages to mix!
Time's charnel forever encloses
The year Eighteen Hundred and Six!

Though many may question thy merit,
I duly thy dirge will perform,
Content if thy heir but inherit
Thy portion of sunshine and storm.

My blame and my blessing thou sharest,
For black were thy moments in part;
But O, thy fair days were the fairest
That ever have shone on my heart!

If thine was a gloom the completest
That death's darkest cypress could throw,
Thine, too, was a garland the sweetest
That life in full blossom could show!

One hand gave the balmy corrector
Of ills which the other had brewed,—
One draught from thy chalice of nectar
All taste of thy bitter subdued.

'T is gone, with its thorns and its roses !
With mine, tears more precious may mix
To hallow this midnight which closes
The year Eighteen Hundred and Six !

—••—
STANZAS.

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And naught is wakeful but the dead :

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys ;
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long-departed joys !

The shade of youthful hope is there,
That lingered long, and latest died ;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honors by his side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh ?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love !
O, die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove !

—••••—
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770 - 1850.

MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !

The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

1804.

—••—
LUCY GRAY.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray ;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor, —

The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night,—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father ! will I gladly do ;
'T is scarcely afternoon, —
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !"

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band ;
He plied his work ; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roc :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

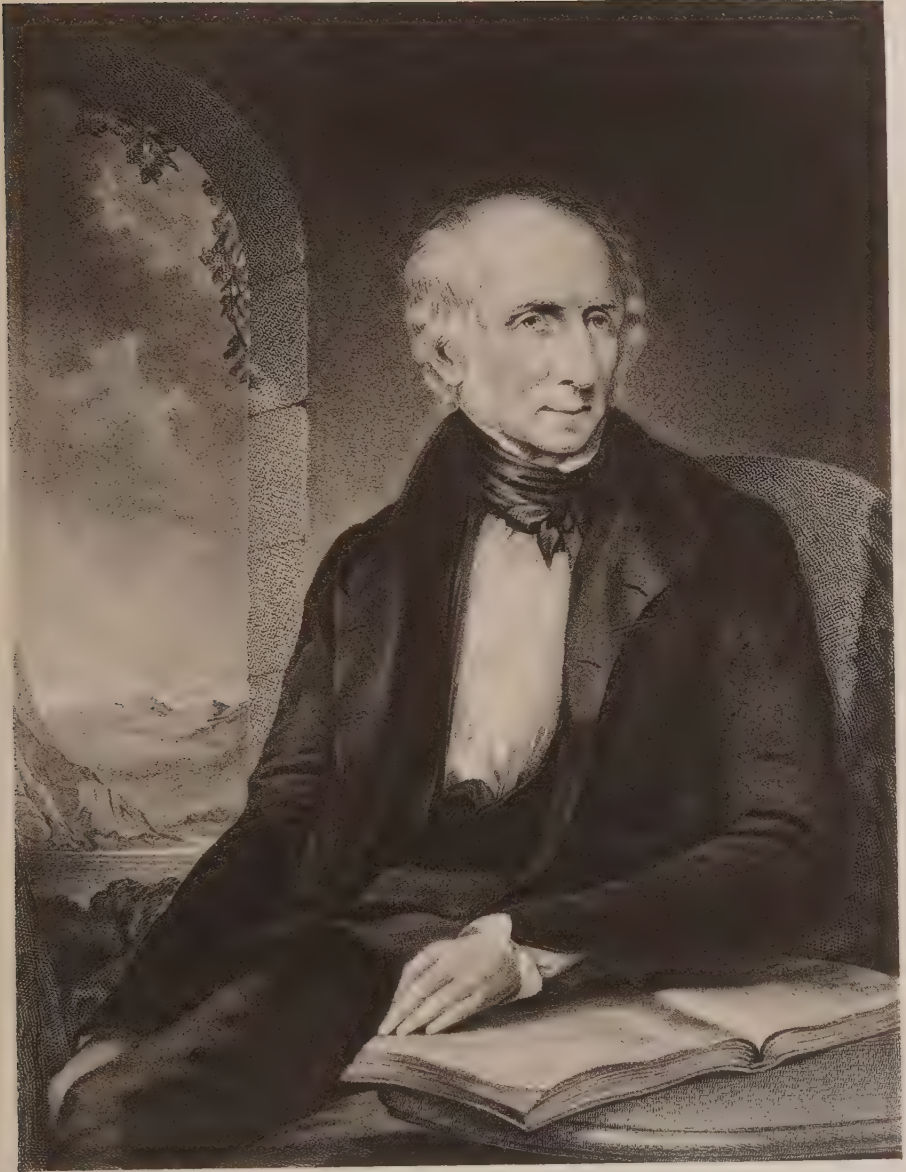
At daybreak on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet" ; —
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !



William Lloyd Garrison

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

1799.

WE ARE SEVEN.*

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair; —
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

1798.

LOUISA.

AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A MOUNTAIN
EXCURSION.

I MET Louisa in the shade,
And, having seen that lovely maid,
Why should I fear to say
That, nymph-like, she is fleet and strong,
And down the rocks can leap along
Like rivulets in May?

* This, perhaps the most popular of the author's minor poems, was published in the first volume of *Lyrical Ballads* (1798). Wordsworth remarks that a friend who saw it as it was passing through the press implored him not to print it. "One evening," he says, "he came to me with a grave face, and said, 'Wordsworth, I have seen the volume that you are about to publish. There is one poem in it which I earnestly entreat you to cancel; for, if published, it will make you everlastingly ridiculous.' I answered that I felt much obliged by the interest he took in my good name as a writer, and begged to know what was the unfortunate piece he alluded to. He said, 'It is called, *We are Seven*.' 'Nay,' said I, 'that shall take its chance, however'; and he left me in despair." The poem was founded on a real occurrence; and Wordsworth afterwards tried in vain to ascertain what kind of maiden or wife the child he celebrated had grown to be.

She loves her fire, her cottage home;
 Yet o'er the moorland will she roam
 In weather rough and bleak;
 And when against the wind she strains,
 O, might I kiss the mountain rains
 That sparkle on her cheek!

Take all that's mine "beneath the moon,"
 If I with her but half a noon
 May sit beneath the walls
 Of some old cave, or mossy nook,
 When up she winds along the brook
 To hunt the waterfalls.

1805.

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to praise
 And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye!
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be;
 But she is in her grave, and oh!
 The difference to me!

1799.

HER EYES ARE WILD.

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,
 The sun has burnt her coal-black hair;
 Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,
 And she came far from over the main.
 She had a baby on her arm,
 Or else she were alone:
 And underneath the haystack warm,
 And on the greenwood stone,
 She talked and sung the woods among,
 And it was in the English tongue.

"Sweet babe! they say that I am mad;
 But nay, my heart is far too glad;
 And I am happy when I sing
 Full many a sad and doleful thing:
 Then, lovely baby, do not fear!
 I pray thee have no fear of me;
 But safe as in a cradle, here,
 My lovely baby! thou shalt be:
 To thee I know too much I owe;
 I cannot work thee any woe.

"A fire was once within my brain;
 And in my head a dull, dull pain;

And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
 Hung at my breast, and pulled at me.
 But then there came a sight of joy;
 It came at once to do me good:
 I waked, and saw my little boy,
 My little boy of flesh and blood;
 O, joy for me that sight to see!
 For he was here, and only he.

"Suck, little babe, O, suck again!
 It cools my blood; it cools my brain;
 Thy lips, I feel them, baby! they
 Draw from my heart the pain away.
 O, press me with thy little hand!
 It loosens something at my chest;
 About that tight and deadly band
 I feel thy little fingers prest.
 The breeze I see is in the tree:
 It comes to cool my babe and me.

"O, love me, love me, little boy!
 Thou art thy mother's only joy;
 And do not dread the waves below,
 When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go;
 The high crag cannot work me harm,
 Nor leaping torrents when they howl;
 The babe I carry on my arm,
 He saves for me my precious soul;
 Then happy lie; for blest am I;
 Without me my sweet babe would die.

"Then do not fear, my boy! for thee
 Bold as a lion will I be;
 And I will always be thy guide,
 Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
 I'll build an Indian bower; I know
 The leaves that make the softest bed:
 And, if from me thou wilt not go,
 But still be true till I am dead,
 My pretty thing! then thou shalt sing
 As merry as the birds in spring.

"Thy father cares not for my breast,
 'T is thine, sweet baby, there to rest;
 'T is all thine own!—and if its hue
 Be changed, that was so fair to view,
 'T is fair enough for thee, my dove!
 My beauty, little child, is flown,
 But thou wilt live with me in love;
 And what if my poor cheek be brown?
 'T is well for me thou canst not see
 How pale and wan it else would be.

"Dread not their taunts, my little life;
 I am thy father's wedded wife;
 And underneath the spreading tree
 We two will live in honesty.

If his sweet boy he could forsake,
With me he never would have stayed :
From him no harm my babe can take ;
But he, poor man, is wretched made ;
And every day we two will pray
For him that's gone and far away.

"I'll teach my boy the sweetest things :
I'll teach him how the owl sings.
My little babe ! thy lips are still,
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
—Where art thou gone, my own dear child ?
What wicked looks are those I see ?
Alas ! alas ! that look so wild,
It never, never came from me :
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be forever sad.

"O, smile on me, my little lamb !
For I thy own dear mother am :
My love for thee has well been tried :
I've sought thy father far and wide.
I know the poisons of the shade ;
I know the earth-nuts fit for food :
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid ;
We'll find thy father in the wood.
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away !
And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

1798.

LOVE.

THUS, not without concurrence of an age
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given
By ready nature for a life of love,
For endless constancy, and placid truth ;
But whatsoe'er of such rare treasure lay
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support
Of their maturer years, his present mind
Was under fascination ; — he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought for
him.

Earth breathed in one great presence of the
spring ;

Life turned the meanest of her implements,
Before his eyes, to price above all gold ;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine ;
Her chamber-window did surpass in glory
The portals of the dawn ; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him : — pathways, walks,
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
Surcharged, within him, overblest to move
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares ;
A man too happy for mortality !

Vaudracour and Julia, 1805.

TINTERN ABBEY.*

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN
ABBAY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE
DURING A TOUR, JULY 13, 1798.

Five years have past ; five summers, with the
length

Of five long winters ! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.† — Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild, secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye ;
But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration : — feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened, — that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power

* This is not only the most original poem since the time of Milton, but it sounds the keynote of the most profound poetry of the nineteenth century.

† The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above Tintern.

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, O, how oft —
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished
thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when
first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. — I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,

And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear, — both what they half create,*
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. O, yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 't is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; O, then,
If solitude or fear or pain or grief
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance, —
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these
gleams

Of past existence, — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, — O, with far deeper zeal

* "This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young's, the exact expression of which I do not recollect." — THE AUTHOR.

Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !
1798.

TO A SKYLARK.

Up with me ! up with me into the clouds !
For thy song, Lark, is strong ;
Up with me ! up with me into the clouds !
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary ;
Had I now the wings of a faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine ;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning ;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark ! thou wouldst be loath
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must
wind ;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is
done.

1805.

TO A SKYLARK.*

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music
still !

* This is Wordsworth's second poem on the Skylark. The first he classes under "Poems of Fancy," the second under "Poems of Imagination." It will be noticed that the first was written in 1805, the second in 1825.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !
1825.

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my infant, lo !
What a pretty baby-show !
See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves,—one, two, and three,—
From the lofty elder-tree !
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round, they sink
Softly, slowly : one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or faery hither tending,—
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.
— But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts !
First at one, and then its fellow
Just as light and just as yellow ;
There are many now,—now one,—
Now they stop and there are none :
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire !
With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again :
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer ;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd ?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure !

'T is a pretty baby-treat ;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ;
Here for neither babe nor me
Other playmate can I see.
Of the countless living things,
That with stir of feet and wings
(In the sun or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade),

And with busy revellings,
Chirp and song, and murmurings,
Made this orchard's narrow space,
And this vale, so blithe a place;
Multitudes are swept away,
Nevermore to breathe the day:
Some are sleeping; some in bands
Travelled into distant lands;
Others slunk to moor and wood,
Far from human neighborhood;
And, among the kinds that keep
With us closer fellowship,
With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he, that giddy sprite,
Blue-cap, with his colors bright,
Who was blest as bird could be,
Feeding in the apple-tree;
Made such wanton spoil and rout,
Turning blossoms inside out;
Hung, head pointing towards the ground,
Fluttered, perched, into a round
Bound himself, and then unbound;
Lithest, gaudiest harlequin!
Prettiest tumbler ever seen!
Light of heart, and light of limb;
What is now become of him?
Lambs, that through the mountains went
Frisking, bleating merriment,
When the year was in its prime,
They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,
If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighboring rill,
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.
Vainly glitter hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain;
Vainly morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure;
Creature none can she decoy
Into open sign of joy:
Is it that they have a fear
Of the dreary season near?
Or that other pleasures be
Sweeter even than gayety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
In the impenetrable cell
Of the silent heart which Nature
Furnishes to every creature;
Whatsoever we feel and know
Too sedate for outward show,—
Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty kitten! from thy freaks,—
Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Dora's face;

Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
Thee, baby, laughing in my arms,
That almost I could repine
That your transports are not mine.
That I do not wholly fare
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!
And I will have my careless season
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladness.
Pleased by any random toy,—
By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy,—
I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss;
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought,
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with life's falling leaf.

1804.

TO THE DAISY.

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming commonplace
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising:
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humor of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden, of love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next,—and instantly
The freak is over,

The shape will vanish, — and behold
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some faery bold
In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar, —
And then thou art a pretty star;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest; —
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee!

Bright Flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet, silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!

1805.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for thee!

1804.

YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore:
Not loath to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed the
sea

And drew their sounding bows at Agincour,
Perhaps at earlier Creecy, or Poitiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a
growth

Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved;
Nor uninformed with fantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane; — a pillared shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially, — beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes
May meet at noontide: Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight, Death the skeleton
And Time the shadow; — there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

1803.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.*

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the woman here celebrated was the poet's wife.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food ;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light.

1804.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown ;
 This child I to myself will take ;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse : and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
 That wild with glee across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs ;
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,
 And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her ; for her the willow bend ;
 Nor shall she fail to see,
 Even in the motions of the storm,
 Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her ; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell ;
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
 While she and I together live
 Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was done.
 How soon my Lucy's race was run !
 She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
 The memory of what has been,
 And nevermore will be.

1799.

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils ;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the Milky-Way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company :
 I gazed, — and gazed, — but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

1804.

RUTH.

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate,
 Her father took another mate ;
 And Ruth, not seven years old,
 A slighted child, at her own will
 Went wandering over dale and hill,
 In thoughtless freedom, bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
 And music from that pipe could draw
 Like sounds of winds and floods ;
 Had built a bower upon the green,
 As if she from her birth had been
 An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
 She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;
 Herself her own delight;
 Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay;
 And, passing thus the livelong day,
 She grew to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's shore, —
 A military casque he wore,
 With splendid feathers drest;
 He brought them from the Cherokees;
 The feathers nodded in the breeze,
 And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:
 But no! he spake the English tongue,
 And bore a soldier's name;
 And, when America was free
 From battle and from jeopardy,
 He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,
 In finest tones the youth could speak:
 — While he was yet a boy,
 The moon, the glory of the sun,
 And streams that murmur as they run,
 Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely youth! I guess
 The panther in the wilderness
 Was not so fair as he;
 And when he chose to sport and play,
 No dolphin ever was so gay
 Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought,
 And with him many tales he brought
 Of pleasure and of fear;
 Such tales as told to any maid
 By such a youth, in the green shade,
 Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls — a happy rout! —
 Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
 Their pleasant Indian town,
 To gather strawberries all day long;
 Returning with a choral song
 When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change
 Their blossoms, through a boundless range
 Of intermingling hues;
 With budding, fading, faded flowers,
 They stand the wonder of the bowers
 From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread
 High as a cloud, high overhead!
 The cypress and her spire; —
 Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam

Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
 To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannas spake,
 And many an endless, endless lake,
 With all its fairy crowds
 Of islands, that together lie
 As quietly as spots of sky
 Among the evening clouds.

"How pleasant," then he said, "it were,
 A fisher or a hunter there,
 In sunshine or in shade
 To wander with an easy mind;
 And build a household fire, and find
 A home in every glade!"

"What days and what bright years! Ah me!
 Our life were life indeed, with thee
 So passed in quiet bliss,
 And all the while," said he, "to know
 That we are in a world of woe,
 On such an earth as this!"

And then he sometimes interwove
 Fond thoughts about a father's love:
 "For there," said he, "are spun
 Around the heart such tender ties,
 That our own children to our eyes
 Are dearer than the sun.

"Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me
 My helpmate in the woods to be,
 Our shed at night to rear;
 Or run, my own adopted bride,
 A sylvan huntress at my side,
 And drive the flying deer!"

"Beloved Ruth!" — No more he said.
 The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
 A solitary tear:
 She thought again, — and did agree,
 With him to sail across the sea,
 And drive the flying deer.

"And now, as fitting is and right,
 We in the church our faith will plight,
 A husband and a wife."
 Even so they did; and I may say
 That to sweet Ruth that happy day
 Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
 Delighted all the while to think
 That on those lonesome floods
 And green savannas she should share
 His board with lawful joy, and bear
 His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
 This stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,

And, with his dancing crest,
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roamed about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favored bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent:
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately, and undeceived,
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires:
A man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight
Had wooed the maiden, day and night,
Had loved her, night and morn:
What could he less than love a maid
Whose heart with so much nature played?
So kind and so forlorn!

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
"O Ruth! I have been worse than dead;
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
Encompassed me on every side
When I, in confidence and pride,
Had crossed the Atlantic main.

"Before me shone a glorious world, —
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled
To music suddenly:
I looked upon those hills and plains,
And seemed as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.

"No more of this; for now, by thee,
Dear Ruth! more happily set free,
With nobler zeal I burn;
My soul from darkness is released,
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return."

Full soon that better mind was gone;
No hope, no wish remained, not one, —
They stirred him now no more;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore;
But when they thither came, the youth
Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth! Such pains she had,
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May;
They all were with her in her cell;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain;
She from her prison fled;
But of the vagrant none took thought;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again:
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free;
And, coming to the Banks of Tone,
There did she rest, and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves, — she loved them still;

Nor ever taxed them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A barn her *winter* bed supplies;
But till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone
(And all do in this tale agree),
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old:
Sore aches she needs must have! but less
Of mind than body's wretchedness,
From damp and rain and cold.

If she is prest by want of food,
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a roadside;
And there she begs at one steep place
Where up and down, with easy pace,
The horseman-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,
Or thrown away; but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers:
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild,—
Such small machinery as she turned
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
A young and happy child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mould
Thy corpse shall buried be,
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

1799.

HART-LEAP WELL.*

THE knight had ridden down from Wensley
Moor,

With the slow motion of a summer's cloud;
And now, as he approached a vassal's door,
"Bring forth another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the vassal heard,
And saddled his best steed, a comely gray;

* "Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second part of the following poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them."—THE AUTHOR.

Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar;
But horse and man are vanished, one and all;
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain:
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern;
But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
—This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;
Sir Walter and the hart are left alone.

The poor hart toils along the mountain-side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died;
But now the knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn;
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy:
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned,
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the hart was lying stretched:
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had
fetched

The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
(Never had living man such joyful lot!)
Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill (it was at least
Four roods of sheer ascent), Sir Walter found
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now
Such sight was never seen by human eyes:

Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,
Down to the very fountain where he lies.

"I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
And a small arbor, made for rural joy;
'T will be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

"A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell!
And they who do make mention of the same,
From this day forth, shall call it Hart-Leap
Well.

"And, gallant stag! to make thy praises known,
Another monument shall here be raised;
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

"And in the summer-time, when days are long,
I will come hither with my paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

"Till the foundations of the mountains fail
My mansion with its arbor shall endure; —
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the hart, stone-dead,
With breathless nostrils stretched above the
spring.
— Soon did the knight perform what he had said,
And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the moon into her port had steered,
A cup of stone received the living well;
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,
And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall
With trailing plants and trees were intertwined, —
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were long,
Sir Walter led his wondering paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,
And his bones lie in his paternal vale. —
But there is matter for a second rhyme,
And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND.

THE moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts:
'T is my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
Three aspens at three corners of a square;
And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill divine:
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,
I saw three pillars standing in a line, —
The last stone pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor head;
Half wasted the square mound of tawny green;
So that you just might say, as then I said,
"Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near, —
More doleful place did never eye survey;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,
And nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,
Came up the hollow; — him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then inquired.

The shepherd stopped, and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now; the spot is curst.

"You see these lifeless stumps of aspen-wood, —
Some say that they are beeches, others elms, —
These were the bower; and here a mansion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms!

"The arbor does its own condition tell;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream;
But as to the great lodge! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

"There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

"Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood; but, for my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy hart.

"What thoughts must through the creature's
brain have past!
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds, — and look, sir, at this
last!
O master! it has been a cruel leap.

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his death-bed near the well.

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's side.

"In April here beneath the flowering thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing;
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that selfsame spring.

"Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone."

"Gray-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine:
This beast not unobserved by nature fell;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

"The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

"The pleasure-house is dust: — behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom;
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known;
But at the coming of the milder day
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

"One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows and what conceals;
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

1800.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,

Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? —
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending; —
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

1803.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE.

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE
SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES AND HONORS OF HIS
ANCESTORS.

HIGH in the breathless hall the minstrel sate,
And Emont's murmur mingled with the song.
The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long: —

"From town to town, from tower to tower,
The red rose is a gladsome flower.
Her thirty years of winter past,
The red rose is revived at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming:
Both roses flourish, red and white;
In love and sisterly delight
The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended.
Joy! joy to both! but most to her
Who is the flower of Lancaster!
Behold her how she smiles to-day
On this great throng, this bright array!
Fair greeting doth she send to all
From every corner of the hall;
But chiefly from above the board
Where sits in state our rightful lord,
A Clifford to his own restored!

"They came with banner, spear, and shield;
And it was proved in Bosworth Field.
Not long the avenger was withstood, —
Earth helped him with the cry of blood:
St. George was for us, and the might
Of blessed angels crowned the right.
Loud voice the land has uttered forth,

We loudest in the faithful North :
Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,
Our streams proclaim a welcoming ;
Our strong abodes and castles see
The glory of their loyalty.

"How glad is Skipton at this hour, —
Though lonely, a deserted tower ;
Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and groom :
We have them at the feast of Brougham.
How glad Pendragon, — though the sleep
Of years be on her ! — She shall reap
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing.
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem
Beside her little humble stream ;
And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her statelier Eden's course to guard ;
They both are happy at this hour,
Though each is but a lonely tower :
But here is perfect joy and pride
For one fair house by Emont's side,
This day, distinguished without peer,
To see her master and to cheer —
Him, and his lady mother dear !

"O, it was a time forlorn
When the fatherless was born ! —
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her infant die !
Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the mother and the child.
Who will take them from the light ?
— Yonder is a man in sight, —
Yonder is a house, — but where ?
No, they must not enter there.
To the caves, and to the brooks,
To the clouds of heaven she looks ;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.
Blissful Mary, mother mild,
Maid and mother undefiled,
Save a mother and her child !

"Now who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a shepherd boy ?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be he who luther came
In secret, like a smothered flame ?
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter, and a poor man's bread !
God loves the child ; and God hath willed
That those dear words should be fulfilled,
The lady's words, when forced away,
The last she to her babe did say :
'My own, my own, thy fellow-guest
I may not be ; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly shepherd's life is best !'

"Alas ! when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
And quit the flowers that summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs ;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.
— Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise !
Hear it, good man, old in days !
Thou tree of covert and of rest
For this young bird that is distrest ;
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.

"A recreant harp, that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford's ear !
I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long,
A weak and cowardly untruth !
Our Clifford was a happy youth,
And thankful through a weary time,
That brought him up to manhood's prime.
— Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill :
His garb is humble ; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien ;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he, a child of strength and state !
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,
Nor yet for higher sympathy.
To his side the fallow deer
Came, and rested without fear ;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty ;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him ;
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality ;
And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
Moved to and fro, for his delight.
He knew the rocks which angels haunt
Upon the mountains visitant ;
He hath kenned them taking wing :
And into caves where fairies sing
He hath entered ; and been told
By voices how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
The face of thing that is to be ;
And, if that men report him right,
His tongue could whisper words of might.
— Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom ;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book ;
Armor rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls ; —

'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance, —
 'Bear me to the heart of France,'
 Is the longing of the shield, —
 Tell thy name, thou trembling field;
 Field of death, where'er thou be,
 Groan thou with our victory!
 Happy day, and mighty hour,
 When our shepherd, in his power,
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
 To his ancestors restored
 Like a reappearing star,
 Like a glory from afar,
 First shall head the flock of war!"

Alas! the impassioned minstrel did not know
 How, by Heaven's grace, this Clifford's heart
 was framed;

How he, long forced in humble walks to go,
 Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
 His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts, were dead:
 Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage-hearth;
 The shepherd-lord was honored more and more;
 And, ages after he was laid in earth,
 "The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

1807.

TO THE SONS OF BURNS,

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR FATHER.

MID crowded obelisks and urns
 I sought the untimely grave of Burns;
 Sons of the bard, my heart still mourns
 With sorrow true,
 And more would grieve, but that it turns
 Trembling to you!

Through twilight shades of good and ill
 Ye now are panting up life's hill,
 And more than common strength and skill
 Must ye display,
 If ye would give the better will
 Its lawful sway.

Hath nature strung your nerves to bear
 Intemperance with less harm, beware!
 But if the poet's wit ye share, —
 Like him can speed
 The social hour, — of tenfold care
 There will be need;

For honest men delight will take
 To spare your failings for his sake,

Will flatter you, — and fool and rake
 Your steps pursue;
 And of your father's name will make
 A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
 And add your voices to the choir
 That sanctify the cottage fire

With service meet;
 There seek the genius of your sire,
 His spirit greet;

Or where, mid "lonely heights and hows,"
 He paid to nature tuneful vows;
 Or wiped his honorable brows

Bedewed with toil,
 While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
 Upturned the soil;

His judgment with benignant ray
 Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
 But ne'er to a seductive lay
 Let faith be given;
 Nor deem that "light which leads astray,
 Is light from Heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
 Be independent, generous, brave;
 Your father such example gave,
 And such revere;
 But be admonished by his grave,
 And think, and fear.

1803.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.

SWEET Highland girl, a very shower
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
 Twice seven consenting years have shed
 Their utmost bounty on thy head:
 And these gray rocks; that household lawn;
 Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
 This fall of water that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake;
 This little bay; a quiet road
 That holds in shelter thy abode, —
 In truth together do ye seem
 Like something fashioned in a dream;
 Such forms as from their covert peep
 When earthly cares are laid asleep!
 But, O fair creature! in the light
 Of common day, so heavenly bright,
 I bless thee, vision as thou art,
 I bless thee with a human heart;
 God shield thee to thy latest years!
 Thee neither know I, nor thy peers;
 And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
 For thee when I am far away:

For never saw I mien, or face,
 In which more plainly I could trace
 Benignity and homebred sense
 Ripening in perfect innocence.
 Here scattered, like a random seed,
 Remote from men, thou dost not need
 The embarrassed look of shy distress,
 And maidenly shamefacedness :
 Thou wearest upon thy forehead clear
 The freedom of a mountaineer :
 A face with gladness overspread !
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !
 And seemliness complete, that sways
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
 With no restraint but such as springs
 From quick and eager visitings
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
 Of thy few words of English speech :
 A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
 That gives thy gestures grace and life !
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind
 Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
 For thee who art so beautiful ?
 O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
 Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
 Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
 A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
 But I could frame a wish for thee
 More like a grave reality :
 Thou art to me but as a wave
 Of the wild sea ; and I would have
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,
 Though but of common neighborhood.
 What joy to hear thee, and to see !
 Thy elder brother I would be,
 Thy father, — anything to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
 Hath led me to this lonely place.
 Joy have I had ; and going hence
 I bear away my recompense.
 In spots like these it is we prize
 Our memory, feel that she hath eyes :
 Then, why should I be loath to stir ?
 I feel this place was made for her ;
 To give new pleasure like the past,
 Continued long as life shall last.
 Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
 Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,
 As fair before me shall behold,
 As I do now, the cabin small,
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
 And thee, the spirit of them all !

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.*

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,
 The English ballad-singer's joy !
 And Scotland has a thief as good,
 An outlaw of as daring mood ;
 She has her brave Rob Roy !
 Then clear the weeds from off his grave,
 And let us chant a passing stave,
 In honor of that hero brave !

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart
 And wondrous length and strength of arm :
 Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
 Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave ;
 Forgive me if the phrase be strong ; —
 A poet worthy of Rob Roy
 Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave ;
 As wise in thought as bold in deed :
 For in the principles of things
 He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, " What need of books ?
 Burn all the statutes and their shelves :
 They stir us up against our kind ;
 And worse, against ourselves.

" We have a passion, — make a law,
 Too false to guide us or control !
 And for the law itself we fight
 In bitterness of soul.

" And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
 Distinctions that are plain and few :
 These find I graven on my heart :
 That tells me what to do.

" The creatures see of flood and field,
 And those that travel on the wind !
 With them no strife can last ; they live
 In peace, and peace of mind.

" For why ? — because the good old rule
 Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
 That they should take who have the power,
 And they should keep who can.

" A lesson that is quickly learned,
 A signal this which all can see !
 Thus nothing here provokes the strong
 To wanton cruelty.

" All freakishness of mind is checked ;
 He tamed, who foolishly aspires ;

* The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known ; his grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those small pin-fold-like burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds and creatures stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit:
'T is God's appointment who must sway,
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
And longest life is but a day;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer heat and winter snow:
The eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

So was it, — *would*, at least, have been
But through untowardness of fate;
For polity was then too strong, —
He came an age too late;

Or shall we say an age too soon?
For, were the bold man living *now*,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough!

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and lairds, and their domains,
Would all have seemed but paltry things,
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre vales confined;
But thought how wide the world, the times
How fairly to his mind!

And to his sword he would have said,
"Do thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth!
Judge thou of law and fact!

"'T is fit that we should do our part,
Becoming that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpassed
In fatherly concern.

"Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough; —
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings, that take
From me the sign of life and death:
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath."

And if the word had been fulfilled,
As *might* have been, then, thought of joy!
France would have had her present boast,
And we our own Rob Roy!

O, say not so! compare them not;
I would not wrong thee, champion brave!
Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all
Here standing by thy grave.

For thou, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild chieftain of a savage clan!
Hadst this to boast of: thou didst love
The *liberty* of man.

And had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand;
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch Vool's heights,
And by Loch Lomond's braes.

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes
At sound of Rob Roy's name.

1803.

YARROW UNVISITED.

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "*winsome marrow*,"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, *fræe* Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 't is their own;
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?

There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;
My true-love sighed for sorrow,
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"O, green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and homebred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough, if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome marrow!
For when we're there, although 't is fair,
'T will be another Yarrow!

"If care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly, —
Should we be loath to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy, —
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'T will soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

1803.

YARROW VISITED.

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

AND is this — Yarrow? — *This* the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? — a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;

Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender, hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding;
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there, —
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wildwood fruits to gather,
And on my true-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather !
And what if I inwreathed my own !
'T were no offence to reason ;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see, — but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;
A ray of fancy still survives, —
Her sunshine plays upon thee !
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure ;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish ;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine, —
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
Will dwell with me, — to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
And 't is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure : —
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man ?

1798.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

" WHY, William, on that old gray stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away ?

" Where are your books ? that light bequeathed
To beings else forlorn and blind !
Up ! up ! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

" You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you ;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you ! "

One morning thus, by Esthwaite Lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply : —

" The eye, — it cannot choose but see ;
We cannot bid the year be still ;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

" Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress ;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

" Think you, mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking ?

" Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away."

1798.

THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

UP ! up ! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you 'll grow double :
Up ! up ! my friend, and clear your looks ;
Why all this toil and trouble ?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long, green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books ! 't is a dull and endless strife :
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music ! on my life,
There 's more of wisdom in it.

1798.

And hark ! how blithe the throstle sings !
 He, too, is no mean preacher :
 Come forth into the light of things,
 Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
 Our minds and hearts to bless,—
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
 Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings ;
 Our meddling intellect
 Misshapes the beautiful forms of things : —
 We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art ;
 Close up those barren leaves ;
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives.

1798.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a statish, in the van
 Of public conflicts trained and bred ?
 First learn to love one living man ;
 Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou ? — draw not nigh !
 Go, carry to some fitter place
 The keenness of that practised eye,
 The hardness of that fallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer ?
 A rosy man, right plump to see ?
 Approach ; yet, doctor, not too near,
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
 A soldier and no man of chaff ?
 Welcome ! — but lay thy sword aside,
 And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou ? — one all eyes,
 Philosopher ! — a lingering slave,
 One that would peep and botanize
 Upon his mother's grave ?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
 O, turn aside, and take, I pray,
 That he below may rest in peace,
 Thy ever-dwindling soul away !

A moralist perchance appears ;
 Led, Heaven knows how ! to this poor sod :
 And he has neither eyes nor ears ;
 Himself his world, and his own God ;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
 Nor form nor feeling, great or small ;
 A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
 An intellectual All-in-all !

Shut close the door ; press down the latch ;
 Sleep in thy intellectual crust ;
 Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
 Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he, with modest looks,
 And clad in homely russet-brown ?
 He murmurs near the running brooks
 A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
 Or fountain in a noonday grove ;
 And you must love him, ere to you
 He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
 Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;
 And impulses of deeper birth
 Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
 Some random truths he can impart,
 The harvest of a quiet eye,
 That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak ; both man and boy,
 Hath been an idler in the land,
 Contented if he might enjoy
 The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength ;
 Come, weak as is a breaking wave !
 Here stretch thy body at full length ;
 Or build thy house upon this grave.

1799.

ODE TO DUTY.

"Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eductus, ut non
 tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim."

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love,
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe,
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
 Who do thy work, and know it not :

O, if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around
them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
O, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

1805.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:

Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care:
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable, because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire:
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common
strife,

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—

'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
 Or left unthought of in obscurity, —
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one
 Where what he most doth value must be won :
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpass :
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
 And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause : —
 This is the happy warrior ; this is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be.

1806.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

A TRUE STORY.

O, WHAT 's the matter ? what 's the matter ?
 What is 't that ails young Harry Gill ?
 That evermore his teeth they chatter,
 Chatter, chatter, chatter still !
 Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
 Good duffle gray, and flannel fine ;
 He has a blanket on his back,
 And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and July,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;
 The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
 At night, at morning, and at noon,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;
 Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still !

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
 And who so stout of limb as he ?
 His cheeks were red as ruddy clover ;
 His voice was like the voice of three.
 Old Goody Blake was old and poor ;
 Ill fed she was and thinly clad ;
 And any man who passed her door
 Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling :
 And then her three hours' work at night,
 Alas ! 't was hardly worth the telling,
 It would not pay for candlelight.
 Remote from sheltered village-green,
 On a hill's northern side she dwelt,

Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
 And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
 Two poor old dames, as I have known,
 Will often live in one small cottage ;
 But she, poor woman ! housed alone.
 'T was well enough when summer came,
 The long, warm, lightsome summer-day ;
 Then at her door the *canty* dame
 Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
 O, then how her old bones would shake !
 You would have said, if you had met her,
 'T was a hard time for Goody Blake.
 Her evenings then were dull and dead :
 Sad case it was, as you may think,
 For very cold to go to bed,
 And then for cold not sleep a wink.

O joy for her ! whene'er in winter
 The winds at night had made a rout,
 And scattered many a lusty splinter
 And many a rotten bough about.
 Yet never had she, well or sick,
 As every man who knew her says,
 A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
 Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
 And made her poor old bones to ache,
 Could anything be more alluring
 Than an old hedge to Goody Blake ?
 And, now and then, it must be said,
 When her old bones were cold and chill,
 She left her fire, or left her bed,
 To seek the hedge of Harry Gill !

Now Harry he had long suspected
 This trespass of old Goody Blake ;
 And vowed that she should be detected, —
 That he on her would vengeance take.
 And oft from his warm fire he 'd go,
 And to the fields his road would take ;
 And there, at night, in frost and snow,
 He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
 Thus looking out did Harry stand :
 The moon was full and shining clearly,
 And crisp with frost the stubble land.
 — He hears a noise, — he 's all awake, —
 Again ? — on tiptoe down the hill
 He softly creeps, — 't is Goody Blake ;
 She 's at the hedge of Harry Gill !

Right glad was he when he beheld her :
 Stick after stick did Goody pull :
 He stood behind a bush of elder,
 Till she had filled her apron full.

When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm,—
"God! who art never out of hearing,
O, may he nevermore be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray:
Young Harry heard what she had said;
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'T was all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say 't is plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
Abed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
Abed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

1798.

TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not
one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

1834.

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

I SAW an aged beggar in my walk;
And he was seated, by the highway-side,
On a low structure of rude masonry
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
Who lead their horses down the steep, rough
road

May thence remount at ease. The aged man
Had placed his staff across a broad, smooth stone
That overlays the pile; and, from a bag
All white with flour, the dole of village dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one,
And scanned them with a fixed and serious look
Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by those wild, unpeopled hills,
He sat, and ate his food in solitude:
And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,
That, still attempting to prevent the waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers
Fell on the ground; and the small mountain
birds,

Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal,
Approached within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known; and
then

He was so old, he seems not older now;
He travels on, a solitary man,
So helpless in appearance, that for him
The sauntering horseman throws not with a slack
And careless hand his alms upon the ground,
But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin
Within the old man's hat; nor quits him so,
But still, when he has given his horse the rein,
Watches the aged beggar with a look
Sidelong, and half reverted. She who tends
The toll-gate, when in summer at her door
She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees
The aged beggar coming, quits her work,
And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.
The postboy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake
The aged beggar in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind; and if, thus warned,
The old man does not change his course, the boy
Turns with less noisy wheels to the roadside,
And passes gently by, without a curse
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary man;
His age has no companion. On the ground
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,
They move along the ground; and, evermore,
Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,
Bow-bent, his eyes forever on the ground,
He plies his weary journey; seeing still,

And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,
Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one
track,

The nails of cart or chariot wheel have left
Impressed on the white road, — in the same line,
At distance still the same. Poor traveller!
His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet
Disturb the summer dust; he is so still
In look and motion, that the cottage curs,
Ere he has passed the door, will turn away,
Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,
And urchins newly breeched, — all pass him by:
Him even the slow-paced wagon leaves behind.

But deem not this man useless. Statesmen! ye
Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
Who have a broom still ready in your hands
To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,
Heart-swollen, while in your pride ye contemplate
Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem him not
A burden of the earth! 'T is nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good, — a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mood of being
Inseparably linked. Then be assured
That least of all can aught — that ever owned
The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime
Which man is born to — sink, howe'er depressed,
So low as to be scorned without a sin;
Without offence to God, cast out of view;
Like the dried remnants of a garden-flower
Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement
Worn out and worthless. While from door to
door

This old man creeps, the villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity,
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
To selfishness and cold, oblivious cares.
Among the farms and solitary huts,
Hamlets and thinly scattered villages,
Where'er the aged beggar takes his rounds,
The mild necessity of use compels
To acts of love; and habit does the work
Of reason; yet prepares that after-joy
Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,
By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
Doth find herself insensibly disposed
To virtue and true goodness.

Some there are,
By their good works exalted, lofty minds
And meditative, authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time

Will live, and spread, and kindle: even such
minds

In childhood, from this solitary being,
Or from like wanderer, haply have received
(A thing more precious far than all that books
Or the solitudes of love can do!)
That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
In which they found their kindred with a world
Where want and sorrow were. The easy man
Who sits at his own door, and, like the pear
That overhangs his head from the green wall,
Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and young,
The prosperous and unthinking, they who live
Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove
Of their own kindred; — all behold in him
A silent monitor, which on their minds
Must needs impress a transitory thought
Of self-congratulation, to the heart
Of each recalling his peculiar boons,
His charters and exemptions; and, perchance,
Though he to no one give the fortitude
And circumspection needful to preserve
His present blessings, and to husband up
The respite of the season, he at least,
And 't is no vulgar service, makes them felt.

Yet further. Many, I believe, there are,
Who live a life of virtuous decency,
Men who can hear the decalogue, and feel
No self-reproach; who of the moral law
Established in the land where they abide
Are strict observers; and not negligent
In acts of love to those with whom they dwell,
Their kindred, and the children of their blood.
Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace!
— But of the poor man ask, the abject poor;
Go, and demand of him, if there be here,
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
And these inevitable charities,
Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?
No, — man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have
been,

Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.
— Such pleasure is to one kind being known,
My neighbor, when with punctual care, each
week,

Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself
By her own wants, she from her store of meal
Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip
Of this old mendicant, and, from her door
Returning with exhilarated heart,
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And while, in that vast solitude to which

The tide of things has borne him, he appears
 To breathe and live but for himself alone,
 Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
 The good which the benignant law of Heaven
 Has hung around him : and, while life is his,
 Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers
 To tender offices and pensive thoughts.
 — Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !
 And, long as he can wander, let him breathe
 The freshness of the valleys ; let his blood
 Struggle with frosty air and winter snows ;
 And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath
 Beat his gray locks against his withered face.
 Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness
 Gives the last human interest to his heart.
 May never House, misnamed of Industry,
 Make him a captive ! — for that pent-up din,
 Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,
 Be his the natural silence of old age !
 Let him be free of mountain solitudes ;
 And have around him, whether heard or not,
 The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
 Few are his pleasures : if his eyes have now
 Been doomed so long to settle upon earth,
 That not without some effort they behold
 The countenance of the horizontal sun,
 Rising or setting, let the light at least
 Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.
 And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down
 Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank
 Of highway-side, and with the little birds,
 Share his chance-gathered meal ; and, finally,
 As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
 So in the eye of Nature let him die !

1798.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A
 STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged pile !
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee :
 I saw thee every day ; and all the while
 Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !
 So like, so very like, was day to day !
 Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there ;
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! it seemed no sleep ;
 No mood, which season takes away, or brings :
 I could have fancied that the mighty deep
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! THEN, if mine had been the painter's hand,
 To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,
 The light that never was, on sea or land,
 The consecration, and the poet's dream ;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,
 Amid a world how different from this !
 Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ;
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house
 divine

Of peaceful years ; a chronicle of heaven ; —
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine,
 The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
 Such picture would I at that time have made :
 And seen the soul of truth in every part,
 A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been, — 't is so no more ;
 I have submitted to a new control ;
 A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;
 A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been :
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend ! who would have been
 the friend,
 If he had lived, of him * whom I deplore,
 This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O, 't is a passionate work ! — yet wise and well,
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;
 That hulk which labors in the deadly swell,
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
 I love to see the look with which it braves,
 Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling
 waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind !
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,
 Is to be pitied ; for 't is surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here. —
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

1805.

* His brother, Captain John Wordsworth, who was lost at sea.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF
JAMES HOGG.

WHEN first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,
Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow
Has closed the shepherd-poet's eyes;

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which, with thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before; but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered youth or love-lorn maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their poet dead.

Nov. 1835.

LAODAMIA.

"WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal gods, mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore; —
Restore him to my sight, — great Jove, restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her
hands;

While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? — O joy!
What doth she look on? — whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is, — if sense deceive her not, — 't is he!
And a god leads him, wingéd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake, — and touched her with his
wand

That calms all fear: "Such grace hath crowned
thy prayer,

Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to
clasp;

Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts, — but parts to reunite,
And reassume his place before her sight.

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace, — yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appall me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon, and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect; — spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan
strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;

And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief, by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes! bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st, — and I forgive thee, — here thou
art, —

A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he whose power restores thee hath decreed
Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No spectre greets me, — no vain shadow this:
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcae
threw

Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue,

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the
joys

Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures dully, — Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide, — majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn —"

"Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth mid youthful peers.

"The gods to us are merciful, and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distress,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's
breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow —" "Peace!" he
said; —

She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered;

The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive, though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, — no strife to heal, —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beautiful, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest
day

Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue. "Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

"And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports, — or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given: — I then re-
volved

The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand, —
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oftentimes bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life, —
The paths which we had trod, — these fountains,
flowers, —

My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble! — haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die!'
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art all too
weak

In reason, in self-government too slow;

I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest reunion in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathized;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend, —
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven, —
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!
Round the dear shade she would have clung, —
't is vain:

The hours are past, — too brief had they been
years;

And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly
day,

He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reprov'd,
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just gods, whom no weak pity mov'd,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet mid unfading bowers.

— Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes. Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight!*

1814.

DION.

I.

SERENE, and fitted to embrace,
Where'er he turned, a swanlike grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And to unfold a still magnificence,
Was princely Dion, in the power
And beauty of his happier hour.
And what pure homage *then* did wait
On Dion's virtues, while the lunar beam
Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
Softening their inbred dignity austere, —
That he, not too elate
With self-sufficing solitude,

But with majestic lowliness endued,
Might in the universal bosom reign,
And from affectionate observance gain
Help, under every change of adverse fate.

II.

Five thousand warriors, — O the rapturous day! —
Each crowned with flowers, and armed with spear
and shield,

Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,
To Syracuse advance in bright array.
Who leads them on? — The anxious people see
Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,
And in a white, far-beaming corselet clad!
Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or fear
The gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,
Salute those strangers as a holy train
Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)
That brought their precious liberty again.
Lo! when the gates are entered, on each hand,
Down the long street, rich goblets filled with wine

In seemly order stand,
On tables set, as if for rites divine; —
And, as the great deliverer marches by,
He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown;
And flowers are on his person thrown

In boundless prodigality;
Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,
Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
As if a very deity he were?

III.

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn,
Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads
Your once sweet memory, studious walks and
shades!

For him who to divinity aspired,
Not on the breath of popular applause,
But through dependence on the sacred laws
Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt
retired,

Intent to trace the ideal path of right
(More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved
with stars)

Which Dion learned to measure with sublime de-
light; —

But he hath overleaped the eternal bars;
And, following guides whose craft holds no con-
sent

With aught that breathes the ethereal element,
Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.
Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes
vain,

Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
And oft his cogitations sink as low
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,

* For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny's Nat-
ural History, Lib. XVI. Cap. 44.

The heaviest plummet of despair can go.
 But whence that sudden check? that fearful start?
 He hears an uncouth sound, —
 Anon his lifted eyes
 Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,
 A shape of more than mortal size
 And hideous aspect, stalking round and round!
 A woman's garb the phantom wore,
 And fiercely swept the marble floor, —
 Like Auster whirling to and fro,
 His force on Caspian foam to try;
 Or Boreas when he scours the snow
 That skims the plains of Thessaly,
 Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops
 His flight, mid eddying pine-tree tops!

IV.

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
 The sullen spectre to her purpose bowed,
 Sweeping, — vehemently sweeping, —
 No pause admitted, no design avowed!
 "Avaunt, inexplicable guest! — avaunt!"
 Exclaimed the chieftain; — "let me rather see
 The coronal that coiling vipers make;
 The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,
 And the long train of doleful pageantry
 Which they behold whom vengeful Furies haunt;
 Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,
 Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
 And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have
 borne!"

V.

But shapes that come not at an earthly call
 Will not depart when mortal voices bid;
 Lords of the visionary eye, whose lid,
 Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall!
 Ye Gods, thought he, that servile implement
 Obeys a mystical intent!
 Your minister would brush away
 The spots that to my soul adhere;
 But should she labor night and day,
 They will not, cannot disappear;
 Whence angry perturbations, — and that look
 Which no philosophy can brook!

VI.

Ill-fated chief! there are whose hopes are built
 Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;
 Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,
 Pursue thee with their deadly aim!
 O matchless perfidy! portentous lust
 Of monstrous crime! — that horror-striking blade,
 Drawn in defiance of the gods, hath laid
 The noble Syracusan low in dust!
 Shuddered the walls, — the marble city wept, —
 And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh;
 But in calm peace the appointed victim slept,
 As he had fallen in magnanimity;

Of spirit too capacious to require
 That Destiny her course should change; too just
 To his own native greatness to desire
 That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.
 So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
 The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
 Released from life and cares of princely state,
 He left this moral grafted on his fate:
 "Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
 Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
 Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends."

1816.

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

"Not to the earth confined,
 Ascend to heaven."

WHERE will they stop, those breathing powers,
 The spirits of the new-born flowers?
 They wander with the breeze, they wind
 Where'er the streams a passage find;
 Up from their native ground they rise
 In mute aerial harmonies;
 From humble violet, modest thyme,
 Exhaled, the essential odors climb,
 As if no space below the sky
 Their subtle flight could satisfy:
 Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride
 If like ambition be *their* guide.

Roused by this kindest of May showers,
 The spirit-quickener of the flowers,
 That with moist virtue softly cleaves
 The buds, and freshens the young leaves,
 The birds pour forth their souls in notes
 Of rapture from a thousand throats, —
 Here checked by too impetuous haste,
 While there the music runs to waste
 With bounty more and more enlarged,
 Till the whole air is overcharged;
 Give ear, O man! to their appeal,
 And thirst for no inferior zeal,
 Thou, who canst *think* as well as feel.

Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!
 So pleads the town's cathedral choir,
 In strains that from their solemn height
 Sink, to attain a loftier flight;
 While incense from the altar breathes
 Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;
 Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds
 The taper-lights, and curls in clouds
 Around angelic forms, the still
 Creation of the painter's skill,
 That on the service wait concealed
 One moment, and the next revealed.
 —Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,
 And for no transient ecstasies!
 What else can mean the visual plea
 Of still or moving imagery, —

The iterated summons loud,
 Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
 Nor wholly lost upon the throng
 Hurrying the busy streets along?
 Alas! the sanctities combined
 By art to unsensualize the mind,
 Decay and languish; or, as creeds
 And humors change, are spurned like weeds:
 The priests are from their altars thrust;
 Temples are levelled with the dust;
 And solemn rites and awful forms
 Founder amid fanatic storms.
 Yet evermore, through years renewed
 In undisturbed vicissitude
 Of seasons balancing their flight
 On the swift wings of day and night,
 Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
 Wide open for the scattered poor.
 Where flower-breathed incense to the skies
 Is wafted in mute harmonies;
 And ground fresh-cloven by the plough
 Is fragrant with a humbler vow;
 Where birds and brooks from leafy dells
 Chime forth unwearied canticles,
 And vapors magnify and spread
 The glory of the sun's bright head, —
 Still constant in her worship, still
 Conforming to the Eternal Will,
 Whether men sow or reap the fields,
 Divine monition Nature yields,
 That not by bread alone we live,
 Or what a hand of flesh can give;
 That every day should leave some part
 Free for a sabbath of the heart:
 So shall the seventh be truly blest,
 From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

1832.

—♦—
 PETER BELL.

He roved among the vales and streams,
 In the green wood and hollow dell;
 They were his dwellings night and day, —
 But Nature ne'er could find the way
 Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,
 Did Nature lead him as before;
 A primrose by a river's brim
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more.

Small change it made in Peter's heart
 To see his gentle panniered train
 With more than vernal pleasure feeding,
 Where'er the tender grass was leading
 Its earliest green along the lane.

In vain, through water, earth, and air,
 The soul of happy sound was spread,

When Peter on some April morn,
 Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
 Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

At noon, when by the forest's edge
 He lay beneath the branches high,
 The soft blue sky did never melt
 Into his heart; he never felt
 The witchery of the soft blue sky!

On a fair prospect some have looked
 And felt, as I have heard them say,
 As if the moving time had been
 A thing as steadfast as the stone
 On which they gazed themselves away.

Within the breast of Peter Bell
 These silent raptures found no place;
 He was a carle as wild and rude
 As ever hue-and-cry pursued,
 As ever ran a felon's race.

Of all that lead a lawless life,
 Of all that love their lawless lives,
 In city or in village small,
 He was the wildest of them all; —
 He had a dozen wedded wives.

Nay, start not! — wedded wives, and twelve!
 But how one wife could e'er come near him,
 In simple truth I cannot tell;
 For, be it said of Peter Bell,
 To see him was to fear him.

Though Nature could not touch his heart
 By lovely forms, and silent weather,
 And tender sounds, yet you might see
 At once, that Peter Bell and she
 Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung,
 As of a dweller out of doors;
 In his whole figure and his mien
 A savage character was seen
 Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped half-human thoughts
 Which solitary Nature feeds
 Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
 Had Peter joined whatever vice
 The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind
 That cuts along the hawthorn-fence;
 Of courage you saw little there,
 But, in its stead, a medley air
 Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,
 And long and slouching was his gait;

Beneath his looks so bare and bold,
You might perceive, his spirit cold
Was playing with some inward bait.

His forehead wrinkled was and furred;
A work, one half of which was done
By thinking of his *whens* and *hows*;
And half, by knitting of his brows
Beneath the glaring sun.

There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky!

ODE.*

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and
stream.

The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no
more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare;

Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the
steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains
through,

The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
happy shepherd-boy!

IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,

* In this memorable ode we have the loftiest flight of Wordsworth's spiritual genius. Its publication was an event in literary history. Mr. Emerson finely says that it indicates the high-water mark to which the poetry of the nineteenth century has attained. In his Notes, Wordsworth says: "This ode was composed during my residence at Townend, Grasmere. Two years at least passed between the writing of the first four stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself; but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or experiences of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated, in something of the same way, to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence; and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree, to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such

processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we all have reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character. To that dreamlike vividness and splendor which invest objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here; but, having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favor. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations; and, among all persons acquainted with classic literature, is known as an ingredient in the Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world, if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the *Immortality of the Soul*, I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a poet."

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 — But there 's a tree, of many, one,
 A single field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat:
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

vi.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

vii.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' darling of a pygmy size!
 See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly learned art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"

With all the persons, down to palsied age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

viii.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind, —
 Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly
 freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

ix.

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
 breast: —
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,

Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm: —

To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so
bright

Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels
fret

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are
won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

1803-6.

ON THE POWER OF SOUND.*

I.

THY functions are ethereal,
As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
Organ of vision! And a spirit aerial
Informs the cell of hearing, dark and blind;
Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought
To enter than oracular cave;
Strict passage, through which sighs are brought,
And whispers for the heart, their slave;
And shrieks, that revel in abuse
Of shivering flesh; and warbled air,
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
Into the ambush of despair;
Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,
And requiems answered by the pulse that beats
Devoutly, in life's last retreats!

II.

The headlong streams and fountains
Serve thee, invisible spirit, with untired powers;
Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,
They lull perchance ten thousand thousand
flowers.

That roar, the prowling lion's *Here I am*,
How fearful to the desert wide!
That bleat, how tender! of the dam
Calling a straggler to her side.
Shout, cuckoo! — let the vernal soul
Go with thee to the frozen zone;
Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll
At the still hour to Mercy dear,
Mercy from her twilight throne
Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,
To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,
Or widow's cottage-lullaby.

III.

Ye voices, and ye shadows
And images of voice, — to hound and horn
From rocky steep and rock-bestudded meadows
Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves, reborn, —
On with your pastime! till the church-tower bells
A greeting give of measured glee;
And milder echoes from their cells
Repeat the bridal symphony.
Then, or far earlier, let us rove
Where mists are breaking up or gone,
And from aloft look down into a cove
Besprinkled with a careless choir,
Happy milkmaids, one by one
Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
A liquid concert matchless by nice art,
A stream as if from one full heart.

* It is singular that this remarkable ode should have attracted so little attention. It is one of the greatest of Wordsworth's poems, and one of the noblest odes in our language.

IV.

Blest be the song that brightens
 The blind man's gloom, exalts the veteran's
 mirth;
 Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath, that
 lightens
 His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.
 For the tired slave, song lifts the languid oar,
 And bids it aptly fall, with chime
 That beautifies the fairest shore,
 And mitigates the harshest clime.
 Yon pilgrims see, — in lagging file
 They move; but soon the appointed way
 A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,
 And to their hope the distant shrine
 Glisten with a livelier ray:
 Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,
 Who from the wellspring of his own clear
 breast
 Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

V.

When civic renovation
 Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
 Best eloquence avails not, inspiration
 Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast
 Piping through cave and battlemented tower;
 Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet
 That voice of freedom, in its power
 Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!
 Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads
 Incitements of the battle-day,
 Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with plumeless
 heads? —
 Even she whose Lydian airs inspire
 Peaceful striving, gentle play
 Of timid hope and innocent desire
 Shot from the dancing graces, as they move
 Fanned by the plausive wings of love.

VI.

How oft along thy mazes,
 Regent of sound, have dangerous passions trod!
 O thou, through whom the temple rings with
 praises,
 And blackening clouds in thunder speak of God,
 Betray not by the cozenage of sense
 Thy votaries, woefully resigned
 To a voluptuous influence
 That taints the purer, better mind;
 But lead sick fancy to a harp
 That hath in noble tasks been tried;
 And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,
 Soothe it into patience, — stay
 The uplifted arm of suicide;
 And let some mood of thine in firm array
 Kuit every thought the impending issue needs,
 Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds!

VII.

As conscience to the centre
 Of being, smites with irresistible pain,
 So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
 The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,
 Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled, —
 Convulsed as by a jarring din;
 And then aghast, as at the world
 Of reason partially let in
 By concords winding with a sway
 Terrible for sense and soul!
 Or, awed, he weeps, struggling to quell dismay.
 Point not these mysteries to an art
 Lodged above the starry pole, —
 Pure modulations flowing from the heart
 Of Divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty, Truth,
 With Order dwell, in endless youth?

VIII.

Oblivion may not cover
 All treasures hoarded by the miser Time.
 Orphean insight! truth's undaunted lover,
 To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,
 Where Music deigned within this grosser sphere
 Her subtle essence to enfold,
 And voice and shell drew forth a tear
 Softer than Nature's self could mould.
 Yet *strenuous* was the infant age:
 Art, daring because souls could feel,
 Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage
 Of wrapt imagination sped her march
 Through the realms of woe and weal:
 Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper arch
 Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse
 Her wan disasters could disperse.

IX.

The gift to King Amphion
 That walled a city with its melody
 Was for belief no dream: — thy skill, Arion!
 Could humanize the creatures of the sea,
 Where men were monsters. A last grace he
 craves,
 Leave for one chant; the dulcet sound
 Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
 And listening dolphins gather round.
 Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
 Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
 A proud one docile as a managed horse;
 And singing, while the accordant hand
 Sweeps his harp, the master rides;
 So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,
 And he, with his preserver, shine star-bright
 In memory, through silent night.

X.

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds
 Couched in the shadow of Mænalian pines,
 Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the leopards,

That in high triumph drew the lord of vines,
 How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
 While fauns and satyrs beat the ground
 In cadence, and Silenus swang
 This way and that, with wild-flowers crowned.
 To life, to *life* give back thine ear:
 Ye who are longing to be rid
 Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear
 The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
 Echoed from the coffin-lid;
 The convict's summons in the steeple's knell;
 "The vain distress-gun," from a leeward shore,
 Repeated, — heard, and heard no more!

XI.

For terror, joy, or pity,
 Vast is the compass and the swell of notes:
 From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city,
 Rolling a solemn, sea-like base, that floats
 Far as the woodlands, — with the trill to blend
 Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale
 Might tempt an angel to descend,
 While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.
 Ye wandering utterances, has earth no scheme,
 No scale of moral music, to unite
 Powers that survive but in the faintest dream
 Of memory? — O that ye might stoop to bear
 Chains, such precious chains of sight
 As labored minstrelsies through ages wear!
 O for a balance fit the truth to tell
 Of the unsubstantial, pondered well!

XII.

By one pervading spirit
 Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
 As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
 Initiation in that mystery old.
 The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as
 still
 As they themselves appear to be,
 Innumerable voices fill
 With everlasting harmony;
 The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
 Their feet among the billows, know
 That ocean is a mighty harmonist;
 Thy pinions, universal air,
 Ever waving to and fro,
 Are delegates of harmony, and bear
 Strains that support the seasons in their round;
 Stern winter loves a dirge-like sound.

XIII.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
 Ye banded instruments of wind and chords!
 Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,
 Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words!
 Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
 Nor mute the forest hum of noon;
 Thou too be heard, lone eagle! freed
 From snowy peak and cloud, attune

Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
 Of joy, that from her utmost walls
 The six-days' work by flaming seraphim
 Transmits to heaven! As deep to deep
 Shouting through one valley calls,
 All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
 For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
 Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV.

A voice to light gave being;
 To time, and man his earth-born chronicler;
 A voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
 And sweep away life's visionary stir;
 The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
 Arm at its blast for deadly wars),
 To archangelic lips applied,
 The grave shall open, quench the stars.
 O Silence! are man's noisy years
 No more than moments of thy life?
 Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
 With her smooth tones and discords just,
 Tempered into rapturous strife,
 Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth be
 dust
 And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay
 Is in the Word, that shall not pass away.

1828.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE PRELUDE."*

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!
 Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,
 That givest to forms and images a breath
 And everlasting motion, not in vain
 By day or star light thus from my first dawn
 Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
 The passions that build up our human soul;
 Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
 But with high objects, with enduring things, —
 With life and nature, purifying thus
 The elements of feeling and of thought,
 And sanctifying, by such discipline,
 Both pain and fear, until we recognize
 A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
 Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
 With stinted kindness. In November days,
 When vapors rolling down the valley made
 A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,
 At noon and mid the calm of summer nights,
 When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
 Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went
 In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
 Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
 And by the waters, all the summer long.
 And in the frosty season, when the sun

* "An Orphic song indeed,
 A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
 To their own music chanted!"

Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight
gloom,

I heeded not their summons : happy time
It was indeed for all of us, — for me
It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six, — I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures, — the resounding horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle ; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain ; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning
still

The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me, — even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round !
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

Ye presences of nature in the sky
And on the earth ! Ye visions of the hills !
And souls of lonely places ! can I think
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed
Such ministry, when ye through many a year
Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,
On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,
Impressed upon all forms the characters
Of danger or desire ; and thus did make
The surface of the universal earth
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,
Work like a sea ?

* * *

The evangelist St. John my patron was :
Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first
Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure ;
Right underneath, the college kitchens made
A humming sound, less tunable than bees,

But hardly less industrious ; with shrill notes
Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.
Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,
Who never let the quarters, night or day,
Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the hours
Twice over with a male and female voice.
Her pealing organ was my neighbor too ;
And from my pillow, looking forth by light
Of moon or favoring stars, I could behold
The antechapel where the statue stood
Of Newton, with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought,
alone.

* * *

As if awakened, summoned, roused, constrained,
I looked for universal things ; perused
The common countenance of earth and sky :
Earth, nowhere unembellished by some trace
Of that first Paradise whence man was driven ;
And sky, whose beauty and bounty are ex-
pressed
By the proud name she bears, — the name of
Heaven.

I called on both to teach me what they might ;
Or, turning the mind in upon herself,
Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread my
thoughts

And spread them with a wider creeping ; felt
Incumbencies more awful, visitings
Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul,
That tolerates the indignities of time,
And, from the centre of eternity
All finite motions overruling, lives
In glory immutable. But peace ! enough
Here to record that I was mounting now
To such community with highest truth, —
A track pursuing, not untrod before,
From strict analogies by thought supplied
Or consciousnesses not to be subdued.
To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life : I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling : the great mass
Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired with inward meaning.
Add that whate'er of terror or of love
Or beauty Nature's daily face put on
From transitory passion, unto this
I was as sensitive as waters are .
To the sky's influence in a kindred mood
Of passion ; was obedient as a lute
That waits upon the touches of the wind.
Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most rich, —
I had a world about me, — 't was my own ;
I made it, for it only lived to me,
And to the God who sees into the heart.
Such sympathies, though rarely, were betrayed

By outward gestures and by visible looks :
 Some called it madness, — so indeed it was,
 If childlike fruitfulness in passing joy,
 If steady moods of thoughtfulness matured
 To inspiration, sort with such a name ;
 If prophecy be madness ; if things viewed
 By poets in old time, and higher up
 By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,
 May in these tutored days no more be seen
 With undisordered sight. But leaving this,
 It was no madness, for the bodily eye
 Amid my strongest workings evermore
 Was searching out the lines of difference
 As they lie hid in all external forms,
 Near or remote, minute or vast, an eye
 Which from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,
 To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
 Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
 Could find no surface where its power might
 sleep ;
 Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,
 And by an unrelenting agency
 Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

* * *

Beside the pleasant mill of Trompington
 I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade ;
 Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his
 tales

Of amorous passion. And that gentle bard,
 Chosen by the Muses for their page of state,—
 Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded
 heaven

With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft
 pace, —

I called him brother, Englishman, and friend !
 Yea, our blind poet, who in his later day
 Stood almost single ; uttering odious truth,
 Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,
 Soul awful, — if the earth has ever lodged
 An awful soul, — I seemed to see him here
 Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
 Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth, —
 A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks
 Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
 And conscious step of purity and pride.
 Among the band of my compeers was one
 Whom chance had stationed in the very room
 Honored by Milton's name. O temperate bard !
 Be it confessed that, for the first time, seated
 Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
 One of the festive circle, I poured out
 Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride
 And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
 Never excited by the fumes of wine
 Before that hour, or since.

* * *

There was a boy : ye knew him well, ye cliffs
 And islands of Winander ! — many a time

At evening, when the earliest stars began
 To move along the edges of the hills
 Rising or setting, would he stand alone
 Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
 And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
 Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
 Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
 Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
 That they might answer him ; and they would
 shout

Across the watery vale, and shout again,
 Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
 And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,
 Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
 Of jocund din ; and, when a lengthened pause
 Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
 Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung
 Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
 Has carried far into his heart the voice
 Of mountain torrents ; or the visible scene
 Would enter unawares into his mind,
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
 Into the bosom of the steady lake.

1805.

PRELUDE TO "THE EXCURSION." *

DESIGN OF "THE EXCURSION."

On man, on nature, and on human life,
 Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
 Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
 Accompanied by feelings of delight,
 Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed ;
 And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
 And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
 Or elevates the mind, intent to weigh
 The good and evil of our mortal state.
 — To these emotions, whencesoe'er they come,
 Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
 Or from the soul, — an impulse to herself, —
 I would give utterance in numerous verse.
 Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,
 And melancholy fear subdued by faith ;
 Of blessed consolations in distress ;
 Of moral strength, and intellectual power ;
 Of joy in widest commonalty spread ;
 Of the individual mind that keeps her own
 Inviolable retirement, subject there
 To conscience only, and the law supreme
 Of that intelligence which governs all, —
 I sing : — "fit audience let me find, though few !"

So prayed, more gaining than he asked, the
 bard, —
 In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need

* This introduction to the poem is perhaps nobler, on the whole, than any passages in the poem itself.

Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
 Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven !
 For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
 Deep, — and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
 To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.
 All strength, — all terror, single or in bands,
 That ever was put forth in personal form, —
 Jehovah, — with his thunder, and the choir
 Of shouting angels, and the empyreal thrones, —
 I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not
 The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
 Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out
 By help of dreams, can breed such fear and awe
 As fall upon us often when we look
 Into our minds, into the mind of man, —
 My haunt, and the main region of my song.
 — Beauty — a living presence of the earth,
 Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
 Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed
 From earth's materials — waits upon my steps ;
 Pitches her tents before me as I move,
 An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and groves
 Elysian, fortunate fields, — like those of old
 Sought in the Atlantic Main, — why should they be
 A history only of departed things,
 Or a mere fiction of what never was ?
 For the discerning intellect of man,
 When wedded to this goodly universe
 In love and holy passion, shall find these
 A simple produce of the common day.
 — I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
 Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
 Of this great consummation : — and, by words
 Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
 Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
 Of death, and win the vacant and the vain
 To noble raptures ; while my voice proclaims
 How exquisitely the individual mind
 (And the progressive powers perhaps no less
 Of the whole species) to the external world
 Is fitted : — and how exquisitely, too, —
 Theme this but little heard of among men, —
 The external world is fitted to the mind ;
 And the creation (by no lower name
 Can it be called) which they with blended might
 Accomplish ; — this is our high argument.
 — Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
 Must turn elsewhere, — to travel near the tribes
 And fellowships of men, and see ill sights
 Of madding passions mutually inflamed ;
 Must hear humanity in fields and groves
 Pipe solitary anguish ; or must hang
 Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
 Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore
 Within the walls of cities, — may these sounds
 Have their authentic comment ; that, even these
 Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn ! —
 Descend, prophetic spirit ! that inspir'st

The human soul of universal earth,
 Dreaming on things to come ; and dost possess
 A metropolitan temple in the hearts
 Of mighty poets : upon me bestow
 A gift of genuine insight ; that my song
 With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
 Shedding benignant influence, and secure,
 Itself, from all malevolent effect
 Of those mutations that extend their sway
 Throughout the nether sphere ! — And if with
 this

I mix more lowly matter ; with the thing
 Contemplated, describe the mind and man
 Contemplating ; and who and what he was, —
 The transitory being that beheld
 This vision ; when and where, and how he
 lived ; —

Be not this labor useless. If such theme
 May sort with highest objects, then — dread
 power !

Whose gracious favor is the primal source
 Of all illumination — may my life
 Express the image of a better time,
 More wise desires, and simpler manners ; — nurse
 My heart in genuine freedom : — all pure thoughts
 Be with me ; — so shall thy unfailing love
 Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end !

1814.

UNRECOGNIZED POETS.*

O, MANY are the poets that are sown
 By nature ; men endowed with highest gifts,
 The vision and the faculty divine ;
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse
 (Which, in the docile season of their youth,
 It was denied them to acquire, through lack
 Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,
 Or haply by a temper too severe,
 Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame),
 Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led
 By circumstance to take unto the height
 The measure of themselves, these favored beings,
 All but a scattered few, live out their time,
 Husbanding that which they possess within,
 And go to the grave, unthought of. Strongest
 minds
 Are often those of whom the noisy world
 Hears least.

The Excursion, Book I.

* " Such sentiments in such language do one's heart good ; though I, for my part, have not the fullest faith in the truth of the observation. When I find, even in situations the most favorable, according to Mr. Wordsworth, for the formation of a pure and poetical language, — in situations which insure familiarity with the grandest objects of the imagination, — but one Burns among the shepherds of Scotland, and not a single poet of humble life among those of English lakes and mountains, I conclude that poetic genius is not only a very delicate but a very rare plant." — COLERIDGE.

GENIUS IN COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

SUCH was the boy,—but for the growing youth

What soul was his, when, from the naked top .
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He
looked:

Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
Beneath him; far and wide the clouds were
touched,

And in their silent faces could he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!

The Excursion, Book I.

THE SUN GLORIFYING THE MIST.

So was he lifted gently from the ground,
And with their freight homeward the shepherds
moved

Through the dull mist, I following, when a step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapor, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city,—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far sinking into splendor,—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars,—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapors had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
O, 't was an unimaginable sight!

Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and emer-
ald turf,

Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy fold voluminous enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
In vision,—forms uncouth of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe.
This little vale, a dwelling-place of man,
Lay low beneath my feet; 't was visible,—
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
That which I *saw* was the revealed abode
Of spirits in beatitude: my heart
Swelled in my breast. "I have been dead," I
cried,

"And now I live! O, wherefore *do* I live?"
And with that pang I prayed to be no more!

The Excursion, Book II.

NATURAL RELIGION.

CHALDEAN shepherds, ranging trackless fields,
Beneath the concave of unclouded skies
Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,
Looked on the polar star, as on a guide
And guardian of their course, that never closed
His steadfast eye. The planetary five
With a submissive reverence they beheld;
Watched, from the centre of their sleeping
flocks,

Those radiant mercuries, that seemed to move,
Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,
Decrees and resolutions of the gods;
And, by their aspects, signifying works
Of dim futurity, to man revealed.
—The imaginative faculty was lord
Of observations natural; and, thus
Led on, those shepherds made report of stars
In set rotation passing to and fro,
Between the orbs of our apparent sphere
And its invisible counterpart, adorned
With answering constellations, under earth,
Removed from all approach of living sight
But present to the dead; who, so they deemed,
Like those celestial messengers beheld
All accidents, and judges were of all.

The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,

Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding shores,—
 Under a cope of sky more variable,
 Could find commodious place for every god,
 Promptly received, as prodigally brought,
 From the surrounding countries, at the choice
 Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,
 As nicest observation furnished hints
 For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed
 On fluent operations a fixed shape;
 Metal or stone, idolatrously served.
 And yet, — triumphant o'er this pompous show
 Of art, this palpable array of sense,
 On every side encountered; in despite
 Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets
 By wandering rhapsodists; and in contempt
 Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
 Amid the wrangling schools, — a SPIRIT hung,
 Beautiful region! o'er thy towns and farms,
 Statues and temples, and memorial tombs;
 And emanations were perceived; and acts
 Of immortality, in Nature's course,
 Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
 As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed
 And armed warrior; and in every grove
 A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
 When piety more awfully had relaxed.
 "Take, running river, take these locks of mine,"
 Thus would the votary say, — "this severed hair,
 My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
 Thankful for my beloved child's return.
 Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,
 Thy murmurs heard; and drunk the crystal
 lymph
 With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,
 And, all day long, moisten these flowery fields!"
 And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was
 shed
 Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
 Of life continuous, being unimpaired;
 That hath been, is, and where it was and is
 There shall endure, — existence unexposed
 To the blind walk of mortal accident;
 From diminution safe and weakening age;
 While man grows old, and dwindles, and decays;
 And countless generations of mankind
 Depart, and leave no vestige where they trod.
 We live by admiration, hope, and love;
 And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
 In dignity of being we ascend.

The Excursion, Book IV.

THE PAGAN MYTHOLOGY.

ONCE more to distant ages of the world
 Let us revert, and place before our thoughts
 The face which rural solitude might wear
 To the unenlightened swains of pagan Greece.

— In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman,
 stretched

On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
 With music lulled his indolent repose:
 And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
 When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
 Which his poor skill could make, his fancy
 fetched,

Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
 A beardless youth, who touched a golden lute,
 And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
 The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
 Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
 Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
 That timely light, to share his joyous sport:
 And hence, a beaming goddess with her nymphs,
 Across the lawn and through the darksome grove,
 Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
 By echo multiplied from rock or cave,
 Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and stars
 Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
 When winds are blowing strong. The traveller
 slaked

His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thanked
 The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
 Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
 Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
 Into fleet Orcads sporting visibly.
 The zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their wings,
 Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom they
 wooed

With gentle whisper. Withered boughs grotesque,

Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
 From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
 In the low vale, or on steep mountain-side;
 And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring horns
 Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard, —
 These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood
 Of gamesome deities; or Pan himself,
 The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god!

The Excursion, Book IV.

SCIENCE AND POETIC FAITH.

SHALL men for whom our age
 Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,
 To explore the world without and world within,
 Be joyless as the blind? Ambitious spirits, —
 Whom earth, at this late season, hath produced
 To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
 The planets in the hollow of their hand;
 And they who rather dive than soar, whose pains
 Have solved the elements, or analyzed
 The thinking principle, — shall they in fact
 Prove a degraded race? and what avails

Renown, if their presumption make them such ?
 O, there is laughter at their work in heaven !
 Inquire of ancient wisdom ; go, demand
 Of mighty Nature, if 't was ever meant
 That we should pry far off, yet be unraised ;
 That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore,
 Viewing all objects unremittingly
 In disconnection dead and spiritless ;
 And still dividing, and dividing still,
 Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied
 With the perverse attempt, while littleness
 May yet become more little ; waging thus
 An impious warfare with the very life
 Of our own souls !

And if indeed there be
 An all-pervading spirit, upon whom
 Our dark foundations rest, could he design
 That this magnificent effect of power,
 The earth we tread, the sky that we behold
 By day, and all the pomp which night reveals, —
 That these — and that superior mystery,
 Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
 And the dread soul within it — should exist
 Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
 Probed, vexed, and criticised ? Accuse me not
 Of arrogance, unknown wanderer as I am,
 If, having walked with nature threescore years,
 And offered, far as frailty would allow,
 My heart a daily sacrifice to truth,
 I now affirm of nature and of truth,
 Whom I have served, that their DIVINITY
 Revolts, offended at the ways of men
 Swayed by such motives, to such ends employed ;
 Philosophers, who, though the human soul
 Be of a thousand faculties composed,
 And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize
 This soul, and the transcendent universe,
 No more than as a mirror that reflects
 To proud self-love her own intelligence ;
 That one poor, finite object, in the abyss
 Of infinite being, twinkling restlessly !

The Excursion, Book IV.

IMAGINATION.

WITHIN the soul a faculty abides,
 That with interpositions, which would hide
 And darken, so can deal that they become
 Contingencies of pomp ; and serve to exalt
 Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
 In the deep stillness of a summer even
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove.
 Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
 In the green trees ; and, kindling on all sides
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
 Into a substance glorious as her own,
 Yea, with her own incorporated, by power

Capacious and serene. Like power abides
 In man's celestial spirit ; virtue thus
 Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus feeds
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
 From the encumbrances of mortal life,
 From error, disappointment, — nay, from guilt ;
 And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
 From palpable oppressions of despair.

The Excursion, Book IV.

THE CHILD AND THE SHELL.

I HAVE seen
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon
 Brightened with joy ; for from within were
 heard

Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
 Mysterious union with its native sea.
 Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith ; and there are times,
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
 Authentic tidings of invisible things ;
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power ;
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart
 Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
 Adore, and worship, when you know it not ;
 Pious beyond the intention of your thought ;
 Devout above the meaning of your will.

The Excursion, Book IV.

THE WHITE DOE.

A MOMENT ends the fervent din,
 And all is hushed, without and within ;
 For though the priest, more tranquilly,
 Recites the holy liturgy,
 The only voice which you can hear
 Is the river murmuring near.
 When soft ! the dusky trees between,
 And down the path through the open green,
 Where is no living thing to be seen, —
 And through yon gateway, where is found,
 Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
 Free entrance to the churchyard ground, —
 Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
 Comes gliding in serene and slow,
 Soft and silent as a dream,
 A solitary doe !
 White she is as lily of June,
 And beauteous as the silver moon
 When out of sight the clouds are driven
 And she is left alone in heaven ;

Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

The White Doe of Rylstone.

THE REALITY AND THE REFLECTION.

FORTH we went,

And down the vale along the streamlet's edge
Pursued our way, a broken company,
Mute or conversing, single or in pairs.
Thus having reached a bridge, that overarched
The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed
In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
A twofold image; on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same! Most beautiful,
On the green turf, with his imperial front
Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
The breathing creature stood; as beautiful,
Beneath him, showed his shadowy counterpart.
Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
And each seemed centre of his own fair world:
Antipodes unconscious of each other,
Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!

The Excursion, Book IX.

SONNETS.

NUNS FRET NOT AT THEIR CONVENT'S NARROW ROOM.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels;
Maidens at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 't was pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must
be)

Who've felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM AND FREE.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make

A sound like thunder, — everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me
here,

If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world is too much with us; late and
soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon!

This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WEAK IS THE WILL OF MAN, HIS JUDGMENT BLIND.

"WEAK is the will of man, his judgment blind;
Remembrance persecutes, and hope betrays;
Heavy is woe; and joy, for human-kind,
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!"
Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more-than-reasoning mind,
And color life's dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined:
'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

THE SONNET.

SCORN not the sonnet; critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camões soothed an exile's grief;
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glowworm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from fairy-land

To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains, — alas! too few.

NOT LOVE, NOT WAR, NOR THE TUMULTUOUS
SWELL.

Not love, not war, nor the tumultuous swell
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
Nor duty struggling with afflictions strange, —
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneless shell;
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,
There also is the Muse not loath to range,
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or grange,
Skyward ascending from a woody dell.
Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavor,
And sage content, and placid melancholy;
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river, —
Diaphanous because it travels slowly;
Soft is the music that would charm forever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

TO LADY BEAUMONT.

LADY! the songs of spring were in the grove
While I was shaping beds for winter flowers;
While I was planting green unfading bowers,
And shrubs, — to hang upon the warm alcove
And sheltering wall; and still, as fancy wove
The dream, to time and nature's blended powers
I gave this paradise for winter hours,
A labyrinth, lady! which your feet shall rove.
Yes! when the sun of life more feebly shines,
Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom
Or of high gladness you shall hither bring;
And these perennial bowers and murmuring
pines

Be gracious as the music and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

THERE IS A PLEASURE IN POETIC PAINS.

*There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know; — 't was rightly said;
Whom could the Muses else allure to tread
Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest
chains?*

When happiest fancy has inspired the strains,
How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues the enthusiast to the social board,
Haunts him belated on the silent plains!
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,
At last, of hindrance and obscurity,
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn;
Bright, speckless, as a softly moulded tear
The moment it has left the virgin's eye,
Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn.

LONDON.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

TO —, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

SUCH age how beautiful! O lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favoring nature and a saintly mind
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood! whene'er thou meet'st my
sight,
When I behold thy blanched, unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming
white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome snowdrop I compare;
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that
climb
From desolation toward the genial prime;
Or with the moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive evening deepens into night.

A POET! HE HATH PUT HIS HEART TO SCHOOL.*

A POET! He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
Which art hath lodged within his hand, must
laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Thy art be nature; the live current quaff,
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
In fear that else, when critics grave and cool
Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.
How does the meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its *own* divine vitality.

* It would be a curious question to decide whether Wordsworth did not mean some of the earlier poems of Tennyson in this diatribe against Art in poetry as contrasted with Nature.

I GRIEVED FOR BUONAPARTÉ.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood
Of that man's mind, — what can it be? what food
Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could he
gain?

'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

1801.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN
REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day;
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's careless den;
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and
skies:

There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

SEPTEMBER, 1802. NEAR DOVER.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
The coast of France, — the coast of France how
near!

Drawn almost into frightful neighborhood.
I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us, if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
Only, the nations shall be great and free.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION
OF SWITZERLAND.

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly
striven:

Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O, cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom! — We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

MILTON.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
O, raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

1802.

GREAT MEN HAVE BEEN AMONG US.

GREAT men have been among us ; hands that
 penned

And tongues that uttered wisdom,—better none :
 The later Sidney, Marvell, Harrington,
 Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
 These moralists could act and comprehend :
 They knew how genuine glory was put on ;
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
 In splendor : what strength was, that would not
 bend

But in magnanimous meekness. France, 't is
 strange,

Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
 Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !
 No single volume paramount, no code,
 No master spirit, no determined road ;
 But equally a want of books and men !

BRITISH FREEDOM.

It is not to be thought of, that the flood
 Of British freedom, which to the open sea
 Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
 Roused though it be full often to a mood
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands, —
 That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish ; and to evil and to good
 Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
 Armory of the invincible knights of old :
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals
 hold
 Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
 Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

OCTOBER, 1803.

THESE times strike moneyed worldlings with dis-
 may :

Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
 With words of apprehension and despair :
 While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,
 Men unto whom sufficient for the day
 And minds not stinted or untiled are given,
 Sound, healthy children of the God of heaven,
 And cheerful as the rising sun in May.
 What do we gather hence but firmer faith
 That every gift of noble origin

Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath ;
 That virtue and the faculties within
 Are vital, — and that riches are akin
 To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death ?

TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBER, 1803.

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
 Ye children of a soil that doth advance
 Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
 Now is the time to prove your hardiment !
 To France be words of invitation sent !
 They from their fields can see the countenance
 Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
 And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
 Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
 Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;
 Confirmed the charters that were yours before ; —
 No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath ;
 We all are with you now from shore to shore :
 Ye men of Kent, 't is victory or death !

PATRIOTIC INSTINCTS.

ALAS ! what boots the long, laborious quest
 Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill ;
 Or pains abstruse, to elevate the will,
 And lead us on to that transcendent rest
 Where every passion shall the sway attest
 Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill ;
 What is it but a vain and curious skill,
 If sapient Germany must lie deprest
 Beneath the brutal sword ? — Her haughty schools
 Shall blush ; and may not we with sorrow say,
 A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
 Among the herdsman of the Alps, have wrought
 More for mankind at this unhappy day
 Than all the pride of intellect and thought ?

THE SAVAGE MAN.

WHAT aspect bore the man who roved or fled,
 First of his tribe, to this dark dell, — who first
 In this pellucid current slaked his thirst ?
 What hopes came with him ? what designs were
 spread
 Along his path ? His unprotected bed
 What dreams encompassed ? Was the intruder
 nursed
 In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
 That thinned the living and disturbed the dead ?
 No voice replies ; — both air and earth are mute ;
 And thou, blue streamlet,* murmuring yield'st no
 more
 Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit
 Of ignorance thou mightst witness heretofore,
 Thy function was to heal and to restore,
 To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute !

* The river Duddon.

AFTERTHOUGHT.

I THOUGHT of thee, my partner and my guide,
 As being passed away. Vain sympathies!
 For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
 I see what was, and is, and will abide;
 Still glides the stream, and shall forever glide;
 The form remains, the function never dies;
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
 We men, who in our morn of youth defied
 The elements, must vanish; — be it so!
 Enough, if something from our hands have
 power
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
 And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcend-
 ent dower,
 We feel that we are greater than we know.

EMINENT REFORMERS.

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
 Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,
 Were mine the trusty staff that Jewel gave
 To youthful Hooker, in familiar style
 The gift exalting, and with playful smile:
 For thus equipped, and bearing on his head
 The donor's farewell blessing, can he dread
 Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil? —
 More sweet than odors caught by him who
 sails
 Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
 A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
 The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
 From fields where good men walk, or bowers
 wherein they rest.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,
CAMBRIDGE.

Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the architect who
 planned —
 Albeit laboring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed scholars only — this immense
 And glorious work of fine intelligence!
 Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the
 lore
 Of nicely calculated less or more;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where music
 dwells
 Lingering, and wandering on as loath to die;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth
 proof
 That they were born for immortality.

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colors in the fairest sky
 So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
 Was shaped that traced the lives of these good
 men,
 Dropped from an angel's wing. With moist-
 ened eye
 We read of faith and purest charity
 In statesman, priest, and humble citizen:
 O, could we copy their mild virtues, then
 What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
 Methinks their very names shine still and bright;
 Apart, — like glowworms on a summer night;
 Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
 A guiding ray; or seen, like stars on high,
 Satellites burning in a lucid ring
 Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVE-
NANTERS.

WHEN Alpine vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
 The majesty of England interposed
 And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds
 were closed;
 And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
 How little boots that precedent of good,
 Scorned or forgotten, thou canst testify,
 For England's shame, O Sister Realm! from
 wood,
 Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where
 lie
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
 Slain by compatriot Protestants that draw
 From councils senseless as intolerant
 Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
 But who would force the soul, tilts with a straw
 Against a champion cased in adamant.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

THANKS for the lessons of this spot, — fit school
 For the presumptuous thoughts that would
 assign
 Mechanic laws to agency divine;
 And, measuring heaven by earth, would over-
 rule
 Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,
 Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
 Might seem designed to humble man, when
 proud
 Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
 Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
 Of tide and tempest on that structure's base,
 And flashing to that structure's topmost height,
 Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace
 In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
 Of softest music some responsive place.



Walter Scott

TRANQUILLITY.

TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim wert thou
In heathen schools of philosophic lore;
Heart-stricken by stern destiny, of yore
The tragic muse thee served with thoughtful
vow;

And what of hope Elysium could allow
Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore
Peace to the mourner. But when He who wore
The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow
Warmed our sad being with celestial light,
Then arts which still had drawn a softening
grace

From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,
Communed with that idea face to face:
And move around it now as planets run,
Each in its orbit, round the central sun.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771-1832.

THE OLD MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old:
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry:
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone:
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The minstrel gazed with wishful eye,—
No humbler resting-place was nigh;
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar

Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride;
And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him, God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And would the noble duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained;
The aged minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain,—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled,
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,

He swept the sounding chords along :
 The present scene, the future lot,
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot :
 Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
 In the full tide of song were lost ;
 Each blank in faithless memory void,
 The poet's glowing thought supplied :
 And, while his harp responsive rung,
 'T was thus the latest minstrel sung.

Hushed is the harp, — the minstrel gone.
 And did he wander forth alone ?
 Alone, in indigence and age,
 To linger out his pilgrimage ?
 No ! — close beneath proud Newark's tower
 Arose the minstrel's lowly bower :
 A simple hut ; but there was seen
 The little garden hedged with green,
 The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
 There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
 Oft heard the tale of other days ;
 For much he loved to ope his door,
 And give the aid he begged before.
 So passed the winter's day ; but still,
 When summer smiled on sweet Bow Hill,
 And July's eve, with balmy breath,
 Waved the bluebells on Newark heath ;
 When throistles sung in Hairheadshaw,
 And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
 And flourished, broad Blackandro's oak,
 The aged harper's soul awoke !
 Then would he sing achievements high,
 And circumstance of chivalry,
 Till the rapt traveller would stay,
 Forgetful of the closing day ;
 And noble youths, the strain to hear,
 Forsook the hunting of the deer ;
 And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
 Bore burden to the minstrel's song.

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto I.

BRANKSOME TOWER.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,
 And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower ;
 Her bower that was guarded by word and by
 spell,

Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell, —
 Jesu Maria, shield us well !

No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
 Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all ;

Knight and page and household squire,
 Loitered through the lofty hall,

Or crowded round the ample fire ;

The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,

Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,

And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
 From Teviot stone to Eskdale moor.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame

Hung their shields in Branksome Hall ;

Nine-and-twenty squires of name

Brought them their steeds to bower from
 stall ;

Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall

Waited, dutious, on them all :

They were all knights of metal true,

Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
 With belted sword, and spur on heel :
 They quitted not their harness bright,
 Neither by day, nor yet by night ;

They lay down to rest,

With corselet laced,

Pillowed on buckler cold and hard ;

They carved at the meal

With gloves of steel,

And they drank the red wine through the helmet
 barred.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
 Waited the beck of the warders ten ;
 Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
 Stood saddled in stable day and night,
 Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
 And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow :
 A hundred more fed free in stall ; —
 Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight ?
 Why watch these warriors, armed, by night ?
 They watch to hear the bloodhound baying :
 They watch to hear the war-horn braying ;
 To see St. George's red cross streaming,
 To see the midnight beacon gleaming ;
 They watch against Southern force and guile,
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto I.

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose * aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
 For the gay beams of lightsome day
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
 When the broken arches are black in night,
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower ;

* It is said that Scott never saw Melrose by moonlight.

When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's
grave,
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto II.

LOVE.

AND said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love? —
How could I, to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

* * *

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto III.

THE POET.

CALL it not vain: — they do not err
Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies:
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;

And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier:
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead;
Mounts the wild blast, that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain.
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die:
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto V.

PATRIOTISM.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,

Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto VI.

ROSABELLE.

O, LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?" —

"T is not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle hall.

"T is not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 't is not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'T was broader than the watchfire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
'T was seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair, —
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold, —
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto VI.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!
Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto VI.

LOCHINVAR.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the
best;

And save his good broadsword he weapons had
none,

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knightlike the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for
stone,

He swam the Eske River where ford there was
none;

But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
'Mong bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,
and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
sword

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a
word),

"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochin-
var?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you de-
nied; —

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its
tide, —

And now am I come, with this lost love of
mine,

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of
wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by
far,

That would gladly be bride to the young Loch-
invar."

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took
it up,

He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the
cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to
sigh,

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could
bar, —

"Now tread we a measure!" said young Loch-
invar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face;

That never a hall such a galliard did grace;

While her mother did fret, and her father did
fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet
and plume;

And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were bet-
ter by far

To have matched our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger
stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,

So light to the saddle before her he sprang!

"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush,
and scaur;

They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the
Netherby clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode
and they ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they
see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Loch-
invar?

Marmion, Canto V.

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

Nor far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array

To Surrey's camp to ride;

He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,

And Douglas gave a guide;

The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,

And whispered in an undertone, •

"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."

The train from out the castle drew,

But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:

"Though something I might plain," he said,

"Of cold respect to stranger guest,

Sent hither by your king's behest,

While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,

Part we in friendship from your land,

And, noble Earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,

Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:

"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still

Be open, at my sovereign's will,

To each one whom he lists, howe'er

Unmeet to be the owner's peer.

My castles are my king's alone,

From turret to foundation-stone, —

The hand of Douglas is his own;

And never shall in friendly grasp

The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,

And shook his very frame for ire,

And — "This to me!" he said, —

"And 't were not for thy hoary beard,

Such hand as Marmion's had not spared

To cleave the Douglas' head!

And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,

He, who does England's message here,

Although the meanest in her state,

May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:

And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,

Here in thy hold, thy vassals near

(Nay, never look upon your lord,

And lay your hands upon your sword),

I tell thee, thou'rt defied!

And if thou saidst, I am not peer

To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth, — "And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go? —
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, grooms, — what, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,
 The ponderous grate behind him rung;
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Nor lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim:
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
 "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and
 chase!"

But soon he reined his fury's pace:
 "A royal messenger he came,
 Though most unworthy of the name. —
 A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
 Did ever knight so foul a deed!
 At first in heart it liked me ill,
 When the king praised his clerkly skill.
 Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
 So swore I, and I swear it still,
 Let my boy-bishop fret his fill. —
 Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
 I thought to slay him where he stood.
 'Tis pity of him too," he cried:
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
 I warrant him a warrior tried."
 With this his mandate he recalls,
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

Marmion, Canto VI.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

BLOUNT and Fitz-Eustace rested still
 With Lady Clare upon the hill;
 On which (for far the day was spent)
 The western sunbeams now were bent.
 The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
 Could plain their distant comrades view:

Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
 "Unworthy office here to stay!
 No hope of gilded spurs to-day.
 But see! look up, — on Flodden bent
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
 And sudden, as he spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,
 All downward to the banks of Till,
 Was wreathed in sable smoke.
 Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
 As down the hill they broke;
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
 Announced their march; their tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,
 At times a stifled hum,
 Told England, from his mountain-throne
 King James did rushing come.
 Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
 Until at weapon-point they close.
 They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
 And such a yell was there,
 Of sudden and portentous birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth,
 And fiends in upper air;
 O, life and death were in the shout,
 Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
 And triumph and despair.
 Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
 Could in the darkness naught descry.

At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast;
 And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears;
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave
 Floating like foam upon the wave;
 But naught distinct they see:
 Wide raged the battle on the plain;
 Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
 Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
 Still bear them bravely in the fight;
 Although against them come
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,
 And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
 And many a rugged Border clan,
 With Huntly, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
 Though there the western mountaineer
 Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the feeble targe aside
 And with both hands the broadsword plied,
 'T was vain: — But Fortune, on the right,
 With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
 Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell;
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle-yell.
 The Border slogan rent the sky!
 A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
 Loud were the clanging blows;
 Advanced, — forced back, — now low, now high,
 The pennon sunk and rose;

As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It wavered mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear:
 "By heaven and all its saints! I swear,

I will not see it lost!
 Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
 May bid your beads, and patter prayer, —
 I gallop to the host."

And to the fray he rode amain,
 Followed by all the archer train.
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
 Made, for a space, an opening large, —

The rescued banner rose, —
 But darkly closed the war around,
 Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
 It sunk among the foes.

Then Eustace mounted too: — yet stayed,
 As loath to leave the helpless maid,

When, fast as shaft can fly,
 Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 The loose rein dangling from his head,
 Housing and saddle bloody red,

Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight,

A look and sign to Clara cast,
 To mark he would return in haste,
 Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
 Left in that dreadful hour alone:

Perchance her reason stoops or reels;
 Perchance a courage, not her own,
 Braces her mind to desperate tone.

The scattered van of England wheels:
 She only said, as loud in air
 The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"
 They fly, or, maddened by despair,
 Fight but to die, — "Is Wilton there?"
 With that, straight up the hill there rode

Two horsemen drenched with gore,
 And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strained the broken brand;
 His arms were smeared with blood and sand.
 Dragged from among the horses' feet,
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion!
 Young Blount his armor did unlace,
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said, "By Saint George, he's gone!
 That spear-wound has our master sped, —
 And see the deep cut on his head!
 Good-night to Marmion."
 "Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
 He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
 "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!

Redeem my pennon, — charge again!
 Cry, 'Marmion to the rescue!' — Vain!

Last of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
 Yet my last thought is England's, — fly,

To Dacre bear my signet ring:
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring. —

Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
 Edmund is down: — my life is left;
 The Admiral alone is left.

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or victory and England's lost. —
 Must I bid twice? — hence, varlets! fly!
 Leave Marmion here alone — to die."

They parted, and alone he lay;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmured, "Is there none,

Of all my halls have nurst,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst!"

O woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran:

Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew ;
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,
 Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn ! — behold her mark
 A little fountain cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
 Above, some half-worn letters say,
 Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and pray,
 For the kind soul of Sybil Gray,
 Who built this cross and well.
 She filled the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied
 A monk supporting Marmion's head ;
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stooped his brow to lave,
 "Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
 "Or injured Constance, bathes my head ?"
 Then, as remembrance rose, —
 "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !
 I must redress her woes.
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare !"
 "Alas !" she said, "the while, —
 O, think of your immortal weal !
 In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
 She — died at Holy Isle."
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as if he felt no wound :
 Though in the action burst the tide,
 In torrents, from his wounded side.
 "Then it was truth," he said, — "I knew
 That the dark presage must be true.
 I would the fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day !
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.
 It may not be ! — this dizzy trance, —
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand !
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound :
 The monk, with unavailing cares,

Exhausted all the church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung,
*"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the
 dying !"*

So the notes rung ; —
 "Avoid thee, fiend ! — with cruel hand
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand ! —
 O, look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;
 O, think on faith and bliss ! —
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
 And — STANLEY ! was the cry, —
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye :
 With dying hand, above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted, "Victory ! —
 Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
 Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
 For still the Scots, around their king,
 Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
 Where's now their victor vanward wing,
 Where Huntly, and where Home ! —
 O for a blast of that dread horn,
 On Fontarabian echoes borne,
 That to King Charles did come,
 When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
 And every paladin and peer,
 On Roncesvalles died !
 Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
 To quit the plunder of the slain,
 And turn the doubtful day again,
 While yet on Flodden side,
 Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
 And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies
 Our Caledonian pride !
 In vain the wish, — for far away,
 While spoil and havoc mark their way,
 Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.
 "O lady," cried the monk, "away !"
 And placed her on her steed,
 And led her to the chapel fair
 Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
 There all the night they spent in prayer,
 And, at the dawn of morning, there
 She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

HARP OF THE NORTH.

HARP of the North ! that mouldering long hast hung

On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,

And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,

Till envious ivy did around thee cling,

Muffling with verdant ringlet every string, —

O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep ?

Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,

Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,

Nor bid a warriorsmile, nor teach a maid to weep ?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,

Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,

When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,

Aroused the fearful or subdued the proud.

At each according pause was heard aloud

Thine ardent symphony sublime and high !

Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed ;

For still the burden of thy minstrelsy

Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O, wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand

That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ;

O, wake once more ! though scarce my skill command

Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay :

Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,

And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,

Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,

The wizard note has not been touched in vain.

Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again !

Lady of the Lake, Canto I.

ELLEN, THE LADY OF THE LAKE.*

AND ne'er did Grecian chisel trace

A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,

Of finer form or lovelier face !

What though the sun, with ardent frown,

Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown, —

The sportive toil, which, short and light,

Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,

Served too in hastier swell to show

Short glimpses of a breast of snow :

* We have no conception at present of the enthusiasm with which Scott's poems were welcomed by sympathetic minds at the time of their publication. Washington Irving tells us that when, in 1810, he was at Hoffman's country-seat on the Hudson River he contrived to borrow a copy of *The Lady of the Lake* before it had been reprinted in the United States ; and he thus records his delight : " August 12, 1810. — Seated, leaning against a rock, with a wild-cherry tree over my head, reading Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. The busy ant hurrying over the page, crickets skipping into my bosom, wind rustling among the top branches of the trees." And he notes the rapture of surprise which made him start to his feet when he learned that " Snowdon's knight is Scotland's king ! "

What though no rule of courtly grace

To measured mood had trained her pace, —

A foot more light, a step more true,

Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ;

E'en the slight harebell raised its head,

Elastic from her airy tread :

What though upon her speech there hung

The accents of the mountain tongue, —

Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,

The listener held his breath to hear !

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid ;

Her satin snood, her silken plaid,

Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.

And seldom was a snood amid

Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,

Whose glossy black to shame might bring

The plumage of the raven's wing ;

And seldom o'er a breast so fair,

Mantled a plaid with modest care,

And never brooch the folds combined

Above a heart more good and kind.

Her kindness and her worth to spy,

You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;

Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,

Gives back the shaggy banks more true,

Than every free-born glance confessed

The guileless movements of her breast ;

Whether joy danced in her dark eye,

Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,

Or filial love was glowing there,

Or meek devotion poured a prayer,

Or tale of injury called forth

The indignant spirit of the North.

One only passion unrevealed

With maiden pride the maid concealed,

Yet not less purely felt the flame ; —

O, need I tell that passion's name ?

Lady of the Lake, Canto I.

BOAT-SONG.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances !

Honored and blessed be the evergreen pine !

Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,

Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !

Heaven send it happy dew,

Earth lend it sap anew,

Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,

While every Highland glen

Sends our shout back again,

" Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! " .

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,

Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;

When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on

the mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow :
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
 And Bannachar's groans to our slogan replied ;
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
 Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine !
 O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !
 O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow !
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deepest glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Lady of the Lake, Canto II.

CORONACHE.

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The font, reappearing,
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow !
 The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing,
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber !

Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and forever !
Lady of the Lake, Canto III.

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT MUST BE MY BED.

THE heath this night must be my bed,
 The bracken curtain for my head,
 My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far, from love and thee, Mary ;
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid !
 It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
 I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promised me, Mary.
 No fond regret must Norman know ;
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
 For, if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
 And if returned from conquered foes,
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, Mary !
Lady of the Lake, Canto III.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Ave Maria ! maiden mild !
 Listen to a maiden's prayer !
 Thou canst hear though from the wild,
 Thou canst save amid despair.
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
 Though banished, outcast, and reviled, —
 Maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer ;
 Mother, hear a suppliant child !

Ave Maria !

Ave Maria ! undefiled !
 The flinty couch we now must share
 Shall seem with down of eider piled,
 If thy protection hover there.
 The murky cavern's heavy air
 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled :
 Then, maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer,
 Mother, list a suppliant child !

Ave Maria !

Ave Maria ! Stainless styled !
 Foul demons of the earth and air,

From this their wonted haunt exiled,
 Shall flee before thy presence fair.
 We bow us to our lot of care,
 Beneath thy guidance reconciled :
 Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
 And for a father hear a child !

Ave Maria !

Lady of the Lake, Canto III.

MERRY IT IS IN THE GOOD GREENWOOD.

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,
 When the mavis and merle are singing,
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are
 in cry,
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
 Is lost for love of you ;
 And we must hold by wood and wold,
 As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 't was all for thy locks so bright,
 And 't was all for thine eyes so blue,
 That on the night of our luckless flight
 Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
 The hand that held the glaive,
 For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
 And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
 That wont on harp to stray,
 A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
 To keep the cold away."

"O Richard ! if my brother died,
 'T was but a fatal chance ;
 For darkling was the battle tried,
 And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,
 As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
 As gay the forest-green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
 And lost thy native land,
 Still Alice has her own Richard,
 And he his Alice Brand."

'T is merry, 't is merry, in good greenwood ;
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing ;
 On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
 Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody elfin king,
 Who wonned within the hill, —
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
 His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
 Our moonlight circle's screen ?
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,
 Beloved of our elfin queen ?
 Or who may dare on wold to wear
 The fairies' fatal green ?

"Up, Urgan, up ! to yon mortal hie,
 For thou wert christened man ;
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
 For muttered word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
 The curse of the sleepless eye ;
 Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
 Nor yet find leave to die."

'T is merry, 't is merry in good greenwood,
 Though the birds have stilled their singing ;
 The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
 And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
 Before Lord Richard stands,
 And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
 "I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
 "That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
 That woman void of fear, —
 "And if there's blood upon his hand,
 'T is but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood !
 It cleaves unto his hand,
 The stain of thine own kindly blood,
 The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
 And made the holy sign, —
 "And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
 A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, demon elf,
 By Him whom demons fear,
 To show us whence thou art thyself,
 And what thine errand here ?"

"'T is merry, 't is merry, in fairy-land,
 When fairy birds are singing,
 When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
 With bit and bridle ringing :

"And gayly shines the fairy-land, —
 But all is glistening show,
 Like the idle gleam that December's beam
 Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,
 Is our inconstant shape,
 Who now like knight and lady seem,
 And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day,
When the fairy king has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away
To the joyless elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine."

She crossed him once, — she crossed him twice, —
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Duinfermline gray,
When all the bells were ringing.

Lady of the Lake, Canto IV.

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

THE Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile:
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between: —
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael:
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fattened steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul! — While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze, —

The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share,
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

Answered Fitz-James: "And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"

"As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, —
I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid, —
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfil an augury."

"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band!"

"Have, then, thy wish!" He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plumed warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,

Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James : "How say'st thou now ?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;
And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu !"

Fitz-James was brave : Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before :
"Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick marked, and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short pace he stood, then waved his hand :
Down sunk the disappearing band ;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low ;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair, —
The next but swept a lone hillside,
Where heath and fern were waving wide :
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, —
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round, yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received ;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the chief replied :
"Fear naught — nay, that I need not say —
But — doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest ; — I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford :
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on ; — I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."
They moved ; — I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive ;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood

Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonored and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still, from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left ; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore ;
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
And here his course the chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said :
"Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand :
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused : "I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
Nay more, brave chief, I vowed thy death ;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved :
Can naught but blood our feud atone ?
Are there no means ?" "No, stranger, none !
And hear, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
For thus spoke fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead ;
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,

"The riddle is already read.
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
 Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
 To Jamés, at Stirling, let us go,
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
 Or if the king shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favor free,
 I plight mine honor, oath, and word
 That, to thy native strengths restored,
 With each advantage shalt thou stand,
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye:
 "Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.
 Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change
 My thought, and hold thy valor light
 As that of some vain carpet knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair."
 "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud chief! can courtesy be shown;
 Though not from corpse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.
 But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
 Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each looked to sun and stream and plain,
 As what they ne'er might see again;
 Then foot and point and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.
 Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
 That on the field his targe he threw,
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dashed aside;
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
 He practised every pass and ward,
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintained unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;

No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And showered his blows like wintry rain;
 And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
 And backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

"Now yield thee, or by Him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
 Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
 Received, but recked not of a wound,
 And locked his arms his foeman round.
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
 That desperato grasp thy frame might feel
 Through bars of brass and triple steel!
 They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
 His knee was planted on his breast;
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
 But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game;
 For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
 Down came the blow! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting chief's relaxing grasp;
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

Lady of the Lake, Canto V.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

The minstrel came once more to view
 The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
 For ere he parted, he would say
 Farewell to lovely Loch Achray,—
 Where shall he find, in foreign land,
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!—
 There is no breeze upon the fern,

No ripple on the lake,
 Upon her eery nods the erne,
 The deer has sought the brake;
 The small birds will not sing aloud,
 The springing trout lies still,
 So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
 That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
 Benledi's distant hill.
 Is it the thunder's solemn sound
 That mutters deep and dread,
 Or echoes from the groaning ground
 The warrior's measured tread?
 Is it the lightning's quivering glance
 That on the thicket streams,
 Or do they flash on spear and lance
 The sun's retiring beams?
 — I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
 I see the Moray's silver star,
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
 That up the lake comes winding far!
 To hero bound for battle-strife,
 Or bard of martial lay,
 'T were worth ten years of peaceful life,
 One glance at their array!

Their light-armed archers far and near
 Surveyed the tangled ground,
 Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
 A twilight forest frowned,
 Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
 The stern battalia crowned.
 No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
 Still were the pipe and drum;
 Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
 The sullen march was dumb.
 There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
 Or wave their flags abroad;
 Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
 That shadowed o'er their road.
 Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
 Can rouse no lurking foe,
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,
 Save when they stirred the roe;
 The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
 Where rise no rocks its power to brave,
 High-swellng, dark, and slow.
 The lake is passed, and now they gain
 A narrow and a broken plain,
 Before the Trosach's rugged jaws;
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,
 While, to explore the dangerous glen,
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

At once there rose so wild a yell
 Within that dark and narrow dell,
 As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
 Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,

Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
 The archery appear:
 For life! for life! their plight they ply, —
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in the rear.
 Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
 Pursuers and pursued;
 Before that tide of flight and chase,
 How shall it keep its rooted place,
 The spearmen's twilight wood? —
 "Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances
 down!
 Bear back both friend and foe!" —
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
 That serried grove of lances brown
 At once lay levelled low;
 And closely shouldering side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset bide —
 "We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
 As their Tinchel cows the game!
 They come as fleet as forest deer,
 We'll drive them back as tame."

Bearing before them, in their course,
 The relics of the archer force,
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.

Above the tide, each broadsword bright
 Was brandishing like beam of light,
 Each targe was dark below;
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,
 They hurled them on the foe.

I heard the lance's shivering crash,
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
 As if an hundred anvils rang!

But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,

"My banner-man, advance!

I see," he cried, "their column shake.
 Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
 Upon them with the lance!" —

The horsemen dashed among the rout,
 As deer break through the broom;
 Their steeds are stout, their swords are
 out,

They soon make lightsome room.
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne, —
 Where, where was Roderick then!

One blast upon his bugle-horn
 Were worth a thousand men.

And reflux through the pass of fear
 The battle's tide was poured;
 Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
 Vanished the mountain-sword.

As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
 Receives her roaring linn,
 As the dark caverns of the deep
 Suck the wild whirlpool in,
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass;
 None linger now upon the plain,
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

Now westward rolls the battle's din,
 That deep and doubling pass within,
 — Minstrel, away! the work of fate
 Is bearing on: its issue wait,
 Where the rude Trosach's dread defile
 Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.
 Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.

The sun is set; — the clouds are met,
 The lowering scowl of heaven
 An inky hue of livid blue

To the deep lake has given;
 Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
 Swept o'er the lake, then sunk again.
 I heeded not the eddying surge,
 Mine eye but saw the Trosach's gorge,
 Mine ear but heard the sullen sound,
 Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
 And spoke the stern and desperate strife
 That parts not but with parting life,
 Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll
 The dirge of many a passing soul.

Nearer it comes, — the dim-wood glen
 The martial flood disgorged again,

But not in mingled tide;
 The plaided warriors of the North
 High on the mountain thunder forth
 And overhang its side;

While by the lake below appears
 The darkening cloud of Saxon spears.
 At weary bay each shattered band,
 Eying their foeman, sternly stand;
 Their banners stream like tattered sail,
 That flings its fragments to the gale,
 And broken arms and disarray
 Marked the fell havoc of the day.

Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
 The Saxon stood in sullen trance,
 Till Moray pointed with his lance!

And cried: "Behold yon isle! —
 See! none are left to guard its strand,
 But women weak, that wring the hand:
 'Tis there of yore the robber band

Their booty wont to pile; —
 My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
 To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
 And loose a shallop from the shore.
 Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,

Lords of his mate, and brood, and den."
 Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
 On earth his casque and corselet rung,

He plunged him in the wave: —
 All saw the deed, — the purpose knew,
 And to their clamors Benvenue

A mingled echo gave;
 The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
 The helpless females scream for fear,
 And yells for rage the mountaineer.
 'T was then, as by the outery riven,
 Poured down at once the lowering heaven:
 A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
 Her billows reared their snowy crest.
 Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
 To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
 For round him showered, mid rain and hail,
 The vengeful arrows of the Gael.

In vain. He nears the isle, — and lo!
 His hand is on a shallop's bow.
 Just then a flash of lightning came,
 It tinged the waves and strand with flame;
 I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame,
 Behind an oak I saw her stand,
 A naked dirk gleamed in her hand: —
 It darkened, — but amid the moan
 Of waves, I heard a dying groan; —
 Another flash! — the spearman floats
 A weltering corse beside the boats,
 And the stern matron o'er him stood,
 Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

"Revenge! revenge!" the Saxons cried,
 The Gaels' exulting shout replied.
 Despite the elemental rage,
 Again they hurried to engage;
 But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
 Bloody with spurring came a knight,
 Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
 Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
 Clarion and trumpet by his side
 Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
 While, in the monarch's name, afar
 An herald's voice forbade the war,
 For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,
 Were both, he said, in captive hold."

But here the lay made sudden stand,
 The harp escaped the minstrel's hand!
 Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
 How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy:
 At first, the chieftain, to the chime,
 With lifted hand, kept feeble time;
 That motion ceased, — yet feeling strong
 Varied his look as changed the song;
 At length, no more his deafened ear
 The minstrel melody can hear;
 His face grows sharp, — his hands are clenched,
 As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;

Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy ;
Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu !
Lady of the Lake, Canto VI.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle ! come, hearken my tale !
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as
bright ;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-
Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;
The mother, she asked of his household and home ;
" Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on
the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, " shows gallanter still :
' T is the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent
so pale,
And with all its bright spangles !" said Allen-a-
Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone ;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry :
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black
eye,

And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale !

Rokeby, Canto III.

BERTRAM.

MUCH in the stranger's mien appears,
To justify suspicious fears.
On his dark face a scorching clime,
And toil, had done the work of time, —
Roughened the brow, the temples bared,
And sable hairs with silver shared,
Yet left — what age alone could tame —

The lip of pride, the eye of flame ;
The full-drawn lip that upward curled,
The eye that seemed to scorn the world.
That lip had terror never blenched ;
Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quenched
The flash severe of swarthy glow,
That mocked at pain, and knew not woe.
Inured to danger's direst form,
Tornado and earthquake, flood and storm,
Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,
Knew all his shapes, and scorned them all.

But yet, though Bertram's hardened look,
Unmoved, could blood and danger brook,
Still worse than apathy had place
On his swart brow and callous face ;
For evil passions, cherished long,
Had ploughed them with impression strong.
All that gives gloss to sin, all gay
Light folly, past with youth away,
But rooted stood, in manhood's hour,
The weeds of vice without their flower.
And yet the soil in which they grew,
Had it been tamed when life was new,
Had depth and vigor to bring forth
The hardier fruits of virtuous worth.
Not that, e'en then, his heart had known
The gentler feelings' kindly tone ;
But lavish waste had been refined
To bounty in his chastened mind,
And lust of gold, that waste to feed,
Been lost in love of glory's meed,
And, frantic then no more, his pride
Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

Rokeby, Canto I.

THE HARP.

I WAS a wild and wayward boy,
My childhood scorned each childish toy ;
Retired from all, reserved and coy,
To musing prone,
I wooed my solitary joy,
My harp alone.

My youth, with bold ambition's mood,
Despised the humble stream and wood,
Where my poor father's cottage stood,
To fame unknown ;
What should my soaring views make good ?
My harp alone !

Love came with all his frantic fire,
And wild romance of vain desire :
The baron's daughter heard my lyre,
And praised the tone ;
What could presumptuous hope inspire ?
My harp alone !

At manhood's touch the bubble burst,
 And manhood's pride the vision curst,
 And all that had my folly nursed
 Love's sway to own;
 Yet spared the spell that lulled me first,
 My harp alone!

Woe came with war, and want with woe;
 And it was mine to undergo
 Each outrage of the rebel foe:
 Can aught atone
 My fields laid waste, my cot laid low?
 My harp alone!

Ambition's dream I've seen depart,
 Have rued of penury the smart,
 Have felt of love the venom'd dart,
 When hope was flown;
 Yet rests one solace to my heart, —
 My harp alone!

Then over mountain, moor, and hill,
 My faithful harp, I'll bear thee still;
 And when this life of want and ill
 Is wellnigh gone,
 Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill,
 My harp alone!

Rokeby, Canto V.

THE GRIEF OF CHILDHOOD.

THE tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,
 Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
 When next the summer breeze comes by
 And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
 Worn by their care, the orphan child
 Soon on his new protector smiled,
 With dimpled cheek and eye so fair,
 Through his thick curls of flaxen hair,
 But blithest laugh'd that cheek and eye,
 When Rokeby's little maid was nigh;
 'T was his, with elder brother's pride,
 Matilda's tottering steps to guide;
 His native lays in Irish tongue
 To soothe her infant ear he sung,
 And primrose twined with daisy fair,
 To form a chaplet for her hair.
 By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's strand,
 The children still were hand in hand,
 And good Sir Richard smiling eyed
 The early knot so kindly tied.

Rokeby, Canto VI.

BERTRAM'S DEATH.

THE outmost crowd have heard a sound,
 Like horse's hoof on harden'd ground;
 Nearer it came, and yet more near, —
 The very death's-men paused to hear.
 'T is in the churchyard now, — the tread

Hath waked the dwelling of the dead!
 Fresh sod and old sepulchral stone
 Return the tramp in varied tone.
 All eyes upon the gateway hung,
 When through the Gothic arch there sprung
 A horseman armed, at headlong speed, —
 Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.
 Fire from the flinty floor was spurned,
 The vaults unwonted clang returned! —
 One instant's glance around he threw,
 From saddle-bow his pistol drew.
 Grimly determined was his look!
 His charger with the spurs he strook, —
 All scattered backward as he came,
 For all knew Bertram Risingham!
 Three bounds that noble courser gave;
 The first has reached the central nave,
 The second cleared the chancel wide,
 The third — he was at Wycliffe's side.
 Full levelled at the Baron's head,
 Rung the report, — the bullet sped, —
 And to his long account, and last,
 Without a groan dark Oswald past!
 All was so quick, that it might seem
 A flash of lightning, or a dream.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,
 Bertram his ready charger wheels;
 But floundered on the pavement floor
 The steed, and down the rider bore,
 And, bursting in the headlong sway,
 The faithless saddle-girths gave way.
 'T was while he toiled him to be freed,
 And with the rein to raise the steed,
 That from amazement's iron trance
 All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once.
 Sword, halberd, musket-but, their blows
 Hailed upon Bertram as he rose:
 A score of pikes, with each a wound,
 Bore down and pinned him to the ground;
 But still his struggling force he rears,
 'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing spears;
 Thrice from assailants shook him free,
 Once gained his feet, and twice his knee.
 By tenfold odds oppressed at length,
 Despite his struggles and his strength,
 He took a hundred mortal wounds,
 As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds:
 And when he died, his parting groan
 Had more of laughter than of moan!
 — They gazed, as when a lion dies,
 And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,
 But bend their weapons on the slain,
 Lest the grim king should rouse again!
 Then blow and insult some renewed,
 And from the trunk the head had hewed,
 But Basil's voice the deed forbade;
 A mantle o'er the corse he laid; —

"Fell as he was in act and mind,
He left no bolder heart behind :
Then give him, for a soldier meet,
A soldier's cloak for winding-sheet."

Rocheby, Canto VI.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

ON Gillie's hill, whose height commands
The battle-field, fair Edith stands;
With serf and page unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
O, with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky !—
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun ;
Is it the lark that carols shrill,
Is it the bittern's early hum ?
No !—distant, but increasing still,
The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
With the deep murmur of the drum.
Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clang and bugle-sound were tossed,
His breast and brow each soldier crossed,
And started from the ground ;
Armed and arrayed for instant fight
Rose archer, spearman, squire, and knight,
And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battalia frowned.

* * *

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
Just as the Northern ranks arose,
Signal for England's archery
To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepped each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,
And raised his left hand high ;
To the right ear the cords they bring ;
At once ten thousand bowstrings ring,
Ten thousand arrows fly !
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot ;
As fiercely and as fast,
Forth whistling came the gray-goose wing
As the wild hailstones pelt and ring
Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain-targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide ;
Woe, woe to Scotland's bannered pride,
If the fell shower may last !
Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed dismounted, stood
The Scottish chivalry ;
With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gained the plain ;
Then "Mount, ye gallants free !"

He cried ; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wildfire from the moss ;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in the rest,
And loud shouts Edward Bruce, —
"Forth, marshal ! on the peasant foe !
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bowstring loose !"

Then spurs were dashed in chargers' flanks,
They rushed among the archer ranks,
No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set,
And how shall yeoman's armor slight
Stand the long lance and mace of might :
Or what may their short swords avail,
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail ?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
High o'er their heads the weapons swung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout !
Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,
Their English hearts the strife made good.
Borne down at length on every side,
Compelled to flight they scatter wide.
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee !
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the greenwood ring no more !
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now
The maids may twine the summer bough,
May northward look with longing glance,
For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain !
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trod down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

The king with scorn beheld their flight.
"Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight ?
Each braggart churl could boast before
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore !
Fitter to plunder chase or park
Than make a manly foe their mark.
Forward, each gentleman and knight !
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight !"
To rightward of the wild affray
The field showed fair and level way ;

But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That formed a ghastly snare.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock !

With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet-clang and clamor dread,
The wide plain thundered to their tread,
As far as Stirling rock.

Down! down! in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,

Wild floundering on the field!
The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge;

The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the action, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony!
They came like mountain-torrent red,
That thunders o'er its rocky bed;
They broke like that same torrent's wave,
When swallowed by a darksome cave.

Billows on billows burst and boil,
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of his own!

Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet, to yield the fight.

Her noblest all are here;

Names that to fear were never known,
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,

And Oxford's famed De Vere.

There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,

Bottelourt and Sanzavere,

Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came,
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame,—
Names known too well in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
Blazed broader yet in after years,
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.

Pembroke with these, and Argentine,
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,

Till, hand to hand in battle set,
The bills with spears and axes met,
And, closing dark on every side,
Raged the full contest far and wide.

Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
And well did Stuart's actions grace
The sire of Scotland's royal race!

Firmly they kept their ground;
As firmly England onward pressed,
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant breast,
And Slaughter revelled round.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
Unceasing blow by blow was met;

The groans of those who fell
Were drowned amid the shriller clang
That from the blades and harness rang,
And in the battle-yell.

Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;
And O, amid that waste of life,
What various motives fired the strife!
The aspiring noble bled for fame,
The patriot for his country's claim;
This knight his youthful strength to prove,
And that to win his lady's love;
Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
From habit some, or hardihood.
But ruffian stern, and soldier good,

The noble and the slave,
From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning, trode,
To that dark inn, the grave!

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.
Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow;
Nor less had toiled each Southern knight,
From morn till midday in the fight.
Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!
The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
Hath lost its lively tone;
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard,—
"My merry men, fight on!"

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy.
"One effort more, and Scotland's free!
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;

Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
Now forward to the shock!"

At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadswords shone;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known,—
"Carrick, press on,—they fail, they fail!
Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,

The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
The battle cannot last!"
The fresh and desperate onset bore

The foes three furlongs back and more,
Leaving their noblest in their gore.

* * *

The multitude that watched afar,
Rejected from the ranks of war,
Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;
Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
Bondsman and serf; even female hand
Stretched to the hatchet or the brand;

But, when mute Amadine they heard
Give to their zeal his signal-word,

A frenzy fired the throng; —

"Portents and miracles impeach
Our sloth, — the dumb our duties teach, —
And he that gives the mute his speech,
Can bid the weak be strong.

To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven;
To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;
The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms
Our breasts as theirs, — To arms! to arms!"
To arms they flew, — axe, club, or spear, —
And mimic ensigns high they rear,
And, like a bannered host afar,
Bear down on England's wearied war.

Already scattered o'er the plain,
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
The rearward squadrons fled amain,
Or made but doubtful stay; —
But when they marked the seeming show
Of fresh and fierce and marshalled foe,
The boldest broke array.

O, give their hapless prince his due!
In vain the Royal Edward threw

His person mid the spears,
Cried, "Fight!" to terror and despair,
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,

And cursed their caitiff fears;
Till Pembroke turned his bridle-rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.

With them rode Argentine, until
They gained the summit of the hill,
But quitted there the train: —

"In yonder field a gage I left,
I must not live of fame bereft;

I needs must turn again.

Speed hence, my liege, for on your trace
The fiery Douglas takes the chase,
I know his banner well.

God send my sovereign joy and bliss,
And many a happier field than this! —

Once more, my liege, farewell!"

The Lord of The Isles.

REBECCA'S HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame,
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow:
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censor round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

Ivanhoe.

BORDER SONG.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the queen and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where the hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.

Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,

Stand to your arms, then, and march in good
order,
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the
Border. *The Monastery.*

COUNTY GUY.

Ан! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know, —
But where is County Guy?

Quentin Durward.

THE LAY OF POOR LOUISE.

Ан, poor Louise! the livelong day
She roams from cot to castle gay;
And still her voice and viol say,
Ah, maids, beware the woodland way,
Think on Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The sun was high,
It smirched her cheek, it dimmed her eye,
The woodland walk was cool and nigh,
Where birds with chiming streamlets vie
To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The savage bear
Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair;
The wolves molest not paths so fair, —
But better far had such been there
For poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! In woody wold
She met a huntsman fair and bold;
His baldric was of silk and gold,
And many a witching tale he told
To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine
Hadst thou for treasures of the mine;
For peace of mind, that gift divine,
And spotless innocence, were thine,
Ah, poor Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's reft!
I know not if by force or theft,

Or part by violence, part by gift;
But misery is all that's left
To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succor have!
She will not long your bounty crave,
Or tire the gay with warning stave, —
For Heaven has grace, and earth a grave,
For poor Louise.
The Fair Maid of Perth.

O, ROBIN HOOD WAS A BOWMAN GOOD.

O, ROBIN HOOD was a bowman good,
And a bowman good was he,
And he met a maiden in merry Sherwood,
All under the greenwood tree.

"Now give me a kiss," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"Now give me a kiss," said he,
"For there never came maid into merry Sherwood
But she paid the forester's fee."

The Doom of Devorgoil.

HELVELLYN.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,

Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty
and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yell-
ing,

And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was
bending,

And Cathe'dicam its left verge was defending,
One huge, nameless rock in the front was ascend-
ing,

When I marked the sad spot where the wan-
derer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown moun-
tain heather,

Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in
decay,

Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless
clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft
didst thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou
number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, O, was it meet, that — no requiem read o'er
him,

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before
him —

Unhonored the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has
yielded,

The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted
hall;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches
are gleaming;

In the proudly arched chapel the banners are
beaming;

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain
lamb,

When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in
stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake
lying,

Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catbedicam.

1805.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:

And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen" —

But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;

Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;

His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen" —

But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;

And you, the foremost o' them a',
Sall ride our forest queen" —

But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;

The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.

They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!

She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

1816.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,

Pibroch of Donuil,

Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.

Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!

Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,

The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.

Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;

Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:

Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended:

Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:

Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,

Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!

Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

PROUD MAISIE IS IN THE WOOD.

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"
"The gray-headed sexton,
That delves the grave duly.

"The glowworm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady."

The Heart of Mid Lothian.

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKEN.

1707 - 1815.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE groves of Blarney they look so charming,
Down by the purlings of sweet silent brooks, —
All decked by posies, that spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order in the rocky nooks.
'T is there the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink, and the rose so fair;
Likewise the lily, and the daffodilly, —
All flowers that scent the sweet, open air.

'T is Lady Jeffers owns this plantation,
Like Alexander, or like Helen fair;
There's no commander in all the nation
For regulation can with her compare.
Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell, he did her pommel,
And made a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel walks there for speculation,
And conversation in sweet solitude;
'T is there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover, in the afternoon.

* * *
'T is there's the lake that is stored with perches,
And comely eels in the verdant mud;
Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
All standing in order for to guard the flood.

'T is there's the kitchen hangs many a fitch in,
With the maids a-stitching upon the stair;

The bread and biske', the beer and whiskey,
Would make you frisky if you were there.
'T is there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
A washing praties forenent the door,
With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,
All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,
All heathen goddesses so fair, —
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.
So now to finish this brave narration,
Which my poor geni' could not entwine;
But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,
'T is in every feature I would make it shine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1771 - 1854.

NIGHT ON THE ALPS.

COME, golden Evening, in the west
Enthroned the storm-dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
O'er all the mountain-tops: — 'T is done;
The deluge ceases; bold and bright
The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;
Down sinks the sun; on presses night;
— Mont Blanc is lovely still.

There take thy stand, my spirit; — spread
The world of shadows at thy feet;
And mark how calmly, overhead,
The stars like saints in glory meet:
While hid in solitude sublime,
Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of Time
Step through the gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
From precipice to precipice,
An avalanche's ruins dash
Down to the nethermost abyss;
Invisible, the car alone
Follows the uproar till it dies;
Echo on echo, groan for groan,
From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals, —
Darkness that may be felt; — but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
The midnight spectre of the moon;
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
Yet, o'er the host of heaven supreme,
Brings the faint semblance of a morn
With her awakening beam.

Ha! at her touch these Alpine heights
 Unreal mockeries appear;
 With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
 Enlarging as she climbs the sphere;
 A crowd of apparitions pale!
 I hold my breath in chill suspense, —
 They seem so exquisitely frail, —
 Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;
 Lake of Geneva! thee I trace,
 Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
 And beautiful as Dian's face.
 Pride of this land of liberty!
 All that thy waves reflect I love;
 Where heaven itself, brought down to thee,
 Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray,
 The trance of poesy is o'er,
 And I am here at dawn of day,
 Gazing on mountains as before;
 For all the strange mutations wrought
 Were magic feats of my own mind;
 Thus, in the fairy-land of thought,
 Whate'er I seek I find.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills!
 Buildings of God not made with hands,
 Whose word performs whate'er he wills,
 Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands;
 Can there be eyes that look on you,
 Till tears of rapture make them dim,
 Nor in his works the Maker view,
 Then lose his works in him?

By me, when I behold him not
 Or love him not when I behold,
 Be all I ever knew forgot;
 My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;
 Transformed to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
 On yonder cliff my form be seen,
 That all may ask, but none reply,
 What my offence hath been.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest;
 How sweet, when labors close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose,
 Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
 Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
 The gay romance of life,
 When truth that is and truth that seems,
 Blend in fantastic strife;
 Ah! visions less beguiling far
 Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
 To plough the classic field,
 Intent to find the buried spoil
 Its wealthy furrows yield;
 Till all is ours that sages taught,
 That poets sang or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory where sleep
 The joys of other years;
 Hopes that were angels in their birth,
 But perished young like things on earth!

Night is the time to watch;
 On ocean's dark expanse
 To hail the Pleiades, or catch
 The full moon's earliest glance,
 That brings unto the home-sick mind
 All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
 Brooding on hours misspent,
 To see the spectre of despair
 Come to our lonely tent;
 Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
 Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
 Then from the eye the soul
 Takes flight, and with expanding views
 Beyond the starry pole,
 Descries athwart the abyss of night
 The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
 Our Saviour oft withdrew
 To desert mountains far away;
 So will his followers do;
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
 And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
 When all around is peace,
 Calmly to yield the weary breath,
 From sin and suffering cease:
 Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
 To parting friends, — such death be mine!

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found,
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep
 Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
 No more disturbs their deep repose,
 Than summer evening's latest sigh
 That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild :
I perish ; O, my mother earth !
Take home thy child !

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee ;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark ! a strange sound affrights mine ear ;
My pulse, my brain runs wild, — I rave :
Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?
“ I am the Grave !

“ The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide :
O, listen ! I will speak no more :
Be silent, pride !

“ Art thou a wretch, of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care ?
Is thy distracted conscience torn •
By fell despair ?

“ Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest ?

“ Lashed by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee ?
Ah ! think not, hope not, fool ! to find
A friend in me.

“ By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell !
By the dread secrets of my womb !
By death and hell !

“ I charge thee live ! repent and pray ;
In dust thine infamy deplore ;
There yet is mercy ; go thy way,
And sin no more.

“ Art thou a mourner ? Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights ?
Endearing days forever flown,
And tranquil nights ?

“ O, live ! and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past :
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

“ Art thou a wanderer ? Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
A shipwrecked sufferer, hast thou been
Misfortune's mark ?

“ Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Live ! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

“ To friendship didst thou trust thy fame ?
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast, to aim
A surer blow ?

“ Live ! and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told :
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

“ Go, seek that treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

“ Did woman's charms thy youth beguile,
And did the fair one faithless prove ?
Hath she betrayed thee with her smile,
And sold thy love ?

“ Live ! 't was a false bewildering fire :
Too often love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

“ Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening beauty's eye !
To ask, — and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply !

“ A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove ;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

“ Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly, — kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

“ A bruised reed he will not break ;
Afflictions all his children feel ;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake ;
He wounds to heal !

“ Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore :
'T is done ! — Arise ! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

“ Now, traveller in the vale of tears !
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy light.

“ There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground ;

"The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word and deed and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,

Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S love, — how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
— A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold;
This is a mother's love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;
This is a mother's love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest;
Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death;
This is a mother's love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
This is a mother's love.

And can a mother's love grow cold?
 Can she forget her boy?
 His pleading innocence behold,
 Nor weep for grief — for joy?
 A mother may forget her child,
 While wolves devour it on the wild;
 Is this a mother's love?

Ten thousand voices answer, "No!"
 Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
 Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
 Yet, ah! remember this, —
 The infant, reared alone for earth,
 May live, may die, — to curse his birth;
 — Is this a mother's love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;
 The child she loves so well,
 Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
 Down the smooth road to hell;
 Nourish its frame, — destroy its mind:
 Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
 Even with a mother's love.

Blest infant! whom his mother taught
 Early to seek the Lord,
 And poured upon his dawning thought
 The day-spring of the word;
 This was the lesson to her son
 — Time is eternity begun:
 Behold that mother's love.

Blest mother! who, in wisdom's path
 By her own parent trod,
 Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
 And know the fear, of God:
 Ah, youth! like him enjoy your prime;
 Begin eternity in time,
 Taught by that mother's love.

That mother's love! — how sweet the name!
 What was that mother's love?
 — The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
 That kindles from above,
 Within a heart of earthly mould,
 As much of heaven as heart can hold,
 Nor through eternity grows cold:
 This was that mother's love.

TO A DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower
 With silver crest and golden eye,
 That welcomes every changing hour,
 And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
 In gay but quick succession shine;
 Race after race their honors yield,
 They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
 While moons and stars their courses run,
 Enwreathes the circle of the year,
 Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
 To sultry August spreads its charm,
 Lights pale October on his way,
 And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom
 On moory mountains catch the gale;
 O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
 The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
 Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
 Plays on the margin of the rill,
 Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
 It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
 And blooms on consecrated ground
 In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;
 The wild bee murmurs on its breast;
 The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
 Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'T is Flora's page, — in every place,
 In every season, fresh and fair;
 It opens with perennial grace,
 And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
 Its humble buds unheeded rise;
 The rose has but a summer reign;
 The daisy never dies!

FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs;
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end!
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time, —
 Beyond the reign of death, —
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath;
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire!

There is a world above
 Where parting is unknown!
 A long eternity of love
 Formed for the good alone;

And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines
Till all are past away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man: and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy and grief and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe, — a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered, — but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed, — but his delights are fled;
Had friends, — his friends are now no more;
And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, — but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair! but naught could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw y'whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was — whatever thou hast been;
He is, — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this, — THERE LIVED A MAN!

THE SOUL'S LONGING FOR ITS HOME.

HERE in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

1771-1841.

THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

DADDY NEPTUNE, one day, to Freedom did say,
"If ever I lived upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be Little Britain!"
Says Freedom, "Why, that's my own island!"
O, it's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island!
Search the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water, — he could n't come by land;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turned
their backs on,
And all for the sake of our island.
O, what a snug little island;
They'd all have a touch at the island;
Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
And some stayed to live on the island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the
Norman,
Cried, "Hang it, I never liked my land.
It would be much more handy, to leave this Nor-
mandy,
And live on your beautiful island."
Says he, "'T is a snug little island;
Sha' n't us go visit the island?"
Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,
And he kicked up a dust in the island.

But party deceit helped the Normans to beat;
Of traitors they managed to buy land;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, Britons ne'er had been
licked,
Had they stuck to the king of their island.
Poor Harold, the king of our island!
He lost both his life and his island.
That's all very true: what more could he do?
Like a Briton he died for his island!

The Spanish armada set out to invade — a,
'T will sure, if they ever come nigh land.
They could n't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing on the island.
O the poor Queen of the island!
The Dons came to plunder the island;

But snug in her hive, the queen was alive,
And "buzz" was the word of the island.

These proud puffed-up eakes thought to make
ducks and drakes

Of our wealth; but they hardly could spy land,
When our Drake had the luck to make their pride
duck

And stoop to the lads of the island!
The good wooden walls of the island;
Devil or Don, let them come on;
And see how they 'd come off the island!

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept
time,

In each saying, "This shall be my land";
Should the "Army of England," or all it could
bring, land,

We 'd show 'em some play for the island.
We 'd fight for our right to the island;
We 'd give them enough of the island;
Invaders should just—bite once at the
dust,
But not a bit more of the island.

ALL'S WELL.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower or fort or tented ground
The sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way,
Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell;
A friend—the word. Good night; all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
When weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,
Some friendly voice salutes his ear,
What cheer? brother, quickly tell;
Above—below. Good night; all's well.

JAMES HOGG.

1772-1835.

KILMENY.

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duncraig's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring, —

The scarlet hypp, and the hind berry,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duncraig blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had prayed, and the dead-
bell rung,

Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain, —
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane, —
When the ingle lowed with an airy lemo,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and can;
By him, by ford, and greenwood tree;
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face:
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,
As the stillness that lay on the emerald len,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never
blew;

But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been, —
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun or moon or night;
Where the river awa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon greenwood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maik,
That neither has flesh nor blood nor bane;
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;

She kenned nae mair, nor opened her e'e,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She 'wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim,
And lovely beings around were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer:
"What spirit has brought this mortal here!"

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied;
"Baith night and day I have watched the fair
Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms feminitye;
But sinless virgin, free of stain,
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonny maiden I saw,
As spotless as the morning snaw.
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrie.
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she may never ken."

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fairs;
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair;
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here;
Women are freed of the littand scorn;
O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it's they who nurice the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning
shone,
And deep in the greenwood walks alone;
By lily bower and silken bed
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time must
come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!"

"O, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,
And grieve for the guilt of humanity!
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to Heaven the words of truth
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!

And dear to the viewless forms of air
The minds that kythe as the body fair!

"O bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again, —
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear, —
O, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that
shall be."

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by.
And she heard a song, — she heard it sung,
She kenn'd not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn, —
"O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair;
And the angels shall miss them, travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have edyed away,
When the sinner has gane to his wesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'T was like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew;
They came, they past, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew,
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From whence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow, —
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,

And note the changes the spirits wrought;
 For now she lived in the land of thought.
 She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
 But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes;
 She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
 But an endless whirl of glory and light;
 And radiant beings went and came,
 Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame;
 She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
 She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
 And clouds of amber sailing by;
 A lovely land beneath her lay,
 And that land had glens and mountains gray;
 And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
 And marled seas, and a thousand isles;
 Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
 And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
 Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
 The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray,
 Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung;
 On every shore they seemed to be hung;
 For there they were seen on their downward
 plain

A thousand times and a thousand again;
 In winding lake and placid firth,
 Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
 For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
 She saw the corn wave on the vale;
 She saw the deer run down the dale;
 She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
 And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
 And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
 The fairest that ever the sun shone on!
 A lion licked her hand of milk,
 And she held him in a leish of silk,
 And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
 With a silver wand and melting e'e, —
 Her sovereign shield, till love stole in,
 And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff, untoward bedesman came,
 And hantit the lion on his dame;
 And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e,
 She dropped a tear and left her knee;
 And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
 Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
 A coffin was set on a distant plain,
 And she saw the red blood fall like rain.
 Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
 And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff, grim earle giruéd amain,
 And they trampled him down, — but he rose
 again;

And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
 Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear:
 And, winging his head was danger-proof
 When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,
 He growled at the earle, and chased him away
 To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.
 He growled at the earle, and he gecked at
 Heaven;
 But his mark was set, and his arles given.
 Kilmeny awhile her een withdrew;
 She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her, fair unfurled,
 One half of all the growing world,
 Where oceans rolled and rivers ran,
 To bound the aims of sinful man.
 She saw a people fierce and fell,
 Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
 There lilies grew, and the eagle flew;
 And she herked on her ravening crew,
 Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
 And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the
 sens.

The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,
 And she threatened an end to the race of man;
 She never lened, nor stood in awe,
 Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
 O, then the eagle swinked for life,
 And brainzelled up a mortal strife;
 But flew she north, or flew she south,
 She met wi' the growl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waeifu' maen,
 The eagle sought her ciry again;
 But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
 And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
 Before she sey another flight,
 To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
 So far surpassing Nature's law,
 The singer's voice wad sink away,
 And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
 But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
 And all was love and harmony;
 Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
 Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
 The friends she had left in her own countrie,
 To tell of the place where she had been,
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
 To warn the living maidens fair,
 The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
 That all whose minds unmed remain
 Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;

And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.

When seven long years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maidens' een,
In that mild face could never be seen.

Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye
That floats along the twilight sea.

But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keepéd afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hills were cheered;
The wolf played blithely round the field,
The lordly bison lowed and kneeled;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.

And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured and looked with anxious pain,
For something the mystery to explain.

The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,
The corby left her houw in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began;
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;

The hawk and the hern atour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;

And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane,

Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O, the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,

For they kened na whether she was living or dead.

It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place, —
O, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place, —
O, to abide in the desert with thee!

THE WOMEN FO'K.*

O, SAIRLY may I rue the day
I fancied first the womenkind;
For aye sinsyne I ne'er can hae
Ae quiet thought or peace o' mind!
They hae plagued my heart an' pleased my e'e,
An' teased an' flattered me at will,
But aye, for a' their witcherye,
The pawky things I lo'e them still.
O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!
But they hae been the wreck o' me;
O weary fa' the women fo'k,
For they winna let a body be!

I hae thought an' thought, but darena tell,
I've studied them wi' a' my skill,

* "The air of this song is my own. It was first set to music by Heather, and most beautifully set too. It was afterwards set by Dewar, whether with the same accompaniments or not, I have forgot. It is my own favorite humorous song, when forced to sing by ladies against my will, which too frequently happens; and, notwithstanding my wood-notes wild, it will never be sung by any so well again." — Hogg's *Introduction*.

I've lo'd them better than mysell,
 I've tried again to like them ill.
 Wha sairest strives, will sairest rue,
 To comprehend what nae man can;
 When he has done what man can do,
 He'll end at last where he began.
 O the women fo'k, etc.

That they hae gentle forms an' meet,
 A man wi' half a look may see;
 An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,
 An' waving curls aboon the bree;
 An' smiles as soft as the young rosebud,
 And een sae pawky, bright, an' rare,
 Wad lure the laverock frae the cludd,—
 But, laddie, seek to ken nae mair!
 O the women fo'k, etc.

Even but this night nae farther gane,
 The date is neither lost nor lang,
 I tak ye witness ilka ane,
 How fell they fought, and fairly dang.
 Their point they've carried right or wrang,
 Without a reason, rhyme, or law,
 An' forced a man to sing a sang,
 That ne'er could sing a verse ava.
 O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!
 But they hae been the wreck o' me;
 O weary fa' the women fo'k,
 For they winna let a body be!

THE MAID OF THE SEA.*

Come from the sea,
 Maiden, to me,
 Maiden of mystery, love, and pain!
 Wake from thy sleep,
 Low in the deep,
 Over thy green waves sport again!
 Come to this sequestered spot, love,
 Death's where thou art, as where thou art not,
 love;
 Then come unto me,
 Maid of the Sea,
 Rise from the wild and stormy main;

* "This is one of the many songs which Moore caused me to cancel, for nothing that I know of, but because they ran counter to his. It is quite natural and reasonable that an author should claim a copyright of a sentiment; but it never struck me that it could be so exclusively his, as that another had not a right to contradict it. This, however, seems to be the case in the London law; for true it is that my songs were cancelled, and the public may now judge on what grounds, by comparing them with Mr. Moore's. I have neither forgot nor forgiven it; and I have a great mind to force him to cancel *Lalla Rookh* for stealing it wholly from the *Queen's Wake*, which is so apparent in the plan, that every London judge will give it in my favor, although he ventured only on the character of one accomplished bard, and I on seventeen. He had better have let my few trivial songs alone. It was once set to music by Smith."—Hogg's *Introduction*.

Wake from thy sleep,
 Calm in the deep,
 Over thy green waves sport again!

Is not the wave
 Made for the slave,
 Tyrant's chains, and stern control;
 Land for the free
 Spirit like thee?
 Thing of delight to a minstrel's soul,
 Come, with thy song of love and of sadness,
 Beauty of face and rapture of madness;
 O, come unto me,
 Maid of the Sea,
 Rise from the wild and surging main;
 Wake from thy sleep,
 Calm in the deep,
 Over thy green waves sport again!

THERE'S GOWD IN THE BREAST.

THERE 's gowd in the breast of the primrose pale,
 An' siller in every blossom;
 There 's riches galore in the breeze of the vale,
 And health in the wildwood's bosom.
 Then come, my love, at the hour of joy,
 When warbling birds sing o'er us:
 Sweet nature for us has no alloy,
 And the world is all before us.

The courtier joys in bustle and power,
 The soldier in war-steeds bounding,
 The miser in hoards of treasured ore,
 The proud in their pomp surrounding;
 But we hae yon heaven, sae bonny and blue,
 And laverocks skimming out o'er us;
 The breezes of health and the valleys of dew,—
 O, the world is all before us!

THE HARP OF OSSIAN.*

OLD harp of the Highlands, how long hast thou
 slumbered
 In cave of the correi, ungarnished, unstrung!
 Thy minstrels no more with thy heroes are
 numbered,
 Or deeds of thy heroes no more dare be sung.
 A seer late heard, from thy cavern ascending,
 A low sounding chime, as of sorrow and dole,
 Some spirit unseen on the relic attending,
 Thus sung the last strain of the warrior's soul:

* "I have been sorely blamed by some friends for a sentiment expressed in this song; but I have always felt it painfully that the name of Scotland, the superior nation in everything but wealth, should be lost, not in Britain, for that is proper, but in England. In all despatches we are denominated the *English*, forsooth! We know ourselves, however, that we are not English, nor ever intend to be."—Hogg's *Introduction*.

"My country, farewell! for the days are expired
On which I could hallow the deeds of the free;
Thy heroes have all to new honors aspired,
They fight, but they fight not for Scotia nor me.
All lost is our sway, and the name of our nation
Is sunk in the name of our old mortal foe;
Then why should the lay of our last degradation
Be forced from the harp of old Ossian to flow?"

"My country, farewell! for the murmurs of sorrow
Alone the dark mountains of Scotia become;
Her sons condescend from new models to borrow,
And voices of strangers prevail in the hum.
Before the smooth face of our Saxon invaders
Is quenched the last ray in the eye of the free;
Then, O, let me rest in the caves of my fathers,
Forgetful of them as forgetful of thee!"

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

How can you bid this heart be blithe,
When blithe this heart can never be?
I've lost the jewel from my crown, —
Look round our circle, and you'll see
That there is one out o' the ring
Who never can forgotten be, —
Ay, there's a blank at my right hand
That ne'er can be made up to me!

'Tis said as water wears the rock,
That time wears out the deepest line;
It may be true wi' hearts enow,
But never can apply to mine.
For I have learned to know and feel —
Though losses should forgotten be —
That still the blank at my right hand
Can never be made up to me!

I blame not Providence's sway,
For I have many joys beside,
And fain would I in grateful way
Enjoy the same, whate'er betide.
A mortal thing should ne'er repine,
But stoop to the Supreme decree;
Yet, O, the blank at my right hand
Can never be made up to me!

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY.

O, WHAT will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
O, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
There's no' a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day.
O, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't, —
A waefu' wight's he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
An' laid him down to dee;
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
And learnin' fast to pray.
And, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said — in confidence —
The lassie was divine, —
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say:
But, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high,
'T will draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise an' join the lay:
An' hey! what a day will be
When Maggy gangs away!

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

'T WAS on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.
An' Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As Charlie he came up the gate,
His face shone like the day;
I grat to see the lad come back
That had been lang away.
An' Charlie is my darling, etc.

Then ilka bonny lassie sang,
As to the door she ran,
Our king shall hae his ain again,
An' Charlie is the man:
For Charlie he's my darling, etc.

Outower yon moory mountain,
An' down the craigy glen,
Of naething else our lasses sing
But Charlie an' his men.
An' Charlie he's my darling, etc.

Our Highland hearts are true an' leal,
An' glow without a stain;

Our Highland swords are metal keen,
 An' Charlie he's our ain.
 An' Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling;
 Charlie he's my darling,
 The young Chevalier.

MEG O' MARLEY.*

O, KEN ye Meg o' Marley glen,
 The bonny blue-e'd dearie?
 She's played the deil amang the men,
 An' a' the land's grown eery.
 She's stown the "Bangor" frae the clerk,
 An' snooled him wi' the shame o't;
 The minister's fa'n through the text,
 An' Meg gets a' the blame o't.

The ploughman ploughs without the sock;
 The gadman whistles sparely;
 The shepherd pines amang his flock,
 An' turns his een to Marley;
 The tailor lad's fa'n ower the bed;
 The cobbler ca's a parley;
 The weaver's neb's out through the web,
 An' a' for Meg o' Marley.

What's to be done, for our gudeman
 Is flyting late an' early?
 He rises but to curse an' ban,
 An' sits down but to ferly.
 But ne'er had love a brighter lowe
 Than light his torches sparely
 At the bright een an' blithesome brow
 O' bonny Meg o' Marley.

BONNY MARY.†

WHERE Yarrow rows amang the rocks,
 An' wheels an' boils in mony a linn,
 A brisk young shepherd fed his flocks,
 Unused to wranglement or din;
 But love its silken net had thrown
 Around his breast, so brisk an' airy,
 An' his blue eyes wi' moisture shone,
 As thus he sang of bonny Mary.

* "NORTH. You were once so good as to flatter me, by saying that I ought to go into Parliament. Now, James, if you wish it, I'll bring you in.

"SHEPHERD. I haena the least ambition. Sae far frae envying the glory o' the orators i' that house, I wadna swap ane o' my ain wee bits o' sangs wi' the longest-windit speech that has been 'Hear! hear'd!' this session.

"TICKLER. James, let us have Meg o' Marley." — *Noctes Ambrosianae*.

† "TICKLER. Equal to anything in Burns!

"NORTH. Not a better in all George Thomson's collection. Thank you, James, — God bless you, James. Give me your hand. You're a most admirable fellow, and there's no end to your genius.

"SHEPHERD. A man may be sair mista'en about many things,

O Mary, thou'rt sae mild and sweet,
 My very being clings about thee;
 This heart would rather cease to beat,
 Than beat a lonely thing without thee.
 I see thee in the evening beam, —
 A radiant, glorious apparition;
 I see thee in the midnight dream,
 By the dim light of heavenly vision!

When over Benger's haughty head
 The morning breaks in streaks sae bonny,
 I climb the mountain's velvet side,
 For quiet rest I get nae ony.
 How dear the lair on yon hill cheek,
 Where many a weary hour I tarry,
 For there I see the twisting reek
 Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary!

When Phœbus keeks outower the muir,
 His gowden locks a' streaming gayly;
 When Morn has breathed her fragrance pure,
 An' life an' joy ring through the valley,
 I drive my flocks to yonder brook, —
 The feeble in my arms I carry,
 Then every lammie's harmless look
 Brings to my mind my bonny Mary!

Of't has the lark sung ower my head,
 And shook the dewdrops frae his wing, —
 Of't hae my flocks forgot to feed,
 An' round their shepherd formed a ring.
 Their looks condole the lee-lang day,
 While mine are fixed and never vary,
 Aye turning down the westlin brae,
 Where dwells my loved, my bonny Mary!

When gloaming, creeping west the lift,
 Wraps in deep shadow dell and dingle,
 An' lads an' lasses mak a shift
 To raise some fun around the ingle,
 Regardless o' the wind or rain,
 Wi' cautious step and prospect wary,
 I often trace the lonely glen
 To steal a sight o' bonny Mary!

When midnight draws her curtain deep,
 An' lays the breeze amang the bushes,
 An' Yarrow in her sounding sweep,
 By rock and ruin raves and rushes,

sic as yepics, an' tragedies, an' tales, an' even lang set elegies about the death o' great public characters, an' hymns, an' odes, an' the like, but he canna be mista'en about a sang. As sune as it's down on the sclate, I ken whether it's gude, bad, or middlin'. If ony o' the twa last, I dight it out wi' my elbow, — if the first, I copy it ower into writ, and then get it aff by heart, when it's as sure o' no being lost as it war engraven on a brass plate. For though I hae a treacherous memory about things in ordinar, a' my happy sangs will cleave to my heart till my dying day; an' I shouldna wonder gin I war to croon a verse or twa frae some o' them on my death-bed." — *Noctes Ambrosianae*, No. XXVII.

Though sunk in deep and quiet sleep,
 My fancy wings her flight so airy,
 To where sweet guardian spirits keep
 Their watch around the couch of Mary!

The exile may forget his home
 Where blooming youth to manhood grew;
 The bee forget the honeycomb,
 Nor with the spring his toil renew;
 The sun may lose his light and heat,
 The planets in their rounds miscarry,
 But my fond heart shall cease to beat
 When I forget my bonny Mary!

— — —
 LOVE IS LIKE A DIZZINESS.*

I LATELY lived in quiet case,
 An' never wished to marry, O!
 But when I saw my Peggy's face,
 I felt a sad quandary, O!
 Though wild as ony Athol deer,
 She has trepanned me fairly, O!
 Her cherry cheeks an' een sae clear
 Torment me late an' early, O!
 O, love, love, love!
 Love is like a dizziness;
 It winna let a poor body
 Gang about his bizness!

To tell my feats this single week
 Wad mak a daft-like diary, O!
 I drave my cart outower a dike,
 My horses in a miry, O!
 I wear my stockings white an' blue,
 My love's sae fierce an' fiery, O!
 I drill the land that I should plough,
 An' plough the drills entirely, O!
 O, love, love, love! etc.

Ae morning, by the dawn o' day,
 I rase to theek the stable, O!
 I keust my coat, an' plied away
 As fast as I was able, O!
 I wrought that morning out an' out,
 As I'd been redding fire, O!
 When I had done an' looked about,
 Gudefaith, it was the byre, O!
 O, love, love, love! etc.

Her wily glance I'll ne'er forget,
 The dear, the lovely blinkin' o't
 Has pierced me through an' through the heart,
 An' plagues me wi' the prinkling o't.

* "The following ridiculous song, which was written twenty-six years ago, has been so long a favorite with the country lads and lasses, that for their sakes I insert it, knowing very well they would be much disappointed at missing it out of this volume." — *Note to "Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd."*

I tried to sing, I tried to pray,
 I tried to drown 't wi' drinkin' o't,
 I tried wi' sport to drive 't away,
 But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o't.
 O, love, love, love! etc.

Nae man can tell what pains I prove,
 Or how severe my pliskie, O!
 I swear I'm sairer drunk wi' love
 Than ever I was wi' whiskey, O!
 For love has raked me fore an' aft,
 I scarce can lift a leggie, O!
 I first grew dizzy, then gaed daft,
 An' soon I'll dee for Peggy, O!
 O, love, love, love!
 Love is like a dizziness;
 It winna let a poor body
 Gang about his bizness!

— — —
 AULD JOE NICHOLSON'S NANNY.

THE daisy is fair, the day-lily rare,
 The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonny;
 But there ne'er was a flower, in garden or bower,
 Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny!
 O, my Nanny!

My dear little Nanny!
 My sweet little niddlety-noddlety Nanny!
 There ne'er was a flower,
 In garden or bower,
 Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny!

Ae day she came out, wi' a rosy blush,
 To milk her twa kie, sae couthy and canny;
 I cowered me down at the back o' the bush,
 To watch the air o' my bonny Nanny.
 O, my Nanny, etc.

Her looks that strayed o'er nature away,
 Frae bonny blue een sae mild an' mellow,
 Saw naething sae sweet in nature's array,
 Though clad in the morning's gowden yellow.
 O, my Nanny, etc.

My heart lay beating the flowery green
 In quaking, quivering agitation,
 An' the tears cam' tricklin' down frae my een,
 Wi' perfect love an' wi' admiration.
 O, my Nanny, etc.

There's mony a joy in this warld below,
 An' sweet the hopes that to sing were uncanny;
 But of all the pleasures I ever can know,
 There's nane like the love o' my bonny Nanny
 O, my Nanny!

My dear little Nanny!
 My sweet little niddlety-noddlety Nanny!
 There ne'er was a flower,
 In garden or bower,
 Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny!

THE SPECTRE'S CRADLE-SONG.

HUSH, my bonny babe ! hush, and be still !
 Thy mother's arms shall guard thee from ill ;
 Far have I borne thee in sorrow and pain,
 To drink the breeze of the world again.
 The dew shall moisten thy brow so meek,
 And the breeze of midnight fan thy cheek ;
 And soon shall we rest in the how of the hill,—
 Hush, my bonny babe ! hush, and be still !

For thee have I travailed in weakness and
 woe,

The world above and the world below ;
 My heart was kind, and I fell in the snare,
 Thy father was cruel, but thou wert fair.
 I sinned, I sorrowed, — I died for thee,
 Then O, my bonny babe, smile on me !
 And weep thou not for thy mother's ill, —
 Hush, my bonny babe ! hush, and be still !

See you thick clouds of the murky hue,
 Yon star that peeps from its window blue
 Above yon clouds that are wandering far,
 Away and beyond yon little star, —
 There's a home of peace that soon shall be
 thine,

And there shalt thou see thy father and mine,
 Away from sorrow, away from ill, —
 Hush, my bonny babe ! hush, and be still !

The flowers of this world will bud and decay,
 The trees of the forest be weeded away,
 And all yon stars from the milky-way,
 But thou shalt bloom for ever and aye.
 The time will come I shall follow thee,
 But long, long hence that time shall be.
 O, weep not so for thy mother's ill ! —
 Hush, my bonny babe ! hush, and be still !

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

COME, all ye jolly shepherds
 That whistle through the glen,
 I'll tell ye of a secret
 That courtiers dinna ken :
 What is the greatest bliss
 That the tongue o' man can name ?
 'T is to woo a bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame,
 When the kye comes hame,
 'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
 When the kye comes hame.

'T is not beneath the coronet,
 Nor canopy of state,
 'T is not on couch of velvet,
 Nor arbor of the great, —

'T is beneath the spreading birk,
 In the glen without the name,
 Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
 When the kye comes hame,
 When the kye comes hame, etc.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
 For the mate he loes to see,
 And on the topmost bough,
 O, a happy bird is he ;
 Where he pours his melting ditty,
 And love is a' the theme,
 And he'll woo his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, etc.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
 And the daisy turns a pea,
 And the bonny lucken gowan
 Has fauld it up her ee,
 Then the laverock frae the blue lift
 Doops down, an' thinks nae shame
 To woo his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, etc.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
 That lingers on the hill,
 His ewes are in the fauld,
 An' his lambs are lying still ;
 Yet he downa gang to bed,
 For his heart is in a flame,
 To meet his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, etc.

When the little wee bit heart
 Rises high in the breast,
 An' the little wee bit starn
 Rises red in the east,
 O there's a joy sae dear,
 That the heart can hardly frame,
 Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
 When the kye comes hame !
 When the kye comes hame, etc.

Then since all nature joins
 In this love without alloy,
 O, wha wad prove a traitor
 To Nature's dearest joy ?
 O, wha wad choose a crown,
 Wi' its perils and its fame,
 And miss his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame ?
 When the kye comes hame,
 When the kye comes hame,
 'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
 When the kye comes hame !

THE WITCH OF FIFE.

"WHERE have ye been, ye ill woman,
These three lang nights frae hame?
What gars the sweat drap frae yer brow,
Like drops o' the saut sea-faem?"

"It fears me muckle ye have seen
What gude man never knew;
It fears me muckle ye have been,
Where the gray cock never crew.

"But the spell may crack, and the bridle break,
Then sharp yer word will be;
Ye had better sleep in yer bed at hame,
Wi' yer dear little bairns and me."

"Sit dune, sit dune, my leal auld man,
Sit dune, and listen to me;
I'll gar the hair stand on yer crown,
And the cauld sweat blind yer e'e.

"But tell nae words, my gude auld man,
Tell never a word again;
Or dear shall be your courtesy,
And driche and sair yer pain.

"The first leet night, when the new moon set,
When all was douffe and mirk,
We saddled our nags wi' the moon-fern leaf,
And rode frae Kilmerrin kirk.

"Some horses were of the brume-cow framed,
And some of the green bay-tree;
But mine was made of ane hemlock shaw,
And a stout stallion was he.

"We raide the tod doune on the hill,
The martin on the law;
And we hunted the owlet out o' breath,
And forced him doune to fa'."

"What guid was that, ye ill woman?
What guid was that to thee?
Ye would better have been in yer bed at hame,
Wi' yer dear little bairns and me."

"And aye we rode, as sae merrily rode,
Through the merkest gloffs of the night;
And we swam the flood, and we darnit the wood,
Till we came to the Lommond height.

"And when we came to the Lommond height,
Sae lightly we lighted doune;
And we drank frae the horns that never grew,
The beer that was never browin.

"Then up there rose a wee wee man,
From neath the moss-gray stane;
His face was wan like the colliflower,
For he neither had blude nor bane.

"He set a reed-pipe till his mouth;
And he played sae bonnily,
Till the gray curlew, and the black-cock flew
To listen his melodye.

"It rang sae sweet through the green Lommond,
That the night-wind lowner blew;
And it soupit along the Loch Leven,
And wakened the white sea-mew.

"It rang sae sweet through the green Lommond,
Sae sweetly and sae shrill,
That the weasels leaped out of their mouldy holes,
And danced on the midnight hill.

"The corby crow came gledging near,
The crne gaed veering bye;
And the trouts leaped out of the Leven Loch,
Charmed with the melodye.

"And aye we danced on the green Lommond,
Till the dawn on the ocean grew:
Nae wonder I was a weary wight
When I cam hame to you."

"What guid, what guid, my weird, weird wyfe,
What guid was that to thee?
Ye wad better have been in yer bed at hame,
Wi' yer dear little bairns and me."

"The second night, when the new moon set,
O'er the roaring sea we flew;
The cockle-shell our trusty bark,
Our sails of the green sea-rue.

"And the bauld winds blew, and the fire-flaughts
flew,
And the sea ran to the sky;
And the thunder it growled, and the sea-dogs
howled,
As we gaed scurrying by.

"And aye we mounted the sea-green hills,
Till we brushed through the clouds of heaven,
Then soused downright like the stern-shot light,
Fra the lift's blue casement driven.

"But our tackle stood, and our bark was good,
And sae pang was our pearly prow;
When we couldna speil the brow of the waves,
We needled them through below.

"As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
As fast as the midnight leme,
We bored the breast of the bursting swale,
Or fluffed in the floating faem.

"And when to the Norrway shore we wan,
We mounted our steeds of the wind,
And we splashed the flood, and we darnit the
wood,
And we left the shore behind.

"Fleet is the roe on the green Lommond,
And swift is the courying grew;
The reindeer dun can cithly run,
When the hounds and the horns pursue.

"But neither the roe, nor the reindeer dun,
The hind nor the courying grew,
Could fly o'er mountain, moor, and dale,
As our braw steeds they flew.

"The dales were deep, and the Doffrins steep,
And we rose to the skies ee-bree:
White, white was our road that was never trode,
O'er the snows of eternity.

"And when we came to the Lapland lone,
The fairies were all in array,
For all the genii of the north
Were keeping their holiday.

"The warlock men and the weird women,
And the fays of the wood and the steep,
And the phantom hunters all were there,
And the mermaids of the deep.

"And they washed us all with the witch-water,
Distilled frae the moorland dew,
Till our beauty bloomed like the Lapland rose,
That wild in the foreste grew."

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye ill woman,
Sae loud as I hear ye lee!
For the worst-faured wyfe on the shores of Fyfe
Is comely compared wi' thee."

"Then the mermaids sang, and the woodlands rang,
Sae sweetly swelled the choir;
On every cliffe a harp they hang,
On every tree a lyre.

"And aye they sang, and the woodlands rang,
And we drank, and we drank sae deep;
Then soft in the arms of the warlock men,
We laid us dune to sleep."

"Away, away, ye ill woman,
An ill death might ye dee!
When ye hae proved sae false to yer God,
Ye can never prove true to me."

"And there we learned frae the fairy folk,
And frae our master true,
The words that can bear us through the air,
And locks and bars undo.

"Last night we met at Mairsy's cot;
Right well the words we knew;
And we set a foot on the black cruik-shell,
And out at the lum we flew.

"And we flew o'er hill, and we flew o'er dale,
And we flew o'er firth and sea,
Until we cam to merry Carlisle,
Where we lighted on the lea.

"We gned to the vault beyond the tower,
Where we entered free as air;
And we drank, and we drank of the bishop's wine
Till we could drink nae mair."

"Gin that be true, my gude auld wyfe,
Whilk thou hast tauld to me,
Betide my death, betide my lyfe,
I'll bear thee company.

"Next time ye gang to merry Carlisle
To drink of the blude-red wine,
Beshrew my heart, I'll fly with thee,
If the deil should fly behind."

"Ah! little ye ken, my silly auld man,
The dangers we maun dree;
Last night we drank of the bishop's wine,
Till near near taen were we.

"Afore we wan to the sandy ford,
The gor-cocks nichering flew;
The lofty crest of Ettrick Pen
Was waved about with blue,
And, flichtering through the air, we fand
The chill chill morning dew.

"As we flew o'er the hills of Braid,
The sun rose fair and clear;
Their gurly James, and his barons braw,
Were out to hunt the deer.

"Their bows they drew, their arrows flew,
And pierced the air with speed,
Till purple fell the morning dew
With witch-blude rank and red.

"Little ye ken, my silly auld man,
The dangers we maun dree;
Ne wonder I am a weary wight
When I come hame to thee." —

"But tell me the word, my gude auld wyfe,
Come tell it me speedily;
For I long to drink of the gude red wine,
And to wing the air with thee.

"Yer hellish horse I willna ride,
Nor sail the seas in the wind;
But I can flee as well as thee,
And I'll drink till ye be blind."

"O fy! O fy! my leal auld man,
That word I darena tell;
It would turn this warld all upside down,
And make it warse than hell.

“For all the lasses in the land
Wald mount the wind and fly;
And the men would doff their doublets syde,
And after them would ply.”

But the auld gudeman was a cunning auld man,
And a cunning auld man was he;
And he watched and he watched for mony a night,
The witches' flight to see.

One night he darnit in Maisry's cot;
The fearless hags came in;
And he heard the word of awesome weird;
And he saw their deeds of sin.

Then ane by ane, they said that word,
As fast to the fire they drew;
Then set a foot on the black cruik-shell,
And out at the lum they flew.

The auld gudeman came frae his hole
With fear and muckle dread,
But yet he couldna think to rue,
For the wine came in his head.

He set his foot in the black cruik-shell,
With a fixed and a wawling e'e;
And he said the word that I darena say,
And out at the lum flew he.

The witches scaled the moonbeam pale;
Deep groaned the trembling wind;
But they never wist that our auld gudeman
Was hovering them behind.

They flew to the vaults of merry Carlisle,
Where they entered free as air;
And they drank, and they drank of the bishop's
wine
Till they could drink nae mair.

The auld gudeman he grew sae crouse,
He danced on the mouldy ground,
And he sang the bonniest songs of Fife,
And he tuzzlit the kerlyngs round.

And aye he pierced the tither butt,
And he sucked, and he sucked sae lang,
Till his een they closed, and his voice grew low,
And his tongue would hardly gang.

The kerlyngs drank of the bishop's wine
Till they scented the morning wind;
Then clove again the yielding air,
And left the auld man behinde.

And aye he slept on the damp damp floor,
He slept and he snored amain;
He never dreamed he was far frae hame,
Or that the auld wives were gane.

And aye he slept on the damp damp floor,
Till past the midday heichte,
When wakened by five rough Englishmen,
That trailed him to the lighte.

“Now wha are ye, ye silly auld man,
That sleeps sae sound and sae weel?
How gat ye into the bishop's vault
Through locks and bars of steel?”

The auld gudeman he tried to speak,
But ane word he couldna finde;
He tried to think, but his head whirled round,
And ane thing he couldna minde;
“I cam frae Fyfe,” the auld man cried,
“And I cam on the midnight winde.”

They nicked the auld man, and they pricked the
auld man,
And they yerked his limbs with twine,
Till the red blude ran in his hose and shoon,
But some cried it was wine.

They licked the auld man, and they pricked the
auld man,
And they tyed him till ane stone;
And they set ane bele-fire him about,
To burn him skin and bone.

“O wae to me!” said the puir auld man,
“That ever I saw the day!
And wae be to all the ill women
That lead puir men astray!”

“Let never ane auld man after this
To lawless greede incline;
Let never ane auld man after this
Rin post to the deil for wine.”

The reeke flew up in the auld man's face,
And choked him bitterlye;
And the low cam up with an angry blaze,
And he singed his auld breck-nee.

He looked to the land frae whence he came,
For looks he could get ne mae;
And he thoughte of his dear little bairns at hame,
And O, the auld man was wae!

But they turned their faces to the sun,
With gloffe and wonderous glare,
For they saw ane thing baith large and dun,
Comin sweeping down the aire.

That bird it cam frae the lands o' Fife,
And it cam right tymeouslye,
For who was it but the auld man's wife,
Just comed his death to see.

She put ane red cap on his heade,
And the auld gudeman looked fain,

Then whispered ane word until his lug,
And toved to the aire again.

The auld gudeman he gae ane bob
I' the midst o' the burning lowe;
And the shackles that bound him to the ring,
They fell frae his arms like towe.

He drew his breath, and he said the word,
And he said it with muckle glee,
Then set his feet on the burning pile,
And away to the aire flew he.

Till ance he cleared the swirling roeke,
He lukit baith feared and sad;
But when he wan to the light blue aire,
He laughed as he'd been mad.

His arms were spread, and his heade was highe,
And his feet stuck out behinde;
And the laibies of the auld man's coat
Were wauffing in the wind.

And aye he neicherit, and aye he flew
For he thought the play sae rare;
It was like the voice of the gander blue,
When he flees through the aire.

He lookéd back to the Carlisle men
As he bored the norlan sky;
He nodded his heade, and gave ane girn,
But he never said gude-bye.

They vanished far i' the lift's blue wale,
Nae mair the English saw,
But the auld man's laughe came on the gale,
With a lang and a loud gaffaw.

May everilke man in the land of Fife
Read what the drinker's dree;
And never curse his puir auld wife,
Righte wicked altho she be.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772 - 1834.

GENEVIEVE.*

MAID of my love, sweet Genevieve!
In beauty's light you glide along:
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow:
Within your soul a voice there lives!
It bids you hear the tale of woe.

* Coleridge tells us that this poem was written when he was a boy.

When sinking low the sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
Fair, as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve!

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found —
Halcyon daughter of the skies!
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebel's noisy hate,
In a cottaged vale she dwells
Listening to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honor's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow, smiling through her tears,
And, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

1794.

SONNET TO SCHILLER.

SCHILLER! that hour I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famished father's cry —
Lest in some after moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror screamed, and all her goblin rout
Diminished shrunk from the more withering
scene!

Ah! hard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood
Wandering at eve with finely-frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe-gazing I would brood:
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!

THE SENSUAL AND THE DARK REBEL IN VAIN.

THE sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;

But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor
 ever
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
 Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
 (Nor prayer nor boastful name delays thee),
 Alike from priestcraft's harpy minions,
 And factious blasphemy's obscener slaves,
 Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
 The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of
 the waves!
 And there I felt thee! — on that sea-cliff's
 verge
 Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze
 above,
 Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
 Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
 Possessing all things with intenses love,
 O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

France: An Ode. 1797.

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER.*

A WAR ECLOGUE.

SCENE, *a desolated tract in La Vendée.* FAMINE
is discovered lying on the ground; to her enter
 FIRE and SLAUGHTER.

FAMINE. Sisters! sisters! who sent you here?
 SLAUGHTER (to FIRE). I will whisper it in
 her ear.

FIRE. No! no! no!
 Spirits hear what spirits tell:
 'T will make a holiday in hell.
 No! no! no!
 Myself, I named him once below,
 And all the souls that damnéd be,
 Leaped up at once in anarchy,
 Clapped their hands and danced for glee.
 They no longer heeded me;
 But laughed to hear hell's burning rafters
 Unwillingly re-echo laughers!

No! no! no!
 Spirits hear what spirits tell:
 'T will make a holiday in hell!

FAM. Whisper it, sister! so and so!
 In a dark hint, soft and slow.

SLAU. Letters four do form his name,—
 And' who sent you?

BOTH. The same! the same!

SLAU. He came by stealth, and unlocked my
 den,

And I have drunk the blood since then
 Of thrice three hundred thousand men.

BOTH. Who bade you do it?

SLAU. The same! the same!
 Letters four do form his name.

He let me loose and cried "Halloo!"

To him alone the praise is due.

FAM. Thanks, sister, thanks! the men have
 bled,

Their wives and their children faint for bread.

I stood in a swampy field of battle;

With bones and skulls I made a rattle,

To frighten the wolf and carrion-crow

And the homeless dog, — but they would not
 go.

So off I flew: for how could I bear

To see them gorge their dainty fare?

I heard a groan and a peevish squall,

And through the clink of a cottage wall.—

Can you guess what I saw there?

BOTH. Whisper it, sister! in our ear.

FAM. A baby beat its dying mother:

I had starved the one and was starving the other!

BOTH. Who bade you do 't?

FAM. The same! the same!

Letters four do form his name.

He let me loose, and cried, "Halloo!"

To him alone the praise is due.

FIRE. Sisters! I from Ireland came!

Hedge and cornfields all on flame,

I triumphed o'er the setting sun!

And all the while the work was done,

On as I strode with my huge strides,

I flung back my head and I held my sides,

It was so rare a piece of fun

To see the sweltered cattle run

With uncouth gallop through the night,

Scared by the red and noisy light!

By the light of his own blazing cot

Was many a naked rebel shot:

The house-stream met the flame and hissed,

While crash! fell in the roof, I wist,

On some of those old bed-ridden nurses,

That deal in discontent and curses.

BOTH. Who bade you do 't?

FIRE. The same! the same!

Letters four do form his name.

He let me loose, and cried, "Halloo!"

To him alone the praise is due.

ALL. He let us loose, and cried, "Halloo!"

How shall we yield him honor due?

FAM. Wisdom comes with lack of food.

I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude,

* The "letters four" in this poem form the name of Pitt. Macaulay, in his *Life of William Pitt*, referring to the obloquy that Pitt's foreign policy called down upon him, remarks, in allusion to this poem: "A satirist of great genius introduced the fiends of Famine, Slaughter, and Fire, proclaiming that they had received their commission from one whose name was formed of four letters, and promising to give their employer ample proofs of gratitude. Famine would gnaw the multitude till they should rise up against him in madness. The demon of Slaughter would impel them to tear him limb from limb. But Fire boasted that she alone could reward him as he deserved, and that she would cling round him to all eternity." Coleridge, in his introduction to the poem, when republished, gave an elaborate apology for the fierceness of its sentiments.

Till the cup of rage o'erbrim :
 They shall seize him and his brood —
 SLAV. They shall tear him limb from limb !
 FIRE. O thankless beldames and untrue !
 And is this all that you can do
 For him, who did so much for you ?
 Ninety months he, by my troth !
 Hath richly catered for you both ;
 And in an hour would you repay
 An eight years' work ? — Away ! away !
 I alone am faithful ! I
 Cling to him everlastingly.

1796.

—♦—
 KUBLA KHAN.*

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree :
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round :
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
 A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon lover !
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil
 seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,

* "In the summer of the year 1797 the author, then in ill-health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in *Purchas's Pilgrimage* : 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto : and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines ; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and, taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away, like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas ! without the after restoration of the latter." — THE AUTHOR, 1816.

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced ;
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
 And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
 And mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
 A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw :
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 't would win me,
 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

1797.

—♦—
 LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
 Live o'er again that happy hour,
 When midway on the mount I lay,
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
 Had blended with the lights of eve ;
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the arméd man,
 The statue of the arméd knight ;
 She stood and listened to my lay,
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own.
 My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
 She loves me best, whene'er I sing
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
 I sang an old and moving story, —
 An old rude song, that suited well
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;
 For well she knew, I could not choose
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
 Upon his shield a burning brand;
 And that for ten long years he wooed
 The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone
 With which I sang another's love
 Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
 With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
 And she forgave me, that I gazed
 Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
 That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
 And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
 Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
 And sometimes from the darksome shade,
 And sometimes starting up at once
 In green and sunny glade, —

There came and looked him in the face
 An angel beautiful and bright;
 And that he knew it was a fiend,
 This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
 He leaped amid a murderous band,
 And saved from outrage worse than death
 The Lady of the Land; —

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
 And how she tended him in vain, —
 And ever strove to expiate
 The scorn that crazed his brain; —

And that she nursed him in a cave;
 And how his madness went away,
 When on the yellow forest-leaves
 A dying man he lay; —

His dying words, — but when I reached
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,

My faltering voice and pausing harp
 Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
 Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
 The music and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
 An undistinguishable throng,
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
 She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
 And, like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, — she stepped aside,
 As conscious of my look she slept, —
 Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
 She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
 She pressed me with a meek embrace;
 And, bending back her head, looked up,
 And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,
 And partly 't was a bashful art,
 That I might rather feel, than see,
 The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin pride;
 And so I won my Genevieve,
 My bright and beauteous bride.

THE NIGHT-SCENE.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

SANDOVAL. You loved the daughter of Don
 Manrique?

EARL HENRY. Loved?

SAND. Did you not say you wooed her?

EARL H. Once I loved

Her whom I dared not woo!

SAND. And wooed, perchance,
 One whom you loved not!

EARL H. Oh! I were most base,
 Not loving Oropeza. True, I wooed her,
 Hoping to heal a deeper wound; but she
 Met my advances with impassioned pride,
 That kindled love with love. And when her sire,
 Who in his dream of hope already grasped
 The golden circlet in his hand, rejected
 My suit with insult, and in memory
 Of ancient feuds poured curses on my head,
 Her blessings overtook and baffled them!

But thou art stern, and with unkindly countenance
Art inly reasoning whilst thou listenest to me.

SAND. Anxiously, Henry! reasoning anxiously.
But Oropeza —

EARL H. Blessings gather round her!
Within this wood there winds a secret passage,
Beneath the walls, which opens out at length
Into the gloomiest covert of the garden.
The night ere my departure to the army,
She, nothing trembling, led me through that
gloom,

And to that covert by a silent stream,
Which, with one star reflected near its marge,
Was the sole object visible around me.
No leaflet stirred; the air was almost sultry;
So deep, so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!
No leaflet stirred; yet pleasure hung upon
The gloom and stillness of the balmy night-air.
A little further on an arbor stood,
Fragrant with flowering trees, — I well remember
What an uncertain glimmer in the darkness
Their snow-white blossoms made, — thither she
led me,

To that sweet bower! Then Oropeza trembled, —
I heard her heart beat, — if 't were not my own.

SAND. A rude and scaring note, my friend.

EARL H. Oh! no!
I have small memory of aught but pleasure.
The inquietudes of fear, like lesser streams
Still flowing, still were lost in those of love:
So love grew mightier from the fear, and Nature,
Fleeing from pain, sheltered herself in joy.
The stars above our heads were dim and steady,
Like eyes suffused with rapture. Life was in us:
We were all life, each atom of our frames
A living soul, — I vowed to die for her:
With the faint voice of one who, having spoken,
Relapses into blessedness, I vowed it:
That solemn vow, a whisper scarcely heard,
A murmur breathed against a lady's ear.
Oh! there is joy above the name of pleasure,
Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

SAND. (*with a sarcastic smile*). No other than
as Eastern sages paint,

The God, who floats upon a lotos leaf,
Dreams for a thousand ages; then awaking,
Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble,
Relapses into bliss.

EARL H. Ah! was that bliss
Feared as an alien, and too vast for man?
For suddenly, impatient of its silence,
Did Oropeza, starting, grasp my forehead.
I caught her arms; the veins were swelling on
them.

Through the dark bowers she sent a hollow voice:
"Oh! what if all betray me? what if thou?"
I swore, and with an inward thought that seemed
The purpose and the substance of my being,

I swore to her, that were she red with guilt,
I would exchange my unbleached state with
hers.

Friend! by that winding passage, to that bower
I now will go, — all objects there will teach
me

Unwavering love, and singleness of heart.
Go, Sandoval! I am prepared to meet her, —
Say nothing of me, — I myself will seek her, —
Nay, leave me, friend! I cannot bear the torment
And keen inquiry of that scanning eye.

(EARL HENRY *retires into the wood*.)

SAND. (*alone*). O Henry! always striv'st thou
to be great

By thine own act, — yet art thou never great!
But by the inspiration of great passion.
The whirl-blast comes, the desert-sands rise up
And shape themselves: from earth to heaven
they stand,

As though they were the pillars of a temple,
Built by Omnipotence in its own honor!
But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
Is fled: the mighty columns were but sand,
And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins!

THE EOLIAN HARP.

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flowered jacinth, and the broad-leaved
myrtle,
(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with
light,
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve,
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be),
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatched from yon bean-field! and the world so
hushed!

The stilly murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence.

And that simplest lute
Placed lengthways in the clasping casement,
hark!

How by the desultory breeze caressed,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its
strings

Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from fairy-land,
Where melodies round honey-dropping flowers,

Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,*
 Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!
 O the one life within us and abroad,
 Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
 A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
 Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere,—
 Methinks, it should have been impossible
 Not to love all things in a world so filled;
 Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
 Is Music slumbering on her instrument.

And thus, my love! as on the midway slope
 Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
 Whilst through my half-closed eyelids I behold
 The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
 And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
 Full many a thought uncalled and undetained,
 And many idle flitting fantasies,
 Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
 As wild and various as the random gales
 That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

And what if all of animated nature
 Be but organic harps diversely framed,
 That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
 Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
 At once the soul of each, and God of all?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
 Darts, O beloved woman! nor such thoughts
 Dim and unhallowed dost thou not reject,
 And biddest me walk humbly with my God.
 Meek daughter in the family of Christ!
 Well hast thou said and holily dispraised
 These shapings of the unregenerate mind;
 Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
 On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
 For never guiltless may I speak of Him,
 The Incomprehensible! save when with awe
 I praise him, and with faith that inly feels;
 Who with his saving mercies healed me,
 A sinful and most miserable man,
 Wildered and dark, and gave me to possess
 Peace, and this cot, and thee, heart-honored maid!

1796-1828.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

How warm this woodland wild recess!
 Love surely hath been breathing here;
 And this sweet bed of heath, my dear!
 Swells up, then sinks with faint caress,
 As if to have you yet more near.

Eight springs have flown since last I lay
 On seaward Quantock's heathy hills,
 Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
 Float here and there, like things astray,
 And high o'erhead the skylark shrills.

* Tennyson probably had this in mind when he wrote:—
 "Like long-tailed birds of Paradise
 That float through heaven but never light."

No voice as yet had made the air
 Be music with your name; yet why
 That asking look? that yearning sigh?
 That sense of promise everywhere?
 Belovéd! flew your spirit by?

As when a mother doth explore
 The rose-mark on her long-lost child,
 I met, I loved you, maiden mild!
 As whom I long had loved before,—
 So deeply had I been beguiled.

You stood before me like a thought,
 A dream remembered in a dream.
 But when those meek eyes first did seem
 To tell me, love within you wrought, —
 O Greta, dear domestic stream!

Has not, since then, love's prompture deep,
 Has not love's whisper evermore
 Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar?
 Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
 Dear under-song in clamor's hour.

1806.

CHARLES LAMB.

Now, my friends energe
 Beneath the wide, wide heaven, — and view again
 The many-steeped tract magnificent
 Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,
 With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up
 The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two isles
 Of purple shadow! Yes! they wander on
 In gladness all; but thou, methinks, most glad,
 My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
 And hungered after nature, many a year,
 In the great city pent, winning thy way
 With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain
 And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink
 Behind the western ridge, thou glorious sun!
 Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb,
 Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn, ye clouds!
 Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
 And kindle, thou blue ocean! So my friend
 Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood,
 Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round
 On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
 Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
 As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes
 Spirits perceive his presence.

This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

THE frost performs its secret ministry,
 Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
 Came loud, — and hark again! loud as before.
 The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,

Have left me to that solitude, which suits
 Abstruser musings: save that at my side
 My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
 'T is calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
 And vexes meditation with its strange
 And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
 This populous village! Sea and hill and wood,
 With all the numberless goings on of life
 Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
 Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
 Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
 Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
 Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
 Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
 Making it a companionable form,
 Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling spirit
 By its own moods interprets, everywhere
 Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
 And makes a toy of thought.

But O, how oft,
 How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
 Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
 To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft,
 With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
 Of my sweet birthplace, and the old church-tower,
 Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
 From morn to evening, all the hot fair-day,
 So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
 With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
 Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
 So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
 Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my
 dreams!

And so I brooded all the following morn,
 Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
 Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:
 Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
 A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
 For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
 Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
 My playmate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear babe,* that sleepest cradled by my side,
 Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
 Fill up the interspersed vacancies
 And momentary pauses of the thought!
 My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
 With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
 And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
 And in far other scenes! For I was reared
 In the great city, pent mid cloisters dim,
 And saw naught lovely but the sky and stars.
 But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
 By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
 Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
 Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
 And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear

* How sadly this prophecy failed in the babe who grew up to be Hartley Coleridge!

The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
 Of that eternal language, which thy God
 Utters, who from eternity doth teach
 Himself in all, and all things in himself.
 Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
 Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
 Whether the summer clothe the general earth
 With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
 Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
 Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
 Smokes in the sunthaw; whether the cave-drops
 fall

Heard only in the trances of the blast,
 Or if the secret ministry of frost
 Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
 Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

1798.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.*

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to
 pause

On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in
 prayer

I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my
 thought,

Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
 O, struggling with the darkness all the night,

* Besides the rivers, Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the glaciers the *Gentiana major* grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink :
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald : wake, O, wake, and utter praise !
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your
joy,

Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the
sun

Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living
flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ? —
God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome
voice !

Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like
sounds !

And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !

Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !

Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm !

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !

Ye signs and wonders of the element !

Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Thou too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing
peaks,

Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure
serene

Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast, —

Thou too again, stupendous mountain ! thou

That as I raise my head, a while bowed low

In adoration, upward from thy base

Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,

Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,

To rise before me, — Rise, O, ever rise,

Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth !

Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,

Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

SONNET ON HIS FIRST-BORN CHILD.

CHARLES !* my slow heart was only sad, when
first

I scanned that face of feeble infancy :
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be !
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile),
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impressed a father's kiss : and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel-form appear, —
'T was even thine, beloved woman mild !
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

DEJECTION: AN ODE.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms ;
And I fear, I fear, my master dear !
We shall have a deadly storm.

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

I.

WELL ! If the bard was weather-wise, who
made

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draught, that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of this Eolian lute,
Which better far were mute.

For lo the new moon winter-bright !
And overspread with phantom light
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread
But rimmed and circled by a silver thread),
I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast.
And O, that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and
fast !

Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst
they awed,

And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move
and live !

* Charles Lamb, who asked him how he felt when the nurse first presented his infant to him.

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
 In word, or sigh, or tear, —

O lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,

And its peculiar tint of yellow green :
 And still I gaze, — and with how blank an eye !
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
 That give away their motion to the stars ;
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen :
 Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;
 I see them all so excellently fair,
 I see, not feel, how beautiful they are !

III.

My genial spirits fail ;
 And what can these avail
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?
 It were a vain endeavor,
 Though I should gaze forever
 On that green light that lingers in the west :
 I may not hope from outward forms to win
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are
 within.

IV.

O lady ! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does nature live :
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth,
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the earth, —
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

V.

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be.
 What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful and beauty-making power.
 Joy, virtuous lady ! joy that ne'er was
 given
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life, and life's effluence, cloud at once and
 shower, —
 Joy, lady ! is the spirit and the power,
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
 A new earth and new heaven,

Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud, —
 Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud, —
 We in ourselves rejoice !
 And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colors a suffusion from that light.

VI.

There was a time when, though my path was
 rough,
 This joy within me dallied with distress,
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
 Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness :
 For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
 And fruits and foliage, not my own, seemed
 mine.
 But now afflictions bow me down to earth :
 Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,
 But O, each visitation
 Suspends what Nature gave me at my birth,
 My shaping spirit of imagination.
 For not to think of what I needs must feel,
 But to be still and patient, all I can ;
 And haply by abstruse research to steal
 From my own nature all the natural man, —
 This was my sole resource, my only plan :
 Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
 And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my
 mind,
 Reality's dark dream !
 I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
 Which long has raved unnoticed. What a
 scream
 Of agony by torture lengthened out
 That lute sent forth ! Thou wind, that ravest
 without,
 Bare craig, or mountain-tairn,* or blasted tree,
 Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
 Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
 Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
 Mad Lutanist ! who in this month of showers,
 Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
 Mak'st devils' yule, with worse than wintry
 song,
 The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.
 Thou actor, perfect in all tragic sounds !
 Thou mighty poet, e'en to frenzy bold !
 What tell'st thou now about ?
 'T is of the rushing of a host in rout,
 With groans of trampled men, with smarting
 wounds, —

* Tairn is a small lake, generally if not always applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the valleys. This address to the storm-wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and in a mountainous country.

At once they groan with pain, and shudder with
the cold !

But hush ! there is a pause of deepest silence !

And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans and tremulous shudderings — all is
over —

It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and
loud !

A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,

As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,

'T is of a little child

Upon a lonesome wild,

Not far from home, but she hath lost her way :

And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her
mother hear.

VIII.

'T is midnight, but small thoughts have I of
sleep :

Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep !

Visit her, gentle sleep ! with wings of healing,

And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her dwell-
ing,

Silent as though they watched the sleeping
earth !

With light heart may she rise,

Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,

Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice ;
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,
Their life the eddying of her living soul !

O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear lady ! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn ?
Where may the grave of that good man be ? —
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch-tree !
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone, — and the birch in its stead is grown.
The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust ; —
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

1802.

METRICAL FEET. LESSON FOR A BOY.

TRŌCHEE trips frōm lōng tō shōrt ;
From long to long in solemn sort
Slōw Spōndēe stālks ; strōng fōot ! yet ill able
Ēvēr tō cōme ūp wīth Dāctyl trīsŷllāblē.
Īāmbics mārch frōm shōrt tō lōng ; —

With ā lēap ānd ā bōund, thē swīft Ānāpæsts
thrōng ;

One syllable long, with one short at each side,

Āmphībrāchŷs hāstes wīth ā stātelŷ stride ; —
First ānd lāst bēing lōng, middlē shōrt, Amphī-
mācer

Strikes hīs thūndērīng hōofs like ā prōud high-
brēd rācer.

If Derwent be innocent, steady, and wise,
And delight in the things of earth, water, and
skies ;

Tender warmth at his heart, with these metres to
show it,

With sound sense in his brains, may make Der-
went a poet, —

May crown him with fame, and must win him
the love

Of his father on earth and his Father above.

My dear, dear child !

Could you stand upon Skiddaw, you would not
from its whole ridge

See a man who so loves you as your fond

S. T. COLERIDGE.

1807.

COMPLAINT.

How seldom, friend ! a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains !
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.

For shame, dear friend ! renounce this canting
strain !
What wouldst thou have a good great man
obtain ?
Place — titles — salary — a gilded chain —
Or throne of corpses which his sword hath slain ?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends !
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ? — three treasures, love, and
light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath ; —
And three firm friends, more sure than day and
night, —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

1809.

A DAY-DREAM.

MY eyes make pictures, when they are shut : —
I see a fountain, large and fair,
A willow and a ruined hut,
And thee, and me, and Mary there.
O Mary ! make thy gentle lap our pillow !
Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green
willow !

A wild-rose roofs the ruined shed,
 And that and summer well agree :
 And lo ! where Mary leans her head,
 Two dear names carved upon the tree !
 And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow :
 Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'T was day ! But now few, large, and bright
 The stars are round the crescent moon !
 And now it is a dark warm night,
 The balmiest of the month of June !
 A glowworm fallen, and on the marge remounting
 Shines and its shadow shines, fit stars for our
 sweet fountain.

O ever, — ever be thou blest !
 For dearly, Asra, love I thee !
 This brooding warmth across my breast,
 This depth of tranquil bliss, — ah me !
 Fount, tree, and shed are gone, I know not
 whither,
 But in one quiet room we three are still together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
 By the still dancing fire-flames made ;
 And now they slumber, moveless all !
 And now they melt to one deep shade !
 But not from me shall this mild darkness steal
 thee :
 I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I
 feel thee !

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play, —
 'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow !
 But let me check this tender lay
 Which none may hear but she and thou !
 Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,
 Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women !
 1814-16.

HUMAN LIFE.

OF THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY.

If dead, we cease to be ; if total gloom
 Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare
 As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
 Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
 But are their whole of being ! If the breath
 Be life itself, and not its task and tent,
 If even a soul like Milton's can know death ;
 O man ! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,
 Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes !
 Surplus of Nature's dread activity,
 Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finished vase,
 Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
 She formed with restless hands unconsciously !
 Blank accident ! nothing's anomaly !
 If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,

Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy
 fears,
 The counter-weights ! Thy laughter and thy
 tears

Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,
 And to repay the other ! Why rejoices
 Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good ?
 Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's
 hood ?

Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
 Image of image, ghost of ghostly elf,
 That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or
 cold ?

Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold
 These costless shadows of thy shadowy self ?
 Be sad ! be glad ! be neither ! seek, or shun !
 Thou hast no reason why ! Thou canst have
 none ;

Thy being's being is a contradiction.

1816.

THE PAINS OF SLEEP.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
 It hath not been my use to pray
 With moving lips or bended knees ;
 But silently, by slow degrees,
 My spirit I to love compose,
 In humble trust mine eyelids close,
 With reverential resignation,
 No wish conceived, no thought exprest,
 Only a sense of supplication ;
 A sense o'er all my soul imprest
 That I am weak, yet not unblest,
 Since in me, round me, everywhere
 Eternal strength and wisdom are.

But yesternight I prayed aloud
 In anguish and in agony,
 Upstarting from the fiendish crowd
 Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me :
 A lurid light, a trampling throng,
 Sense of intolerable wrong,
 And whom I scorned, those only strong !
 Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
 Still baffled, and yet burning still !
 Desire with loathing strangely mixed
 On wild or hateful objects fixed.
 Fantastic passions ! maddening brawl !
 And shame and terror over all !
 Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
 Which all confused I could not know,
 Whether I suffered, or I did :
 For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe,
 My own or others still the same
 Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights passed : the night's dismay
 Saddened and stunned the coming day.
 Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
 Distemper's worst calamity.

The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child;
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepliest stained with sin, —
For aye entempesting anew
The unfathomable hell within
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and loathe, yet wish and do!
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed*.

1803.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where hope clung feeding, like a bee, —
Both were mine! Life went a Maying
With nature, hope, and poesy,

When I was young!

When I was young? — Ah, woful when!
Ah! for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along: —
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
When youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O, the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of friendship, love, and liberty,

Ere I was old.

Ere I was old? Ah, woful ere,
Which tells me, youth's no longer here!
O youth! for years so many and sweet,
'T is known that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit, —
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled: —
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That youth and I are house-mates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,

When we are old:

That only serves to make us grieve,
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismissed.
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

1827.

THE EXCHANGE.

WE pledged our hearts, my love and I, —
I in my arms the maiden clasp;
I could not tell the reason why,
But, O, I trembled like an aspen!

Her father's love she bade me gain;
I went, and shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man, — in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

TO A LADY.

'T is not the lily brow I prize,
Nor roseate cheeks nor sunny eyes,
Enough of lilies and of roses!
A thousand-fold more dear to me
The look that gentle love discloses, —
That look which love alone can see.

NAMES.

I ASKED my fair one happy day
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;
Lalage, Næra, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece.

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,
"Beloved, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me thine."

WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

ALL nature seems at work. Slugs leave their
lair, —
The bees are stirring, — birds are on the wing, —
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring!
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths
 blow,
 Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar
 flow.
 Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
 For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
 With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow I stroll:
 And would you learn the spells that drowse my
 soul?
 Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
 And hope without an object cannot live.

1827.

FANCY IN NUBIBUS;

OR, THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

O, IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
 To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
 Or let the easily persuaded eyes
 Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
 Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low
 And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold
 'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
 From mount to mount through Cloudland, gor-
 geous land.
 Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,
 Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
 By those deep sounds possessed with inward
 light,
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

COLOGNE.

In Köhln, a town of monks and bones,
 And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
 And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
 I counted two-and-seventy stenchs,
 All well-defined and several stinks!
 Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
 The river Rhine, it is well known,
 Doth wash your city of Cologne;
 But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE IN EDUCATION.

O'ER wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm
 rule,
 And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
 Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy
 graces,
 And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
 For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
 Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so
 Do these upbear the little world below

Of education, — Patience, Love, and Hope.
 Methinks, I see them grouped, in seemly show,
 The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
 And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
 Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
 O, part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
 Love too will sink and die.

But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
 From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
 And bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes
 And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
 Wooes back the fleeting spirit and half-supplies; —
 Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to
 Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
 When overtasked at length
 Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
 Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
 Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loath,
 And both supporting does the work of both.

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTHDAY.

GOD's child in Christ adopted, — Christ my all, —
 What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply,
 rather
 Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call
 The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father? —
 Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in thee, —
 Eternal thou, and everlasting we.
 The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death:
 In Christ I live! in Christ I draw the breath
 Of the true life! — Let then earth, sea, and sky
 Make war against me! On my front I show
 Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
 To end my life, that can but end its woe.
 Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies? —
 Yes! but not his, — 't is Death itself there dies.

EPITAPH ON S. T. C.

STOP, Christian passer-by! — Stop, child of God,
 And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
 A poet lies, or that which once seemed he.
 O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
 That he who many a year with toil of breath
 Found death in life, may here find life in death!
 Mercy for praise, — to be forgiven for fame
 He asked, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou
 the same!

1833.

ADDRESS TO THE SOUL OF ALVAR.

WITH no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
 I call up the departed!
 Soul of Alvar!
 Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell;
 So may the gates of Paradise, unbarred,

Cease thy swift toils ! Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard ;
Fittest unheard ! For O, ye numberless,
And rapid travellers ! what ear unstunned,
What sense unmaddened, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings ?
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head !
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parched caravan that roams by night !
And ye upbuild on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness ! Ye too split
The ice mount ! and with fragments many and
huge

Tempest the new-thawed sea, whose sudden gulfs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff !
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye
dance,

Till from the blue swoln corse the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army.

*(Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three words,
"Hear, sweet spirit.")*

Soul of Alvar !

Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm !
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half-dead, yet still undying hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense !
So shall the church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses that redeem the dead !

Remorse.

A DUNGEON.

AND this place my forefathers made for man !
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us, —
Most innocent perhaps, — and what if guilty ?
Is this the only cure ! Merciful God !
Each poor and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They brake out on him, like a loathsome plague-
spot !

Then we call in our pampered mountebanks ;
And this is their best cure ! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapors of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity !

With other ministrations thou, O Nature !
Healest thy wandering and distempered child ;
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters !
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

Remorse.

THE SAGACITY OF INNOCENCE.

AND yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was, and often warned me.
Whence learned she this ? O, she was innocent !
And to be innocent is nature's wisdom !
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
O surer than suspicion's hundred eyes,
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil.

Zapolya.

LOVE AND FABLE.

O, NEVER rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels ! 'T is not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance ;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-
place :

Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits ; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths ; all these have
vanished ;

They live no longer in the faith of reason !
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend ; and to the lover

Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down : and even at this day
'T is Jupiter brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair !

Translation of Wallenstein.

CHRISTABEL.*

PART I.

'T is the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock ;
Tu—whit ! — Tu—whoo !
And hark, again ! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch ;
From her kennel beneath the rock
She maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour ;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud ;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark ?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full ;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray :
'T is a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate ?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight ;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest mistletoe :
She kneels beneath the huge oak-tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel !
It moaned as near, as near can be,

* "The metre of the Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle ; namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless, this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion." — THE AUTHOR.

There is no poem in the whole range of English literature which surpasses this in its weird-like effect on the imagination.

But what it is, she cannot tell.
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak-tree.

The night is chill ; the forest bare ;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek, —
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel !
Jesu, Maria, shield her well !
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.

What sees she there ?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shown :
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 't was frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she, —
Beautiful exceedingly !

"Mary mother, save me now !"
Said Christabel. "And who art thou ?"

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet :
"Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness ;
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear !"
Said Christabel, "How camest thou here ?"
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet : —

"My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine :
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn :
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred again, their steeds were white :
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be ;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced, I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke :
He placed me underneath this oak ;

He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell, —
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand" (thus ended she),
"And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine:
"O well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
"All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell:
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me."

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side:
"Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!"
"Alas, alas!" said Geraldine,
"I cannot speak for weariness."
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court; right glad they were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!

The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
"O, softly tread," said Christabel,
"My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And, jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the baron's room,
As still as death with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary Lady Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild-flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"
Christabel answered, "Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!"
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"
But soon with altered voice, said she:
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine, —
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 't is given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue, —
"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride, —
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!"
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'T is over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank
The lofty lady stood upright;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake:
"All they who live in the upper sky
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!"
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close:
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the Lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side, —
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O, shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay.
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly as one defied
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the maiden's side! —
And in her arms the maid she took,

Ah well-a-day!

And with low voice and doleful look

These words did say:

"In the touch of this bosom there worketh a
spell,

Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;

But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair:
And didst bring her home with thee in love and
in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air."

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I.

It was a lovely sight to see
The Lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak-tree.
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale, —
Her face, O, call it fair, not pale.
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.
With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is —
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak-tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine, —
Thou 'st had thy will! By tain and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu — whoo! tu — whoo!
Tu — whoo! tu — whoo! from wood and fell!
And see! the Lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds, —
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!
Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 't is but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.

No doubt she hath a vision sweet.
 What if her guardian spirit 't were?
 What if she knew her mother near?
 But this she knows, in joys and woes,
 That saints will aid if men will call:
 For the blue sky bends over all!

PART II.

"EACH matin bell," the baron saith,
 "Knells us back to a world of death."
 These words Sir Leoline first said,
 When he rose and found his lady dead:
 These words Sir Leoline will say,
 Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began,
 That still at dawn the sacristan,
 Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
 Five-and-forty beads must tell
 Between each stroke, — a warning knell,
 Which not a soul can choose but hear
 From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, "So let it knell!
 And let the drowsy sacristan
 Still count as slowly as he can!
 There is no lack of such, I ween,
 As well fill up the space between.
 In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
 And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
 With ropes of rock and bells of air
 Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
 Who all give back, one after t' other,
 The death-note to their living brother;
 And oft too, by the knell offended,
 Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
 The devil mocks the doleful tale
 With a merry peal from Borodale."

The air is still! through mist and cloud
 That merry peal comes ringing loud;
 And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
 And rises lightly from the bed;
 Puts on her silken vestments white,
 And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
 And nothing doubting of her spell
 Awakens the Lady Christabel.
 "Sleep you, sweet Lady Christabel?
 I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied
 The same who lay down by her side, —
 O, rather say, the same whom she
 Raised up beneath the old oak-tree!
 Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
 For she belike hath drunken deep
 Of all the blessedness of sleep!
 And while she spake, her look, her air,
 Such gentle thankfulness declare,
 That (so it seemed) her girded vests
 Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
 "Sure I have sinned!" said Christabel,

"Now heaven be praised if all be well!"
 And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
 Did she the lofty lady greet
 With such perplexity of mind
 As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
 Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
 That He, who on the cross did groan,
 Might wash away her sins unknown,
 She forthwith led fair Geraldine
 To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
 Are pacing both into the hall,
 And pacing on through page and groom,
 Enter the baron's presence-room.

The baron rose, and while he prest
 His gentle daughter to his breast,
 With cheerful wonder in his eyes
 The Lady Geraldine espies,
 And gave such welcome to the same,
 As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
 And when she told her father's name,
 Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
 Murmuring o'er the name again,
 Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother:
 They parted, — ne'er to meet again!
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining, —
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between;
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.*

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
 Stood gazing on the damsel's face:
 And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
 Came back upon his heart again.

O, then the baron forgot his age,
 His noble heart swelled high with rage;
 He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,
 He would proclaim it far and wide
 With trump and solemn heraldry,
 That they who thus had wronged the dame
 Were base as spotted infamy!

* This is generally considered one of the noblest passages in the poetry of the nineteenth century.

"And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court, — that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!"
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again —
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)
Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
Whereat the knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,
"What ails then my beloved child?"
The baron said. His daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her sure a thing divine.
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed,
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.

"Nay!
Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.
"Ho! Bracy, the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along,
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road."
And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,

My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

"Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are
fleet,

Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free, —
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay,
With all thy numerous array,
And take thy lovely daughter home:
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam:
And by mine honor! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine! —
For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing! —
"Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me;
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warned by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name, —
Sir Leoline! I saw the same
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wondered what might ail the bird;
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the
old tree.

"And in my dream methought I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
When lo! I saw a bright green snake

Coiled around its wings and neck,
 Green as the herbs on which it couched,
 Close by the dove's its head it crouched;
 And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
 Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
 I woke; it was the midnight hour,
 The clock was echoing in the tower;
 But though my slumber was gone by,
 This dream it would not pass away, —
 It seems to live upon my eye!
 And thence I vowed this selfsame day,
 With music strong and saintly song
 To wander through the forest bare,
 Lest aught unholy loiter there."

Thus Bracy said: the baron, the while,
 Half listening heard him with a smile;
 Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
 His eyes made up of wonder and love;
 And said in courtly accents fine,
 "Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove
 With arms more strong than harp or song,
 Thy sire and I will crush the snake!"
 He kissed her forehead as he spake,
 And Geraldine, in maiden wise,
 Casting down her large bright eyes,
 With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
 She turned her from Sir Leoline;
 Softly gathering up her train,
 That o'er her right arm fell again;
 And folded her arms across her chest,
 And couched her head upon her breast,
 And looked askance at Christabel, —
 Jesu Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
 And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
 Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
 And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
 At Christabel she looked askance!
 One moment, — and the sight was fled!
 But Christabel in dizzy trance
 Stumbling on the unsteady ground
 Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
 And Geraldine again turned round,
 And like a thing that sought relief,
 Full of wonder and full of grief,
 She rolled her large bright eyes divine
 Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
 She nothing sees, — no sight but one!
 The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
 I know not how, in fearful wise
 So deeply had she drunken in
 That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
 That all her features were resigned
 To this sole image in her mind;
 And passively did imitate
 That look of dull and treacherous hate!
 And thus she stood in dizzy trance,

Still picturing that look askance
 With forced unconscious sympathy
 Full before her father's view, —
 As far as such a look could be,
 In eyes so innocent and blue!
 And when the trance was o'er the maid
 Paused awhile, and inly prayed:
 Then falling at the baron's feet,
 "By my mother's soul do I entreat
 That thou this woman send away!"
 She said: and more she could not say:
 For what she knew she could not tell,
 O'ermastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
 Sir Leoline? Thy only child
 Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
 So fair, so innocent, so mild;
 The same for whom thy lady died!
 O, by the pangs of her dear mother
 Think thou no evil of thy child!
 For her, and thee, and for no other,
 She prayed the moment ere she died:
 Prayed that the babe for whom she died
 Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
 That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,

Sir Leoline!

And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
 Her child and thine?

Within the baron's heart and brain
 If thoughts, like these, had any share,
 They only swelled his rage and pain,
 And did but work confusion there.
 His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
 His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild.
 Dishonored thus in his old age;
 Dishonored by his only child,
 And all his hospitality
 To the wronged daughter of his friend
 By more than woman's jealousy
 Brought thus to a disgraceful end, —
 He rolled his eye with stern regard
 Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
 And said in tones abrupt, austere,
 "Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
 I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed;
 And turning from his own sweet maid,
 The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
 Led forth the Lady Geraldine!

THE CONCLUSION TO PART II.

A LITTLE child, a limber elf,
 Singing, dancing to itself,
 A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
 That always finds, and never seeks,
 Makes such a vision to the sight
 As fills a father's eyes with light;
 And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
 Upon his heart, that he at last

Must needs express his love's excess
 With words of unmeant bitterness.
 Perhaps 't is pretty to force together
 Thoughts so all unlike each other;
 To mutter and mock a broken charm,
 To dally with wrong that does no harm.
 Perhaps 't is tender too and pretty
 At each wild word to feel within
 A sweet recoil of love and pity.
 And what, if in a world of sin
 (O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
 Such giddiness of heart and brain
 Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
 So talks as it's most used to do.

Part I., 1797. — Part II., 1800.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

1773 - 1818.

ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGINE.

A WARRIOR so bold, and a virgin so bright,
 Convers'd as they sat on the green;
 They gaz'd on each other with tender delight:
 Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight, —
 The maiden's, the Fair Imogine.

"And O," said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
 To fight in a far distant land,
 Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
 Some other will court you, and you will bestow
 On a wealthier suitor your hand!"

"O, hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
 "Offensive to love and to me;
 For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
 I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
 Shall husband of Imogine be.

"If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
 Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
 God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
 Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
 May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
 And bear me away to the grave!"

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold,
 His love she lamented him sore;
 But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when,
 behold!
 A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
 Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
 Soon made her untrue to her vows;
 He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain;

He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
 And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the
 priest;
 The revelry now was begun;
 The tables they groan'd with the weight of the
 feast,
 Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
 When the bell at the castle tolled — one.

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
 A stranger was placed by her side:
 His air was terrific; he uttered no sound, —
 He spake not, he moved not, he looked not
 around, —

But earnestly gaz'd on the bride.

His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height,
 His armor was sable to view;
 All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his
 sight;
 The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
 The lights in the chamber burned blue!

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
 The guests sat in silence and fear;
 At length spake the bride, — while she trembled,
 — "I pray,
 Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
 And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent; the stranger complies —
 His vizor he slowly unclosed;
 O God! what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
 What words can express her dismay and surprise,
 When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
 All turned with disgust from the scene;
 The worms they crept in, and the worms they
 crept out,
 And sported his eyes and his temples about,
 While the spectre addressed Imogine:

"Behold me, thou false one, behold me!" he
 cried,

"Remember Alonzo the Brave!
 God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and
 pride,
 My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy
 side;
 Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
 And bear thee away to the grave!"

Thus saying his arms round the lady he wound,
 While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
 Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawn-
 ing ground,

Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron; and none, since that
time,

To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her
sprite,

When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around!

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from
the grave,

Dancing round them the spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: "To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the Fair Imogine!"

THE HELMSMAN.

HARK, the bell! it sounds midnight! all hail,
thou new heaven!

How soft sleep the stars on their bosom of
night;

While o'er the full moon, as they gently are
driven,

Slowly floating, the clouds bathe their fleeces
in light.

The warm feeble breeze scarcely ripples the
ocean,

And all seems so hushed, all so happy to
feel;

So smooth glides the bark, I perceive not her
motion,

While low sings the sailor who watches the
wheel.

'T is so sad, 't is so sweet, and some tones come
so swelling,

So right from the heart, and so pure to the
ear,

That sure at this moment his thoughts must be
dwelling

On one who is absent, most kind and most dear.

O, may she, who now dictates that ballad so ten-
der,

Diffuse o'er your days the heart's solace and
ease,

As yon lovely moon, with a gleam of mild splen-
dor,

Pure, tranquil, and bright, over-silvers the seas!

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

1774 - 1810.

THE FILIAL VOW.

WHY heaves my mother oft the deep-drawn sigh?
Why starts the big tear glistening in her eye?
Why oft retire to hide her bursting grief?

Why seeks she not, nor seems to wish relief?

'T is for my father, mouldering with the dead,
My brother, in bold manhood, lowly laid,
And for the pains which age is doomed to bear,
She heaves the deep-drawn sigh, and drops the
secret tear.

Yes, partly these her gloomy thoughts employ,
But mostly this o'erclouds her every joy;
She grieves to think she may be burdensome,
Now feeble, old, and tottering to the tomb.

O, hear me, Heaven! and record my vow;
Its non-performance let thy wrath pursue!

I swear, of what thy providence may give,
My mother shall her due maintenance have.

'T was hers to guide me through life's early day,
To point out virtue's paths, and lead the way:

Now, while her powers in frigid languor sleep,
'T is mine to hand her down life's rugged steep;

With all her little weaknesses to bear,
Attentive, kind, to soothe her every care.

'T is nature bids, and truest pleasure flows
From lessening an aged parent's woes.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

LET us go, lassie, go,

To the braes o' Balquhither,

Where the blaeberries grow

'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;

Where the deer and the roe,

Lightly bounding together,

Sport the lang summer day

On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower

By the clear siller fountain,

And I'll cover it o'er

Wi' the flowers of the mountain;

I will range through the wilds,

And the deep glens sac drearie,

And return wi' the spoils

To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'

Idly raves round our dwelling,

And the roar of the linn

On the night breeze is swelling,

So merrily we'll sing,

As the storm rattles o'er us,

Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light liltin' chorus.

Now the summer's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

KEEN blows the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle turrets are covered with snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Among the broom bushes by Stanley green
shaw!
The wild-flowers o' summer were spread a' sae
bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae marched my dear
Johnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and
cheerie,

Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling
drearie,

And naething is seen but the wide-spreading
snaw.

The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as
they flee;

And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my
Johnie;

'T is winter wi' them, and 't is winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak
mountain,

And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky bae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded
fountain,

That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.
It's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',

It's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my e'e;
For O, gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,

The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dum-
blane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its soft fauldin' blos-
som!

And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain:
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o'
Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin';
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen:
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dum-
blane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o'
Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dum-
blane.

MARY TIGHE.

1774 - 1810.

PSYCHE GAZING ON LOVE

ALLOWED to settle on celestial eyes,
Soft sleep, exulting, now exerts his sway,
From Psyche's anxious pillow gladly flies
To veil those orbs, whose pure and lambent ray
The powers of Heaven submissively obey.
Trembling and breathless then she softly rose,
And seized the lamp, where it obscurely lay,
With hand too rashly daring to disclose
The sacred veil which hung mysterious o'er her
woes.

Twice, as with agitated step she went,
The lamp expiring shone with doubtful gleam,
As though it warned her from her rash intent:
And twice she paused, and on its trembling
beam
Gazed with suspended breath, while voices seem
With murmuring sound along the roof to sigh;
As one just waking from a troublous dream,
With palpitating heart and straining eye,
Still fixed with fear remains, still thinks the dan-
ger nigh.

O daring Muse! wilt thou indeed essay
To paint the wonders which that lamp could
show?

And canst thou hope in living words to say
The dazzling glories of that heavenly view?
Ah! well I ween, that if with pencil true
That splendid vision could be well expressed,
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew
Would seize with rapture every wondering
breast,

When Love's all-potent charms divinely stood
confessed.

All imperceptible to human touch,
His wings display celestial essence light;
The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,
The brilliant plumage shines so heavenly bright,
That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the sight;
A youth he seems in manhood's freshest years;
Round his fair neck, as clinging with delight,
Each golden curl resplendently appears,
Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic
wears:

Or o'er his guileless front the ringlets bright
Their rays of sunny lustre seem to throw,
That front than polished ivory more white!
His blooming cheeks with deeper blushes glow
Than roses scattered o'er a bed of snow:
While on his lips, distilled in balmy dews
(Those lips divine, that even in silence know
The heart to touch), persuasion to infuse,
Still hangs a rosy charm that never vainly sues.

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
Disclosed not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
But from their silky veil there seemed to peep
Some brilliant glances with a softened ray,
Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
And all his polished limbs suffuse with light.
Thus through some narrow space the azure day,
Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the brow of
night.

His fatal arrows and celestial bow
Beside the couch were negligently thrown,
Nor needs the god his dazzling arms to show
His glorious birth; such beauty round him
shone
As sure could spring from Beauty's self alone;
The bloom which glowed o'er all of soft desire
Could well proclaim him Beauty's cherished
son:
And Beauty's self will oft those charms admire,
And steal his witching smile, his glance's living
fire.

Speechless with awe, in transport strangely
lost,

Long Psyche stood with fixed adoring eye;
Her limbs immovable, her senses tossed
Between amazement, fear, and ecstasy,

She hangs enamored o'er the deity.
Till from her trembling hand extinguished falls
The fatal lamp, — he starts, — and suddenly
Tremendous thunders echo through the halls,
While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er the af-
frighted walls.

Dread horror seizes on her sinking heart,
A mortal chillness shudders at her breast,
Her soul shrinks fainting from death's icy dart,
The groan scarce uttered dies but half ex-
pressed,
And down she sinks in deadly swoon oppressed:
But when at length, awaking from her trance,
The terrors of her fate stand all confessed,
In vain she casts around her timid glance;
The rudely frowning scenes her former joys en-
hance.

No traces of those joys, alas, remain!
A desert solitude alone appears;
No verdant shade relieves the sandy plain,
The wide-spread waste no gentle fountain
cheers;
One barren face the dreary prospect wears;
Naught through the vast horizon meets her eye
To calm the dismal tumult of her fears;
No trace of human habitation nigh;
A sandy wild beneath, above a threatening sky.
Psyche.

THE LILY.

How withered, perished, seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

O, many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth:

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view:

Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsulled from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye;

And bear the long, cold wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom;
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring! shall burst the gloom.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774-1843.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 't was in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the king.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,

And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and going,
 And running and stunning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And dinning and spinning,
 And dropping and hopping,
 And working and jerking,
 And guggling and struggling,
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And moaning and groaning ;

And glittering and frittering,
 And gathering and feathering,
 And whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And thundering and floundering ;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And clattering and battering and shattering ;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and
 beaming,

And rushing and flushing and brushing and
 gushing,

And flapping and rapping and clapping and slap-
 ping,

And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 And thumping and plumping and bumping and
 jumping,

And dashing and flashing and splashing and clash-
 ing ;

And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

1830.

THE PIG.

A COLLOQUIAL POEM.

JACOB ! I do not like to see thy nose
 Turned up in scornful curve at yonder pig.
 It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,
 Were perfect in our kind ! And why despise

The sow-born grunter ? He is obstinate,
 Thou answerest ; ugly, and the filthiest beast
 That banquets upon offal. Now, I pray you,
 Hear the pig's counsel.

Is he obstinate ?

We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words ;
 We must not take them as unheeding hands
 Receive base money at the current worth,
 But with a just suspicion try their sound,
 And in the even balance weigh them well.
 See now to what this obstinacy comes ;
 A poor, mistreated, democratic beast,
 He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
 Their profit, and not his. He hath not learnt
 That pigs were made for man, — born to be brawned
 And baconized ; that he must please to give
 Just what his gracious masters please to take ;
 Perhaps his tusks, the weapons nature gave
 For self-defence, the general privilege ;
 Perhaps, — hark, Jacob ! dost thou hear that horn ?
 Woe to the young posterity of pork !
 Their enemy is at hand.

Again. Thou say'st

The pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him !
 Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.
 His face, — nay, Jacob, Jacob ! were it fair
 To judge a lady in her dishabille ?
 Fancy it dressed, and with saltpetre rouged.
 Behold his tail, my friend ; with curls like that
 The wanton hop marries her stately spouse :
 So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair
 Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
 And what is beauty, but the aptitude
 Of parts harmonious ? Give thy fancy scope,
 And thou wilt find that no imagined change
 Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
 The starry glories of the peacock's pride,
 Give him the swan's white breast ; for his horni-
 hoofs

Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves
 Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss
 When Venus from the enamored sea arose ;
 Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of him !
 All alteration man could think, would mar
 His pig-perfection.

The last charge, — he lives

A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
 With noble and right-reverend precedents,
 And show by sanction of authority
 That 't is a very honorable thing
 To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
 On better ground the unanswerable defence :
 The pig is a philosopher, who knows
 No prejudice. Dirt ? Jacob, what is dirt ?
 If matter, — why the delicate dish that tempts
 An o'ergorged epicure to the last morsel
 That stuffs him to the throat-gates, is no more.
 If matter be not, but, as sages say,

Spirit is all, and all things visible
Are one, the infinitely modified,
Think, Jacob, what that pig is, and the mire
Wherein he stands knee-deep!

And there! the breeze
Pleads with me, and has won thee to a smile
That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossomed field
Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

1799.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking Devil is gone,
To look at his little, snug farm of the world,
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he swished his tail,
As a gentleman swishes a cane.

How then was the Devil dressed?
O, he was in his Sunday's best;
His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came through.

A lady drove by in her pride,
In whose face an expression he spied,
For which he could have kissed her;
Such a flourishing, fine, clever creature was she,
With an eye as wicked as wicked can be:
"I should take her for my aunt," thought he;
"If my dam had had a sister."

He met a lord of high degree, —
No matter what was his name, —
Whose face with his own when he came to compare
The expression, the look, and the air,
And the character too, as it seemed to a hair, —
Such a twin-likeness there was in the pair,
That it made the Devil start and stare;
For he thought there was surely a looking-glass
there

But he could not see the frame.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill beside his stable;
"Ho!" quoth he, "thou put'st me in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel."

An apothecary on a white horse
Rode by on his vocation;
And the Devil thought of his old friend
Death in the Revelation.

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And he owned with a grin
That his favorite sin
Is pride that apes humility.

He saw a pig rapidly
Down a river float;
The pig swam well, but every stroke
Was cutting his own throat;

And Satan gave thereat his tail
A twirl of admiration;
For he thought of his daughter War
And her suckling babe Taxation.

Well enough, in sooth, he liked that truth,
And nothing the worse for the jest;
But this was only a first thought;
And in this he did not rest:
Another came presently into his head;
And here it proved, as has often been said,
That second thoughts are best.

For as piggy plied, with wind and tide,
His way with such celerity,
And at every stroke the water dyed
With his own red blood, the Devil cried
"Behold a swinish nation's pride
In cotton-spun prosperity!"

He walked into London leisurely;
The streets were dirty and dim;
But there he saw Brothers the prophet,
And Brothers the prophet saw him.*

He entered a thriving bookseller's shop;
Quoth he, "We are both of one college,
For I myself sate like a cormorant once
Upon the tree of knowledge."

As he passed through Cold-Bath Fields, he looked
At a solitary cell;
And he was well pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of hell.

He saw a turnkey tie a thief's hands
With a cordial tug and jerk;
"Nimbly," quoth he, "a man's fingers move
When his heart is in his work."

He saw the same turnkey unfettering a man
With little expedition;
And he chuckled to think of his dear slave-trade,
And the long debates and delays that were made
Concerning its abolition.

* * *
At this good news, so great
The Devil's pleasure grew,
That with a joyful swish he rent
The hole where his tail came through.

His countenance fell for a moment
When he felt the stitches go;

* "After this I was in a vision, having the angel of God
near me, and saw Satan walking leisurely into London." —
BROTHERS' *Prophecies*, Part I. p. 41.

"Ah!" thought he, "there's a job now
That I've made for my tailor below."

"Great news! bloody news!" cried a newsman;
The Devil said, "Stop, let me see!
Great news? bloody news?" thought the Devil,
"The bloodier the better for me."

So he bought the newspaper, and no news
At all for his money he had.
"Lying varlet," thought he, "thus to take in Old
Nick!
But it's some satisfaction, my lad,
To know thou art paid beforehand for the trick,
For the sixpence I gave thee is bad."

And then it came into his head,
By oracular inspiration,
That what he had seen and what he had said,
In the course of this visitation,
Would be published in the Morning Post
For all this reading nation.

Therewith in second-sight he saw
The place and the manner and time,
In which this mortal story
Would be put in immortal rhyme.

That it would happen when two poets
Should on a time be met
In the town of Nether Stowey,
In the shire of Somerset.

There, while the one was shaving,
Would he the song begin;
And the other, when he heard it at breakfast,
In ready accord join in.

So each would help the other,
Two heads being better than one;
And the phrase and conceit
Would in unison meet,
And so with glee the verse flow free
In ding-dong chime of sing-song rhyme,
Till the whole were merrily done.

And because it was set to the razor,
Not to the lute or harp,
Therefore it was that the fancy
Should be bright, and the wit be sharp.

"But then," said Satan to himself,
"As for that said beginner,
Against my infernal Majesty
There is no greater sinner.

"He hath put me in ugly ballads
With libellous pictures for sale;
He hath scoffed at my hoofs and my horns,
And has made very free with my tail.

"But this Mister Poet shall find
I am not a safe subject for whim;
For I'll set up a school of my own,
And my poets shall set upon him."

As he went along the Strand
Between three in the morning and four,
He observed a queer-looking person *
Who staggered from Perry's door.

And he thought that all the world over
In vain for a man you might seek,
Who could drink more like a Trojan,
Or talk more like a Greek.

The Devil then he prophesied
It would one day be matter of talk,
That with wine when smitten,
And with wit moreover being happily bitten,
This erudite bibber was he who had written
The story of this walk.

"A pretty mistake," quoth the Devil;
"A pretty mistake, I opine!
I have put many ill thoughts in his mouth;
He will never put good ones in mine."

Now the morning air was cold for him,
Who was used to a warm abode;
And yet he did not immediately wish
To set out on his homeward road.

For he had some morning calls to make
Before he went back to hell;
"So," thought he, "I'll step into a gaming-house,
And that will do as well";
But just before he could get to the door
A wonderful chance befell.

For all on a sudden, in a dark place,
He came upon General ——'s burning face;
And it struck him with such consternation,
That home in a hurry his way did he take,
Because he thought by a slight mistake
'T was the general conflagration.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'T was a piteous sight, to see, all around,
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

* Porson, the Greek scholar.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

"'T' faith, 't is an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returnéd he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm;
He had a countenance white with alarm;
"My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be, —
"Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly," quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way, —
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
"'T is the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes;
But soon a scream made him arise;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked; — it was only the cat;
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that;
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score;
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more.
Such numbers had never been heard of before;
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the
floor,

From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones;
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

1799.

THE INCHEAPE ROCK.*

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

* An old writer mentions a curious tradition which may be worth quoting. "By east the Isle of May," says he, "twelve miles from all land in the German seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed everie tide. It is reported, in old times, upon the saide rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger. This bell or clocke was put there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgment of God." — STODDARD'S *Remarks on Scotland*.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
 All things were joyful on that day;
 The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
 And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
 A darker speck on the ocean green;
 Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
 It made him whistle, it made him sing;
 His heart was mirthful to excess,
 But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
 Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
 And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
 And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
 And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
 And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound;
 The bubbles rose and burst around;
 Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
 Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
 He scoured the seas for many a day;
 And now, grown rich with plundered store,
 He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
 They cannot see the sun on high;
 The wind hath blown a gale all day;
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
 So dark it is they see no land.
 Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
 For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
 For methinks we should be near the shore."
 "Now where we are I cannot tell,
 But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
 Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
 "O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
 He cursed himself in his despair;
 The waves rush in on every side;
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
 A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
 The Devil below was ringing his knell.

1802.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening;
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet,
 In playing there, had found;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 "'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 "Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about;
 And often, when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out;
 For many thousand men," said he,
 "Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes;
 "Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout;
 But what they fought each other for,
 I could not well make out;
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 't was a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born baby died;

But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."

"Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay — nay — my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 't was a famous victory."

1798.

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

THE Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more
Must go with him to Moscow:
There were marshals by the dozen,
And dukes by the score;
Princes a few, and kings one or two;
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh-ho for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp, and the Emperor Nap;
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Nothing would do
For the whole of this crew,
But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talked so big
That he frightened Mr. Roscoe.
"John Bull," he cries, "if you'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
To grant you peace, upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!

He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians, and eat the Prussians;
For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!

And he'll certainly march to Moscow!"

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march to Moscow;
"The Russians," he said, "they were undone,
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come,
With a hop, step, and jump, unto London.
For, as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff it,
Do it he could, and do it he would,
And from doing it nothing would come but good,
And nothing could call him off it."
Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review,
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckoned:
It was, through thick and thin, to its party true;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
It served them for law and for gospel too.

But the Russians stoutly they turned to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to fight his way all through;
They could fight, though they could not parlez-
vous;
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado;
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
And all the others that end in "ow";
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch
And Karatschkowitch,
And all the others that end in "itch";
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in "eff";
Wasiltschikoff, Kostomarov,
And Tehoglokkoff,
And all the others that end in "off";
Rajeffsky and Novereffsky
And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in "effsky";
Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,

And all the others that end in "offsky."

And Platoff he played them off,
And Shouvaloff he shovelled them off,
And Markoff he marked them off,
And Krosnoff he crossed them off,
And Tuchkoff he touched them off,
And Boroskoff he bored them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Worronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctored them off,
And Rodionoff he flogged them off.

And, last of all, an admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name, —
A name which you all know by sight very well;
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might;
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night;
He would rather parlez-vous than fight:
But he looked white, and he looked blue,
Morableu! Parbleu!

When parlez-vous no more would do,
For they remembered Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found, in that hour,
Cared nothing for him, nor for all his power;
For him who, while Europe crouched under his
rod,

Put his trust in his fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!

What a horrible journey from Moscow!

What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night;
And he was besides in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Morableu! Parbleu!

He stole away — I tell you true —

Upon the road from Moscow.

"'T is myself," quoth he, "I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost."

Too cold upon the road was he;
Too hot had he been at Moscow;
But colder and hotter he may be,
For the grave is colder than Moscow;
And a place there is to be kept in view,
Where the fire is red, and the brimstone blue,
Morableu! Parbleu!

Which he must go to,

If the Pope say true,

If he does not in time look about him;

Where his namesake almost

He may have for his Host;

He has reckoned too long without him.

If that Host get him in Purgatory,

He won't leave him there alone with his glory;

But there he must stay for a very long day,

For from thence there is no stealing away,

As there was on the road from Moscow.

1813.

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.

STRANGER. Whom are they ushering from
the world, with all

This pageantry and long parade of death?

TOWNSMAN. A long parade, indeed, sir, and
yet here

You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong further, carriage behind carriage.

STR. 'T is but a mournful sight; and yet the
pomp

Tempts me to stand a gazer.

TOWNS.

Yonder school-boy,

Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show; and even
The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this;
Only that red and green are prettier colors
Than all this mourning. There, sir, you behold
One of the red-gowned worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange;
Ay, what was worth, last week, a good half-million,
Screwed down in yonder hearse!

STR.

Then he was born

Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

TOWNS. When first I heard his death, that
very wish

Leaped to my lips; but now the closing scene
Of the comedy hath wakened wiser thoughts;
And I bless God, that, when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.

STR.

The camel and the needle, —

Is that then in your mind?

TOWNS.

Even so. The text

Is gospel-wisdom. I would ride the camel, —
Yea, leap him, flying, through the needle's eye,
As easily as such a pampered soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

STR.

Your pardon, sir,

But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

TOWNS.

Your pardon, too, sir,

If, with this text before me, I should feel

In the preaching mood! But for these barren
fig-trees,

With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

STR. Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully,—the spoil of orphans wronged,
And widows who had none to plead their right?

TOWNS. All honest, open, honorable gains,
Fair, legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the East and West.

STR. Why judge you then
So hardly of the dead?

TOWNS. For what he left
Undone; for sins, not one of which is written
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant
him,

Believed no other gods than those of the Creed;
Bowed to no idols, but his money-bags;
Swore no false oaths, except at the custom-house;
Kept the Sabbath idle; built a monument
To honor his dead father; did no murder;
Never sustained an action for crim.-con.;
Never picked pockets; never bore false witness;
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbor's house, nor ox, nor ass!

STR. You knew him, then, it seems?

TOWNS. As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders;
They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.

STR. Nay, nay, uncharitable sir! for often
Doth bounty, like a streamlet, flow unseen,
Freshening and giving life along its course.

TOWNS. We track the streamlet by the brighter
green

And livelier growth it gives;—but as for this—
This was a pool that stagnated and stunk;
The rains of heaven engendered nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.

STR. Yet even these
Are reservoirs whence public charity
Still keeps her channels full.

TOWNS. Now, sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise:
But the poor man rung never at his door,
And the old beggar, at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.

His alms were money put to interest
In the other world,—donations to keep open
A running charity account with Heaven,—
Retaining fees against the Last Assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account

Shall be required from all, and the old Arch-Lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

STR.

I must needs

Believe you, sir:—these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping crowd. A good March wind
Were to be prayed for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum; the very hireling mute
Bears not a face more blank of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family!
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Costs not the soiling one white handkerchief?

TOWNS. Who should lament for him, sir, in
whose heart

Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlor spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus? Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught;
The multiplication-table was his Creed,
His Pater-noster, and his Decalogue.

When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He in a close and dusky counting-house
Smoke-dried, and seared, and shrivelled up his
heart.

So from the way in which he was trained up
His feet departed not; he toiled and moiled,
Poor muck-worm! through his threescore years
and ten;

And when the earth shall now be shovelled on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 't would still be dirt to dirt.

STR. Yet your next newspapers will blazon him
For industry and honorable wealth
A bright example.

TOWNS. Even half a million
Gets him no other praise. But come this way
Some twelve months hence, and you will find his
virtues

Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
Faith with her torch beside, and little Cupids
Dropping upon his urn their marble tears.

1803.

BISHOP BRUNO.*

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright:
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

* "Bruno, the Bishop of Herbigopolitum, sailing in the river
of Danubius, with Henry the Third, then Emperor, being not
far from a place which the Germanes call *Ben Strudel*, or the
devouring gulf, which is neere unto Grinon, a castle in Austria,

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain;
He turned to sleep, and he dreamt again;
He rang at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that opened the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech-owl
scream;

Bishop Bruno slept no more that night, —
O, glad was he when he saw the daylight!

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the emperor dines to-day;
There was not a baron in Germany
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride;
The people thronged to see their pride,
They bowed the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody blessed him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
“Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee;
But I would have you know, you travel to me!”

Behind, and before, and on either side,
He looked, but nobody he espied;
And the bishop at that grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rang at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the porter turned the key,
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the bishop recovered his glee,
For the emperor welcomed him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the bishop had blessed the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat, —
“With the emperor now you are dining with glee,
But know, Bishop Bruno, you sup with me!”

The bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite;
All the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart, that was sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,

a spirit was heard clamoring aloud, ‘Ho, ho, Bishop Bruno, whither art thou travelling? but dispose of thyself how thou pleassest, thou shalt be my prey and spoil.’ At the hearing of these words they were all stupefied, and the Bishop with the rest crossed and blessed themselves. The issue was, that within a short time after, the Bishop, feasting with the Emperor in a castle belonging to the Countess of Esburch, a rafter fell from the roof of the chamber wherein they sate, and strooke him dead at the table.” — *HEYWOOD'S Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels.*

Till at length he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare,
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there;
But when the maskers entered the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the maskers' crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud, —
“You have past the day, Bishop Bruno, in glee;
But you must pass the night with me!”

His cheek grows pale, and his eyeballs glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristled his hair;
With that there came one from the maskers' band,
And took the bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath;
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death;
On saints in vain he attempted to call;
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

1798.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by,
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

“Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?” quoth he,
“For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

“Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne.”

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be the better for
that,
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornishman, "many a
time

Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband, of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!"

The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the Cornishman said.
But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But 'i' faith, she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

1798.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

"You are old, Father William," the young man
cried;

"The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man
cried,

"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man
cried,

"And life must be hastening away;

You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William
replied;

"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
And he hath not forgotten my age."

1799.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?

The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves

Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;

No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;

But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;

And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblems see

Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere, —

To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;

Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,

All vain asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away,

Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,

The holly-leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;

But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;

So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
More grave than they;

That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

1798.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

"AND wherefore do the poor complain?"

The rich man asked of me.

"Come walk abroad with me," I said,
"And I will answer thee."

'T was evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold,
And we were wrapped and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old, bareheaded man;
His locks were thin and white;
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

The cold was keen indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young, barefooted child,
And she begged loud and bold;
I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick abed;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

I asked her why she loitered there
When the night-wind was so chill;
She turned her head and bade the child
That screamed behind, be still;—

Then told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away,
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl; her dress was loose,
And sunken was her eye,
Who with a wanton's hollow voice
Addressed the passers-by.

I asked her what there was in guilt
That could her heart allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse:
She answered, she was poor.

I turned me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he,—
"You asked me why the poor complain,
And these have answered thee!"

1798.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.*

DACTYLICS.

WEARY way-wanderer, languid and sick at heart,
Travelling painfully over the rugged road,
Wild-visaged wanderer! God help thee, wretched
one!

Sorely thy little one drags by thee barefooted;
Cold is the baby that hangs at thy bending back,
Meagre, and livid, and screaming for misery.

Woe-begone mother, half anger, half agony,
As over thy shoulder thou lookest to hush the babe,
Bleakly the blinding snow beats in thy haggard
face.†

Ne'er will thy husband return from the war again,
Cold is thy heart, and as frozen as charity!
Cold are thy children. Now God be thy com-
forter!

1795.

THE WIDOW.

SAPPHICS.

COLD was the night-wind, drifting fast the snow
fell,
Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked,
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
Weary and way-sore.

Drear were the downs, more dreary her reflections;
Cold was the night-wind, colder was her bosom;
She had no home, the world was all before her,
She had no shelter.

Fast o'er the heath a chariot rattled by her,
"Pity me!" feebly cried the lonely wanderer;
"Pity me, strangers! lest with cold and hunger
Here I should perish.

"Once I had friends,—though now by all for-
saken!
Once I had parents,—they are now in heaven!
I had a home once,—I had once a husband,—
Pity me, strangers!

"I had a home once,—I had once a husband,—
I am a widow, poor and broken-hearted!"
Loud blew the wind; unheard was her com-
plaining,
On drove the chariot.

* This and the poem which follows were mercilessly ridiculed by Canning, Frere, and the other wits of the *Anti-Jacobins*. What there was so peculiarly funny in the bleak statement of the wants of the poor and the wretched, it is difficult to conceive. But the poet was then a "Jacobin," and that was reason enough for ridiculing even his sentiments of common humanity.

† This stanza was written by S. T. Coleridge.

Then on the snow she laid her down to rest her;
 She heard a horseman; "Pity me!" she groaned
 out;
 Loud was the wind; unheard was her complain-
 ing;
 On went the horseman.

Worn out with anguish, toil, and cold, and hunger,
 Down sunk the wanderer; sleep had seized her
 senses;
 There did the traveller find her in the morning;
 God had released her.

1795.

ST. ROMUALD.

ONE day, it matters not to know
 How many hundred years ago,
 A Frenchman stopped at an inn door:
 The landlord came to welcome him, and chat
 Of this and that,
 For he had seen the traveller there before.
 "Doth holy Romuald dwell
 Still in his cell?"
 The traveller asked, "or is the old man dead?"
 "No; he has left his loving flock, and we
 So great a Christian nevermore shall see,"
 The landlord answered, and he shook his head.

"Ah, sir, we knew his worth!
 If ever there did live a saint on earth!
 Why, sir, he always used to wear a shirt
 For thirty days, all seasons, day and night:
 Good man, he knew it was not right
 For dust and ashes to fall out with dirt;
 And then he only hung it out in the rain,
 And put it on again.

"There has been perilous work
 With him and the Devil there in yonder cell;
 For Satan used to maul him like a Turk.
 There they would sometimes fight
 All through a winter's night,
 From sunset until morn,
 He with a cross, the Devil with his horn;
 The Devil spitting fire, with might and main,
 Enough to make St. Michael half afraid;
 He splashing holy water till he made
 His red hide hiss again,
 And the hot vapor filled the smoking cell.
 This was so common that his face became
 All black and yellow with the brimstone flame,
 And then he smelt, — O Lord! how he did smelt!

"Then, sir! to see how he would mortify
 The flesh! If any one had dainty fare,
 Good man, he would come there,
 And look at all the delicate things, and cry
 'O belly, belly,

You would be gormandizing now, I know;
 But it shall not be so! —
 Home to your bread and water, — home, I tell
 ye!"

"But," quoth the traveller, "wherefore did he
 leave
 A flock that knew his saintly worth so well?"
 "Why," said the landlord, "sir, it so befell
 He heard unluckily of our intent
 To do him a great honor; and, you know,
 He was not covetous of fame below,
 And so by stealth one night away he went."

"What might this honor be?" the traveller
 cried.

"Why, sir," the host replied,
 "We thought perhaps that he might one day
 leave us;
 And then should strangers have
 The good man's grave,
 A loss like that would naturally grieve us;
 For he'll be made a saint of, to be sure.
 Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
 His relics while we might;
 And so we meant to strangle him one night."
 1798.

NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven:
 In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert-circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night!

Thalaba.

MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD ARE PASSED.

My days among the dead are passed;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old:
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
 And seek relief in woe;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedewed
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
 I live in long-past years,

Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

KEHAMA'S CURSE.

I CHARM thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
And the beasts of blood:
From sickness I charm thee,
And time shall not harm thee;
But earth, which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;
And water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee:
And the winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee,
And the dews shall not wet thee
When they fall nigh thee;
And thou shalt seek death
To release thee, in vain;
Thou shalt live in thy pain,
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain;
And sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever.

The Curse of Kehama.

LOVE.

THEY sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But love is indestructible.
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:

It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.
O, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

The Curse of Kehama.

WASHINGTON AND GEORGE THE THIRD.

*The ANGEL who summons the accusers and the
absolvers of the king.*

"Ho!" he exclaimed, "King George of England
standeth in judgment!
Hell hath been dumb in his presence. Ye who
on earth arraigned him,
Come ye before him now, and here accuse or
absolve him!
For injustice hath here no place."

From the souls of the blessed
Some were there then who advanced; and more
from the skirts of the meeting, —
Spirits who had not yet accomplished their puri-
fication,
Yet, being cleansed from pride, from faction and
error delivered,
Purged of the film wherewith the eye of the mind
is clouded,
They, in their better state, saw all things clear;
and discerning
Now, in the light of truth, what tortuous views
had deceived them,
They acknowledged their fault, and owned the
wrong they had offered;
Not without ingenuous shame, and a sense of
compunction,
More or less, as each had more or less to atone
for.
One alone remained, when the rest had retired
to their station:
Silently he had stood, and still unmoved and in
silence,
With a steady mien, regarded the face of the
monarch.
Thoughtful awhile he gazed; severe, but serene,
was his aspect;
Calm, but stern; like one whom no compassion
could weaken,
Neither could doubt deter, nor violent impulses
alter;
Lord of his own resolves, — of his own heart
absolute master.
Awful spirit; his place was with ancient sages
and heroes;
Fabius, Aristides, and Solon, and Epaminondas.

"Here then at the Gate of Heaven we are met!"
 said the spirit:
 "King of England! albeit in life opposed to each
 other,
 Here we meet at last. Not unprepared for the
 meeting
 When I; for we had both outlived all enmity,
 rendering
 Each to each that justice which each from each
 had withholden.
 In the course of events, to thee I seemed as a
 rebel,
 Thou a tyrant to me; so strongly doth circum-
 stance rule men
 During evil days, when right and wrong are
 confounded.
 Left to our hearts we were just. For me, my
 actions have spoken,
 That not for lawless desires, nor goaded by
 desperate fortunes,
 Nor for ambition, I chose my part; but observant
 of duty,
 Self-approved. And here, this witness I willingly
 bear thee,—
 Here, before angels and men, in the awful hour
 of judgment,—
 Thou too didst act with upright heart, as befitted
 a sovereign
 True to his sacred trust, to his crown, his king-
 dom, and people.
 Heaven in these things fulfilled its wise, though
 inscrutable purpose,
 While we worked its will, doing each in his place
 as became him."

"Washington!" said the monarch, "well hast
 thou spoken and truly,
 Just to thyself and to me. On them is the guilt
 of the contest,
 Who for wicked ends, with foul arts of faction
 and falsehood,
 Kindled and fed the flame; but verily they have
 their guerdon.
 Thou and I are free from offence. And would
 that the nations,
 Learning of us, would lay aside all wrongful
 resentment,
 All injurious thought, and, honoring each in the
 other
 Kindred courage and virtue, and cognate knowl-
 edge and freedom,
 Live in brotherhood wisely conjoined. We set
 the example.
 They who stir up strife, and would break that
 natural concord,
 Evil they sow, and sorrow will they reap for their
 harvest."

A Vision of Judgment.

JAMES SMITH.

1775-1830.

TO MR. STRAHAN,*

ENFEEBLED BY THE GOUT.

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
 When last I saw you walk;
 The cause I presently found out
 When you began to talk.

The power that props the body's length,
 In due proportion spread,
 In you mounts upwards, and the strength
 All settles in the head.

TO MISS EDGEWORTH.

We every-day bards may "anonymous" sign,—
 That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be
 thine.

Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
 Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
 Good and bad join in telling the source of their
 birth;

The bad own their Edge, and the good own their
 Worth.

THE BABY'S DÉBÛT.†

My brother Jack was nine in May,
 And I was eight on New Year's Day;
 So in Kate Wilson's shop
 Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
 Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
 And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,
 He thinks mine came to more than his,
 So to my drawer he goes,
 Takes out the doll, and, O my stars!
 He pokes her head between the bars,
 And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
 And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
 And bang, with might and main,
 Its head against the parlor-door:
 Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
 And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite;
 Well, let him cry, it serves him right.

A pretty thing, forsooth!
 If he's to melt, all scalding hot,

* This, financially speaking, is probably the most successful
Jeu d'esprit recorded in literature. Mr. Strahan was so much
 pleased with it that he made a codicil to his will, bequeathing
 the writer £3,000.

† A caricature of Wordsworth's style.

Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt;
No Drury Lane for you to-day!"
And while papa said, "Pool, she may!"
Mamma said, "No, she sha' n't!"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind;
The tails of both hung down behind;
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber-room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes
(I always talk to Sam):
So what does he, but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall, and not so thick
As these; and, goodness me!
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As these that now I see.

What a large floor! 't is like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound:
And there's a row of lamps; my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr. Thing-
Umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, "Go on, my pretty love;
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

"You've only got to courtesy, whisp-
er, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,
And then you're sure to take:
I've known the day when brats not quite
Thirteen got fifty pounds a night,
Then why not Nancy Lake?"

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?
And where's my aunt? and where's mamma?

Where's Jack? O, there they sit!
They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show;
So, bidding you adieu,
I courtesy, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

The Rejected Addresses.

THE THEATRE.*

'T is sweet to view, from half past five to six,
Our long wax candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start:
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane,
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape and gaze and wonder ere they sit . . .

What various swains our motley walls contain!
Fashion from Moorfields, honor from Chick
Lane;

Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five, they want but twopence
more,

Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs:
Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds, we wish they'd mind their
talk;

Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live,
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling fortune seemed to threaten woe.
John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter, — a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred

* A caricature of the style of Crabbe.

(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's head.
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down:
Pat was the urchin's name, a red-haired youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat;
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one, to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost when new but four?
Or till half price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you," cries Pat, "but one won't make
a line";

"Take mine," cried Wilson; "and," cried
Stokes, "take mine."

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,
Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and
blue,

Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band;
Upsoars the prize; the youth, with joy unfeigned,
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained,
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

The Rejected Addresses.

THE UPAS IN MARYBONE LANE.

A TREE grew in Java, whose pestilent kind
A venom distilled of the deadliest kind;
The Dutch sent their felons its juices to draw,
And who returned safe, pleaded pardon by law.

Face-muffled, the culprits crept into the vale,
Advancing from windward to 'scape the death-
gale;

How few the reward of their victory earned!
For ninety-nine perished for one who returned.

Britannia this Upas-tree bought of Mynheer,
Removed it through Holland, and planted it here;
'T is now a stock-plant of the genus wolf's-bane,
And one of them blossoms in Marybone Lane.

The house that surrounds it stands first in the
row,

Two doors at right angles swing open below;
And the children of misery daily steal in,
And the poison they draw they denominate *Gin*.

There enter the prude, and the reprobate boy,
The mother of grief, and the daughter of joy,
The serving-maid slim, and the serving-man
stout,

They quickly steal in, and they slowly reel out.

Surcharged with the venom, some walk forth
erect,

Apparently baffling its deadly effect;
But, sooner or later, the reckoning arrives,
And ninety-nine perish for one who survives.

They cautious advance with slouched bonnet and
hat,

They enter at this door, they go out at that;
Some bear off their burden with riotous glee,
But most sink in sleep at the foot of the tree.

Tax, Chancellor Van, the Batavian to thwart,
This compound of crime at a sovereign a quart;
Let gin fetch per bottle the price of champagne,
And hew down the Upas in Marybone Lane.



SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.*

1775-1822.

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

AT Willie's wedding on the green,
The lassies, bonny witches!
Were a' dressed out in aprons clean,
And braw white Sunday mitches:
Auld Maggie bade the lads tak' tent,
But Jock would not believe her;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country dance or reel,
Wi' her he would be bobbing;
When she sat down, he sat down,
And to her would be gabbing;
Where'er she gaed, baith butt and ben,
The coof would never leave her;
Aye keekling like a clocking hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.
Jenny dang, etc.

Quo' he, "My lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither;
You've bonny een, and if you're kind,
I'll never seek anither."

* The son of the biographer of Johnson.

He hummed and hawed, the lass cried, "Pough!"
 And bade the coof no deave her;
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
 And dang the silly weaver.
 And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
 Jenny dang the weaver;
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
 And dang the silly weaver.

JOHN LEYDEN.

1775-1811.

SABBATH MORN.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
 That scarcely wakes while all the fields are still;
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
 A graver murmur echoes from the hill,
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
 The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
 Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
 The sky a placid yellow lustre throws;
 The gales that lately sighed along the grove
 Have hushed their drowsy wings in dead repose;
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:
 So soft the day when the first morn arose!

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.*

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!
 What vanity has brought thee here?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
 The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
 For twilight converse, arm in arm;
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
 When mirth and music went to charm.
 By Cheral's dark wandering streams,
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
 Of Tevot loved while still a child,
 Of castled rocks stupendous piled
 By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
 Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
 Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!
 Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
 The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
 That once so bright on fancy played,
 Revives no more in after-time.
 Far from my sacred natal clime,
 I haste to an untimely grave;
 The daring thoughts that soared sublime
 Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

* Written in Malabar.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
 Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
 A gentle vision comes by night
 My lonely widowed heart to cheer:
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
 That once were guiding stars to mine;
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
 I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
 I left a heart that loved me true!
 I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
 To roam in climes unkind and new.
 The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my withered heart; the grave
 Dark and untimely met my view,—
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
 A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
 Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
 From love, from friendship, country, torn,
 To memory's fond regrets the prey;
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
 Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

How sweet thy modest light to view,
 Fair star, to love and lovers dear!
 While trembling on the falling dew,
 Like beauty shining through a tear.

Or, hanging o'er that mirror-stream,
 To mark that image trembling there,
 Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,
 To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
 The moon thy timid beams outshine,
 As far as thine each starry light;—
 Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours,
 When twilight lingers on the plain,
 And whispers to the closing flowers
 That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
 As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
 And bids the yielding heart expand
 In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doomed to prove
 That rapture's tears are mixed with pain,
 Ah, still I feel 't is sweet to love!
 But sweeter to be loved again.

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

1775-1841.

NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report Divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?

Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.*

1775-1804.

IPHIGENIA.

IPHIGENIA, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said:
"O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the goddess spake; — old age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,
While I was resting on her knee both arms,
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might not he, also, hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?"
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropt down it; but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more:
"O father! sayest thou nothing? Hearest thou not

Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listened to fondly, and awakened me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest?"
He moved her gently from him, silent still;
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,

* Landor was the original of the boisterous Mr. Boythorn in Dickens's *Bleak House*. The impression made on the reader's mind by reading Landor's works is very different from that which Dickens conveys in his humorous exaggeration of his personal traits.

Although she saw fate nearer. Then with sighs:
"I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not dimmed
Her polished altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the nymphs, and to have asked of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,

I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;
And (after these who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athene, that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes, —
But, father, to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone!"
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over hers;
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turned away, — not far, but silent still.
She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she raised her voice:
"O father! if the ships are now detained,
And all your vows move not the gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer

The less to them; and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent, than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?"
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now entered, and without
One word, stepped slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
Then turned she where her parent stood, and
cried:
"O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail."



TO MACAULAY.*

THE dreamy rhymers' measured snore
Falls heavy on our ears no more;
And by long strides are left behind
The dear delights of womankind,
Who wage their battles like their loves,
In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,
And have achieved the crowning work
When they have trussed and skewered a Turk.
Another comes with stouter tread,
And stalks among the statelier dead:
He rushes on, and hails by turns
High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns;
And shows the British youth, who ne'er
Will lag behind, what Romans were,
When all the Tuscans and their Lars
Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

* On the publication of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

ON THE DEATH OF SOUTHEY.

Not the last struggle of the sun,
Precipitated from his golden throne,
Holds darkling mortals in sublime suspense,
But the calm exod of a man
Nearer, though high above, who ran
The race we run, when Heaven recalls him hence.

Thus, O thou pure of earthly taint !
Thus, O my Southey ! poet, sage, and saint,
Thou, after saddest silence, art removed.
What voice in anguish can we raise ?
Thee would we, need we, dare we praise ?
God now does that, — the God thy whole heart
loved.

SIXTEEN.

In Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me ?

Lucilla asks, if that be all ;
Have I not culled as sweet before —
Ah, yes, Lucilla ! and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever ;
And Modesty, who, when she goes,
Is gone forever.

THE DRAGON-FLY.*

LIFE (priest and poet say) is but a dream ;
I wish no happier one than to be laid
Beneath some cool syringa's scented shade ;
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,
Brimful of moral, where the dragon-fly
Wanders as careless and content as I.
Thanks for this fancy, insect king,
Of purple crest and meshy wing,
Who, with indifference, givest up
The water-lily's golden cup,
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book.
Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine ;

* The great naturalist Agassiz fully sympathized with this thought. Wherever, in the animal kingdom, he saw movement, he recognized soul ; and he believed soul immortal.

And yet their souls shall live forever,
And thine drop dead into the river !
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing !

THE SHELL AND THE OCEAN.*

BUT I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave :
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

Gebir.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not ; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke : yet could he
speak,
Alas ! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him : I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'T was vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death !
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me ; but mine returns,
And this lone bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years
Wept he as bitter tears !
"Merciful God !" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share !"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
And O, pray, too, for me !

THE BRIER.

My brier that smelledst sweet,
When gentle spring's first heat
Ran through thy quiet veins ;
Thou that couldst injure none,
But wouldst be left alone,
Alone thou leavest me, and naught of thine re-
mains.

* This is the slight foundation on which Wordsworth built his memorable image of the boy and the shell.

What! hath no poet's lyre
 O'er thee, sweet-breathing brier,
 Hung fondly ill or well?
 And yet, methinks, with thee
 A poet's sympathy,
 Whether in weal or woe, in life or death, might
 dwell.

Hard usage both must bear,
 Few hands your youth will rear,
 Few bosoms cherish you;
 Your tender prime must bleed
 Ere you are sweet; but, freed
 From life, you then are prized; thus prized are
 poets too.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are what the mothers are.
 No fondest father's fondest care
 Can fashion so the infant heart
 As those creative beams that dart,
 With all their hopes and fears, upon
 The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
 A father near him on his knee,
 Who wishes all the while to trace
 The mother in his future face;
 But 't is to her alone uprise
 His wakening arms; to her those eyes
 Open with joy and not surprise.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise
 Listen to pretty lies,
 And love to hear them told;
 Doubt not that Solomon
 Listened to many a one,—
 Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
 The choir of Wisdom's song,
 But pretty lies loved I
 As much as any king,—
 When youth was on the wing,
 And (must it then be told?) when youth had
 quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
 The pleasant hour forgot,
 When one pert lady said,—
 "O Landor! I am quite
 Bewildered with affright;
 I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your head!"

Another, more benign,
 Drew out that hair of mine,

And in her own dark hair
 Pretended she had found
 That one, and twirled it round,—
 Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

TO AGE.

WELCOME, old friend! These many years
 Have we lived door by door:
 The Fates have laid aside their shears
 Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocile at an age
 When better boys were taught,
 But thou at length hast made me sage,
 If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,
 Too little they from me,
 But thou hast pointed well the pen
 That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope,
 One vile, the other vain;
 One's scourge, the other's telescope,
 I shall not see again:

Rather what lies before my feet
 My notice shall engage.
 He who hath braved youth's dizzy heat
 Dreads not the frost of age.

DEATH.

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
 I know not what into my ear:
 Of his strange language all I know
 Is, there is not a word of fear.

ROSE AYLMER.

Ah, what avails the sceptred race,
 Ah, what the form divine!
 What every virtue, every grace!
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
 Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep, but never see,
 A night of memories and of sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

LINNETS SINGING.

VERY true, the linnets sing
 Sweetest in the leaves of spring:
 You have found in all these leaves
 That which changes and deceives;
 And, to pine by sun or star,
 Left them, false ones as they are.
 But there be who walk beside

Autumn's, till they all have died,
And who lend a patient ear
To low notes from branches sere.

THE OLD MASTERS.

FIRST bring me Raphael, who alone hath seen
In all her purity Heaven's virgin queen,
Alone hath felt true beauty; bring me then
Titian, ennobler of the noblest men;
And next the sweet Correggio, nor chastise
His little Cupids for those wicked eyes.
I want not Rubens's pink puffy bloom,
Nor Rembrandt's glimmer in a dusty room.
With those, and Poussin's nymph-frequented
woods,

His templed heights and long-drawn solitudes
I am content, yet fain would look abroad
On one warm sunset of Ausonian Claude.

GIFTS.

FROM leaves unopened yet, those eyes she lifts,
Which never youthful eyes could safely view.
"A book or flower, such are the only gifts
I like to take, nor like them least from you."
A voice so sweet it needs no music's aid
Spake it, and ceast: we, offering both, reply:
These tell the dull old tale that bloom must fade,
This the bright truth that genius cannot die.

TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE hay is carried; and the hours
Snatch, as they pass, the linden flowers;
And children leap to pluck a spray
Bent earthward, and then run away.
Park-keeper! catch me those grave thieves
About whose frocks the fragrant leaves,
Sticking and fluttering here and there,
No false nor faltering witness bear.

I never view such scenes as these
In grassy meadow girt with trees,
But comes a thought of her who now
Sits with serenely patient brow
Amid deep sufferings: none hath told
More pleasant tales to young and old.
Fondest was she of Father Thames,
But rambled to Hellenic streams;
Nor even there could any tell
The country's purer charms so well
As Mary Mitford.

Verse! go forth

And breathe o'er gentle breasts her worth.
Needless the task . . . but should she see
One hearty wish from you and me,
A moment's pain it may assuage,—
A rose-leaf on the couch of Age.

TO ROBERT BROWNING.

THERE is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer: and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the praised far off him, far above.
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walkt along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing; the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Analfi, where
The siren waits thee, singing song for song.

TO THE SISTER OF ELIA.

COMFORT thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years
Far worthier things than tears.
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has; what then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Though the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest.

CHARLES LAMB.*

1775 - 1834.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

MAY the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,

* The genius of this exquisite and original humorist was chiefly displayed in his prose essays and letters. Lamb enjoys the high distinction of making a friend wherever he finds a sympathetic reader. No other writer of the nineteenth century has so thoroughly established himself as a companion of the cultivated people who appreciate him. The Lamb party, in the republic of letters, is the strongest of all, because the

Or a fit expression find,
 Or a language to my mind
 (Still the phrase is wide or scant),
 To take leave of thee, Great Plant!
 Or in any terms relate
 Half my love, or half my hate:
 For I hate, yet love thee so,
 That, whichever thing I show,
 The plain truth will seem to be
 A constrained hyperbole,
 And the passion to proceed
 More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
 Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
 Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
 Thy begrimed complexion,
 And, for thy pernicious sake,
 More and greater oaths to break
 Than reclaimed lovers take
 'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
 Much too in the female way,
 While thou suck'st the laboring breath
 Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
 That our worst foes cannot find us,
 And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
 Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
 While each man, through thy heightening steam,
 Does like a smoking Etna seem,
 And all about us does express
 (Fancy and wit in richest dress)
 A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
 That our best friends do not know us,
 And, for those allowed features,
 Due to reasonable creatures,
 Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
 Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
 Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
 Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
 His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
 That but by reflex canst show
 What his deity can do,
 As the false Egyptian spell
 Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
 Some few vapors thou mayst raise,
 The weak brain may serve to amaze,

opposition can only come from those who have not read him. His fame is limited, though it is destined to increase with every new "revival of letters," directing attention to the essential traits of individual and original genius. Lamb is not only original but unique. It is hopeless to dream that we shall ever see his like again. Nature broke the mould after fashioning him. In every region where the English language is spoken,—in Great Britain, in the United States, in Canada, in Australia,—it will be found that Charles Lamb has at least a few ardent admirers, who are infected with a fine fanaticism for their favorite writer, who know his works by heart, and who are zealous to extend the knowledge of them in all societies with which they mingle.

But to the reins and nobler heart,
 Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
 The old world was sure forlorn
 Wanting thee, that aidest more
 The god's victories than before
 All his panthers, and the brawls
 Of his piping Bacchanals.
 These, as stale, we disallow,
 Or judge of thee meant: only thou
 His true Indian conquest art;
 And, for ivy round his dart,
 The reformed god now weaves
 A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
 Chemic art did ne'er presume;
 Through her quaint alembic strain,
 None so sovereign to the brain:
 Nature, that did in thee excel,
 Framed again no second smell.
 Roses, violets, but toys
 For the smaller sort of boys,
 Or for greener damsels meant;
 Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
 Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
 Africa, that brags her foison,
 Breeds no such prodigious poison;
 Henbane, nightshade, both together,
 Hemlock, aconite—

Nay, rather,

Plant divine, of rarest virtue:
 Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
 'T was but in a sort I blamed thee;
 None e'er prospered who defamed thee;
 Irony all, and feigned abuse,
 Such as perplexed lovers use
 At a need, when, in despair
 To paint forth their fairest fair,
 Or in part but to express
 That exceeding comeliness
 Which their fancies doth so strike,
 They borrow language of dislike;
 And, instead of Dearest Miss,
 Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
 And those forms of old admiring,
 Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
 Basilisk, and all that's evil,
 Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
 Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
 Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
 Friendly Traitor, loving Foe,—
 Not that she is truly so,
 But no other way they know
 A contentment to express,
 Borders so upon excess,
 That they do not rightly wot
 Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part
 With what's nearest to their heart,
 While their sorrow's at the height,
 Lose discrimination quite,
 And their hasty wrath let fall,
 To appease their frantic gail,
 On the darling thing whatever,
 Whence they feel it death to sever,
 Though it be, as they, perforce,
 Guiltless of the sad divorce.
 For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
 Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee;
 For thy sake, Tobacco, I
 Would do anything but die,
 And but seek to extend my days
 Long enough to sing thy praise.
 But as she, who once hath been
 A king's consort, is a queen
 Ever after, nor will bate
 Any tittle of her state,
 Though a widow, or divorced,
 So I, from thy converse forced,
 The old name and style retain,
 A right Katherine of Spain;
 And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
 Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
 Where, though I, by sour physician,
 And debarred the full fruition
 Of thy favors, I may catch
 Some collateral sweets, and snatch
 Sidelong odors, that give life
 Like glances from a neighbor's wife;
 And still live in the by-places
 And the suburbs of thy graces;
 And in thy borders take delight,
 An unconquered Canaanite.

TO HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 Though ye among a thousand try,
 With vain endeavor.

A month or more she hath been dead,
 Yet cannot I by force be led
 To think upon the wormy bed,
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
 A rising step, did indicate
 Of pride and joy no common rate,
 That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
 I shall it call: — if 't was not pride,
 It was a joy to that allied,
 She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
 Which doth the human feeling cool;
 But she was trained in Nature's school;
 Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
 A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
 A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
 Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor! gone before
 To that unknown and silent shore,
 Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
 Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
 Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
 A bliss that would not go away,
 A sweet forewarning?

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-
 days,
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
 Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my child-
 hood;
 Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
 Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
 So might we talk of the old familiar faces, —

How some they have died, and some they have
 left me,
 And some are taken from me; all are departed;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON AS BORN.

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
 A curious frame of Nature's work;
 A floweret crushed in the bud,
 A nameless piece of babyhood
 Was in her cradle-coffin lying;

Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying :
 So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
 For darker closets of the tomb !
 She did but ope an eye, and put
 A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
 For the long dark : ne'er more to see
 Through glasses of mortality.
 Riddle of destiny, who can show
 What thy short visit meant, or know
 What thy errand here below ?
 Shall we say, that Nature blind
 Checked her hand, and changed her mind
 Just when she had exactly wrought
 A finished pattern without fault ?
 Could she flag, or could she tire,
 Or lacked she the Promethean fire
 (With her nine moons' long workings sickened)
 That should thy little limbs have quickened ?
 Limbs so firm, they seemed to assure
 Life of health, and days mature :
 Woman's self in miniature !
 Limbs so fair, they might supply
 (Themselves now but cold imagery)
 The sculptor to make Beauty by.
 Or did the stern-eyed Fate desery
 That babe or mother, one must die ;
 So in mercy left the stock
 And cut the branch ; to save the shock
 Of young years widowed, and the pain
 When single state comes back again
 To the lone man who, reft of wife,
 Thenceforward drags a maimed life ?
 The economy of Heaven is dark,
 And wisest clerks have missed the mark
 Why human buds, like this, should fall
 More brief than fly ephemeral
 That has his day ; while shrivelled crones
 Stiffen with age to stocks and stones ;
 And crabb'd use the conscience sears
 In sinners of an hundred years.
 — Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
 Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss :
 Rites, which custom does impose,
 Silver bells, and baby clothes ;
 Coral redder than those lips
 Which pale death did late eclipse ;
 Music framed for infants' glee,
 Whistle never tuned for thee ;
 Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
 Loving hearts were they which gave them.
 Let not one be missing ; nurse,
 See them laid upon the hearse
 Of infant slain by doom perverse.
 Why should kings and nobles have
 Pictured trophies to their grave,
 And we, churls, to thee deny
 Thy pretty toys with thee to lie, —
 A more harmless vanity ?

THE CHRISTENING.

ARRAYED — a half-angelic sight —
 In vests of pure baptismal white,
 The mother to the font doth bring
 The little helpless, nameless thing
 With hushes soft and mild caressing,
 At once to get — a name and blessing.
 Close by the babe the priest doth stand,
 The cleansing water at his hand
 Which must assoil the soul within
 From every stain of Adam's sin.
 The infant eyes the mystic scenes,
 Nor knows what all this wonder means ;
 And now he smiles, as if to say,
 " I am a Christian made this day " ;
 Now frighted clings to nurse's hold,
 Shrinking from the water cold,
 Whose virtues, rightly understood,
 Are, as Bethesda's waters, good.
 Strange words, — the World, the Flesh, the
 Devil, —
 Poor babe, what can it know of evil ?
 But we must silently adore
 Mysterious truths, and not explore.
 Enough for him, in after times,
 When he shall read these artless rhymes,
 If, looking back upon this day
 With quiet conscience, he can say,
 " I have in part redeemed the pledge
 Of my baptismal privilege ;
 And more and more will strive to flee
 All which my sponsors kind did then renounce
 for me."

CHILDHOOD.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
 Upon the days gone by ; to act in thought
 Past seasons o'er, and be again a child ;
 To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
 Down which the child would roll ; to pluck gay
 flowers,
 Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
 (Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled),
 Would throw away, and straight take up again,
 Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
 Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
 That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

THE GYPSY'S MALISON.

" Suck, baby, suck ! mother's love grows by giv-
 ing ;
 Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wast-
 ing :
 Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living
 Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.

"Kiss, baby, kiss! mother's lips shine by kisses;
Choke the warm breath that else would fall in
blessings:

Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty
blisses

Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.

"Hang, baby, hang! mother's love loves such
forces;

Strain the fond neck that bends still to thy clinging:
Black manhood comes, when violent lawless
courses

Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging."

So sang a withered beldam energetical,
And banned the ungiving door with lips prophetic.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE COUNTRY.

To see the sun to bed, and to arise
Like some hot amorist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bonds of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night-clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence while these lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretched, in very idleness,
Naught doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Filched from the careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the woods berries and worms provide,
Without their pains, when earth has naught beside
To answer their small wants.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop and gaze, then turn, they know not why,
Like bashful youngers in society.
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

John Woodvil.

MARY LAMB.*

- 1847.

THE FIRST TOOTH.

SISTER.

THROUGH the house what busy joy,
Just because the infant boy
Has a tiny tooth to show.
I have got a double row,

* There is a pathetic interest connected with the name of this sister of Charles Lamb. His lifelong devotion to her is one of the most touching events in literary history. His goodness was as unmistakably proved by his conduct as his genius by his writings. It was only after Mary Lamb's death that the quiet heroism of her brother could be fitly recorded.

All as white, and all as small;
Yet no one cares for mine at all.
He can say but half a word,
Yet that single sound's preferred
To all the words that I can say
In the longest summer day.
He cannot walk, yet if he put
With mimic motion out his foot,
As if he thought he were advancing,
It's prized more than my best dancing.

BROTHER.

Sister, I know, you jesting are,
Yet O, of jealousy beware.
If the smallest seed should be
In your mind of jealousy,
It will spring, and it will shoot,
Till it bear the baneful fruit.
I remember you, my dear,
Young as is this infant here.
There was not a tooth of those
Your pretty even ivory rows,
But as anxiously was watched,
Till it burst its shell new hatched,
As if it a Phoenix were,
Or some other wonder rare.
So when you began to walk, —
So when you began to talk, —
As now, the same encomiums past.
'Tis not fitting this should last
Longer than our infant days;
A child is fed with milk and praise.

THE TWO BOYS.

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read as he'd devour it all:
Which when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,
"You, sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look."
The boy passed slowly on, and with a sigh
He wished he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have had
no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many,
Which never can the rich annoy.
I soon perceived another boy
Who looked as if he'd not had any
Food for that day at least, enjoy
The sight of cold meat in a tavern-larder.
This boy's case, thought I, is surely harder,
Thus hungry longing, thus without a penny,
Beholding choice of dainty dressed meat:
No wonder if he wished he ne'er had learned to
eat.

DAVID IN THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.

DAVID and his three captains bold
Kept ambush once within a hold.
It was in Adullam's cave,
Nigh which no water they could have.
Nor spring nor running brook was near
To quench the thirst that parched them there.
Then David, king of Israel,
Straight bethought him of a well
Which stood beside the city gate
At Bethlem: where, before his state
Of kingly dignity, he had
Oft drunk his fill, a shepherd lad.
But now his fierce Philistian foe
Encamped before it he does know.
Yet ne'er the less with heat opprest,
Those three bold captains he addrest,
And wished that one to him would bring
Some water from his native spring.
His valiant captains instantly
To execute his will did fly.
Those three brave men the ranks broke through
Of arméd foes, and water drew
For David, their belovéd king,
At his own sweet native spring.
Back through their enemies they haste,
With the hard-earned treasure graced.
What with such danger they had sought,
With joy unto their king they brought.
But when the good king David found
What they had done, he on the ground
The water poured, "Because," said he,
"That it was at the jeopardy
Of your three lives this thing ye did,
That I should drink it, God forbid."

GOING INTO BREECHES.

Joy to Philip, he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Puts the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Red-coat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state,
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little manikin:
Never was there pride, or bliss,
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em, —
Philip's limbs have got their freedom, —
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbade:

Is he not a happy lad?
Now he's under other banners,
He must leave his former manners;
Bid adieu to female games,
And forget their very names,
Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak!
Baste-the-bear he now may play at,
Leap-frog, foot-ball, sport away at,
Show his strength and skill at cricket,
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket,
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow,
Climb a tree, or scale a wall,
Without any fear to fall.
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart,
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady,
Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come,
And his grief must only speak
From the color in his cheek.
This and more he must endure,
Hero he in miniature!
This and more must now be done
Now the breeches are put on.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1777-1844.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."*

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?

* An English editor of Campbell nearly thirty years ago said: "*The Pleasures of Hope* has now passed through nearly one hundred editions, been translated into all the chief continental languages, for many years been in use in school and college as a model for imitation, and is now familiar in the mouths of our millions as 'household words'; so that panegyric or criticism may be here considered quite out of place.

"No first production by any poet was ever more enthusiastically received, nor did any poem ever bring its author so large a pecuniary recompense: true it is the copyright was originally sold for the small sum of £50 to the firm of Mundell & Co., the publishers of Edinburgh; yet these gentlemen, acting in a most praiseworthy spirit, presented its author with £25 upon the appearance of every edition of one thousand copies; and indeed, to their credit be it recorded, after publication of the sixth edition, they allowed him to print one on his own account, by subscription; this, of itself, produced £600. Unhappily, some misunderstanding afterwards arose, which caused the discontinuance of these douceurs; yet on the whole first seven editions Campbell received for his 1100 lines no less a sum than £900." The poem was written when Campbell was twenty-one years old.

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling
near? —

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath
been,

And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid
hour,

The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits
bring!

What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought
away.

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest
shore!

Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurled,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the
world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer
smiles,

On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of
Time,

And rule the spacious world from clime to
clime;

Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening
day;

Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of
men,

And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

O sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern
wars

Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of
morn,

Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet
horn;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height sur-
veyed,

Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid, —

"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country
save! —

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely
plains,

Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!

By that dread name, we wave the sword on
high!

And swear for her to live! — with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death, — the watchword and re-
ply;

Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm! —

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!

From rank to rank your volleyed thunder
flew: —

O, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered
spear,

Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high ca-
reer; —

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked, — as Kosciusko fell!

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charmed the silent air;
In vain the wild-bird carolled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure played;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,

The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee ; —
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad ! — the garden was a wild !
And man, the hermit, sighed — till woman
smiled !

* * *

Unfading Hope ! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
O, then thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day, —
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

* * *

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul !
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !
The strife is o'er, — the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky ;
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill !

* * *

O, lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread
expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss ? —
There live, alas ! of Heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man ! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower ;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire,
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm ;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink forevermore ! —

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demigods of Fame ?

Is this your triumph, — this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause ;
For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea — each mute and living thing !
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep ?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of
heaven.

O star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair ?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit !
Ah me ! the laurelled wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the nightshade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain ?
I smile on death, if heavenward Hope remain !
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour ;
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while ;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain !
Fade, ye wild-flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb !
Truth, ever lovely, — since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man, —
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart !
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field ;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed !
O, let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

* * *

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,*
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu !
Daughter of Conrad ? when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell,
Doomed the long isles of Sydney Cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee ?

* This episode of Conrad and Ellenore deeply affected Madame de Staël. She wrote to him from Stockholm, in January, 1813, the following letter : —

" Pendant les dix années que m'ayent séparé de l'Angleterre, Monsieur, le poëme anglais qui m'a causé le plus d'émotion — le poëme qui ne me quittait jamais — et que je relisais sans cesse pour adoucir mes chagrins par l'élévation de l'âme, c'est *Les Plaisirs de l'Espérance*. L'épisode d'Ellenore surtout, allait tellement à mon cœur que je pourrais la relire vingt fois, sans en affaiblir l'impression. . . .

" BARONNE DE STAËL-HOLSTEIN."

Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice returned, to bless thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low
The plaint that owned unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathomed gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore,

My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have passed
* away!

Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveiled by darkness, — unassuaged by tears!

"Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doomed to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherished in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorned by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O'er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for Mercy's sake!"

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of
Time,

Thy joyous youth began, — but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world
below;

Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

EXTRACTS FROM "GERTRUDE OF WYOMING."

ON Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!
Although the wild-flower on thy ruined wall,
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's
shore!

The rose of England bloomed on Gertrude's
cheek, —

What though these shades had seen her birth, her
sire

A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he lived to see
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart, — but she
Was gone, — and Gertrude climbed a widowed
father's knee.

A loved bequest, — and I may half impart —
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flower uprose beneath his eye,
Dear as she was from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden
play,

To time when, as the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to
day.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms:
(Unconscious fascination, undesigned!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined,
Or how sweet fairy-love he heard her con-
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind),
All unaccompanied else her years had gone
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue
summer shone.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
Of buskined limb, and swarthy lineament;
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that helped to light
A boy, who seemed, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by
night.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of overarching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was odorous scent and harmony,
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight :
There, if, O gentle Love ! I read aright
The utterance that sealed thy sacred bond,
'T was listening to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's power to paint, all languishingly
fond —

" Flower of my life, so lovely and so lone !
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning, and scorned by fortune's power, than
own

Her pomp and splendors lavished at my feet !
Turn not from me thy breath more exquisite
Than odors cast on Heaven's own shrine, — to
please,

Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the
breeze,

When Coromandel's ships return from Indian
seas."

Then would that home admit them, — happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flushed in the darkening firmament of June ;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray ;
For never did the hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

O Love ! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours conflux,
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire !
Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine !
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time
expire.

Three little moons, how short ! amidst the grove
And pastoral savannas they consume !
While she, beside her buskined youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume ;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare ;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom,
'T is but the breath of heaven — the blessed air —
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to
share.

* * *
Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,
When transatlantic Liberty arose,

Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes ;
Her birth-star was the light of burning plains ; *
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts — the blood of British
veins, —

And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential
pains.

* * *
But short that contemplation, — sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu !
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners
flew ;

Ah ! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near ? — yet there, with lust of murderous
deeds,

Gleaned like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foe's eye, — his volley speeds,
And Albert — Albert falls ! the dear old father
bleeds !

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swooned ;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's
wound,

These drops ? — O God ! the life-blood is her
own !

And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom
thrown, —

" Weep not, O Love ! " — she cries, " to see me
bleed, —

Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate ; for scarce I heed
These wounds ; — yet thee to leave is death, is
death indeed !

" Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, — O,
think,

And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
O, by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs, — when I am laid
in dust !

" Go, Henry, go not back when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven ; for ours was not like earthly love.

* Alluding to the miseries that attended the American war
of the Revolution.

And must this parting be our very last ?
No ! I shall love thee still, when death itself is
past.

“ Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this
earth, —

And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge ; — but shall there then be
none,

In future times, — no gentle little one
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me ?
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love ! to die beholding thee ! ”

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips ! but still their
bland

And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die ! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart ! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing, as he knelt, —
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words ; — but knew not
what they were.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle
array !

For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and
crown ;

Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of
war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'T is thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watchfire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
O, weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead :
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be
torn !

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the
north ?

Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the
blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of
heaven.

O, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it
stood,

And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing
brood.

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their
breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the
rock !

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day ;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal ;
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive
king.

Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from
my sight :

Rise, rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the
moors :

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.

Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished,
forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and
torn?

Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: O mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony
swims.

Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to
beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

LOCHIEL.

Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed
in their gore,

Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten
shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the
foe!

And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of
fame.

1809.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.*

A NAVAL ODE.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

* This naval ode was written at Altona, in the winter of 1800, when the poet was twenty-three years of age; it appeared first in the *Morning Chronicle*, with the following title, "Alteration of the old ballad, 'Ye Gentlemen of England,' composed on the prospect of a Russian war," and signed, "Amator Patriæ." At this time the Southeastern and Southern coasts of England were first fortified with martello towers as a defence against foreign invasion; to this fact reference is made in the lines

• "Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep."

The subject was first suggested by hearing the air of the old ballad before mentioned played at the house of a friend in Scotland; and when the rumor of war with Russia became a general topic of conversation among the British at Altona, it aroused Campbell's patriotism, and hence the result in verse.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave! —
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below, —
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow:
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

1800.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rushed
O'er the deadly space between.

"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each
gun

From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back; —
Their shots along the deep slowly boom: —
Then ceased, — and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save: —
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died; —
With the gallant good Riou;*
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

1805.

* Captain Riou, entitled the gallant and the good by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

1802.

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight re-
pairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken
stranger;

"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,

Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the
sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no
more!

O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, — where no perils can
chase me?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wildwood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my child-
hood;

And where is the bosom friend dearer than
all?

O, my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without meas-
ure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!

Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her mo-
tion,

Green be thy fields, — sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with de-
votion, —

Erin mavournin, — Erin go bragh!"*

1800.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"

"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,

* Ireland my darling, Ireland forever.

Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, — I'm ready: —
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, O, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — O my daughter!"

'T was vain; — the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

1804.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

SOUL of the Poet! wheresoe'er,
Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality:
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illumine
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and strife, at Burns's name,
Exorcised by his memory;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame,
And high delicious revelry.

And love's own strain to him was given,
To warble all its ecstasies
With Pythian words unsought, unwilling,
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of Paradise,
In life's else bitter cup distilled.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love? —
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skilled one flame alone to fan:
His country's high-souled peasantry
What patriot-pride he taught! — how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him, in his clay-built cot, the Muse
Entranced, and showed him all the forms,
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom
(That only gifted poet views),
The Genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from Glory's tomb,

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The swain whom Burns's song inspires!
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tanned
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep
In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamped by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In Burns's carol sweet recalls
The scenes that blessed him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O, deem not, midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the poet brings:
Let high philosophy control,
And sages calm the stream of life,

'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the Muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling, at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, thistle, harp; 'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is crossed with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade?

Such was the soldier, — Burns, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due.
In verse like thine, O, could he live,
The friend I mourned — the brave, the
good, —
Edward that died at Waterloo! *

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell! and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crushed laurels of thy bust:
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

1815.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, — for the night-cloud had
lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the
sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
powered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the
slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:

* Major Edward Hodge, of the Seventh Hussars, who fell at
the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers.

'T was Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never
to part;

My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of
heart.

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and
worn";

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art;

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the prophet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam:

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

1819.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL-worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!

I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands,
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by,

Saying, "We are twins in death, proud
Sun!
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will? —
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day;
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again:
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

"Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death, —
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

"This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory, —
And took the sting from Death!

"Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste, —
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,

On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

1823.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS TO J. P. KEMBLE.

COMPOSED FOR A PUBLIC MEETING, HELD JUNE, 1817.

PRIDE of the British stage,
A long and last adieu!
Whose image brought the heroic age
Revived to Fancy's view.
Like fields refreshed with dewy light
When the sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past;
And memory conjures feelings up
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup
To Kemble, — fare thee well!

His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only acting lends, —
The youngest of the sister arts,
Where all their beauty blends:
For ill can poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come, —
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
But ne'er eclipse the charm,
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.
What soul was not resigned entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor, —
What English heart was not on fire
With him at Agincourt?
And yet a majesty possessed
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of the breast
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task — too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here!
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear;
But who forgets that white discrowned head,
Those bursts of reason's half-extinguished glare,
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair,
If 't was reality he felt?
Had Shakespeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumphed to have seen!

And there was many an hour
 Of blued kindred fame,
 When Siddons's auxiliar power
 And sister magic came.
 Together at the Muse's side
 The tragic paragons had grown, —
 They were the children of her pride,
 The columns of her throne,
 And undivided favor ran
 From heart to heart in their applause,
 Save for the gallantry of man
 In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,
 Robust and richly graced,
 Your Kemble's spirit was the home
 Of genius and of taste;
 Taste, like the silent dial's power,
 That, when supernal light is given,
 Can measure inspiration's hour,
 And tell its height in heaven.
 At once ennobled and correct,
 His mind surveyed the tragic page,
 And what the actor could effect,
 The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth:
 And must we lose them now!
 And shall the scene no more show forth
 His sternly pleasing brow!
 Alas, the moral brings a tear! —
 'T is all a transient hour below;
 And we that would detain thee here,
 Ourselves as fleetly go!
 Yet shall our latest age
 This parting scene review:
 Pride of the British stage,
 A long and last adieu!

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians!
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!
 Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree, —
 It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the
 free:
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,
 The pale dying crescent is daunted,
 And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's
 slaves
 May be washed out in blood from our forefathers'
 graves.
 Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
 And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succor advances,
 Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
 Are stretched in our aid, — be the combat our
 own!

And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone;
 For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
 By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
 By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
 By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
 That, living, we shall be victorious,
 Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not;
 The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe
 not!

Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
 And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
 Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us,
 But they shall not to slavery doom us:
 If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves;
 But we've smote them already with fire on the
 waves,
 And new triumphs on land are before us,
 To the charge! — Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
 Or brighten your lives with its glory.
 Our women, O, say, shall they shriek in despair,
 Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in
 their hair?

Accused may his memory blacken,
 If a coward there be that would slacken
 Till we've trampled the turban, and shown our-
 selves worth
 Being sprung from and named for the godlike of
 earth.

Strike home, and the world shall revere us
 As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
 Her inlands, her isles of the ocean;
 Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee
 ring,
 And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's
 spring:

Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
 That were cold and extinguished in sadness;
 Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-
 waving arms,
 Singing joy to the brave that delivered their
 charms,
 When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
 Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
 Its Maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God
 Erect and free,
 Unscourged by Superstition's rod
 To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground — where, mourned and missed,

The lips repose our love has kissed : —
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound :
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to Heaven!

For time makes all but true love old ;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould ;
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'T is not the sculptured piles you heap !
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom ;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb :

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind, —
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high? —
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And Murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws : —
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven! but Heaven rebukes my zeal.
The cause of Truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,

Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not, —
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples, — creeds themselves grow wan!
But there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban —
Its space is Heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time:
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'T is what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth! —
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy
delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my
sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing
streams,

And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine
remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's
note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of nature first breathed on my
mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affection's the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore;
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy
brooks,
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless
stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS.*

Brave men who at the Trocadero fell, —
Beside your cannons conquered not, though slain,
There is a victory in dying well
For Freedom, — and ye have not died in vain;
For, come what may, there shall be hearts in
Spain

To honor, ay, embrace your martyred lot,
Cursing the bigot's and the Bourbon's chain,
And looking on your graves, though trophied
not,
As holier hallowed ground than priests could make
the spot!

What though your cause be baffled, freemen cast
In dungeons, dragged to death, or forced to
flee;

Hope is not withered in affliction's blast, —
The patriot's blood 's the seed of Freedom's tree;
And short your orgies of revenge shall be,
Cowed demons of the Inquisitorial cell!
Earth shudders at your victory, — for ye
Are worse than common fiends from heaven that
fell,

The baser, ranker sprung, *Autochthones* of hell!

* Killed in resisting the Regency and the Duke of Angoulême, 1823.

Go to your bloody rites again, — bring back
The hall of horrors and the assessor's pen,
Recording answers shrieked upon the rack;
Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men; —
Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den; —
Then let your altars, ye blasphemers! peal
With thanks to Heaven, that let you loose
again,
To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel
No eye may search, — no tongue may challenge
or reveal!

Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime
Too proudly, ye oppressors! — Spain was free,
Her soil has felt the footprints, and her clime
Been winnowed by the wings of Liberty;
And these even parting scatter as they flee
Thoughts, — influences, to live in hearts unborn,
Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key
From Persecution, — show her mask off-torn,
And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of
Scorn.

Glory to them that die in this great cause;
Kings, bigots, can inflict no brand of shame,
Or shape of death, to shroud them from ap-
plause: —
No! — manglers of the martyr's earthly frame!
Your hangmen fingers cannot touch his fame!
Still in your prostrate land there shall be some
Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal
flame.

Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb,
But Vengeance is behind, and Justice is to come.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

SONG.

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary laborer free!
If any star shed peace, 't is thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirred
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

THE POWER OF RUSSIA.

So all this gallant blood has gushed in vain !
 And Poland, by the northern condor's beak
 And talons torn, lies prostrated again.
 O British patriots, that were wont to speak
 Once loudly on this theme, now hushed or
 meek !
 O heartless men of Europe, — Goth and Gaul,
 Cold, adder-deaf to Poland's dying shriek ; —
 That saw the world's last land of heroes fall —
 The brand of burning shame is on you all — all
 — all !

But this is not the drama's closing act !
 Its tragic curtain must uprise anew.
 Nations, mute accessories to the fact !
 That Upas-tree of power, whose fostering dew
 Was Polish blood, has yet to cast o'er you
 The lengthening shadow of its head elate, —
 A deadly shadow, darkening Nature's hue.
 To all that's hallowed, righteous, pure, and
 great,
 Woe ! woe ! when they are reached by Russia's
 withering hate.

Russia, that on his throne of adamant,
 Consults what nation's breast shall next be
 gored :
 He on Polonia's Golgotha will plant
 His standard fresh ; and horde succeeding
 horde,
 On patriot tombstones he will whet the sword,
 For more stupendous slaughters of the free.
 Then Europe's realms, when their best blood
 is poured,
 Shall miss thee, Poland ! as they bend the knee,
 All, — all in grief, but none in glory, likening
 thee.

Why smote ye not the giant whilst he reeled ?
 O fair occasion, gone forever by !
 To have locked his lances in their northern field,
 Innocuous as the phantom chivalry
 That flames and hurtles from yon boreal sky !
 Now wave thy pennon, Russia, o'er the land
 Once Poland ; build thy bristling castles high ;
 Dig dungeons deep ; for Poland's wrested brand
 Is now a weapon new to widen thy command, —

An awful width ! Norwegian woods shall build
 His fleets ; the Swede his vassal, and the Dane ;
 The glebe of fifty kingdoms shall be tilled
 To feed his dazzling, desolating train,
 Camped sumless, 'twixt the Black and Baltic
 main :
 Brute hosts, I own ; but Sparta could not write,
 And Rome, half barbarous, bound Achaia's
 chain :

So Russia's spirit, midst Slavonic night,
 Burns with a fire more dread than all your pol-
 ished light.

But Russia's limbs (so blinded statesmen
 speak)
 Are crude, and too colossal to cohere.
 O lamentable weakness ! reckoning weak
 The stripling Titan, strengthening year by year.
 What implement lacks he for war's career,
 That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines
 (Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere),
 Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
 And India's homage waits, when Albion's star
 declines !

But time will teach the Russ, even conquering
 War
 Has handmaid arts : ay, ay, the Russ will woo
 All sciences that speed Bellona's car,
 All murder's tactic arts, and win them too ;
 But never holier Muses shall imbue
 His breast, that's made of nature's basest clay :
 The sabre, knout, and dungeon's vapor blue
 His laws and ethics : far from him away
 Are all the lovely Nine, that breathe but freedom's
 day.

Say, even his serfs, half humanized, should
 learn
 Their human rights, — will Mars put out his
 flame
 In Russian bosoms ? no, he'll bid them burn
 A thousand years for naught but martial fame,
 Like Romans : — yet forgive me, Roman name !
 Rome could impart what Russia never can ;
 Proud civic rights to salve submission's shame.
 Our strife is coming ; but in freedom's van
 The Polish eagle's fall is big with fate to man.

Proud bird of old ! Mohammed's moon recoiled
 Before thy swoop : had we been timely bold,
 That swoop, still free, had stunned the Russ,
 and foiled
 Earth's new oppressors, as it foiled her old.
 Now thy majestic eyes are shut and cold :
 And colder still Polonia's children find
 The sympathetic hands, that we uphold.
 But, Poles, when we are gone, the world will
 mind,
 Ye bore the brunt of fate, and bled for human-
 kind.

So hallowedly have ye fulfilled your part,
 My pride repudiates even the sigh that blends
 With Poland's name, — name written on my
 heart.
 My heroes, my grief-consecrated friends !
 Your sorrow, in nobility, transcends

Your conqueror's joy : his cheek may blush ;
 but shame
 Can tinge not yours, though exile's tear de-
 scends ;
 Nor would ye change your conscience, cause,
 and name.
 For his, with all his wealth, and all his felon fame.

Thee, Niemcewicz, whose song of stirring
 power
 The czar forbids to sound in Polish lands ;
 Thee, Czartoryski, in thy banished bower,
 The patricide, who in thy palace stands,
 May envy : proudly may Polonia's bands
 Throw down their swords at Europe's feet in
 scorn
 Saying, " Russia from the metal of these brands
 Shall forge the fetters of your sons unborn ;
 Our setting star is your misfortunes' rising morn."
 1831.

EARL MARCH LOOKED ON HIS DYING CHILD.

EARL MARCH looked on his dying child,
 And, smit with grief to view her,
 "The youth," he cried, "whom I exiled,
 Shall be restored to woo her."

She's at the window many an hour
 His coming to discover :
 And *he* looked up to Ellen's bower,
 And *she* looked on her lover, —
 But ah ! so pale, he knew her not,
 Though her smile on him was dwelling.
 And am I then forgot, — forgot ? —
 It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
 Her cheek is cold as ashes ;
 Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
 To lift their silken lashes.

LINES ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S.*

HAIL to thy face and odors, glorious Sea !
 'T were thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
 Great beauteous Being ! in whose breath and smile
 My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
 Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
 Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world !
 Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
 To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.
 Even gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes
 With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
 And gardens haunted by the nightingale's

* Campbell, who was peculiarly impartial in judging of the merit of his own productions, more than once expressed an opinion that these lines were his *best*, as being the most *matured*.

Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
 For these wild headlands, and the sea-mew's
 clang —

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea,
 I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades
 And green savannas, — earth has not a plain
 So boundless or so beautiful as thine ;
 The eagle's vision cannot take it in :
 The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
 Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird :
 It is the mirror of the stars, where all
 Their hosts within the concave firmament,
 Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
 Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
 Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
 Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
 How vividly this moment brightens forth,
 Between gray parallel and leaden breadths,
 A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
 Flushed like the rainbow, or the ringdove's neck,
 And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
 The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea !
 Chameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
 In all thy change, and constant sympathy
 With yonder Sky, — thy mistress ; from her brow
 Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colors on
 Thy faithful bosom ; morning's milky white,
 Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve ;
 And all thy balmier hours, fair element,
 Have such divine complexion, — crisped smiles,
 Luxuriant heavings and sweet whisperings,
 That little is the wonder Love's own queen
 From thee of old was fabled to have sprung, —
 Creation's common ! which no human power
 Can parcel or inclose ; the lordliest floods
 And cataraets that the tiny hands of man
 Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
 To thee that couldst subdue the earth itself,
 And brook'st commandment from the heavens
 alone

For marshalling thy waves —

Yet, potent Sea !
 How placidly thy moist lips speak even now
 Along yon sparkling shingles. Who can be
 So fanceiless as to feel no gratitude
 That power and grandeur can be so serene,
 Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
 And rocking even the fisher's little bark
 As gently as a mother rocks her child ?
 The inhabitants of other worlds behold
 Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
 On earth's rotundity ; and is he not
 A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man
 Who sees not or who seeing has no joy
 In thy magnificence ? What though thou art

Unconscious and material, thou canst reach
The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre!

The Spirit of the universe in thee
Is visible; thou hast in thee the life, —
The eternal, graceful, and majestic life
Of nature, and the natural human heart
Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.
Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-circling
sea

Has spires and mansions more amusive still, —
Men's volant homes that measure liquid space
On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land
With pained and panting steeds and clouds of dust
Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day,
Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the
night,

Moored as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array, or hither flit and yond
Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
You highway of the world my fancy flies,
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some noble voyager that has to woo
The trade-winds and to stem the ecliptic surge.
The coral groves, — the shores of conch and pearl,
Where she will cast her anchor and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
And under planets brighter than our own:
The nights of palmy isles, that she will see
Lit boundless by the firefly, — all the smells
Of tropic fruits that will regale her, — all
The pomp of nature, and the inspiring
Varieties of life she has to greet,
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.
True, to the dream of fancy, Ocean has
His darker tints; but where's the element
That checkers not its usefulness to man
With casual terror? Scathes not Earth sometimes
Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
As riddled ashes, — silent as the grave?
Walks not Contagion on the air itself?
I should — old Ocean's Saturnalian days
And roaring nights of revelry and sport
With wreck and human woe — be loath to sing;
For they are few, and all their ills weigh light
Against his sacred usefulness, that bids

Our pensile globe revolve in purer air.
Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
Their freshening dews, gay fluttering breezes cool
Their wings to fan the brow of fevered climes,
And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was

Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence, — and he will be beautiful
When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb
In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thundering concert with the choiring winds;
But long as man to parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, beatific Sea.

1831.

SWITZERLAND.

'T WAS sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was sung,
And lights were o'er the Helvetian mountains
flung,

That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below;
Warmth flushed the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, Phoenix-like, you saw the eagle's form
That high in heaven's vermilion wheeled and
soared,

Woods nearer frowned, and cataracts dashed and
roared

From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin;
Herds tinkling roamed the long-drawn vales be-
tween,

And hamlets glittered white, and gardens flour-
ished green:

'T was transport to inhale the bright sweet air!
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds, and enamelled moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were linked,
She seemed one great glad form, with life in-
stinct,

That felt Heaven's ardent breath, and smiled below
Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.

Theodoric.

MEN OF ENGLAND.

SONG.

MEN of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood: —

By the foes you've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured, — breaches mounted,
Navies conquered, — kingdoms won.

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail, in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

Pageants! — Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours, —
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny; —
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights, — so will we!

THE PARROT.

A DOMESTIC ANECDOTE.

The following incident, so strongly illustrating the power of memory and association in the lower animals, is not a fiction. I heard it many years ago in the Island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged.

THE deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A parrot, from the Spanish Main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted, in our climate cold
He lived and chattered many a day:

Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore;

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.*

1778-1820.

THOUGHT.

BE this our trust, that ages (filled with light
More glorious far than those faint beams which
shine

In this our feeble twilight) yet to come
Shall see distinctly what we now but hope, —
The world immutable in which alone
Wisdom is found, the light and life of things,
The breath divine, creating power divine,
The *One* of which the human intellect
Is but a type, as feeble as that image
Of the bright sun seen on the bursting wave, —
Bright, but without distinctness; yet in passing
Showing its glorious and eternal source.

THE EAGLES.

THE mighty birds still upward rose,
In slow but constant and most steady flight,
The young ones following; and they would
pause,
As if to teach them how to bear the light,
And keep the solar glory full in sight.
So went they on till, from excess of pain,
I could no longer bear the scorching rays;
And when I looked again, they were not seen,
Lost in the brightness of the solar blaze.
Their memory left a type, and a desire:
So should I wish towards the light to rise,

* Coleridge is reported as saying that if Davy "had not been the first chemist, he probably would have been the first poet of his age." Lockhart said that, if Davy had attempted a great didactic poem, he would have united "the vigorous ratiocination of Dryden and the moral majesty of Wordsworth." Yet in none of his versified thoughts and emotions are there more than slight indications of the poet's feeling, vision, faculty, or subtle sense of melody in the management of verse. The thoughts are generally grand, but they do not voluntarily "move in harmonious numbers." He had imagination in a high degree; but it found its best expression in the inventions of science rather than in the inventions of poetry.

Instructing younger spirits to aspire
 Where I could never reach amidst the skies,
 And joy below to see them lifted higher,
 Seeking the light of purest glory's prize.
 So would I look on splendor's brightest day
 With an undazzled eye, and steadily
 Soar upwards full in the immortal ray,
 Through the blue depths of the unbounded sky,
 Portraying wisdom's boundless purity.
 Before me still a lingering ray appears,
 But broken and prismatic, seen through tears,
 The light of joy and immortality.

— — — — —
 WRITTEN AFTER RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

Lo! o'er the earth the kindling spirits pour
 The flames of life that bounteous nature gives;
 The limpid dew becomes the rosy flower,
 The insensate dust awakes, and moves, and lives.

All speaks of change: the renovated forms
 Of long-forgotten things arise again;
 The light of suns, the breath of angry storms,
 The everlasting motions of the main, —

These are but engines of the Eternal will,
 The One Intelligence, whose potent sway
 Has ever acted, and is acting still,
 Whilst stars and worlds and systems all obey;

Without whose power, the whole of mortal things
 Were dull, inert, an unharmonious band,
 Silent as are the harp's untuned strings
 Without the touches of the poet's hand.

A sacred spark created by his breath,
 The immortal mind of man his image bears;
 A spirit living midst the forms of death,
 Oppressed but not subdued by mortal cares;

A germ, preparing in the winter's frost
 To rise, and bud, and blossom in the spring;
 An unfledged eagle by the tempest tossed,
 Unconscious of his future strength of wing;

The child of trial, to mortality
 And all its changeful influences given;
 On the green earth decreed to move and die,
 And yet by such a fate prepared for heaven.

* * *

To live in forests mingled with the whole
 Of natural forms, whose generations rise,
 In lovely change, in happy order roll,
 On land, in ocean, in the glittering skies;

Their harmony to trace; the Eternal cause
 To know in love, in reverence to adore;

To bend beneath the inevitable laws,
 Sinking in death, its human strength no more!

Then, as awakening from a dream of pain,
 With joy its mortal feelings to resign;
 Yet all its living essence to retain,
 The undying energy of strength divine!

To quit the burdens of its earthly days,
 To give to Nature all her borrowed powers, —
 Ethereal fire to feed the solar rays,
 Ethereal dew to glad the earth with showers.

— — — — —
 HORACE SMITH.*

1779-1849.

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
 Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground,
 mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
 Of either pyramid that bears his name?
 Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
 By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade, —
 Then say, what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
 Perhaps thou wert a priest, — if so, my struggles
 Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,

* The brother of James Smith, and his assistant in *The Rejected Addresses*.

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have
seen,

How the world looked when it was fresh and
young,

And the great deluge still had left it green ;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf !

Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;
But prithee tell us something of thyself ;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen, — what strange adventures
numbered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange
mutations ;

The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, — we have lost old
nations,

And countless kings have into dust been hum-
bled,

Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering
tread,

O'erthrow Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold :
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern
breast,

And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled :
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed
that face ?

What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh, — immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man, who quittest thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,

Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morn-
ing,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its
warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever ?
O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARs ! that ope your eyes with morn to
twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation !

Before the uprisen sun, — God's lidless eye, —
Ye matin worshippers ! who bending lowly
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high !

Ye bright mosaics ! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create !

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that
swingeth

And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and
column

Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned ;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon
supply,—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There, — as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon
the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God —

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preach-
ers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
 "Weep without woe, and blush without a
 crime,"

O, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
 Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
 Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
 How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
 Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
 With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread
 hall,

What a delightful lesson thou impartest
 Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for
 pleasure

Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
 For such a world of thought could furnish
 scope?

Each fading calyx a memento mori,
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
 And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
 My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
 Priests, sermons, shrines!

A TALE OF DRURY LANE.*

* * *
 As Chaos which, by heavenly doom,
 Had slept in everlasting gloom,
 Started with terror and surprise,
 When light first flashed upon her eyes:

So London's sons in nightcap woke,
 In bedgown woke her dames,
 For shouts were heard mid fire and smoke,
 And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
 "The playhouse is in flames."

And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
 A fiery tale its lustre lends

To every window-pane:
 Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
 And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
 And Covent Garden kennels sport,
 A bright ensanguined drain;
 Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,

* A caricature of Scott's style.

Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height

Where patent shot they sell:
 The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
 Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
 The ticket porters' house of call,
 Old Bedlam, close by London wall,
 Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
 And Richardson's hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide,
 Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
 To distant fields the blaze was borne;
 And daisy white and hoary thorn,
 In borrowed lustre seemed to sham
 The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.

To those who on the hills around
 Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
 As from a lofty altar rise,
 It seemed that nations did conspire,
 To offer to the god of fire
 Some vast stupendous sacrifice!

The summoned firemen woke at call,
 And hied them to their stations all.
 Starting from short and broken snooze,
 Each sought his ponderous hobnailed shoes;
 But first his worsted hosen plied,
 Plush breeches next in crimson dyed,

His nether bulk embraced;
 Then jacket thick of red or blue,
 Whose massy shoulder gave to view
 The badge of each respective crew,
 In tin or copper-traced.

The engines thundered through the street,
 Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
 And torches glared, and clattering feet
 Along the pavement paced.

* * *
 E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
 For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
 Without, within, in hideous show,
 Devouring flames resistless glow,
 And blazing rafters downward go,
 And never halloo, "Heads below!"

Nor notice give at all:
 The firemen, terrified, are slow
 To bid the pumping torrent flow,
 For fear the roof should fall.

Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
 Whitford, keep near the walls!
 Huggins, regard your own behoof,
 For, lo! the blazing rocking roof
 Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
 And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
 Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
 Concealed them from the astonished crowd.
 At length the mist awhile was cleared,

When lo! amid the wreck upreared,
 Gradual a moving head appeared,
 And Eagle firemen knew
 'T was Joseph Muggins, name revered,
 The foreman of their crew.
 Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
 "A Muggins to the rescue, ho!"

And poured the hissing tide:
 Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
 And strove and struggled all in vain,
 For rallying but to fall again,

He tottered, sunk, and died!
 Did none attempt, before he fell,
 To succor one they loved so well?
 Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
 (His fireman's soul was all on fire)

His brother chief to save;
 But ah! his reckless generous ire
 Served but to share his grave!
 Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
 Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,

Where Muggins broke before.
 But sulphury stench and boiling drench
 Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite;

He sunk to rise no more.
 Still o'er his head, while fate he braved,
 His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
 "Whitford and Mitford ply your pumps;
 You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps;
 Why are you in such doleful dumps?
 A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
 What are they feared on? fools—'od rot 'em!"
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.

Rejected Addresses.

THOMAS MOORE.

1779 - 1852.

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE THAT SO GRACEFULLY CURLED.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curled
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
 And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the
 world,

A heart that was humble might hope for it
 here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around
 In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
 But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-
 tree.

And, "Here in this lone little wood," I ex-
 claimed,

"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,

Who would blush when I praised her, and weep
 if I blamed,
 How blest could I live, and how calm could
 I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry
 dips

In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
 And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
 Which had never been sighed on by any but
 mine!"

TO —.

WHEN I loved you, I can't but allow
 I had many an exquisite minute;
 But the scorn that I feel for you now
 Hath even more luxury in it.

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
 Some witchery seems to await you;
 To love you was pleasant enough,
 And O, 't is delicious to hate you!

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
 But, when the wind blows off the shore,
 O, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
 Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers;
 O, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

LAST night I tossed and turned in bed,
 But could not sleep, — at length I said,
 "I'll think of Viscount Castlereagh,
 And of his speeches, — that's the way."
 And so it was, for instantly
 I slept as sound as sound could be.
 And then I dreamed, — so dread a dream!
 Fuseli has no such theme;

Lewis never wrote or borrowed
Any horror half so horrid!

Methought the Prince, in whiskered state,
Before me at his breakfast sate;
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On t' other, Hints from five Physicians;
Here tradesmen's bills, — official papers,
Notes from my Lady, drams for vapors, —
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post.
When lo! the Papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanced, O jacobinic papers!
As though they said, "Our sole design is
To suffocate his Royal Highness!"
The Leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition,
With grievances so full and heavy,
It threatened worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the Regent's well-dressed head,
As if *determined* to be read.
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,
And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount high;
Nay, even Death-warrants thought they'd best
Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, O the basest of defections!
His letter about "predilections," —
His own dear letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent's face!
Shocked with his breach of filial duty,
He just could murmur "*et Tu Brute!*"
Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I waked, — and prayed, with lifted hand,
"O, never may this dream prove true;
Though paper overwhelms the land,
Let it not crush the sovereign too!"

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.*

THERE was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,
Whether it's within our reach
To make up a little speech,
Just between little you and little I, I, I,
Just between little you and little I!"

Then said his little Soul,
Peeping from her little hole,
"I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,

But, if it's not uncivil,
Pray, tell me what the devil
Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,
Must our little, little speech be about?"

The little Man looked big
With the assistance of his wig,
And he called his little Soul to order, order, order,
Till she feared he'd make her jog in
To jail, like Thomas Croggan,
(As she was n't Duke or Earl) to reward her,
ward her, ward her,
As she was n't Duke or Earl, to reward her.

The little Man then spoke,
"Little Soul, it is no joke,
For as sure as J-cky F-ll-r loves a sup, sup, sup.
I will tell the Prince and People
What I think of Church and Steeple,
And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,
And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,
Little Man and little Soul
Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle,
tittle, tittle,
And the world all declare
That this priggish little pair
Never yet in all their lives looked so little, little,
little,
Never yet in all their lives looked so little!

1813.

IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
O, still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
O, then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
O, then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
O, then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
O, thus remember me.
Often as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes

* The Right Hon. Charles Abbot.

On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
O, then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
O, then remember me.
And at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
O, still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee ;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee, —
O, then remember me.

O, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

O, BREATHE not his name, let it sleep in the
shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid :
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his
head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it
weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he
sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it
rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

O, BLAME NOT THE BARD.

O, BLAME not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame ;
He was born for much more, and in happier
hours.

His soul might have burned with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the
lyre,

Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's
dart ;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of
desire,
Might have poured the full tide of a patriot's
heart.

But alas for his country ! — her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would
bend ;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 't is treason to love her, and death to de-
fend.

Unprized are her sons, till they've learned to
betray ;

Undistinguished they live, if they shame not
their sires ;

And the torch, that would light them through
dignity's way.

Must be caught from the pile where their
country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft
dream,

He should try to forget what he never can heal ;
O, give but a hope, — let a vista but gleam

Through the gloom of his country, and mark
how he'll feel !

That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay
down

Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored ;
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his
crown,

Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover
his sword.

But though glory be gone, and though hope fade
away,

Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs ;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay

Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy
wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains ;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,

Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy
chains,

Shall pause at the song of their captive, and
weep.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,

Nor thought that pale decay

Would steal before the steps of Time,

And waste its bloom away, Mary !

Yet still thy features wore that light,

Which fleets not with the breath ;

And life ne'er looked more truly bright

Than in thy smile of death, Mary !

As streams that run o'er golden mines,

Yet humbly, calmly glide,

Nor seem to know the wealth that shines

Within their gentle tide, Mary !

So veiled beneath the simplest guise,

Thy radiant genius shone,

And that, which charmed all other eyes,

Seemed worthless in thy own, Mary !

If souls could always dwell above,

Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere ;

Or could we keep the souls we love,

We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary !

Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet,
 Than to remember thee, Mary !

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S
 HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives,
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero
 sleeps,

And lovers are round her, sighing :
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he loved awaking ; —
 Ah, little they think who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwined him ;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

O, make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
 When they promise a glorious morrow ;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the
 West,
 From her own loved island of sorrow.

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'T is the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
 To pine on the stem ;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away.
 When true hearts lie withered,
 And fond ones are flown,
 O, who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home
 is still here ;
 Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last !

O, what was love made for, if 't is not the same
 Through joy and through torment, through glory
 and shame ?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
 And thy angel I'll be, mid the horrors of this, —
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to
 pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, — or perish there
 too !

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found
 thee,

The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp ! I unbound
 thee,

And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and
 song !

The warm lay of love and the light note of glad-
 ness

Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
 But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sad-
 ness,

That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee
 still.

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to thy num-
 bers,

This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall
 twine ;

Go, sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,

Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover
Have throbbed at our lay, 't is thy glory alone;

I was but the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

O, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

O, THE sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files arrayed
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating

That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.
O, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files arrayed
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing.

Yet 't is not helm or feather, —
For ask you despot, whether
His pluméd bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em, —
Give man but heart and freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever;
'T is mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free forever.
O, that sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files arrayed
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!

SACRED SONGS.

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE IN EASTERN SKIES.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,

Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God! from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud, — no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs; —
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, —
There's nothing true but heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb, —
There's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way, —
There's nothing calm but heaven!

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 't is bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the daybeam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through!

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,

But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity !

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee,
My God ! silent, to thee, —
Pure, warm, silent, to thee :

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee,
My God ! trembling, to thee, —
True, fond, trembling, to thee.

THEY MET BUT ONCE.

THEY met but once, in youth's sweet hour,
And never since that day
Hath absence, time, or grief had power
To chase that dream away.
They've seen the suns of other skies,
On other shores have sought delight ;
But nevermore, to bless their eyes,
Can come a dream so bright !
They met but once, — a day was all
Of love's young hopes they knew ;
And still their hearts that day recall,
As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth ! O, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.
For, youth, the spell was only thine ;
From thee alone the enchantment flows,
That makes the world around thee shine
With light thyself bestows.
They met but once, — O, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

OFT in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me :
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,

The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

FAREWELL, FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

"FAREWELL, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter !"
Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea ;
"No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

"O, fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witchery
came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute
blowing,
And hushed all its music and withered its frame !

"But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With naught but the sea-star to light up her
tomb.

"And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the
old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

"The young village maid, when with flowers she
dresses

Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

"Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero ! forget thee,
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they
start,

Close, close by the side of that hero she 'll set
thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

"Farewell, — be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the
deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

"Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed
chamber
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

"We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We 'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are
sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

"Farewell — farewell — until pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They 'll weep for the chieftain who died on that
mountain,
They 'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this
wave."

Lalla Rookh.

IF THERE BE AN ELYSIUM ON EARTH.

Come hither, come hither, — by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequalled in bliss;
And O, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just oped by a bee;
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
O, think what the kiss and the smile must be
worth,

When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in
bliss,
And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallowed by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from their
sphere,

Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have
here.

And, blessed with the odor our goblet gives forth,
What spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?

For O, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

* * *

There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has
told,

When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they
die!

One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And O, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Lalla Rookh.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. PERCEVAL.*

IN the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was
heard,

Unembittered and free did the tear-drop de-
scend;

We forgot, in that hour, how the statesman had
erred,

And wept for the husband, the father, and
friend.

O, proud was the meed his integrity won,
And generous indeed were the tears that we
shed,

When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he had done,
And though wronged by him living, bewailed
him when dead.

Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,
'T is to wish he had chosen some lowlier state,
Had known what he was, — and, content to be
good.

Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspired to be *great*.

So, left through their own little orbit to move,
His years might have rolled inoffensive away;
His children might still have been blessed with
his love,

And England would ne'er have been cursed
with his sway.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

Yes, grief will have way, — but the fast-falling
tear

Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those
Who could bask in that spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its
close: —

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed
By the odor his fame in its summer-time
gave; —

* The Prime Minister of a Tory Cabinet, assassinated by a
madman in 1812.

Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
Like the Ghoul of the East, comes to feed at
his grave.

O, it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died, — friendless and
lorn !

How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and
sorrow ; —

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-mor-
row !

And thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had passed,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothing-
ness cast : —

No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies
thee

With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine ; —
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
Though this would make Europe's whole opu-
lence mine ; —

Would I suffer what — even in the heart that
thou hast,

All mean as it is — must have consciously
burned,

When the pittance, which shame had wrung from
thee at last,

And which found all his wants at an end, was
returned ; *

“ Was *this* then the fate,” future ages will say,
When *some* names shall live but in history's
curse ;

When truth will be heard, and these lords of a
day

Be forgotten as fools, or remembered as
worse ; —

“ Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall,
The orator, dramatist, minstrel, — who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master
of all ; —

“ Whose mind was an essence, compounded with
art

From the finest and best of all other men's
powers ; —

* The sum was two hundred pounds, — offered when Sher-
idan could no longer take any sustenance, and declined for
him by his friends.

Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down
its showers ; —

“ Whose humor, as gay as the firefly's light,
Played round every subject, and shone as it
played ; —

Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade ; —

“ Whose eloquence — brightening whatever it
tried,

Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the
grave —

Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
As ever bore freedom aloft on its wave ! ”

Yes, such was the man, and so wretched his
fate ; —

And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the
great,

And expect 't will return to refresh them at
eve.

In the woods of the North there are insects that
prey

On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh ;

O Genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to
die !

A SPECULATION.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,

The best that I know for a lover of self,

Is to buy Marcus up, at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on
himself.

SATIRE ON CASTLEREAGH.

At length, my Lord, I have the bliss

To date to you a line from this

“ Demoralized ” metropolis ;

Where, by plebeians low and scurvy,

The throne was turned quite topsy-turvy,

And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,

“ Stood prostrate ” at the people's feet ;

Where (still to use your Lordship's tropes)

The *level* of obedience *slopes*

Upward and downward, as the *stream*

Of *hydra* faction *kicks the beam* !

Where the poor palace changes masters

Quicker than a snake its skin,

And Louis is rolled out on castors,

While Boney's borne on shoulders in : —

But where, in every change, no doubt,

One special good your Lordship traces, —

That 't is the *Kings* alone turn out,
The *Ministers* still keep their places.

* * *

But hold, my pen! — a truce to praising, —
Though even your Lordship will allow

The theme's temptations are amazing :

But turn and ink run short, and now,
(As *thou* wouldst say, my guide and teacher
In these gay metaphoric fringes,

I must *embark* into the *feature*

On which this letter chiefly *hinges* ;) —

My book, the book that is to prove —

And *will* (so help ye Sprites above,

That sit on clouds, as grave as judges,

Watching the labors of the *Fudges* !)

Will prove that all the world, at present,

Is in a state extremely pleasant, —

That Europe, — thanks to royal swords

And bayonets, and the Duke commanding, —

Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,

Passeth all human understanding ;

That France prefers her go-cart King

To such a coward scamp as Boney ;

Though round, with each a leading-string,

There standeth many a Royal crony,

For fear the chubby, tottering thing

Should fall, if left there *loney-poney* ; —

That England, too, the more her debts,

The more she spends, the richer gets ;

And that the Irish, grateful nation !

Remember when by *thee* reigned over,

And bless thee for their flagellation

As Heloisa did her lover !

That Poland, left for Russia's lunch

Upon the sideboard, snug reposes :

While Saxony's as pleased as Punch,

And Norway "on a bed of roses" !

That, as for some few million souls,

Transferred by contract, bless the clods !

If half were strangled, — Spaniards, Poles,

And Frenchmen, — 't would n't make much
odds,

So Europe's goodly Royal ones,

Sit easy on their sacred thrones ;

So Ferdinand embroiders gayly,

And Louis eats his *salmi*, daily ;

So time is left to Emperor Sandy

To be *half* Cæsar and *half* dandy ;

And George the Regent (who 'd forget

That doughtiest chieftain of the set ?)

Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,

For dragons, after Chinese models,

And chambers where Dukes Ho and Soo,

Might come and nine times knock their nod-
dles ! —

All this my quarto 'll prove, — much more

Than quarto ever proved before :

In reasoning with the Post I 'll vie,

My facts the Courier shall supply,
My jokes Vansittart, Peele my sense,
And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence !

Fudge Family in Paris, 1818.

— ♦ — LINES ON THE ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIANS INTO NAPLES, 1821.

Ay, — down to the dust with them, slaves as they
are,

From this hour, let the blood in their dastardly
veins,

That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.

On, on like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,
Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them o'er, —

Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye sails
From each slave-mart of Europe, and shadow
their shore !

Let their fate be a mock-word, — let men of all
lands

Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring to the
poles,

When each sword, that the cowards let fall from
their hands,

Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls.

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driven,
Base slaves ! let the whet of their agony be,

To think, — as the doomed often think of that
heaven

They had once within reach, — that they *might*
have been free.

O shame ! when there was not a bosom whose
heart

Ever rose 'bove the *zero* of Castlereagh's heart,
That did not, like echo, your war-hymn repeat,

And send all its prayers with your Liberty's
start ;

When the world stood in hope, — when a spirit,
that breathed

The fresh air of the olden time, whispered about ;
And the swords of all Italy, half-way unsheathed,

But waited one conquering cry to flash out !

When around you the shades of your mighty in
fame,

Filicajas and Petrarchs, seemed bursting to
view,

And their words, and their warnings, like tongues
of bright flame

Over Freedom's apostles, fell kindling on you !

O shame ! that, in such a proud moment of life,
Worth the history of ages, when, had you but

hurled

One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife
Between freemen and tyrants had spread
through the world, —

That then, — O, disgrace upon manhood, — even
then,

You should falter, should cling to your pitiful
breath;

Cower down into beasts, when you might have
stood men,

And prefer the slave's life of prostration to
death.

It is strange, it is dreadful: — shout, Tyranny,
shout

Through your dungeons and palaces, "Free-
dom is o'er"; —

If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out,
And return to your empire of darkness once
more.

For, if *such* are the braggarts that claim to be free,
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss;

Far nobler to live the brute bondman of thee,
Than to sully even chains by a struggle like
this!

LAMPOON ON LEIGH HUNT'S REMINISCENCES OF BYRON.

NEXT week will be published (as "Lives" are
the rage)

The whole Reminiscences, wondrous and
strange,

Of a small puppy-dog, that lived once in the cage
Of the late noble lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call
"sad,"

'T is a puppy that much to good breeding
pretends;

And few dogs have such opportunities had
Of knowing how lions behave — among friends;

How that animal eats, how he snores, how he
drinks,

Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;
And 't is plain, from each sentence, the puppy-
dog thinks

That the lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roared pretty well, — this the puppy
allows, —

It was all, he says, borrowed, — all second-
hand roar;

And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the lion could pour.

'T is, indeed, as good fun as a Cynic could ask,
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits

Takes gravely the lord of the forest to task,
And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

However, the book's a good book, being rich in
Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their
kitchen

Who 'll feed on them living, and foul them
when dead.

1828.

A CURSE ON THE TRAITOR.

O FOR a tongue to curse the slave,

Whose treason, like a deadly blight,

Comes o'er the councils of the brave,

And blasts them in their hour of might!

May life's unblessed cup for him

Be drugged with treacheries to the brim, —

With hopes, that but allure to fly,

With joys, that vanish while he sips,

Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,

But turn to ashes on the lips.

His country's curse, his children's shame,

Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,

May he, at last, with lips of flame

On the parched desert thirsting die, —

While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,

Are fading off, untouched, untasted,

Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!

And, when from earth his spirit flies,

Just Prophet, let the damned one dwell

Full in the sight of Paradise,

Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

Lalla Rookh.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.*

1780 - 1845.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

'T WAS when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was
fa'in,

And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,

That Lucy rowed up her wee kist wi' her a' in 't,

And left her auld maister and neibors sae dear:

For Lucy had served i' the glen a' the simmer;

She cam there afore the bloom cam on the pea;

An orphan was she, and they had been gude till
her,

Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';

Richt sair was his kind heart her flittin' to see;

* The steward and friend of Sir Walter Scott. When Scott, on returning to Abbotsford, in his last illness, could hardly recognize anybody, it is reported that his eyes brightened when he saw Laidlaw by his bedside, and he said: "Is that you, Willie? I ken I'm hame noo."

"Fare ye weel, Lucy!" quo' Jamie, and ran in;
 The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her e'e.
 As down the burnside she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
 "Fare ye weel, Lucy!" was ilka bird's sang;
 She heard the crow sayin' t', high on the tree sittin',
 And robin was chirpin' t' the brown leaves amang.

"O, what is 't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
 And what gars the tears come sae fast to my e'e?
 If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
 Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
 I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
 Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
 I fear I hae tint my puir heart a'the gither,
 Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my e'e.

"Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae rowed up the ribbon,
 The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
 Yestreen, when he gae me 't, and saw I was sabbin',
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
 Though now he said naething but 'Fare ye weel,
 Lucy!'

It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
 He couldna say mair but just, 'Fare ye weel,
 Lucy!'

Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

"The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit;

The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea;

But Lucy likes Jamie"; — she turned and she lookit,

She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.

Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!

And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
 For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!

GEORGE CROLY.*

1780-1860.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

It was the wild midnight, —
 A storm was on the sky;
 The lightning gave its light,
 And the thunder echoed by.

The torrent swept the glen,
 The ocean lashed the shore;

* Byron irreverently says of Dr. Croly: —

"And Pegasus hath a psalmodic amble
 Beneath the very Reverend Rowley Powley,
 Who shoes the glorious animal with stiltis,
 A modern Ancient Pistol, — by the hilts!

The defect of Croly is, that he commonly strives to make resounding words do more than their just share of the work of vital thought and sentiment.

Then rose the Spartan men,
 To make their bed in gore!

Swift from the deluged ground
 Three hundred took the shield;
 Then, in silence, gathered round
 The leader of the field.

He spoke no warrior-word,
 He bade no trumpet blow;
 But the signal-thunder roared,
 And they rushed upon the foe.

The fiery element
 Showed, with one mighty gleam,
 Rampart, and flag, and tent,
 Like the spectres of a dream.

All up the mountain's side,
 All down the woody vale,
 All by the rolling tide
 Waved the Persian banners pale.

And foremost from the pass,
 Among the slumbering band,
 Sprang King Leonidas,
 Like the lightning's living brand.

Then double darkness fell,
 And the forest ceased its moan:
 But there came a clash of steel,
 And a distant, dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew,
 And a fiery sheet burst high,
 That o'er the midnight threw
 A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill;
 A host glared by the bay;
 But the Greeks rushed onwards still,
 Like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell,
 And the earth was all a flame,
 Where the Spartan's bloody steel
 On the silken turbans came.

And still the Greek rushed on
 Where the fiery torrent rolled,
 Till, like a rising sun,
 Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
 His midnight banquet, there;
 And the treasures of the East
 Lay beneath the Doric spear.

Then sat to the repast
 The bravest of the brave!
 That feast must be their last,
 That spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name
In cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame
Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreathed lyres
From eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires
The sounds that Freedom gave.

But now the morning star
Crowned Æta's twilight brow;
And the Persian horn of war
From the hills began to blow.

Up rose the glorious rank,
To Greece one cup poured high, —
Then, hand in hand, they drank
"To Immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell,
When, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell,
He saw the warriors come.

But down swept all his power,
With chariot and with charge;
Down poured the arrowy shower,
Till sank the Dorians' targe.

They gathered round the tent,
With all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent,
Then on high their torches flung.

Their king sat on the throne,
His captains by his side,
While the flame rushed roaring on,
And their Pæan loud replied!

Thus fought the Greek of old!
Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the selfsame mould
Bring forth the selfsame men?

SATAN.

FROM A PICTURE BY SIR T. LAWRENCE.

PRINCE of the fallen! around thee sweep
The billows of the burning deep,
Above thee bends the vaulted fire,
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire;
And on thy sleepless vision rise
Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,
The spear uplifted in thy hand;
Thy gorgeous eye, — a comet shorn,
Calm into utter darkness borne;

A naked giant, stern, sublime,
Aimed in despair, and scorning Time.

On thy curled lip is throned disdain,
That may revenge, but not complain:
Thy mighty cheek is firm, though pale,
There smote the blast of fiery hail.
Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there,
The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

No giant pinions round thee cling;
Clouds and the thunder are thy wing;
Thy forehead wears no diadem,
The king is in thine eyeballs' beam;
Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,
Sole chief of hell's dark multitude.

Yet brighter than thy brightest hour
Shall rise in glory and in power
The lowliest of the lowly dead,
His ransomed, who shall bruise thy head,
The myriads for His blood forgiven;
Kings of the stars, the loved of Heaven!

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

THIS was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared, — but alone as freemen fear;
Loved, — but as freemen love alone;
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title, — mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue,
Then eloquence first flashed below;
Full armed to life the portent sprung,
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her Ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime,
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But, if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage,
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won;
He perished in his height of fame:
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was posterity!

THE MINSTREL'S HOUR.

WHEN day is done, and clouds are low,
And flowers are honey-dew,
And Hesper's lamp begins to glow
Along the western blue;
And homeward wing the turtle-doves,
Then comes the hour the poet loves.

For in the dimness curtained round,
He hears the echoes all
Of cosey vale, or grassy mound,
Or distant waterfall;
And shapes are on his dreaming sight,
That keep their beauty for the night.

And still, as shakes the sudden breeze
The forest's deepening shade,
He hears on Tuscan evening seas
The silver serenade:
Or, to the field of battle borne,
Swells at the sound of trump and horn.

The star that peeps the leaves between,
To him is but the light
That, from some lady's bower of green,
Shines to her pilgrim knight:
Who feels her spell around him twine,
And hastens home from Palestine.

Or, if some wandering peasant's song
Come sweetened on the gale,
He sees the cloister's saintly throng, —
The crozier, cross, and veil;
Or hears the vespers of the nun,
World-weary, lovely, and undone.

And thus he thinks the hours away
In sweet unworldly folly,
And loves to see the shades of gray,
That feed his melancholy:
Finding sweet speech and thought in all,
Star, leaf, wind, song, and waterfall!

HYMN FROM "CATILINE."

THOU, whose throne is on the cloud,
Mighty mother of the sky!
Clothe thee in thy darkest shroud,
Come, with terror in thine eye!
Stoop, a nation's cry to hear,
Goddess of the mountaineer!

On the hills our life is poured,
We have perished in the vale;
With our blood the stream is gored,
With our groans is swelled the gale.
Tyranny has bound the chain
On our bosom and our brain.

What has crushed our ancient glory?
Rome, by thee the deed was done!
What has bid our chieftains hoary
To a nameless grave begone?
What has from its kingly stand
Smote the spirit of the land?

Where was once a prouder spear?
Where was once a bolder brow?
When Helvetia's mountaineer
Thundered on the realms below!
Never keener shaft from string
Tore the Roman eagle's wing.

Goddess! give, — we ask no more,
'T is the boon thou giv'st the brave, —
Freedom! in the Roman's gore,
Or in old Helvetia's grave!
Destiny and chance are thine;
Answer, goddess, thrice divine!

Catiline, Act II. Scene 2.

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

CONSCRIPT Fathers!

I do not rise to waste the night in words:
Let that plebeian * talk; 't is not *my* trade;
But *here* I stand for right. Let him show *proofs*, —
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare
stand

To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your master; judges, Romans, — *slaves*!
His charge is false; — I dare him to his *proofs*,
You have my answer now! I must be gone.

* * *

But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still *do* scorn, to hide my sense of wrong:
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Can wrong me half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me, — turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what? —
To fling your offices to every slave; —
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb;
And having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

* * *

Banished from Rome! What's banished, but
set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?

(*With growing violence.*)

Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished? — I thank you for 't. It breaks my
chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour, —

* Cicero.

But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you:—here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your Consul's merciful. For this all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.

* * *
"Traitor!" I go—but I *return*. This—trial!
Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows! This hour's
work

Will breed proscriptions. Look to your hearths,
my lords!
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and
crimes;—

Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning the brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

* * *
I go,—but not to leap the gulf alone:
I go; but when I come,—'t will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake,—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral pile, but your best blood
Shall quench its flame.

Catiline, Act III. Scene 2.

CATILINE'S CALL TO ARMS.

SOUND all to arms! (*A flourish of trumpets.*)
Call in the captains,— (*To an officer.*)

I would speak with them!
(*The officer goes.*)

Now, Hope! away,—and welcome gallant
Death!

Welcome the clanging shield, the trumpet's yell,—
Welcome the fever of the mounting blood,
That makes wounds light, and battle's crimson toil
Seem but a sport,—and welcome the cold bed,
Where soldiers with their upturned faces lie,—
And welcome wolf's and vulture's hungry throats,
That make their sepulchres! We fight to-night.

(*The soldiery enter.*)

Centurions! all is ruined! I disdain
To hide the truth from you. The die is thrown!
And now, let each that wishes for long life
Put up his sword, and kneel for peace to Rome.
Ye all are free to go. What! no man stirs!
Not one! a soldier's spirit in you all?

Give me your hands! (This moisture in my eyes
Is womanish,—'t will pass.) My noble hearts!
Well have you chosen to die! For, in my mind,
The grave is better than o'erburdened life;
Better the quick release of glorious wounds,
Than the eternal taunts of galling tongues;
Better the spear-head quivering in the heart,
Than daily struggle against fortune's *curse*;
Better, in manhood's muscle and high blood,
To leap the gulf, than totter to its edge
In poverty, dull pain, and base decay.
Once more, I say,—are ye resolved?

(*The soldiers shout,— "All! All!"*)

Then, each man to his tent, and take the arms
That he would love to die in,—for, *this hour*,
We storm the Consul's camp. A last farewell!

(*He takes their hands.*)

When next we meet,—we'll have no time to look,
How parting clouds a soldier's countenance.
Few as we are, we'll rouse them with a peal
That shall shake Rome!

Now to your cohorts' heads;—the word's—
Revenge! *Catiline, Act V. Scene 2.*

EDWARD HOVEL THURLOW, LORD THURLOW.*

1781-1829.

SONNETS.

ON BEHOLDING BODIAM CASTLE,

ON THE BANK OF THE ROTHER, IN SUSSEX.

O THOU brave ruin of the passéd time,
When glorious spirits shone in burning arms,
And the brave trumpet, with its sweet alarms,
Called *honor*! at the matin hour sublime,
And the gray evening; thou hast had thy prime,
And thy full vigor; and the eating harms
Of age have robbed thee of thy warlike charms,
And placed thee here, an image, in my rhyme;
The owl now haunts thee, and oblivion's plant,
The creeping ivy, has o'erveiled thy towers;
And Rother, looking up with eye askant,
Recalling to his mind thy brighter hours,
Laments the time, when, fair and elegant,
Beauty first laughed from out thy joyous bowers!

WRITTEN ON THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

Now Summer has one foot from out the world,
Her golden mantle floating in the air;
And her love-darting eyes are backward hurled,

* This poet is, of course, not the famous Lord Chancellor of the same name. His poems were mercilessly ridiculed, especially by Byron; but there are excellent things to be found among his insipidities and inanities.

To bid adieu to this creation fair :
 A flight of swallows circles her before,
 And Zephyrus, her jolly harbinger,
 Already is a-wing to heaven's door,
 Whereat the Muses are expecting her ;
 And the three Graces, in their heavenly ring,
 Are dancing with delicious harmony ;
 And Hebe doth her flowery chalice bring,
 To sprinkle nectar on their melody :
 Jove laughs, to see his angel, Summer, come,
 Warbling his praise, to her immortal home.

TO A BIRD, THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF
 LACKEN, IN THE WINTER.

O MELANCHOLY bird, a winter's day,
 Thou standest by the margin of the pool ;
 And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
 To patience, which all evil can allay :
 God has appointed thee the fish thy prey ;
 And given thyself a lesson to the fool
 Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
 And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
 There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
 Though these be good, true wisdom to impart :
 He, who has not enough for these to spare,
 Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart,
 And teach his soul, by brooks and rivers fair :
 Nature is always wise in every part.

IN AUTUMN.

THE mournful earth is fellow to my woe,
 The hills and valleys to my anthems sing,
 That now no more the golden sunbeams flow,
 But waning Autumn of the world is king.
 The woods and gardens to my songs reply,
 They feel the loss, which they in change sus-
 tain ;
 The fountains on me look with careful eye,
 And fondly of the creeping cold complain :
 The wingéd horses now have lost their powers,
 The musing herds within the meadows stand,
 The birds are hushed amid their naked bowers,
 And insects in the cells themselves have planned ;
 All sight and sound is of a mournful cast,
 And tell to man the golden prime is past.

TO MAY.

MAY, queen of blossoms,
 And fulfilling flowers,
 With what pretty music
 Shall we charm the hours ?
 Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
 Blown in the open mead ?
 Or to the lute give heed
 In the green bowers ?

Thou hast no need of us,
 Or pipe or wire,
 That hast the golden bee
 Ripened with fire ;
 And many thousand more
 Songsters, that thee adore,
 Filling earth's grassy floor
 With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
 Tame, and free livers ;
 Doubt not, thy music too
 In the deep rivers ;
 And the whole plumy flight,
 Warbling the day and night :
 Up at the gates of light,
 See, the lark quivers !

When with the jacinth
 Coy fountains are tressed ;
 And for the mournful bird
 Green woods are dressed,
 That did for Tereus pine ;
 Then shall our songs be thine,
 To whom our hearts incline :
 May, be thou blessed !

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

1781-1849.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

A VOICE of grief and anger,
 Of pity mixed with scorn,
 Moans o'er the waters of the west,
 Through fire and darkness borne ;
 And fiercer voices join it,
 A wild triumphant yell !
 For England's foes, on ocean slain,
 Have heard it where they fell.

What is that voice which cometh
 Athwart the spectred sea ?
 The voice of men who left their homes
 To make their children free ;
 Of men whose hearts were torches
 For freedom's quenchless fire ;
 Of men, whose mothers brave brought forth
 The sire of Franklin's sire.

They speak ! — the Pilgrim Fathers
 Speak to ye from their graves !
 For earth hath muttered to their bones
 That we are soulless slaves !
 The Bradfords, Carvers, Winslows,
 Have heard the worm complain,
 That less than men oppress the men
 Whose sires were Pym and Vane !

What saith the voice which boometh
 Athwart the upbraiding waves?
 "Though slaves are ye, our sons are free,
 Then why will you be slaves?
 The children of your fathers
 Were Hampden, Pym, and Vane!"
 Land of the sires of Washington,
 Bring forth such men again!

CORN-LAW HYMN.

LORD! call thy pallid angel,
 The tamer of the strong!
 And bid him whip with want and woe
 The champions of the wrong!
 O, say not thou to ruin's flood,
 "Up, sluggard! why so slow?"
 But alone, let them groan,
 The lowest of the low;
 And basely beg the bread they curse,
 Where millions curse them now!

No; wake not thou the giant
 Who drinks hot blood for wine;
 And shouts unto the east and west,
 In thunder-tones like thine;
 Till the slow to move rush all at once,
 An avalanche of men,
 While he raves over waves
 That need no whirlwind then;
 Though slow to move, moved all at once,
 A sea, a sea of men!

THE PRESS.

GOD said, "Let there be light!"
 Grim darkness felt his might,
 And fled away;
 Then startled seas and mountains cold
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
 And cried, "'T is day! 't is day!"
 "Hail, holy light!" exclaimed
 The thunderous cloud, that flamed
 O'er daisies white;
 And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
 Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast;
 And, blushing, murmured, "Light!"
 Then was the skylark born;
 Then rose the embattled corn;
 Then floods of praise
 Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;
 And then, in stillest night, the moon
 Poured forth her pensive lays.
 Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
 Lo, trees and flowers all clad
 In glory, bloom!
 And shall the mortal sons of God

Be senseless as the trodden clod,
 And darker than the tomb?
 No, by the *mind* of man!
 By the swart artisan!
 By God, our sire!
 Our souls have holy light within.
 And every form of grief and sin
 Shall see and feel its fire.
 By earth and hell and heaven,
 The shroud of souls is riven!
 Mind, mind alone
 Is light and hope and life and power!
 Earth's deepest night, from this blessed hour
 The night of minds is gone!
 "The Press!" all lands shall sing;
 The Press, the Press we bring,
 All lands to bless:
 O pallid Want! O Labor stark!
 Behold, we bring the second ark!
 The Press! the Press! the Press!

THE DYING BOY TO THE SLOE BLOSSOM.

BEFORE thy leaves thou comest once more,
 White blossom of the sloe!
 Thy leaves will come as heretofore;
 But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,
 Will then lie low.

A month, at least, before thy time
 Thou com'st, pale flower, to me;
 For well thou know'st the frosty rime
 Will blast me ere my vernal prime,
 No more to be.

Why here in winter? No storm lowers
 O'er Nature's silent shroud!
 But blithe larks meet the sunny showers,
 High o'er the doomed untimely flowers
 In beauty bowed.

Sweet violets, in the budding grove,
 Peep where the glad waves run;
 The wren below, the thrush above,
 Of bright to-morrow's joy and love
 Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf, ever bold,
 Hears bees chant hymns to God,
 The breeze-bowed palm, mossed o'er with gold,
 Smiles on the well in summer cold,
 And daisied sod.

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,
 And flowers in winter blow,
 To tell me that the worm makes room
 For me, her brother, in the tomb,
 And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn
Foretells an eve of tears,
A sunbeam on the saddened lawn
I smile, and weep to be withdrawn
In early years.

Thy leaves will come! but songful spring
Will see no leaf of mine;
Her bells will ring, her bridesmaids sing,
When my young leaves are withering
Where no suns shine.

O, might I breathe morn's dewy breath,
When June's sweet Sabbaths chime!
But, thine before my time, O death!
I go where no flower blossometh,
Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn
Vanish, and long ere noon
The dew-drop dieth on the thorn,
So fair I bloomed; and was I born
To die as soon?

To love my mother and to die, —
To perish in my bloom!
Is this my sad brief history? —
A tear dropped from a mother's eye
Into the tomb.

He lived and loved, — will sorrow say, —
By early sorrow tried;
He smiled, he sighed, he past away;
His life was but an April day, —
He loved and died!

My mother smiles, then turns away,
But turns away to weep:
They whisper round me, — what they say
I need not hear, for in the clay
I soon must sleep.

O, love is sorrow! sad it is
To be both tried and true;
I ever trembled in my bliss;
Now there are farewells in a kiss, —
They sigh adieu.

But woodbines flaunt when bluebells fade,
Where Don reflects the skies;
And many a youth in Shire-cliffs' shade
Will ramble where my boyhood played,
Though Alfred dies.

Then panting woods the breeze will feel,
And bowers, as heretofore,
Beneath their load of roses reel;
But I through woodbined lanes shall steal
No more, no more.

Well, lay me by my brother's side,
Where late we stood and wept;
For I was stricken when he died, —
I felt the arrow as he sighed
His last and slept.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

STOP, mortal! Here thy brother lies, —
The poet of the poor.
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace, — and the grave!
Sin met thy brother everywhere!
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care
He no exemption claimed.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate;
But, honoring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great,
He blessed the steward, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more;
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plundered labor's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare, —
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

MARY FERRIER.

1782 - 1854.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.*

THE LAIRD o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;
But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee.
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, as guid as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;

* This popular humorous ditty is attributed to the authoress of *Marriage, The Inheritance, and Destiny*. The two concluding verses are by another hand. The song is sung to the old air of "When she cam' ben she bobbed."

One is reminded here of the laird who was the unsuccessful lover of Jeannie Deans.

He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat, —
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannilie, —
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben:
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower
wine;

"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he boued fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na,
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turnéd awa'.

Dumfounded he was, but nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie,
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"O, for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten;
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on the
green;

Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at
Cockpen.

WILLIAM GLEN.

Died about 1824.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.*

A WEE bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
O, when I heard the bonnie soun'
The tears cam' happin' rarely,
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow,
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"

* This Jacobite song is, or was, a favorite song of Queen Victoria. On her first visit to the North of Scotland, the Marquis of Breadalbane arranged, at Taymouth Castle, a concert of Scottish songs in honor of his distinguished guest; this piece was, of course, omitted from the programme; but it was afterwards included in it by the Queen's "particular request."

"O, no, no, no," the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind and rain, —
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

"On hills that are, by right, his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger,
On every side he's pressed by want,
On every side is danger;
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he, —
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roared
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys,
An' whare was 't that your prince lay down
Whase hame should been a palace?
He rowed him in a highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom, —
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he sheuk his wings wi' anger,
"O, this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
He hovered on the wing awhile
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

JOHN EWEN.

- 1821.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

O, WEEL may the boatie row,
And better may she speed!
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns's bread!
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed.

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed!

O, weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,

And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
 And buys our parritch meal.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vowed he would be mine,
 And wan frae me my heart,
 O, muckle lighter grew my creel!
 He swore we 'd never part.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel;
 And muckle lighter is the lade,
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
 And dressed mysel' fu' braw:
 I trow my heart was dowf and wae,
 When Jamie gaed awa':
 But weel may the boatie row,
 And lucky be her part;
 And lightsome be the lassie's care
 That yields an honest heart!

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie
 Are up, and gotten lear,
 They 'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel;
 And lightsome be her heart that bears
 The murlain and the creel!

And when wi' age we are worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They 'll row to keep us hale and warm
 As we did them before:
 Then, weel may the boatie row,
 That wins the bairns's bread;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boat to speed!

JANE TAYLOR.

1783 - 1824.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
 Shoots through the yellow pane;
 It makes the faded crimson bright,
 And gilds the fringe again:
 The window's Gothic framework falls
 In oblique shadows on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
 How many a cloudless day,

To rob the velvet of its hue,
 Has come and passed away!
 How many a setting sun hath made
 That curious lattice-work of shade!

Crumbled beneath the hillock green,
 The cunning hand must be,
 That carved this fretted door, I ween,
 Acorn, and fleur-de-lis;
 And now the worm hath done her part
 In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call),
 When the first James was king,
 The courtly knight from yonder hall
 His train did hither bring;
 All seated round in order due,
 With 'broidered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions decked with fringe,
 All reverently they knelt;
 Prayer-books, with brazen hasp and hinge,
 In ancient English spelt,
 Each holding in a lily hand,
 Responsive to the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,
 The sunbeam, long and lone,
 Illumes the characters awhile
 Of their inscription-stone;
 And there, in marble hard and cold,
 The knight with all his train behold:

Outstretched together are expressed
 He and my lady fair;
 With hands uplifted on the breast,
 In attitude of prayer;
 Long-visaged, clad in armor, he,—
 With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order, as they died,
 Their numerous offspring bend,
 Devoutly kneeling side by side,
 As if they did intend
 For past omissions to atone,
 By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim;
 But generations new,
 In regular descent from him,
 Have filled the stately pew;
 And in the same succession go
 To occupy the vault below.

And now the polished, modern squire,
 And his gay train appear;
 Who duly to the hall retire,
 A season every year:
 And fill the seats with belle and beau,
 As 't was so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead,
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn receive to silent rest,
Another, and another guest;

The feathered hearse and sable train,
In all their wonted state,
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate;
Brought many a distant country through,
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gayly o'er their heads:
While other faces, fresh and new,
Shall fill the squire's respected pew.

REGINALD HEBER.

1783-1826.

ADVENT SUNDAY.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer!
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim,
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

But chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
Eternal! bid thy spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee!
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again,
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind!

Can this be Thee who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppressed and mocked by pride?
O God! is this the crucified?

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy — the Lord is come!

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own!

EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

 THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not de-
 plore thee,
 Though sorrow and darkness encompass the
 tomb;
 Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before
 thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the
 gloom!

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold
 thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold
 thee,
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!

Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion
 forsaking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
 But the mild rays of paradise beamed on thy
 waking,
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the sera-
 phim's song!

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de-
 plore thee,
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and
 guide;
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore
 thee,
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll!
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign!

 BEFORE THE SACRAMENT.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken!
 Wine of the soul in mercy shed!
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead!

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,
 And be thy feast to us the token
 That by thy grace our souls are fed!

 LINES WRITTEN TO HIS WIFE,

WHILE ON A VISIT TO UPPER INDIA.

If thou wert by my side, my love!
 How fast would evening fall
 In green Bengala's palmy grove,
 Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love! wert by my side,
 My babies at my knee,

How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! Then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
On broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er black Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor mild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits,
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea,
But never were hearts so light and gay,
As then shall meet in thee!

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH.

I SEE them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory.
And waving arms, and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light:
They're lost, — and gone, the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast;
And fainter, fainter, fainter still
The march is rising o'er the hill.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
The clashing horn, — they come, they come;
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep,
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their softened chorus meets the ear;
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way;
The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And clashing horn, they come, they come.

FROM "THE GULISTAN."

BROTHER! know the world deceiveth!
Trust on Him who safely giveth!
Fix not on the world thy trust,
She feeds us, — but she turns to dust,
And the bare earth or kingly throne
Alike may serve to die upon!

* * *
The man who leaveth life behind,
May well and boldly speak his mind;
Where flight is none from battle-field,
We blithely snatch the sword and shield;
Where hope is past, and hate is strong,
The wretch's tongue is sharp and long;
Myself have seen, in wild despair,
The feeble cat the mastiff tear.

* * *
Who the silent man can prize,
If a fool he be or wise?
Yet, though lonely seem the wood,
Therein may lurk the beast of blood,
Often bashful looks conceal
Tongue of fire and heart of steel,
And deem not thou in forest gray,
Every dappled skin thy prey;
Lest thou rouse, with luckless spear,
The tiger for the fallow-deer!

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

1784-1859.

THE FEAST OF THE POETS.*

T' OTHER day, as Apollo sat pitching his darts
Through the clouds of November, by fits and by
starts,

He began to consider how long it had been,
Since the bards of Old England had all been
rung in.

"I think," said the god, recollecting (and then
He fell twiddling a sunbeam as I may my pen),
"I think — let me see — yes, it is, I declare,
As long ago now as that Buckingham there:
And yet I can't see why I've been so remiss,
Unless it may be — and it certainly is,
That since Dryden's fine verses and Milton's
sublime,

I have fairly been sick of their sing-song and
rhyme.

There was Collins, 't is true, had a good deal to say;
But the rogue had no industry, — neither had
Gray:

And Thomson, though best in his indolent fits,
Either slept himself weary, or bloated his wits.

* We have printed this light satire as it was originally published. In recasting the poem the author did not improve it.

But ever since Pope spoiled the cars of the town
With his cuckoo-song verses, half up and half
down,

There has been such a doling and sameness, —
by Jove,

I'd as soon have gone down to see Kemble in love.

However, of late as they've roused them anew,

I'll even go and give them a lesson or two,

And as nothing's done there nowadays with-
out eating,

See what kind of set I can muster worth treating.

So saying, the god bade his horses walk for'ard,

And leaving them, took a long dive to the uor'ard:

For Gordon's he made; and as gods who drop
in do,

Came smack on his legs through the drawing-
room window.

And here I could tell, if it was n't for stopping,

How all the town shook as the godhead went pop in,

How bright looked the poets, and brisk blew the
airs,

And the laurels took flower in the gardens and
squares; —

But fancies like these, though I've stores to
supply me,

I'd better keep back for a poem I've by me,

And merely observe that the girls looked divine,

And the old folks in-doors exclaimed, "Bless us,
how fine!"

Apollo, arrived, had no sooner embodied
His essence ethereal, than, quenching his godhead,
He changed his appearance — to — what shall I
say?

To a gallant young soldier returning in May?

No — that's a resemblance too vapid and low: —

Let's see — to a finished young traveller? — No:

To a graceful young lord just stept out of his
carriage?

Or handsome young poet, the day of his marriage?

No, — nobody's likeness will help me, I see,

To afford you a notion of what he could be,

Not though I collected one pattern victorious

Of all that was good, and accomplished, and
glorious,

From deeds in the daylight, or books on the shelf,

And called up the shape of young Alfred himself.

Imagine, however, if shape there must be,

A figure sublimed above mortal degree,

His limbs the perfection of elegant strength, —

A fine flowing roundness inclining to length, —

A back dropping in, — an expansion of chest

(For the god, you'll observe, like his statues was
drest),

His throat like a pillar for smoothness and grace,

His curls in a cluster, — and then such a face,

As marked him at once the true offspring of Jove,

The brow all of wisdom, and lips all of love;

For though he was blooming and oval of cheek,

And youth down his shoulders went smoothing
and sleek,

Yet his look with the reach of past ages was wise,
And the soul of eternity thought through his eyes.

I would not say more, lest my climax should
lose;

Yet now I have mentioned those lamps of the
Muse,

I can't but observe what a splendor they shed,
When a thought more than common came into
his head:

Then they leaped in their frankness, deliciously
bright,

And shot round about them an arrowy light;

And if, as he shook back his hair in its cluster,

A curl fell athwart them and darkened their lustre,

A sprinkle of gold through the duski-ness came,

Like the sun through a tree, when he's setting
in flame.

The god then no sooner had taken a chair,

And rung for the landlord to order the fare,

Than he heard a strange noise and a knock from
without, —

And scraping and bowing, came in *such* a rout!

There was Arnold, and Reynolds, and Dibdin,
and Cherry,

All grinning as who should say, "Sha'n't we be
merry?"

And mighty dull Cobb, lumbering just like a
bear up,

And sweet Billy Dimond, a-patting his hair up.

The god, for an instant, sat fixed as a stone,

Till recovering, he said in a good-natured tone,

"O, the waiters, I see; — ah, it's all very well, —

Only one of you'll do just to answer the bell."

But Lord! to see all the great dramatists' faces!

They looked at each other, and made such gri-
maces!

Then turning about, left the room in vexation,

And Hook, they say, could n't help muttering

"Damnation!"

'T was lucky for Colman he was n't there too,

For his pranks would have certainly met with
their due,

And Sheridan's also, that finished old tricker; —

But one was in prison, and both were in liquor.

The god fell a-laughing to see his mistake,

But stopped with a sigh for poor Comedy's sake;

Then gave mine host orders, who bowed to the
floor,

And presented three cards that were brought to
the door:

Apollo just gave them a glance with his eye,

"Spencer — Rogers — Montgomery," and, put-
ting them by,

Begged the landlord to give his respects to all
three,

And say he'd be happy to see them to tea.

"Your Majesty then," said the Gaius, "don't know
That a person named Crabbe has been waiting below?
He has taken his chair in the kitchen, they say."
"Indeed!" said Apollo, "O, pray let him stay:
He'll be much better pleased to be with 'em down stairs,
And will find ye all out with your cookings and cares:—
But mind that you treat him as well as you're able,
And let him have part of what goes from the table."
A soft, smiling voice then arose on the ear,
As if some one from court was about to appear:
"O, this is the room, my good friend? Ah, I see it is;—
Room, sure enough, for the best-bred of deities!"
Then came a whisper, — and then was a hush, —
And then, with a sort of a look of a blush,
Came in Mr. Hayley, all polished confusion,
And said, "*Will* Apollo excuse this intrusion?
I might have kept back, — but I thought 't would look odd, —
And friendship, you know, — pray how *is* my dear god!"
A smile, followed up by a shake of the head,
Crossed the fine lip of Phœbus, who viewed him, and said,
"I'll give you a lesson, sir, quite your own seeking,
And one that you very much want, — on plain speaking.
Pray have you to learn, — and at this time of day,
That your views on regard have been all the wrong way?
One ten thousandth part of the words and the time
That you've wasted on praises instead of your rhyme,
Might have gained you a title to this kind of freedom;
But volumes of endings, lugged in as you need 'em,
Of *hearts* and *imparts*, where 's the soul that can read 'em?"
So saying, his eye so alarmingly shone,
That ere it could wink, the poor devil was gone.
A hem was then heard, consequential and snapping,
And a sour little gentleman walked with a rap in.
He bowed, looked about him, seemed cold, and sat down,
And said, "I'm surprised that you'll visit this town:—
To be sure, there are one or two of us who know you,
But as for the rest, they are all much below you.
So stupid, in general, the natives are grown,
They really prefer Scotch reviews to their own;

So that what with their taste, their reformers, and stuff,
They have sickened myself and my friends long enough."
"Yourself and your friends!" cried the god in high glee;
"And pray, my frank visitor, who may you be?"
"Who be?" cried the other; "why really — this tone —
William Gifford's a name, I think, pretty well known!"
"O — now I remember," said Phœbus: "ah, true —
My thanks to that name are undoubtedly due:
The rod that got rid of the *Cruscas* and *Lauras* —
That plague of the butterflies — saved me the horrors;
The Juvenal too stops a gap in one's shelf,
At least in what Dryden has not done himself;
And there's something, which even distaste must respect,
In the self-taught example, that conquered neglect.
But not to insist on the recommendations
Of modesty, wit, and a small stock of patience,
My visit just now is to poets alone,
And not to small critics, however well known."
So saying he rang, to leave nothing in doubt,
And the sour little gentleman blessed himself out.
Next came Walter Scott with a fine weighty face,
For as soon as his visage was seen in the place,
The diners and barmaids all crowded to know him,
And thank him with smiles for that sweet pretty poem!
However, he scarcely had got through the door,
When he looked adoration, and bowed to the floor,
For his host was a god, — what a very great thing!
And what was still greater in *his* eyes, — a king!
Apollo smiled shrewdly, and bade him sit down,
With "Well, Mr. Scott, you have managed the town;
Now pray, copy less, — have a little temerity, —
Try if you can't also manage posterity.
All you add now only lessens your credit;
And how could you think too of taking to edit?
A great deal's endured, where there's measure and rhyme;
But prose such as yours is a pure waste of time, —
A singer of ballads unstrung by a cough,
Who fairly talks on, till his hearers walk off.
Be original, man; study more, scribble less;
Nor mistake present favor for lasting success;
And remember, if laurels are what you would find,
The crown of all triumph is freedom of mind."
"And here," cried Apollo, "is one at the door,
Who shall prove what I say, or my art is no more.
Ah, Campbell, you're welcome: — well, how have you been,
Since the last time I saw you on Sydenham Green?"

The bard, like a second Æneas, went home in 't,
And lives underneath it, it seems, at this moment.

Apollo then turning and smoothing his frown,
Bade Southey take warning, and let him sit down;
But the rest of Bob's friends, too ambitious to
flinch,

Stood fixing their faces, and stirred not an inch;
While Sam, looking soft and politely dejected,
Confessed with a sigh, that 't was what he expected,
Since Phœbus had fatally learnt to confide in
Such prosers as Johnson, and rhymers as Dryden.
But wrath seized Apollo; — and turning again,
“Whatever,” he cried, “were the faults of such
men,

Yeshall try, wretched mortals, how well ye can bear
What Dryden has witnessed, uns mote with de-
spair.”

He said; and the place all seemed swelling with
light,

While his locks and his visage grew awfully bright;
And clouds, burning inward, rolled round on each
side,

To encircle his state, as he stood in his pride;
Till at last the full deity put on his rays,
And burst on the sight in the pomp of his blaze!
Then a glory beamed round, as of fiery rods,
With the sound of deep organs and chorister gods;
And the faces of bards, glowing fresh from their
skies,

Came thronging about with intentness of eyes, —
And the Nine were all heard, as the harmony
swelled, —

And the spheres, pealing in, the long rapture
upheld, —

And all things, above, and beneath, and around,
Seemed a world of bright vision, set floating in
sound.

That sight and that music might not be sustained
But by those who a glory like Dryden's had gained;
And even the four who had graciousness found,
After gazing awhile, bowed them down to the
ground.

What then could remain for that feeble-eyed crew?
Through the door in an instant they rushed and
they flew,

They rushed, and they dashed, and they scram-
bled, and stumbled,

And down the hall staircase distractedly tumbled,
And never once thought which was head or was feet,
And slid through the hall, and fell plump in the
street.

So great was the panic they struck with their fright,
That of all who had come to be feasted that night,
Not one ventured up, or would stay near the place;
Even Croker declined, notwithstanding his face;
And old Peter Pindar turned pale, and suppressed,
With a death-bed sensation, a blasphemous jest.

But Phœbus no sooner had gained his good ends,

Than he put off his terrors, and raised up his friends,
Who stood for a moment, entranced to behold
The glories subside and the dim-rolling gold,
And listened to sounds, that with ecstasy burning
Seemed dying far upward, like heaven returning.
Then “Come,” cried the god in his elegant mirth,
“Let us make us a heaven of our own upon earth,
And wake with the lips, that we dip in our bowls,
That divinest of music, — congenial souls.”

So saying, he led through the dining-room door,
And seating the poets, cried “Laurels for four!”
No sooner demanded, than lo! they were there,
And each of the bards had a wreath in his hair.
Tom Campbell's with willow and poplar was
twined,

And Southey's with mountain-ash plucked in the
wind,

And Scott's with a heath from his old garden stores,
And with vine-leaves and jump-up-and-kiss-me,
Tom Moore's.

Then Apollo put his on, that sparkled with beams,
And rich rose the feast as an epicure's dreams, —
Not epicure civic, or grossly inclined,
But such as a poet might dream ere he dined;
For the god had no sooner determined the fare,
Than it turned to whatever was racy and rare:
The fish and the flesh, for example, were done,
On account of their fineness, in flame from the sun;
The wines were all nectar of different smack,
To which Muscat was nothing, nor Virginis Lac,
No, nor Lachryma Christi, though clearly divine,
Nor Montepulciano, though king of all wine.
Then as for the fruits, you might garden for ages,
Before you could raise me such apples and gages;
And all on the table no sooner was spread,
Than their cheeks next the god blushed a beau-
tiful red.

'T was magic, in short, and deliciousness all; —
The very men-servants grew handsome and tall,
To velvet-hung ivory the furniture turned,
The service with opal and adamant burned,
Each candlestick changed to a pillar of gold,
While a bundle of beams took the place of the
mould,

The decaners and glasses pure diamond became,
And the corkscrew ran solidly round into flame.
In a word, so completely forestalled were the
wishes,

Even harmony struck from the noise of the dishes.

It can't be supposed I should think of repeating
The fancies that flowed at this laureat meeting;
I have n't the brains, and besides, was not there;
But the wit may be easily guessed, by the chair:
Suffice it to say, it was keen as could be,
Though it softened to prettiness rather at tea.

I must mention, however, that during the wine,
The memory of Shakespeare was toasted with
nine;

When lo, as each poet was lifting his cup,
 A strain of invisible music struck up : —
 'T was a mixture of all the most exquisite sounds
 To be heard upon earthly or fanciful grounds,
 When poms or when passions their coming de-
 clare,
 Or there 's something at work in the moonshiny
 air ;
 For the trumpet sprang out, with a fierce-flow-
 ing blast,
 And the hautboys lamentingly, mingled and
 passed,
 Till a smile-drawing sweetness stole in at the close
 With the breathing of flutes and the smoothing
 of bows,
 And Ariel was heard, singing thinly and soft,
 Then with tricky tenuity vanished aloft.
 The next name was Milton, and six was the shout,
 When bursting at once in its mightiness out,
 The organ came gathering and rolling its thunder ;
 Yet wanted not intervals, calmer of wonder,
 Nor stops of low sweetness, like winds when
 they fall,
 Nor voices Elysian, that came with a call.
 Then followed my Spenser, with five to his share,
 And the light-neighing trumpet leaped freshly on
 air,
 With preludes of flutes as to open a scene,
 And pipes with coy snatches that started between,
 Till sudden it stopped, — and you heard a dim
 strain,
 Like the shell of old Triton far over the main.
 'T would be tedious to count all the names as
 they rose,
 But none were omitted, you 'll easily suppose,
 Whom Fancy has crowned with one twig of the bay,
 From old Father Chaucer to Collins and Gray.
 I must n't forget though, that Bob, like a gander,
 Would give "a great genius," — one Mr. Landor ;
 And Walter looked up too, and begged to propose
 A particular friend of his, — one Mr. Rose :
 But the god looked at Southey, and shrugging
 his shoulder,
 Cried, " When, my good friend, will you try to
 grow older ?"
 Then nodding to Scott, he said, " Pray be as portly
 And rich as you please, but a little less courtly."
 So, changing the subject, he called upon Moore,
 Who sung such a song, that they shouted " En-
 core !"
 And the god was so pleased with his taste and
 his tone,
 He obeyed the next call, and gave one of his own, —
 At which you 'd have thought ('t was so witch-
 ing a warble)
 The guests had all turned into listening marble ;
 The wreaths on their temples grew brighter of
 bloom,

As the breath of the deity circled the room ;
 And the wine in the glasses went rippling in rounds,
 As if followed and fanned by the soft-winged
 sounds.

Thus chatting and singing they sat till eleven,
 When Phœbus shook hands, and departed for
 heaven ;

" For poets," he said, " who would cherish their
 powers,

And hoped to be deathless, must keep to good
 hours."

So off he betook him the way that he came,
 And shot up the north, like an arrow of flame ;
 For the Bear was his inn ; and the comet, they say,
 Was his tandem in waiting to fetch him away.

The others then parted, all highly delighted ;
 And so shall I be, when you find me invited.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

WE are the sweet Flowers,
 Born of sunny showers,
 Think, when'er you see us, what our beauty saith :
 Utterance mute and bright
 Of some unknown delight,
 We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath :
 All who see us, love us ;
 We besit all places ;
 Unto sorrow we give smiles ; and unto graces,
 graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
 All, and sweetly voiceless,
 Though the March winds pipe to make our pas-
 sage clear ;
 Not a whisper tells
 Where our small seed dwells,
 Nor is known the moment green, when our tips
 appear.
 We thread the earth in silence,
 In silence build our bowers,
 And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh
 atop, sweet Flowers !

The dear lumpish baby,
 Humming with the May-bee,
 Hails us with his bright stare, stumbling through
 the grass ;
 The honey-dropping moon,
 On a night in June,
 Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the
 bridegroom pass.
 Age, the withered clinger,
 On us mutely gazes,
 And wraps the thought of his last bed in his
 childhood's daisies.

See, and scorn all duller
 Taste, how heaven loves color,

How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green ;
 What sweet thoughts she thinks
 Of violets and pinks,
 And a thousand flashing hues, made solely to be
 seen ;
 See her whitest lilies
 Chill the silver showers,
 And what a red mouth has her rose, the woman
 of the flowers !

Uselessness divinest
 Of a use the finest
 Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use ;
 Travellers weary-eyed
 Bless us far and wide ;
 Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden
 truce ;
 Not a poor town window
 Loves its sickliest planting,
 But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylon's
 whole vaunting.

Sage are yet the uses
 Mixed with our sweet juices
 Whether man or May-fly profit of the balm :
 As fair fingers healed
 Knights from the olden field,
 We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest
 calm.
 E'en the terror poison
 Hath its plea for blooming ;
 Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the
 presuming.

And O, our sweet soul-taker,
 That thief the honey-maker,
 What a house hath he, by the thymy glen !
 In his talking rooms
 How the feasting fumes,
 Till his gold cups overflow to the mouths of men !
 The butterflies come aping
 Those fine thieves of ours,
 And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled
 flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous !
 What fair service duteous
 Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine ?
 Elfin court 't would seem ;
 And taught perchance that dream,
 Which the old Greek mountain dreamt upon
 nights divine.
 To expound such wonder
 Human speech avails not ;
 Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such a glory
 exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,
 Matchless works and pleasures,
 Every one a marvel, more than thought can say ;

Then think in what bright showers
 We thicken fields and bowers,
 And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle
 wanton May :
 Think of the mossy forests
 By the bee-birds haunted,
 And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as
 enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours ;
 Fruits are born of flowers ;
 Peach and roughest nut were blossoms in the
 spring ;
 The lusty bee knows well
 The news, and comes pell-mell,
 And dances in the bloomy thickets with darksome
 antheming.
 Beneath the very burden
 Of planet-pressing ocean
 We wash our smiling cheeks in peace, a thought
 for meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus, — missings
 Of Cytherea's kissings,
 Have in us been found, and wise men find them
 still ;
 Drooping grace unfurls
 Still Hyacinthus' curls,
 And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill ;
 Thy red lip, Adonis,
 Still is wet with mourning ;
 And the step that bled for thee, the rosy brier
 adorning.

O, true things are fables,
 Fit for sagest tables,
 And the flowers are true things, yet no fables
 they ;
 Fables were not more
 Bright, nor loved of yore
 Yet they grew not, like the flowers, by every old
 pathway.
 Grossest hand can test us ;
 Fools may prize us never ;
 Yet we rise, and rise, and rise, marvels sweet for-
 ever.

Who shall say that flowers
 Dress not heaven's own bowers ?
 Who its love, without them, can fancy, — or
 sweet floor ?
 Who shall even dare
 To say we sprang not there,
 And came not down that Love might bring one
 piece of heaven the more ?
 O, pray believe that angels
 From those blue dominions
 Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their
 golden pinions.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass,
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,

Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong

At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth

To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song, —
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

December 30, 1816.

TO T. L. HUNT,

SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient boy ;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.

I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways ;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid ;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now ;
And calmly midst my dear ones
Have wasted with dry brow ;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness, —
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too ;
My light, where'er I go,
My bird, when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion, — no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed" —

"His voice" — "his face" — is gone ;

To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on ;

Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping !
This silence too the while, —

Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile :
Something divine and dim

Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of Seraphim,
Who say, "We've finished here."

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a
royal sport,
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on
the court ;
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in
their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with
one for whom he sighed :
And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crown-
ing show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal
beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laugh-
ing jaws ;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a
wind went with their paws ;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they
rolled on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a
thunderous smother ;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking
through the air ;
Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're
better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous
lively dame
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which
always seemed the same ;
She thought, "The count my lover is brave as
brave can be ;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his
love of me ;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the occasion is
divine ;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love ; great
glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then
 looked at him and smiled;
 He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the
 lions wild:
 The leap was quick, return was quick, he has
 regained his place,
 Then threw the glove, but not with love, right
 in the lady's face.
 "By Heaven!" said Francis, "rightly done!"
 and he rose from where he sat:
 "No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a
 task like that."

THE NILE.

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
 Like some grave mighty thought threading a
 dream,
 And times and things, as in that vision, seem
 Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
 Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
 That roamed through the young world, the glory
 extreme
 Of high Sesostriis, and that southern beam,
 The laughing queen that caught the world's great
 hands.
 Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
 As of a world left empty of its throng,
 And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
 And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
 'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
 Our own calm journey on for human sake.

ARIADNE WAKING.

A FRAGMENT.

THE moist and quiet morn was scarcely breaking,
 When Ariadne in her bower was waking;
 Her eyelids still were closing, and she heard
 But indistinctly yet a little bird,
 That in the leaves o'erhead, waiting the sun,
 Seemed answering another distant one.
 She waked, but stirred not, only just to please
 Her pillow-nestling cheek; while the full seas,
 The birds, the leaves, the lulling love o'ernight,
 The happy thought of the returning light,
 The sweet, self-willed content, conspired to keep
 Her senses lingering in the feel of sleep;
 And with a little smile she seemed to say,
 "I know my love is near me, and 't is day."

SONG TO CERES.

THOU that art our queen again,
 And may in the sun be seen again,
 Come, Ceres, come,
 For the war's gone home,
 And the fields are quiet and green again.

The air, dear goddess, sighs for thee,
 The light-heart brooks arise for thee,
 And the poppies red
 On their wistful bed
 Turn up their dark blue eyes for thee.

Laugh out in the loose green jerkin
 That's fit for a goddess to work in,
 With shoulders brown,
 And the wheaten crown
 About thy temples perking.

And with thee came Stout Heart in,
 And Toil that sleeps his cart in,
 Brown Exercise,
 The ruddy and wise,
 His bathed forelocks parting.

And Dancing too, that's lithier
 Than willow or birch, drop hither,
 To thread the place
 With a finishing grace,
 And carry our smooth eyes with her.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold:
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its
 head,

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the
 Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had
 blessed,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LOVE-LETTERS MADE IN FLOWERS.

ON A PRINT OF ONE OF THEM IN A BOOK.

AN exquisite invention this,
 Worthy of Love's most honeyed kiss,—
 This art of writing billet-doux
 In buds, and odors, and bright hues!
 In saying all one feels and thinks
 In clever daffodils and pinks;
 In puns of tulips; and in phrases,

Charming for their truth, of daisies ;
Uttering, as well as silence may,
The sweetest words the sweetest way.
How fit too for the lady's bosom !
The place where billet-doux repose 'em.

What delight in some sweet spot
Combining love with garden plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers
And one's epistolary powers !
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs, and beds of pansies ;
One's sighs and passionate declarations,
In odorous rhetoric of carnations ;
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach ;
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering, every day, one's pathos !

A letter comes, just gathered. We
Dote on its tender brilliancy,
Inhale its delicate expressions
Of balm and pea, and its confessions
Made with as sweet a Maiden's Blush
As ever morn bedewed on bush :
('T is in reply to one of ours,
Made of the most convincing flowers.)

Then, after we have kissed its wit
And heart, in water putting it
(To keep its remarks fresh), go round
Our little eloquent plot of ground,
And with enchanted hands compose
Our answer, — all of lily and rose,
Of tuberose and of violet,
And Little Darling (mignonette) ;
Of Look-at-me and Call-me-to-you
(Words, that while they greet, go through you) ;
Of Thoughts, of Flames, Forget-me-not,
Bridewort, — in short, the whole blest lot
Of vouchers for a lifelong kiss, —
And literally, breathing bliss !

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed, — as we shall know forever.
Alas ! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths, — angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air, —
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

THE RIVAL OF THE ROSE.

Know you not our only
Rival flower — the human ?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
Joy-abundant woman ?

JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
Time, you thief ! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad ;
Say that health and wealth have missed me ;
Say I 'm growing old, but add —
Jenny kissed me !

BERNARD BARTON.

1784 - 1849.

BISHOP HUBERT.

'T is the hour of even now,
When, with pensive, thoughtful brow,
Seeking truths as yet unknown,
Bishop Hubert walks alone.
Fain would he, by earnest thought,
Nature's secret laws be taught ;
Learn the destinies of man,
And Creation's wonders scan.
From these data he would trace
Hidden mysteries of grace,
Dive into a deeper theme,
Solve Redemption's glorious scheme.
So he flings aside to-day
Mitre's pomp and crozier's sway,
Seeks the desert's silent scene
And the marge of ocean green.
Far he has not roamed before,
On that solitary shore,
He has found a little child,
By its seeming play beguiled.
On the drifted, barren sand
It has scooped, with baby hand,
Small recess, in which might float
Sportive fairy's tiny boat.
From a hollow shell, the while,
See ! 't is filling, with a smile,
Pool, as shallow as may be,
With the waters of the sea.
Hear the smiling bishop ask,
What can mean such infant task ?
Mark that infant's answer plain :
" 'T is to hold yon mighty main !"
" Foolish trifler," Hubert cries,

"Open, if thou canst, thine eyes.
 Can a shallow scooped by thee
 Hope to hold yon boundless sea?
 Know'st thou not its space transcends
 All thy fancy comprehends?
 Ope thy childish eyes, and know
 Fathomless its depths below."
 Soon that child, on ocean's brim,
 Ope its eyes, and turns to him!
 Well does Hubert read its look,—
 Glance of innocent rebuke;
 While a voice is heard to say:
 "If the pool, thus scooped in play,
 Cannot hold yon mighty sea,
 Vain must thy researches be.
 Canst thou hope to make thine own
 Secrets known to God alone?
 Can thy faculties confined
 Fathom the Eternal Mind?"
 Bishop Hubert turns away;
 He has learnt enough to-day,—
 Learnt how little man can know
 While a pilgrim here below.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

1784 - 1842.

IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!
 When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on
 the tree,

The lark shall sing me hame in my ain coun tree;
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for to fa',
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
 But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping
 tyrannie,

An' green it will grow in my ain countree.
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

There's naught now frae ruin my country can
 save,

But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
 That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie,
 May rise again and fight for their ain countree.
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
 The new grass is springing on the tap o' their
 grave;

But the sun through the mirk bliuks blythe in
 my ee,
 "I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree."
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

MY NANIE-O.

RED rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
 Mirk is the night and rainie-o,
 Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
 I'll gang and see my Nanie-o;
 My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
 My kind and winsome Nanie-o,
 She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
 And nane can do 't but Nanie-o.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
 Sae saintly and sae bonnie-o,
 I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
 For thieving looks at Nanie-o;
 My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
 The world's in love with Nanie-o;
 That heart is hardly worth the wear
 That wadna love my Nanie-o.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
 When dancing she moves finely-o;
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
 They sparkle sae divinely-o;
 My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
 The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie-o;
 Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
 And says, I dwell with Nanie-o.

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
 O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie-o,
 My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
 When coming frae my Nanie-o;
 My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
 Nane ken o' me and Nanie-o;
 The stars and moon may tell 't aboon,
 They winna wrang my Nanie-o!

THE LOVELY LASS OF PRESTON MILL.

THE lark had left the evening cloud,
 The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,
 Its gentle breath among the flowers
 Scarce stirred the thistle's tap o' down;
 The dappled swallow left the pool,
 The stars were blinking owre the hill,
 As I met, among the hawthorns green,
 The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Her naked feet, among the grass,
 Shone like twa dew-gemmed lilies fair;
 Her brow shone comely 'mang her locks,
 Dark curling owre her shoulders bare;

Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth;
 Her lips had words and wit at will,
 And heaven seemed looking through her een,
 The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I, "Sweet lass, will ye gang wi' me,
 Where blackcocks crawl, and plovers cry?
 Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
 Six vales are lowing wi' my kye:
 I hae looked lang for a weel-faur'd lass,
 By Nithsdale's holmes an' monie a hill"; —
 She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
 The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I, "Sweet maiden, look nae down,
 But gie 's a kiss, and gang wi' me":
 A lovelier face, O, never looked up,
 And the tears were drapping frae her e'e:
 "I hae a lad, wha 's far awa',
 That weel could win a woman's will;
 My heart 's already fu' o' love,"
 Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

"Now wha is he wha could leave sic a lass,
 To seek for love in a far countree?"
 Her tears drapped down like simmer dew:
 I fain wad kissed them frae her e'e.
 I took but ane o' her comely cheek;
 "For pity's sake, kind sir, be still!
 My heart is fu' o' other love,"
 Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

She stretched to heaven her twa white hands,
 And lifted up her watery e'e; —
 "Sae lang 's my heart kens aught o' God,
 Or light is gladsome to my e'e;
 While woods grow green, and burns rin clear,
 Till my last drap o' blood be still,
 My heart shall haud nae other love,"
 Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

There 's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
 And Nith's romantic vale is fu';
 By lanely Cluden's hermit stream
 Dwells monie a gentle dame, I trow!
 O, they are lights of a gladsome kind,
 As ever shone on vale or hill;
 But there 's a light puts them a' out, —
 The lovely lass of Preston Mill!

— — —

GANE WERE BUT THE WINTER CAULD.

GANE were but the winter cauld,
 And gane were but the snaw,
 I could sleep in the wild woods,
 Where primroses blaw.

Cauld 's the snaw at my head,
 And cauld at my feet,

And the finger o' death 's at my een,
 Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
 Or my mither sae dear:
 I'll meet them baith in heaven
 At the spring o' the year.

— — —

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O, MY love 's like the steadfast sun,
 Or streams that deepen as they run;
 Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
 Nor moments between sighs and tears,
 Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
 Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain;
 Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
 To sober joys and soften woes,
 Can make my heart or fancy flee
 One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse I see thee sit
 In maiden bloom and matron wit;
 Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
 Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
 Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
 As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
 We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
 Set on the sea an hour too soon;
 Or lingered mid the falling dew,
 When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
 Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,
 And time and care and birthtime woes
 Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,
 To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
 Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
 When words descend like dews unsought,
 With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
 And Fancy in her heaven flies free,
 They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,
 To silver than some give to gold,
 'T was sweet to sit and ponder o'er
 How we should deck our humble bower:
 'T was sweet to pull, in hope, with thee
 The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;
 And sweeter still to choose and twine
 A garland for that brow of thine, —
 A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
 While rivers flow and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
 Grave moments of sedater thought,
 When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
 One gleam of her inconstant light;
 And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
 Shines like a rainbow through the shower;

O, then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose meek
Speak of thee more than words can speak.
I think this wedded wife of mine
The best of all things not divine.

SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

SHE 's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
She 's gane to dwall in heaven:
"Ye 're owre pure," quo' the voice o' God,
"For dwalling out o' heaven!"

O, what 'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
O, what 'll she do in heaven?
She 'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,
Lowly there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I 'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I 'll follow thee;
Thou left me naught to covet ahin',
But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-cold face;
Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
That sang the evening psalm.

There 's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There 's naught but dust now mine;
My soul 's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'!

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"O for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free, —
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free, —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

"Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine!
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine!"

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,
An' the heart that wad part sic love;
But there 's nae hand can loose the band,
Save the finger o' God above.
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
An' my claithing e'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' love,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean!

Her white arm wad be a pillow to me,
Fu' safter than the down,
An' Love wad winnow owre us his kind, kind
wings,
An' sweetly I 'd sleep an' soun'.
"Come here to me, thou lass o' my love,
Come here and kneel wi' me;
The morning is fu' o' the presence o' God,
An' I canna pray but thee.

"The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new
flowers,
The wee birds sing kindly an' hie,
Our gude-man leans owre his kail-yard dyke,
An' a blythe auld body is he.

The Book maun be taen whan the carle comes
hame,

Wi' the holie psalmodie,
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee !”

—o—o—o—
**HENRY JOHN TEMPLE,
VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.***

1784 - 1865.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE HOT WELLS, BRISTOL.

WHOE'ER, like me, with trembling anguish brings
His dearest earthly treasure to these springs ;
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe the distress and pain,
Shall court these salutary springs in vain ;
Condemned, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch in dumb despair the shortening breath ;
If chance should bring him to this humble line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.
Ordained to love the partner of my breast,
Whose virtue warmed me, and whose beauty
blessed ;

Framed every tie that binds the heart to prove,
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love ;
But yet remembering that the parting sigh
Appoints the just to slumber, not to die,
The starting tear I checked, — I kissed the rod,
And not to earth resigned her, — but to God.

—o—o—o—
ALEXANDER RODGER.

1784 - 1846.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.
It wouldna give me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane ;
But gudesake ! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk, —
Whate'er you do when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk !

Consider, lad, how folks will crack,
And what a great affair they 'll mak'

* Lord Palmerston was a fluent versifier as well as an accomplished statesman. Few readers of English poetry are aware that at any period of his life he toyed with the Muses.

O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk, —
Nor gi'e the tongue o' old and young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be ;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk, —
I'll ne'er submit again to it ;
So mind you that — before folk !

Ye tell me that my face is fair :
It may be sae — I dinna care —
But ne'er again gar't blush so sair
As ye hae done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk, —
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk !

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet :
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit ; —
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To prie their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk, —
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk !

But gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kissed,
Gae get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk !
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk, —
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten — before folk !

—o—o—o—
GEORGE DARLEY.

1785 - 1849.

SONG, FROM "ETHELSTAN."

O'ER the wild gannet's bath
Come the Norse coursers !
O'er the whale's heritance
Gloriously steering !
With beakéd heads peering,
Deep-plunging, high-rearing,
Tossing their foam abroad,
Shaking white manes aloft,
Creamy-necked, pitchy-ribbed,
Steeds of the Ocean !

O'er the sun's mirror green
Come the Norse coursers!
Trampling its glassy breadth
Into bright fragments!
Hollow-backed, huge-bosomed,
Fraught with mailed riders,
Clanging with hauberks,
Shield, spear, and battle-axe,
Canvas-winged, cable-reined,
Steeds of the Ocean!

O'er the wind's ploughing-field
Come the Norse coursers!
By a hundred each ridden,
To the bloody feast bidden,
They rush in their fierceness
And ravine all round them!
Their shoulders enriching
With fleecy-light plunder,
Fire-spreading, foe-spurning,
Steeds of the Ocean!

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

HERE 's a bank with rich cowslips and cuckoo-
buds strewn,

To exalt your bright looks, gentle Queen of
the May!

Here's a cushion of moss for your delicate shoon,
And a woodbine to weave you a canopy gay!

Here's a garland of red maiden-roses for you,
Such a beautiful wreath is for beauty alone!
Here's a golden king-cup, brimming over with
dew,

To be kissed by a lip just as sweet as its own!

Here are bracelets of pearl from the fount in the
dale,

That the nymph of the wave on your wrists
doth bestow;

Here's a lily-wrought scarf, your sweet blushes
to veil,

Or to lie on that bosom like snow upon snow.

Here's a myrtle enwreathed with a jessamine
band,

To express the fond twining of beauty and
youth;

Take this emblem of love in thy exquisite hand,
And do *thou* sway the evergreen sceptre of
Truth!

Then around you we'll dance, and around you
we'll sing!

To soft pipe and sweet tabor we'll foot it away!
And the hills, and the vales, and the forests shall
ring

While we hail you our lovely young Queen of
the May.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

1785 - 1806.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Win-
ter's sway,

And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, — my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star, — the Star of Bethlehem!

WILLIAM TENNANT.*

1785 - 1848.

ANSTER FAIR.

I WISH I had a cottage snug and neat
 Upon the top of many-fountained Ide,
 That I might thence, in holy fervor, greet
 The God who garnished out a world so bright and
 side :

And when the low Sun's glory-buskined feet
 Walk on the blue wave of the Ægean tide,
 O, I would kneel me down, and worship there
 The God who garnished out a world so bright and
 fair !

The saffron-elbowed Morning up the slope
 Of heaven canaries in her jewelled shoes,
 And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled top
 Her golden apron dripping kindly dews ;
 And never, since she first began to hop
 Up heaven's blue causeway, of her beams pro-
 fuse,
 Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay,
 As shines the merry dawn of Anster market-day.

Round through the vast circumference of sky
 One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,
 Save in the east some fleeces bright of dye,
 That strike the hem of heaven with woolly gold,
 Whereon are happy angels wont to lie
 Lolling, in amaranthine flowers enrolled,
 That they may spy the precious light of God,
 Flung from the blessed east o'er the fair earth
 abroad.

The fair earth launches through all her boundless
 range,
 Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam ;
 City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,
 Gilt as with nature's purest leaf-gold seem ;
 The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change
 Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,

* Tennant was a Scotchman. Like our countryman, Hal-
 leck, he was a merchant's clerk ; but his leisure hours were
 devoted to the study of literature, and his acquirements ex-
 tended to a knowledge of Hebrew. In 1813, after the publica-
 tion of *Anster Fair*, he became a parish schoolmaster, on a stip-
 end of £40 a year ; but was afterwards appointed a professor
 in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. *Anster Fair* appeared in
 1812. The author thus anticipated both Frere and Byron in
 the use of the *ottava rima* stanza for serio-comical poetry.
 Mr. D. M. Moir (the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*) con-
 sidered two lines in the following stanza "as bordering on the
 sublime" : —

" Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland
 The horny-knuckled kilted Highlandman :
 From where upon the rocky Caithness strand
 Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,
 And where Lochline from her prolific sand
 Her herrings gives to feed each bordering clan,
 Arrive the brogue-shod men of generous eye,
 Plaided and breechless all, with Esau's hairy thigh."

And, on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,
 Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their petty
 rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
 Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
 And on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne,
 Mount to the heaven's blue keystone flickering ;
 They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,
 And hail the genial light, and cheerly sing ;
 Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,
 As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the
 sound.

For when the first upsloping ray 'was flung
 On Anster-steeple's swallow-harboring top,
 Its bell and all the bells around were rung
 Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop ;
 For, toilingly, each bitter beadle swung,
 Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,
 And almost broke his bell-wheel, ushering in
 The morn of Anster Fair with tinkle-tankling din.

And, from our steeple's pinnacle outspread,
 The town's long colors flare and flap on high,
 Whose anchor, blazoned fair in green and red,
 Curls, pliant to each breeze that whistles by ;
 Whilst on the boltsprit, stern, and topmast head
 Of brig and sloop that in the harbor lie,
 Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,
 All to salute and grace the morn of Anster Fair.

Anster Fair.

JOHN WILSON.*

1785 - 1854.

THE SHIP.

AND lo ! upon the murmuring waves
 A glorious shape appearing !
 A broad-winged vessel, through the shower
 Of glimmering lustre steering !
 As if the beauteous ship enjoyed
 The beauty of the sea,
 She lifteth up her stately head
 And saileth joyfully.
 A lovely path before her lies,
 A lovely path behind ;
 She sails amidst the loveliness
 Like a thing with heart and mind.
 Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,
 Slowly she beareth on ;
 A glorious phantom of the deep,
 Risen up to meet the moon.
 The moon bids her tenderest radiance fall

* It is hardly necessary to say that these extracts from
 Professor Wilson's poems do scant justice even to his poetic
 faculty. He belongs specially to that class of writers who
 are poets in their prose writings.

On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,
 And the quiet voice of the rocking sea
 To cheer the gliding vision sings.
 O, ne'er did sky and water blend
 In such a holy sleep,
 Or bathe in brighter quietude
 A roamer of the deep.
 So far the peaceful soul of heaven
 Hath settled on the sea,
 It seems as if this weight of calm
 Were from eternity.

Isle of Palms.

THE WRECK OF THE SHIP.

BUT list! a low and moaning sound
 At distance heard, like a spirit's song,
 And now it reigns above, around,
 As if it called the ship along.
 The moon is sunk; and a clouded gray
 Declares that her course is run,
 And like a god who brings the day,
 Up mounts the glorious sun.
 Soon as his light has warmed the seas,
 From the parting cloud fresh blows the breeze;
 And that is the spirit whose well-known song
 Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
 No fears hath she; her giant form
 O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
 Majestically calm would go
 Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
 But gently now the small waves glide
 Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
 So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
 The main she will traverse forever and aye.
 Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast;—
 Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her
 last.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
 Are hurried o'er the deck;
 And fast the miserable ship
 Becomes a lifeless wreck.
 Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
 Her planks are torn asunder,
 And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
 And a hideous crash like thunder.
 Her sails are dragged in the brine,
 That gladdened late the skies,
 And her pendant, that kissed the fair moonshine,
 Down many a fathom lies.
 Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
 Gleamed softly from below,
 And flung a warm and sunny flush
 O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
 To the coral rocks are hurrying down,
 To sleep amid colors as bright as their own.
 O, many a dream was in the ship
 An hour before her death;

And sights of home with sighs disturbed
 The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
 Instead of the murmur of the sea,
 The sailor heard the humming tree
 Alive through all its leaves,
 The hum of the spreading sycamore
 That grows before his cottage-door,
 And the swallow's song in the eaves.
 His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
 Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
 To the dangers his father had passed;
 And his wife,—by turns she wept and smiled,
 As she looked on the father of her child,
 Returned to her heart at last.
 He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
 And the rush of waters is in his soul.
 Astounded, the reeling deck he paces,
 Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;
 The whole ship's crew are there!
 Wallings around and overhead,
 Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
 And madness and despair.

Isle of Palms.

LINES WRITTEN IN A HIGHLAND GLEN.

To whom belongs this valley fair,
 That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
 Even like a living thing?
 Silent as infant at the breast,
 Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
 That streamlet's murmuring!

The heavens appear to love this vale;
 Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,
 Or mid the silence lie!
 By the blue arch, this beauteous earth,
 Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,
 Seems bound unto the sky.

O that this lovely vale were mine!
 Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
 My years would gently glide;
 Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
 And memory's oft-returning gleams
 By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
 From presence of that gracious heaven,
 A piety sublime!
 And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
 To make in this deep solitude
 Eternity of Time!

And did I ask to whom belonged
 This vale? I feel that I have wronged
 Nature's most gracious soul!
 She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
 And all her children, from their birth,
 Are joint heirs of the whole!

Yea, long as nature's humblest child
 Hath kept her temple undefiled
 By sinful sacrifice,
 Earth's fairest scenes are all his own;
 He is a monarch, and His throne
 Is built amid the skies!

MARY.

THREE days before my Mary's death
 We walked by Grasmere shore;
 "Sweet lake!" she said, with faltering breath,
 "I ne'er shall see thee more!"

Then turning round her languid head,
 She looked me in the face,
 And whispered, "When thy friend is dead,
 Remember this lone place."

Vainly I struggled at a smile,
 That did my fears betray;
 It seemed that on our darling isle
 Foreboding darkness lay.

My Mary's words were words of truth;
 None now behold the maid;
 Amid the tears of age and youth,
 She in her grave was laid.

Long days, long nights, I ween, were past
 Ere ceased her funeral knell;
 But to the spot I went at last
 Where she had breathed "farewell!"

Methought, I saw the phantom stand
 Beside the peaceful wave;
 I felt the pressure of her hand,—
 Then looked towards her grave.

Fair, fair beneath the evening sky
 The quiet churchyard lay;
 The tall pine-grove most solemnly
 Hung mute above her lay.

Dearly she loved their arching spread,
 Their music wild and sweet,
 And, as she wished on her death-bed,
 Was buried at their feet.

Around her grave a beauteous fence
 Of wild-flowers shed their breath,
 Smiling like infant innocence
 Within the gloom of death.

Such flowers from bank of mountain brook
 At eve we used to bring,
 When every little mossy nook
 Betrayed returning spring.

Oft had I fixed the simple wreath
 Upon her virgin breast;
 But now such flowers as formed it, breathe
 Around her bed of rest.

Yet all within my silent soul,
 As the hushed air, was calm;
 The natural tears that slowly stole,
 Assuaged my grief like balm.

The air that seemed so thick and dull
 For months unto my eye;
 Ah me! how bright and beautiful
 It floated on the sky!

A trance of high and solemn bliss
 From purest ether came;
 Mid such a heavenly scene as this,
 Death is an empty name!

The memory of the past returned
 Like music to my heart,—
 It seemed that causelessly I mourned,
 When we were told to part.

"God's mercy," to myself I said,
 "To both our souls is given,—
 To me, sojourning on earth's shade;
 To her,—a saint in heaven!"

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
 Long had I watched the glory moving on
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
 Even in its very motion there was rest;
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
 Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.*

1786 - 1855.

REASONS FOR MIRTH.

THE sun is carcering in glory and might,
 Mid the deep blue sky and the clouds so bright;
 The billow is tossing its foam on high,
 And the summer breezes go lightly by;
 The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,—
 And why should not I be as merry as they?

* This delightful writer is more distinguished for her prose than for her poetical works. *Our Village* outvalues her poems and tragedies; and her nature outvalued everything she wrote. So great was the charm of her character and manners that she was loved and respected by scores of authors, including those who may have been inclined to dislike and despise each other.

The linnet is singing the wildwood through,
The fawn's bounding footsteps skim over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the blossoming tree,
And the cowslip and bluebell are bent by the bee:
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should I not be as merry as they?

Why; in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again, —
Hear me, ye walls, that echo'd to the tread
Of either Brutus! — once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free; her sons
Shall walk with princes.

Rienzi.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

FRIENDS,

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave: not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base ignoble slaves, slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred spearmen, only great
In that strange spell, a name. Each hour, dark
fraud,

Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor (*pointing to PA-*
OLO) — there he stands! —

Was struck, struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini, because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are
common;

I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to ye,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy. There was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side;
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
The pretty harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and when I cried
For vengeance — Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse,
ye slaves!

Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce
brawl

To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash. Yet, this is Rome,
That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans!

HENRY BENNETT.

Born about 1785.

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

O, ST. PATRICK was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher;
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a Saint so clever;
O, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so 's the Hill of Howth, sir;
But there 's a hill, much bigger still,
Much higher nor them both, sir.
'T was on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist, etc.

There 's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmin musters,
But there he put his dear fore-foot,
And murdered them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
Slap-dash into the water;
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist, etc.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups and second courses.
Where blind worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise, which opened their eyes
To a sense of their situation.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist, etc.

No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so gay and frisky,

For sure St. Pat he taught them that,
 As well as making whiskey ;
 No wonder that the saint himself
 Should understand distilling,
 Since his mother kept a shebeen shop
 In the town of Enniskillen.
 So, success attend St. Patrick's fist, etc.

O, was I but so fortunate
 As to be back in Munster,
 'T is I'd be bound that from that ground
 I nevermore would once stir.
 For there St. Patrick planted turf,
 And plenty of the praties,
 With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store,
 And cabbages — and ladies !
 Then my blessing on St. Patrick's fist,
 For he's the darling Saint O !
 O, he gave the snakes and toads a twist ;
 He's a beauty without paint, O !

CAROLINE (BOWLES) SOUTHEY.*

1787-1854.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly, — bow the head, —
 In reverent silence bow, —
 No passing bell doth toll, —
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
 With lowly reverence bow ;
 There's one in that poor shed, —
 One by that paltry bed, —
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo ! Death does keep his state :
 Enter, — no crowds attend ;
 Enter, — no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
 No smiling courtiers tread ;
 One silent woman stands,
 Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound, —
 An infant wail alone ;
 A sob suppressed, — agen
 That short, deep gasp, and then
 The parting groan.

* The wife of Southey's old age, watching over him like a beneficent spirit, while he was lapsing into mental imbecility.

O change ! O wondrous change !
 Burst are the prison bars, —
 This moment *there* so low,
 So agonized, and now
 Beyond the stars !

O change ! stupendous change !
 There lies the soulless clod ;
 The sun eternal breaks,
 The new immortal wakes, —
 Wakes with his God.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER,* BARRY CORNWALL.

1787-1874.

THE SEA.

THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
 It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
 I am where I would ever be ;
 With the blue above, and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,
 What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O, *how* I love to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and more,
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
 And a mother she *was*, and *is*, to me ;
 For I was born on the open sea !

* Procter was born a year before Byron, but intellectually he comes after him, as far as he was influenced by the passionateness of Byron's genius. In the eleventh canto of *Don Juan* Byron says : —

"Then there's my gentle Euphues ; who, they say,
 Sets up for being a sort of *moral me* ;
 He'll find it rather difficult some day
 To turn out both, or either, it may be."

This is a rather ungracious reference to his school-fellow, for whom he always professed a regard. Byron only partially influenced Procter, whose real inspiration came from his own genius and character, and who, if he aimed to emulate other poets, took the Elizabethan dramatists for his models. The selections from his works, made in this volume, are intended merely to remind readers of to-day of a poet of impassioned genius, whose works they may have overlooked in the constant pressure of new celebrities on their attention.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outery wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the wingéd wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loath,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears, — a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time!

BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR is king! Belshazzar is lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board:
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and
a food

Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood:
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;

And the crowds all shout,
Till the vast roofs ring, —
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"
"Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels
of gold,

Which my father tore down from the temples of
old;
Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets
are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone:
Bring forth!" — and before him the vessels all
shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark
wine;
Whilst the trumpets bray,
And the cymbals ring, —
"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the
king!"

Now what cometh, — look, look! without menace,
or call?
Who writes, with the Lightning's bright hand, on
the wall?
What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to
his heart?
"Chaldeans! Magicians! the letters expound!"
They are read, — and Belshazzar is dead on the
ground!
Hark! — the Persian is come
On a conqueror's wing;
And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the
king!

THE EVENING STAR.

THE evening star, the lover's star,
The beautiful star, comes hither!
He steereth his bark
Through the azure dark,
And brings us the bright blue weather, — Love!
The beautiful bright blue weather.

The birds lie dumb, when the night stars come,
And silence broods o'er the covers:
But a voice now wakes
In the thorny brakes,
And singeth a song for lovers, — Love!
A sad, sweet song for lovers!

It singeth a song, of grief and wrong,
A passionate song for others;
Yet its own sweet pain
Can never be vain,
If it wakeneth love in others, — Love!
It wakeneth love in others.

A REPOSE.

SHE sleeps amongst her pillows soft
(A dove, now wearied with her flight),
And all around, and all aloft,
Hang flutes and folds of virgin white:

Her hair outdarkens the dark night,
Her glance outshines the starry sky;
But now her locks are hidden quite,
And closéd is her fringed eye!

She sleepeth: wherefore doth she start?
She sigheth: doth she feel no pain?
None, none! the dream is near her heart;
The spirit of Sleep is in her brain.
He cometh down like golden rain,
Without a wish, without a sound;
He cheers the sleeper (ne'er in vain)
Like May, when earth is winter-bound.

All day within some cave he lies,
Dethronéd from his nightly sway,—
Far fading when the dawning skies
Our souls with wakening thoughts array.
Two spirits of might doth man obey;
By each he's wrought, from each he learns:
The one is lord of life by day;
The other when starry night returns.

SONG OF THE OUTCAST.

I WAS born on a winter's morn,
Welcomed to life with hate and scorn,
Torn from a famished mother's side,
Who left me here, with a laugh, and — died;
Left me here, with the curse of life,
To be tossed about in the burning strife,
Linked to nothing, but shame and pain,
Echoing nothing, but man's disdain;
O, that I might *again* be born,
With treble my strength of hate and scorn!

I was born by a sudden shock, —
Born by the blow of a ruffian sire,
Given to air, as the blasted rock
Gives out the reddening, roaring fire.
My sire was stone; but *my* dark blood
Ran its round like a fiery flood,
Rushing through every tingling vein,
And flaming ever at man's disdain;
Ready to give back, night or morn,
Hate for hate, and scorn for scorn!

They cast me out, in my hungry need
(A dog, whom none would own nor feed),
Without a home, without a meal,
And bade me go forth — to slay and steal!
What wonder, God! had my hands been red
With the blood of a host in secret shed!
But no! I fought on the free sea-wave,
And perilled my *life* for my plunder brave,
And never yet shrank, in nerve or breath,
But struck, as the pirate strikes, — to death!

THE LAKE HAS BURST.

THE lake has burst! The lake has burst!
Down through the chasms the wild waves flee:
They gallop along
With a roaring song,
Away to the eager awaiting sea!

Down through the valleys, and over the rocks,
And over the forests the flood runs free;
And wherever it dashes,
The oaks and the ashes
Shrink, drop, and are borne to the hungry sea!

The cottage of reeds and the tower of stone,
Both shaken to ruin, at last agree;
And the slave and his master
In one wide disaster
Are hurried like weeds to the scornful sea!

The sea-beast he tosseth his foaming mane;
He bellows aloud to the misty sky,
And the sleep-buried Thunder
Awakens in wonder,
And the Lightning opens her piercing eye!

There is death above, there is death around,
There is death wheresoever the waters be,
There is nothing now doing
But terror and ruin,
On earth, and in air, and the stormy sea!

A CHAMBER SCENE.

TREAD softly through these amorous rooms;
For every bough is hung with life,
And kisses, in harmonious strife,
Unloose their sharp and winged perfumes!
From Afric, and the Persian looms,
The carpet's silken leaves have sprung,
And heaven, in its blue bounty, flung
These starry flowers and azure blooms.

Tread softly! By a creature fair
The deity of Love reposes,
His red lips open, like the roses
Which round his hyacinthine hair
Hang in crimson coronals;
And passion fills the archéd halls;
And beauty floats upon the air.

Tread softly, — softly, like the foot
Of Winter, shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh white and cold and mute,
Lest he should wake the Spring below.
O, look! for here lie Love and Youth,
Fair spirits of the heart and mind;
Alas! that one should stray from truth;
And one — be ever, ever blind!

TO THE SINGER PASTA.

NEVER till now, — never till now, O queen
 And wonder of the enchanted world of sound !
 Never till now was such bright creature seen,
 Startling to transport all the regions round !
 Whence comest thou, — with those eyes and that
 fine mien,

Thou sweet, sweet singer? — Like an angel
 found

Mourning alone, thou seemest (thy mates all fled)
 A star 'mongst clouds, — a spirit midst the dead.

Melodious thoughts hang round thee ! Sorrow
 sings

Perpetual sweetness near, — divine despair !
 Thou speak'st, — and Music, with her thousand
 strings,

Gives golden answers from the haunted air !
 Thou mov'st, — and round thee Grace her beauty
 flings !

Thou look'st, — and Love is born ! O, song-
 stress rare !

Lives there on earth a power like that which lies
 In those resistless tones, — in those dark eyes ?

O, I have lived — how long ! — with one deep
 treasure,

One fountain of delight unlocked, unknown ;
 But *thou*, the prophetess of my new pleasure,
 Hast come at last, and struck my heart of
 stone ;

And now outgushes, without stint or measure,
 The endless rapture, — and in places lone
 I shout it to the stars and winds that flee,
 And *then* I think on all I owe to thee !

I see thee at all hours, — beneath all skies, —
 In every shape thou tak'st, or passionate path :

Now art thou like some wingéd thing that cries
 Over a city flaming fast to death ;

Now, in thy voice, the mad Medea dies :

Now Desdemona yields her gentle breath : —
 All things thou art by turns, — from wrath to
 love ;

From the queen eagle to the vestal dove !

Horror is stern and strong, and death (unmasked
 In slow, pale silence, or mid brief eclipse) ;

But what are they to *thy* sweet strength, when
 tasked

To its height, — with all the God upon thy lips ?
 Not even the cloudless days and riches, asked

By one who in the book of darkness dips,
 Vies with that radiant wealth which they inherit
 Who own, like thee, the Muse's deathless spirit.

Would I could crown thee as a king can crown !
 Yet, what are kingly gifts to thy fair fame,

Whose echoes shall all vulgarer triumphs drown,
 Whose light shall darken every meaner name ?
 The gallant courts thee for his own renown ;
 Mimicking thee, he plays love's pleasant game ;
 The critic brings thee praise, which all rehearse ;
 And I — alas ! — I can but bring my verse !

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
 Gentle Death !

Let her leave thee with no strife,
 Tender, mournful, murmuring Life !

She hath seen her happy day :

She hath had her bud and blossom :

Now she pales and shrinks away,

Earth, into thy gentle bosom !

She hath done her bidding here,
 Angels dear !

Bear her perfect soul above,

Seraph of the skies, — sweet Love !

Good she was, and fair in youth,

And her mind was seen to soar,

And her heart was wed to truth :

Take her, then, forevermore, —

Forever — evermore !

A STORM.

THE Spirits of the mighty Sea

To-night are wakened from their dreams,
 And upwards to the tempest flee,

Baring their foreheads where the gleams
 Of lightning run, and thunders cry,
 Rushing and raining through the sky !

The Spirits of the Sea are waging

Loud war upon the peaceful Night,

And bands of the black winds are raging

Thorough the tempest blue and bright ;

Blowing her cloudy hair to dust

With kisses, like a madman's lust !

What ghost now, like an Até, walketh

Earth, ocean, air, and aye with Time,
 Mingled, as with a lover talketh ?

Methinks their colloquy sublime

Draws anger from the sky, which raves
 Over the self-abandoned waves !

Behold ! like millions massed in battle,

The trembling billows headlong go,

Lashing the barren deeps, which rattle

In mighty transport till they grow

All fruitful in their rocky home,

And burst from frenzy into foam.

And look ! where on the faithless billows
 Lie women, and men, and children fair ;
 Some hanging, like sleep, to their swollen pillows,
 With helpless sinews and streaming hair,
 And some who plunge in the yawning graves !
 Ah ! lives there no strength beyond the waves ?

'T is said, the Moon can rock the Sea
 From frenzy strange to silence mild, —
 To sleep, — to death ; — but where is *She*,
 While now her storm-born giant child
 Upheaves his shoulder to the skies ?
 Arise, sweet planet pale, — arise !

She cometh, — lovelier than the dawn
 In summer, when the leaves are green,
 More graceful than the alarmed fawn,
 Over his grassy supper seen :
 Bright quiet from her beauty falls,
 Until — again the tempest calls !

The supernatural Storm, — he waketh
 Again, and lo ! from sheets all white,
 Stands up unto the stars, and shaketh
 Scorn on the jewelled locks of Night.
 He carries a ship on his foaming crown,
 And a cry, like Hell, as he rushes down !

And so, still soars from calm to storm
 The stature of the unresting Sea ;
 So doth desire or wrath deform
 Our else calm humanity, —
 Until at last we sleep,
 And never 'wake nor weep
 (Hushed to death, by some faint tune),
 In our grave beneath the Moon !

GOLDEN-TRESSED ADELAIDE.*

A SONG FOR A CHILD.

SING, I pray, a little song,
 Mother dear !
 Neither sad nor very long :
 It is for a little maid,
 Golden-tresséd Adelaide !
 Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,
 Mother dear !

Let it be a merry strain,
 Mother dear !
 Shunning e'en the thought of pain :
 For our gentle child will weep,
 If the theme be dark and deep ;
 And *We* will not draw a single, single tear,
 Mother dear !

Childhood should be all divine,
 Mother dear !

And like an endless summer shine ;
 Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
 Bright as Agnes' azure eyes :
 Therefore, bid thy song be merry : — dost thou
 hear,
 Mother dear ?

I DIE FOR THY SWEET LOVE.

I DIE for thy sweet love ! The ground
 Not panteth so for summer rain,
 As I for one soft look of thine ;
 And yet — I sigh in vain !

A hundred men are near thee now, —
 Each one, perhaps, surpassing me :
 But who doth feel a thousandth part
 Of what I feel for thee ?

They look on thee, as men will look,
 Who round the wild world laugh and rove ;
 I only think how sweet 't would be
 To *die* for thy sweet love !

A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

SEND down thy wingéd angel, God !
 Amidst this night so wild ;
 And bid him come where now we watch,
 And breathe upon our child !

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
 And moans within her sleep,
 Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
 And striveth *not* to weep !

How gentle and how good a child
 She is, we know too well,
 And dearer to her parents' hearts
 Than our weak words can tell.

We love, — we watch throughout the night,
 To aid, when need may be ;
 We hope, — and have despaired, at times ;
 But *now* we turn to Thee !

Send down thy sweet-souled angel, God !
 Amidst the darkness wild,
 And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
 And heal our gentle child !

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time !
 Let us glide adown thy stream
 Gently, — as we sometimes glide
 Through a quiet dream !
 Humble voyagers are we,
 Husband, wife, and children three —

* This poem refers to the future poetess, Adelaide Anne Procter.

(One is lost, — an angel, fled
To the azure overhead !)

Touch us gently, Time !

We've not proud nor soaring wings :

Our ambition, *our* content,

Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we,

O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,

Seeking only some calm clime ; —

Touch us *gently*, gentle Time !

AN EPITAPH.

HE died, and left the world behind !

His once wild heart is cold !

His once keen eye is quelled and blind !

What more ? — His tale is told.

He came, and, baring his heaven-bright thought,

He earned the base world's ban :

And, — having vainly lived and taught,

Gave place to a meaner man !

THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

DAY dawned ; — within a curtained room,

Filled to faintness with perfume,

A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed ; — a Child had seen the light ;

But for the lady, fair and bright,

She rested in undreaming night.

Spring rose ; — the lady's grave was seen ;

And near it oftentimes was seen

A gentle Boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled ; — he wore a manly face,

And struggled in the world's rough race,

And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then — he died ! Behold, before ye,

Humanity's poor sum and story ;

Life, — Death, — and all that is of Glory.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

1788 - 1834.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,

With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :

When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,

And, sick of the present, I cling to the past :

When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,

From the fond recollections of former years ;

And shadows of things that have long since fled

Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead :

Bright visions of glory, that vanished too soon ;
Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon ;
Attachments, by fate or by falsehood reft ;

Companions of early days, lost or left ;

And my native land, whose magical name

Thrills to the heart like electric flame ;

The home of my childhood ; the haunts of my
prime ;

All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time

When the feelings were young and the world was
new,

Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view ;

All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone !

And I, a lone exile remembered of none,

My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,

Aweary of all that is under the sun,

With that sadness of heart which no stranger
may scan,

I fly to the desert afar from man !

Afar in the desert I love to ride,

With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :

When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,

With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and
strife :

The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,

The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,

And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and
folly,

Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;

When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are
high,

And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh, —

O, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,

Afar in the desert alone to ride !

There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,

And to bound away with the eagle's speed,

With the death-fraught firelock in my hand, —

The only law of the desert land !

Afar in the desert I love to ride,

With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :

Away, away from the dwellings of men,

By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen ;

By valleys remote where the oribi plays,

Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest
graze,

And the kùdù and eland unhunted recline

By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild-
vine ;

Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,

And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,

And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will

In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,

With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :

O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry

Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively ;

And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh

Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray ;

Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
 Hieing away to the home of her rest,
 Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
 Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
 In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
 Away, away, in the wilderness vast,
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
 And the quivered Corinna or Bechuán
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
 Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
 With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
 And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink:
 A region of drought, where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
 Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
 Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
 Appears, to refresh the aching eye:
 But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
 And the blank horizon, round and round,
 Spread, — void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
 As I sit apart by the desert stone,
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
 "A still small voice" comes through the wild
 (Like a father consoling his fretful child),
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear, —
 Saying, "Man is distant, but God is near!"

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
 LORD BYRON.

1788 - 1824.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
 Colder thy kiss;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow, —
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame;
 I hear thy name spoken,
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear;
 A shudder comes o'er me, —
 Why wert thou so dear?
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well: —
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met, —
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee? —
 With silence and tears.

1808.

ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIO FARCE.*

Good plays are scarce,
 So Moore writes farce:
 The poet's fame grows brittle, —
 We knew before
 That *Little's* Moore,
 But now 't is *Moore* that's *little*.

1811.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEW-
 FOUNDLAND DOG.

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
 The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
 And storied urns record who rests below;
 When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
 Not what he was, but what he should have been:
 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
 Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
 Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
 Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
 While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
 And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
 O man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
 Degraded mass of animated dust!
 Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
 By nature vile, ennobled but by name,

* The farce was called "M. P.; or, The Blue Stocking."



Byron

Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.

Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on, — it honors none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one, — and here he lies.

1808.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Ζῶνι μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, O, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest;
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζῶνι μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooded by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe,
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζῶνι μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers* that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζῶνι μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,†
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζῶνι μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Athens, 1810.

THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE.

"O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."

GRAY'S *Poemata*.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that
it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feel-
ing's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone,
which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth
itself be past.

* In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations) flowers, cinders, pebbles, etc., convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury, — an old woman. A cinder says, "I burn for thee"; a bunch of flowers tied with hair, "Take me and fly"; but a pebble declares — what nothing else can.

† Constantinople.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck
of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of
excess:

The magnet of their course is gone, or only points
in vain

The shore to which their shivered sail shall never
stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death
itself comes down;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream
its own;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of
our tears,

And though the eye may sparkle still, 't is where
the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth
distract the breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no more their
former hope of rest;

'T is but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret
wreath,

All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and
gray beneath.

O, could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have
been,

Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a
vanished scene;

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish
though they be,

So, midst the withered waste of life, those tears
would flow to me.

March, 1815.

REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER THEE!*

REMEMBER thee! remember thee!

Till Lethe quench life's burning stream!

Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,

And haunt thee like a feverish dream!

Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not.

Thy husband too shall think of thee:

By neither shalt thou be forgot,

Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me!

PROMETHEUS.

I.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes

The sufferings of mortality,

Seen in their sad reality,

Were not as things that gods despise;

What was thy pity's recompense?

* Probably Lady Caroline Lamb, whose husband, as Lord Melbourne, afterwards became the head of a Whig Ministry.

A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,

Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until his voice is echoless.

II.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of fate,
The ruling principle of hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine, — and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy silence was his sentence,
And in his soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

III.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable spirit,
Which earth and heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his spirit may oppose
Itself, — and equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can desecry
Its own concentrated recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making death a victory.

Diodati, July, 1816.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'T is to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be, — peace to thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

July, 1817.

THE IRISH AVATAR.*

"And Ireland, like a bastedoed elephant, kneeling to receive the paltry rider." — CURRAN.

ERE the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave,
And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,

Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave,
To the long-cherished isle which he loved like his — bride.

True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,
The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom could pause

For the few little years, out of centuries won,
Which betrayed not, or crushed not, or wept not her cause.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,

The castle still stands, and the senate's no more,
And the famine which dwelt on her freedomless crags

Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.

To her desolate shore, — where the emigrant stands

For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his hearth;

* On the occasion of George the Fourth's visit to Ireland, in 1821.

Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,
 For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

But he comes! the Messiah of royalty comes!
 Like a goodly Leviathan rolled from the waves!
 Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
 With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!

He comes in the promise and bloom of threescore,
 To perform in the pageant the sovereign's part, —

But long live the shamrock which shadows him o'er!

Could the green in his *hat* be transferred to his heart!

Could that long-withered spot but be verdant again,

And a new spring of noble affections arise, —
 Then might freedom forgive thee this dance in thy chain,

And this shout of thy slavery which saddens the skies.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now?

Were he God, — as he is but the commonest clay,

With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow, —

Such servile devotion might shame him away.

Ay, roar in his train! let thine orators lash
 Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride, —
 Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash
 His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.

Ever-glorious Grattan! the best of the good!
 So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest!
 With all which Demosthenes wanted endued,
 And his rival or victor in all he possessed.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
 Though unequalled, preceded, the task was begun, —

But Grattan sprung up like a god from the tomb
 Of ages, the first, last, the savior, the *one*!

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute:
 With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
 Even Tyranny listening sate melted or mute,
 And Corruption shrunk scorched from the glance of his mind.

But back to our theme! Back to despots and slaves!

Feasts furnished by Famine! rejoicings by Pain!

True freedom but *welcomes*, while slavery still *raves*,

When a week's saturnalia hath loosened her chain.

Let the poor squalid splendor thy wreck can afford

(As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide)

Gild over the palace, lo! Erin, thy lord!

Kiss his foot with thy blessing, his blessings denied!

Or *if* freedom past hope be extorted at last,

If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,

Must what terror or policy wring forth be classed

With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their prey?

Each brute hath its nature, a king is to *reign*, —

To *reign*! in that word see, ye ages, comprised

The cause of the curses all annals contain,

From Cæsar the dreaded to George the despised!

Wear, Fingal, thy trapping! O'Connell, proclaim

His accomplishments! *His!!!* and thy country convince

Half an age's contempt was an error of fame,

And that "Hal is the rascaliest, sweetest *young* prince!"

Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal, recall

The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?

Or, has it not bound thee the fastest of all

The slaves, who now hail their betrayer with hymns?

Ay! "Build him a dwelling!" let each give his mite!

Till, like Babel, the new royal dome hath arisen!

Let thy beggars and helots their pittance unite, —

And a palace bestow for a poorhouse and prison!

Spread, — spread, for Vitellius, the royal repast,

Till the gluttonous despot be stuffed to the gorge!

And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last

The Fourth of the fools and oppressors called "George!"

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan!

Till they *groan* like thy people, through ages of woe!

Let the wine flow around the old Bacchanal's throne,

Like their blood which has flowed, and which yet has to flow.

But let not *his* name be thine idol alone, —
 On his right hand behold a Sejanus appears !
 Thine own Castlereagh ! let him still be thine own !
 A wretch never named but with curses and
 jeers !

Till now, when the isle which should blush for
 his birth,
 Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her
 soil,
 Seems proud of the reptile which crawled from
 her earth,
 And for murder repays him with shouts and a
 smile !

Without one single ray of her genius, without
 The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race, —
 The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in
 doubt

If *she* ever gave birth to a being so base.

If she did, — let her long-boasted proverb be
 hushed,
 Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can
 spring, —

See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full
 flushed,

Still warming its folds in the breast of a king !

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter ! O Erin, how
 low

Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
 Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
 The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulf still.

My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy
 right,

My vote, as a freeman's, still voted thee free,
 This hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy
 fight,

And this heart, though outworn, had a throb
 still for *thee* !

Yes, I loved thee and thine, though thou art not
 my land,

I have known noble hearts and great souls in
 thy sons,

And I wept with the world o'er the patriot band
 Who are gone, but I weep them no longer as
 once.

For happy are they now reposing afar, —

Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan, all
 Who, for years, were the chiefs in the eloquent
 war,

And redeemed, if they have not retarded, thy
 fall.

Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves !
 Their shades cannot start to thy shouts of to-
 day, —

Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves
 Be stamped in the turf o'er their fetterless clay.

Till now I had envied thy sons and their shore,
 Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties
 fled ;

There was something so warm and sublime in the
 core
 Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy — thy *dead*.

Or, if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
 My contempt for a nation so servile, though
 sore,

Which though trod like the worm will not turn
 upon power,
 'T is the glory of Grattan, and genius of Moore !

TO GENEVRA.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
 And yet so lovely, that if mirth could flush
 Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
 My heart would wish away that ruder glow :
 And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes, — but, O,
 While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
 And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
 Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
 For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
 The soul of melancholy gentleness
 Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
 Above all pain, yet pitying all distress ;
 At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
 I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

December 17, 1813.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah ! whither strays the immortal mind ?
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,

But leaves its darkened dust behind.

Then unembodied, doth it trace

By steps each planet's heavenly way ?

Or fill at once the realms of space,

A thing of eyes, that all survey ?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,

A thought unseen, but seeing all,

All, all in earth, or skies displayed,

Shall it survey, shall it recall :

Each fainter trace that memory holds

So darkly of departed years,

In one broad glance the soul beholds,

And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,

Its eye shall roll through chaos back ;

And where the furthest heaven had birth,

The spirit trace its rising track.

And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched or system breaks,
Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless and pure :
An age shall fleet like earthly year ;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly ;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent !

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall ;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine, —
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand :
The fingers of a man ;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice ;

All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
" Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill ;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore ;
But now they were not sage,
They saw, —but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view ;
He read it on that night, —
The morrow proved it true.

" Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud his robe of state,
His canopy the stone ;
The Mede is at his gate !
The Persian on his throne !"

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath
blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and
chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever
grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride :

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared by the
sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

O, SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

O, SNATCHED away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead.

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou,—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and if forever,
Still forever, fare thee well;
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again;

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee,
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe;

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,

Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, O, yet thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth,—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say, "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is pressed,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou nevermore mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee,—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 't is done,—all words are idle,—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

March 17, 1816.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes

While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,
Who hath not shared that calm so still and
deep,

The voiceless thought which would not speak but
weep,

A holy concord, and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set ?
'T is not harsh sorrow, but a tenderer woe,
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness, but full and clear,
A sweet dejection, a transparent tear,
Unmixed with worldly grief or selfish stain,
Shed without shame, and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils
When summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes
When all of genius which can perish dies.
A mighty spirit is eclipsed, a power
Hath passed from day to darkness, to whose
hour

Of light no likeness is bequeathed, no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of fame !
The flash of wit, the bright intelligence,
The beam of song, the blaze of eloquence,
Set with their sun, but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal mind ;
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
Which all embraced, and lightened over all,
To cheer, to pierce, to please, or to appall.
From the charmed council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord ;
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
The praised, the proud, who made his praise their
pride.

When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder, his the avenging rod,
The wrath, the delegated voice of God !
Which shook the nations through his lips, and
blazed

Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised.

And here, O, here, where yet all young and warm
The gay creations of his spirit charm,
The matchless dialogue, the deathless wit,
Which knew not what it was to intermit ;
The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they
spring ;

These wondrous beings of his fancy, wrought
To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
Here in their first abode you still may meet,

Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat ;
A halo of the light of other days,
Which still the splendor of its orb betrays.
But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause, — ah ! little do they know
That what to them seemed vice might be but
woe.

Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fixed forever to detract or praise ;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy,
The foe, the fool, the jealous, and the vain,
The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host ! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that daring genius owes
Half to the ardor which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of calumny !

These are his portion, but if joined to these
Gaunt poverty should league with deep disease,
If the high spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with misery at the door,
To soothe the indignity, and face to face
Meet sordid rage, and wrestle with disgrace,
To find in hope but the renewed caress,
The serpent-fold of further faithlessness, —
If such may be the ills which men assail,
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail ?
Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling

given

Bear hearts electric, charged with fire from
Heaven,

Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst
Thoughts which have turned to thunder, scorch,
and burst.

But far from us and from our mimic scene
Such things should be, — if such have ever been ;
Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
To give the tribute glory need not ask,
To mourn the vanished beam, and add our mite
Of praise in payment of a long delight.
Ye orators ! whom yet our councils yield,
Mourn for the veteran hero of your field !
The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three* ! *
Whose words were sparks of immortality !
Ye bards ! to whom the drama's Muse is dear,
He was your master, — emulate him *here* !

* Fox, Pitt, Burke.

Ye men of wit and social eloquence ! *
 He was your brother, — bear his ashes hence !
 While powers of mind almost of boundless range, †
 Complete in kind, as various in their change, —
 While eloquence, wit, poesy, and mirth,
 That humbler harmonist of care on earth,
 Survive within our souls, — while lives our sense
 Of pride in merit's proud pre-eminence,
 Long shall we seek his likeness, — long in vain,
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
 And broke the die — in moulding Sheridan !

THE DREAM.‡

I.

Our life is twofold : sleep hath its own world,
 A boundary between the things misnamed
 Death and existence : sleep hath its own world,
 And a wide realm of wild reality,
 And dreams in their development have breath,
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
 They take a weight from off our waking toils,
 They do divide our being ; they become
 A portion of ourselves as of our time,
 And look like heralds of eternity ;
 They pass like spirits of the past, they speak
 Like sibyls of the future ; they have power, —
 The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;
 They make us what we were not, — what they
 will,

And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
 The dread of vanished shadows, — Are they so ?
 Is not the past all shadow ? What are they ?
 Creations of the mind ? The mind can make
 Substance, and people planets of its own
 With beings brighter than have been, and give
 A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
 I would recall a vision which I dreamed

* "In society I have met Sheridan frequently. He was superb ! I have seen him cut up Whitbread, quiz Madame de Staël, annihilate Colman, and do little less by some others of good fame and ability. I have met him at all places and parties, and always found him convivial and delightful." — BYRON'S *Diary*, 1821.

† "The other night we were all delivering our respective and various opinions upon Sheridan, and mine was this : 'Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been *par excellence* always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy (*School for Scandal*), the best drama (in my mind, far beyond that St. Giles's lampoon, *The Beggars' Opera*), the best farce (*The Critic* — it is only too good for a farce), and the best address (*Monologue on Garrick*), and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum speech) ever conceived or heard in this country.' " — BYRON'S *Diary*, December 17, 1813.

‡ *The Dream*, called in the first draught *The Destiny*, was written at Diodati, in July, 1816, and reflects the train of thought engendered by the recent quarrel with Lady Byron. The misery of his marriage led him to revert to his early passion for Miss Chaworth, whose union had proved no happier than his own.

Perchance in sleep, — for in itself a thought,
 A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
 And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
 Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
 Green and of mild declivity, the last
 As 't were the cape of a long ridge of such,
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
 But a most living landscape, and the wave
 Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
 Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
 Arising from such rustic roofs ; the hill
 Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
 Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man :
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
 Gazing, — the one on all that was beneath
 Fair as herself, — but the boy gazed on her ;
 And both were young, and one was beautiful :
 And both were young, — yet not alike in youth.
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood ;
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
 There was but one beloved face on earth,
 And that was shining on him ; he had looked
 Upon it till it could not pass away ;
 He had no breath, no being, but in hers ;
 She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,
 But trembled on her words ; she was his sight,
 For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
 Which colored all his objects ; — he had ceased
 To live within himself ; she was his life,
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
 Which terminated all : upon a tone,
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
 And his cheek change tempestuously, — his heart
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.
 But she in these fond feelings had no share :
 Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was
 Even as a brother — but no more ; 't was much,
 For brotherless she was, save in the name
 Her infant friendship had bestowed on him ;
 Herself the solitary scion left
 Of a time-honored race. It was a name
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not, —
 and why ?

Time taught him a deep answer, — when she
 loved

Another ; and *now* she loved another,
 And on the summit of that hill she stood
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 There was an ancient mansion, and before

Its walls there was a steed caparisoned :
 Within an antique oratory stood
 The boy of whom I spake ; — he was alone,
 And pale, and pacing to and fro : anon
 He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
 Words which I could not guess of ; then he
 leaned

His bowed head on his hands, and shook as
 't were

With a convulsion, — then arose again,
 And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
 What he had written, but he shed no tears.
 And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
 Into a kind of quiet : as he paused,
 The lady of his love re-entered there ;
 She was serene and smiling then, and yet
 She knew she was by him beloved, — she knew,
 For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
 Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw
 That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
 He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
 He took her hand ; a moment o'er his face
 A tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced, and then it faded, as it came ;
 He dropped the hand he held, and with slow
 steps

Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
 For they did part with mutual smiles ; he passed
 From out the massy gate of that old hall,
 And mounting on his steed he went his way ;
 And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The boy was sprung to manhood : in the wilds
 Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
 And his soul drank their sunbeams : he was girt
 With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not
 Himself like what he had been ; on the sea
 And on the shore he was a wanderer ;
 There was a mass of many images
 Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
 A part of all ; and in the last he lay
 Reposing from the noon tide sultriness,
 Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
 Of ruined walls that had survived the names
 Of those who reared them ; by his sleeping side
 Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
 Were fastened near a fountain ; and a man
 Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
 While many of his tribe slumbered around :
 And they were canopied by the blue sky,
 So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
 That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The lady of his love was wed with one
 Who did not love her better : — in her home,

A thousand leagues from his, — her native home,
 She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
 Daughters and sons of beauty, — but behold !
 Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
 The settled shadow of an inward strife,
 And an unquiet drooping of the eye
 As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
 What could her grief be ? — she had all she
 loved,

And he who had so loved her was not there
 To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
 Or ill-repressed affliction, her pure thoughts.
 What could her grief be ? — she had loved him
 not,

Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
 Nor could he be a part of that which prayed
 Upon her mind, — a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The wanderer was returned. I saw him stand
 Before an altar, — with a gentle bride ;
 Her face was fair, but was not that which made
 The starlight of his boyhood ; — as he stood
 Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
 The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
 That in the antique oratory shook
 His bosom in its solitude ; and then —
 As in that hour — a moment o'er his face
 The tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced, — and then it faded as it came,
 And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
 The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
 And all things reeled around him ; he could see
 Not that which was, nor that which should have
 been, —

But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
 And the remembered chambers, and the place,
 The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
 All things pertaining to that place and hour,
 And her who was his destiny, came back
 And thrust themselves between him and the light :
 What business had they there at such a time ? *

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The lady of his love ; — O, she was changed
 As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind
 Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes

* This touching picture agrees closely, in many of its circumstances, with Lord Byron's own prose account of the wedding in his memoranda ; in which he describes himself as waking, on the morning of his marriage, with the most melancholy reflections, on seeing his wedding-suit spread out before him. In the same mood he wandered about the grounds alone, till he was summoned for the ceremony, and joined, for the first time, on that day, his bride and her family. He knelt down, — he repeated the words after the clergyman ; but a mist was before his eyes, — his thoughts were elsewhere ; and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the bystanders to find that he was — married. — MOORE.

They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compassed round
With hatred and contention; pain was mixed
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,*
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the
stars

And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of night was opened wide,
And voices from the deep abyss revealed
A marvel and a secret — Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality, — the one
To end in madness, — both in misery.

July, 1816.

CHILDE HAROLD.

WHILOME in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
Few earthly things found favor in his sight,
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

Childe Harold was he hight: — but whence
his name

And lineage long, it suits me not to say;

* Mithridates of Pontus.

Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day:
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time;
Nor all that heralds rake from coffined clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

Childe Harold basked him in the noontide sun,
Disporting there like any other fly,
Nor deemed before his little day was done
One blast might chill him into misery.
But long ere scarce a third of his passed by,
Worse than adversity the Childe befell;
He felt the fulness of satiety:
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
Which seemed to him more lone than eremite's
sad cell.

For he through sin's long labyrinth had run,
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
Had sighed to many though he loved but one,
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.
Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
And spoiled her goodly lands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deigned to taste.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;
'T is said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But pride congealed the drop within his ee:
Apart he stalked in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;
With pleasure drugged, he almost longed for
woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the
shades below.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto I.

THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

HARK! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful
note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves? — the fires of
death,
The bale-fires flash on high: — from rock to
rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to
breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the
shock.

Lo ! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ;
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar, — and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are
done ;

For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems
most sweet.

By Heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air !
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from
their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey !
All join the chase, but few the triumph share ;
The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies ;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory !
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met — as if at home they could not die —
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto I.

INVOCATION TO PARNASSUS.

O, THOU Parnassus ! whom I now survey,
Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native
sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty !
What marvel if I thus essay to sing ?
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more one Muse will
wave her wing.

Oft have I dreamed of thee ! whose glorious
name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore :
And now I view thee, 't is, alas ! with shame
That I in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of yore
I tremble, and can only bend the knee ;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on thee !

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not ?
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious
wave.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto I.

TO INEZ.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow ;
Alas ! I cannot smile again :
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe
I bear, corroding joy and youth ?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
A pang, even thou must fail to soothe ?

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low ambition's honors lost,
That bids me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I prized the most :

It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see :
To me no pleasure beauty brings ;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore ;
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.

What exile from himself can flee ?
To zones, though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life, — the demon Thought.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
And taste of all that I forsake ;
O, may they still of transport dream,
And ne'er, at least like me, awake !

Through many a clime 't is mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst ;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

What is that worst ? Nay, do not ask, —
In pity from the search forbear ;
Smile on, — nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the hell that's there.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto I.

FAIR GREECE! SAD RELIC OF DEPARTED WORTH.

FAIR Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen,
great!

Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
And long accustomed bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait, —
O, who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from
the tomb?

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forbode the dismal hour which
now

Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed,
unmanned.

In all save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burned
anew

With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mourn-
ful page.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the
blow?

By their right arms the conquest must be
wrought?

Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the
same;

Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of
shame.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto II.

THE REJUVENATION OF GREECE

• WHEN riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,

Then mayst thou be restored; but not till then
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can man its shattered splendor renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and
Fate?

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now;
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingle slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth;

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave,
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh
"Alas!"

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress
builds,

The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, glory, freedom fail, but nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 't is haunted, holy ground
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and
wold

Defies the power which crushed thy temples
gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray
Marathon.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto II.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they
smiled,

And then we parted, — not as now we part,
But with a hope.

Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or
glad mine eye.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome, to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strained mast should quiver as a
reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's
breath prevail.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.

THE POET'S PRIVILEGES AND SORROWS.

'T is to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.
What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse
earth,
Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mixed with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crushed feelings'
dearth.

Yet must I think less wildly: — I *have* thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of fantasy and flame:
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned. 'T is too
late!

Yet am I changed; though still enough the
same

In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.

WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a
rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 't was but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure
meet

To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —
But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once
more

As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening
roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it
near,

His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could
quell:

He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting,
fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking
sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated; who could
guess

If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the
steed,

The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, — "The foe!
They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"
rose!

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills

Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon
foes ; —

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which
fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clans-
man's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green
leaves,

Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold
and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
rent

The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and
pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial
blent !

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than
mine ;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song ;
And his was of the bravest, and when showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest low-
ered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young,
gallant Howard !

There have been tears and breaking hearts for
thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give ;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green
tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to
live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,

With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could
not bring.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake ;
The archangel's trump, not glory's, must awake
Those whom they thirst for ; though the sound
of fame

May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honored but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smiling,
mourn :

The tree will wither long before it fall ;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness ; the ruined wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are
gone ;

The bars survive the captive they enthrall ;
The day drags through though storms keep
out the sun ;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly
live on.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.

THE POET'S SYMPATHY WITH NATURE

I LIVE not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me ; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture : I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

And thus I am absorbed, and this is life ;
I look upon the peopled desert past,
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last
With a fresh pinion ; which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous, as the blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our
being cling.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm, —
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not

Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm ?
The bodiless thought ? the spirit of each spot ?
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot ?

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion ? should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these ? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turned below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which
dare not glow ?

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.

ROUSSEAU.

HERE the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched ; yet he
knew

How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past.
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly
and fast.

His love was passion's essence, — as a tree
On fire by lightning ; with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted ; for to be
Thus, and enamored, were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distempered though it
seems.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet ;
This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss
Which every morn his fevered lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would
meet ;
But to that gentle touch, through brain and
breast
Flashed the thrilled spirit's love-devouring heat ;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek
possest.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banished ; for his mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind

'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and
blind.

But he was frenzied, — wherefore, who may
know ?

Since cause might be which skill could never
find ;

But he was frenzied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reason-
ing show.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more :
Did he not this for France ? which lay before
Bowed to the inborn tyranny of years ?
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'er-
grown fears ?

They made themselves a fearful monument !
The wreck of old opinions, — things which grew,
Breathed from the birth of time : the veil they
rent,

And what behind it lay all earth shall view.
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour
refilled,

As heretofore, because ambition was self-willed.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.

CALM AND STORM.

CLEAR, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been
so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol
more ;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, — 't is to be forgiven,
That, in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named them-
selves a star.

All heaven and earth are still, — though not in
sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep; —
All heaven and earth are still; from the high
host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes
known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty; — 't would dis-
arm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to
harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-*o'ergazing* mountains, and thus take
A fit and unvalled temple, there to seek
The Spirit in whose honor shrines are weak,
Upread of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

The sky is changed! — and such a change! O
night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous
strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light

Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone
cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night; — most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 't is black, — and now, the
glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-
nirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's
birth.

* * *
• Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings!
ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far
roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high
nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me, — could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or
weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe — into *one*
word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would
speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a
sword.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all
bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb, —
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.

CLARENS.

CLARENS! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep
Love,

Thine air is the young breath of passionate
thought,

Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very glaciers have his colors caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who
sought

In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos,
then mocks.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the
god

Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate
hour.

All things are here of *him*; from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the
shore,

Where the bowed waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it
stood,

Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-formed and many-colored things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than
words,

And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that
lore,

And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from
those,

For 't is his nature to advance or die;

He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.

VOLTAIRE AND GIBBON.

LAUSANNE! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name;*
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous
roads,

A path to perpetuity of fame:
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and
the flame

Of Heaven, again assailed, if Heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign do more
than smile.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents: but his own
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from
fear,

And doomed him to the zealot's ready hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.

VENICE.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the wingéd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hun-
dred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers

* Voltaire and Gibbon.

At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers :
And such she was ; — her daughters had their
dowers

From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarch's partook, and deemed their dignity in-
creased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear :
Those days are gone, — but beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade, — but nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the mask of Italy !

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanished sway ;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away, —
The keystones of the arch ! though all were
o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence : that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied
First exiles, then replaces what we hate ;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have
died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

PERSONAL GRIEFS AND THEIR COMPENSA- TIONS.

I CAN repeople with the past, — and of
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chastened down, enough ;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought ;
And of the happiest moments which were
wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice ! have their colors
caught :

There are some feelings time cannot benumb,
Nor torture shake, or mine would now be cold
and dumb.

But from their nature will the tannen grow *
Loftiest on loftiest and least sheltered rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where naught below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
Of eddying storms ; yet springs the trunk, and
mocks

The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak, gray granite, into life it came,
And grew a giant tree ; — the mind may grow the
same.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms : mute
The camel labors with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence, — not bestowed
In vain should such example be ; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear, — it is but for a day.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroyed,
Even by the sufferer ; and, in each event,
Ends ; — some, with hope replenished and re-
buoyed,
Return to whence they came, with like intent,
And weave their web again ; some, bowed and
bent,
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,
And perish with the reed on which they leant ;
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
According as their souls were formed to sink or
climb :

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued ;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would
fling
Aside forever : it may be a sound,
A tone of music, summer's eve, or spring,
A flower, the wind, the ocean, which shall
wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are
darkly bound ;

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renewed, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves be-
hind,

Which out of things familiar, undesigned,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,

* *Tannen* is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

The cold, the changed, perchance the dead,
anew,
The mourned, the loved, the lost — too many! —
yet how few!

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

IMAGINATIVE SYMPATHY WITH NATURE.*

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night, —
Sunset divides the sky with her, — a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colors seems to be
Melted to one vast iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air, — an island of the
blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the fair Rhætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order; — gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed
within it glows,

Filled with the face of heaven, which from afar
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest till, — 't is gone — and all
is gray.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

DUKE ALFONSO AND TASSO.

THOU! formed to eat, and be despised, and die,
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty:
He! with a glory round his furrowed brow,
Which emanated then, and dazzles now,

* "The whole of this canto is rich in description of nature. The love of nature now appears as a distinct passion in Byron's mind. It is a love that does not rest in beholding, nor is satisfied with describing, what is before him. It has a power and being, blending itself with the poet's very life. Though Byron had, with his real eyes, perhaps, seen more of nature than ever was before permitted to any great poet, yet he never before seemed to open his whole heart to her genial impulses. But in this he is changed; and in the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* he will stand a comparison with the best descriptive poets, in this age of descriptive poetry." — PROFESSOR WILSON.

In face of all his foes, the Cruscan choir,
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow
No strain which shamed his country's creaking
lyre,

That whetstone of the teeth, — monotony in wire!

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 't was his
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
Aimed with her poisoned arrows; but to miss.
O, victor unsurpassed in modern song!
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless
throng

Compose a mind like thine? though all in one
Condensed their scattered rays, they would not
form a sun.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

ARIOSTO.

GREAT as thou art, yet paralleled by those,
Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,
The bards of hell and chivalry: first rose
The Tuscan father's comedy divine;
Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
The southern Scott, the minstrel who called
forth

A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the North,
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly
worth.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
The iron crown of laurel's mimicked leaves;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow.
Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,
Know, that the lightning sanctifies below
Whate'er it strikes; — yon head is doubly sacred
now.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

THE VENUS DE MEDICI.

THERE, too, the goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when nature's self would
fail;

And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could
mould:

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart *
Reels with its fulness; there, — forever there, —
Chained to the chariot of triumphal art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away! — there need no words, nor terms pre-
cise,

The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where pedantry gulls folly, — we have eyes:
Blood, pulse, and breast confirm the Dardan
Shepherd's prize.

Appearest thou not to Paris in this guise?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
Before thee thy own vanquished Lord of War?
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Showered on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as
from an urn!

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
Their full divinity inadequate
That feeling to express, or to improve,
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
Has moments like their brightest; but the
weight

Of earth recoils upon us: let it go!
We can recall such visions, and create,
From what has been, or might be, things which
grow

Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

I leave to learned fingers and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend and the voluptuous swell:
Let these describe the undescribable:
I would not their vile breath should crisp the
stream

Wherein that image shall forever dwell;
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

THE TEMPLE OF THE OLITUMNUS.

BUT thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave

* In 1817 Byron visited Florence, on his way to Rome. "I remained," he says, "*but a day*: however, I went to the two galleries, from which one returns *drunk with beauty*. The Venus is more for admiration than love; but there are sculpture and painting, which, for the first time, at all gave me an idea of what people mean by their cant about those two most artificial of arts."

Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost
rear

Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaugh-
ters, —

A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daugh-
ters!

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scattered water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its
bubbling tales.

Pass not unblest the genius of the place!
If through the air a zephyr more serene
Win to the brow, 't is his; and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With nature's baptism, — 't is to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.*

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

THE FALL OF TERNI.

THE ROAR of waters! — from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror
set,

* "Perhaps there are no verses in our language of happier descriptive power than the two stanzas which characterize the Clitumnus. In general poets find it so difficult to leave an interesting subject, that they injure the distinctness of the description by loading it so as to embarrass, rather than excite, the fancy of the reader; or else, to avoid that fault, they confine themselves to cold and abstract generalities. Byron has, in these stanzas, admirably steered his course betwixt these extremes: while they present the outlines of a picture as pure and as brilliant as those of Claude Lorraine, the task of filling up the more minute particulars is judiciously left to the imagination of the reader; and it must be dull indeed if it does not supply what the poet has left unsaid, or but generally and briefly intimated. While the eye glances over the lines, we seem to feel the refreshing coolness of the scene, — we hear the bubbling tale of the more rapid streams, and see the slender proportions of the rural temple reflected in the crystal depth of the calm pool." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald : — how profound
The gulf ! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and
rent

With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful
vent

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale : — look
back !

Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread, — a matchless
cataract,

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn :
Resembling, mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

ROME.

O ROME ! my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires ! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance ? Come
and see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye !
Whose agonies are evils of a day, —
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,*
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;

* "I have been some days in Rome the Wonderful. I am delighted with Rome. As a whole, — ancient and modern, — it beats Greece, Constantinople, everything, — at least, that I have ever seen. But I can't describe, because my first impressions are always strong and confused, and my memory selects and reduces them to order, like distance in the landscape, and blends them better, although they may be less distinct. I have been on horseback most of the day, all days since my arrival. I have been to Albano, its lakes, and to the top of the Alban Mount, and to Frascati, Aricia, etc. As for the Coliseum, Pantheon, St. Peter's, the Vatican, Palatine, etc., etc., — they are quite inconceivable, and must be seen." — *BYRON'S Letters*, May, 1817.

An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago ;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her dis-
tress.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

TYRANTS AND FREEDOM.

CAN tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled ?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington ? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such
shore ?

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime ;
Because the deadly days which we have seen,
And vile Ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamant wall,
And the base pageant last upon the scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst, —
his second fall.

Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the
wind ;

Thy trumpet-voice, though broken now and
dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind ;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little
worth,

But the sap lasts, and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North ;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring
forth.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

EGERIA.

EGERIA ! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast ; whate'er thou art
Or wert, — a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair ;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there

Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied
forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years un-
wrinkled,

Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and
ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the
grass

The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems colored by
its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
The purple Midnight veiled that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamored goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love, — the earliest oracle!

And didst thou not, thy breast to his reply-
ing,

Blend a celestial with a human heart;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports? could thine
art

Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart, —
The dull satiety which all destroys, —
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which
cloys?

* * *

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation: — where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath
seized?

In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we
dare

Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,

The unreached Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom
again?

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

BYRON'S SENSE OF HIS WRONGS.

AND if my voice break forth, 't is not that now
I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my
curse!

That curse shall be forgiveness. Have I not, —
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it,
Heaven! —

Have I not had to wrestle with my lot!
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapped, name blighted, life's life lied
away?

And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would seem true,
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.*

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

* Between this stanza and the preceding there was in the original MS. the following. —

"If to forgive be heaping coals of fire, —
As God hath spoken, — on the heads of foes,
Mine should be a volcano, and rise higher
Than, o'er the Titans crushed, Olympus rose,
Or Athos soars, or blazing Etna glows: —
True they who stung were creeping things; but what
Than serpents' teeth inflicts with deadlier throes?
The lion may be goaded by the gnat. —
Who sucks the slumberer's blood? — The eagle? — No: the
bat."

THE DYING GLADIATOR.*

I SEE before me the gladiator lie:
 He leans upon his hand, — his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low, —
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
 The arena swims around him, — he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the
 wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not, — his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away:
 He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday, —
 All this rushed with his blood — Shall he ex-
 pire
 And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut
 your ire!

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

THE ROMAN DAUGHTER.

THERE is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light
 What do I gaze on? Nothing: look again!
 Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight, —
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
 It is not so; I see them full and plain, —
 An old man, and a female young and fair,
 Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
 The blood is nectar: — but what doth she there,
 With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and
 bare?

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
 Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took

* James Montgomery, a true poet, says of this celebrated passage: —

"Myriads of eyes had gazed upon that statue; through myriads of minds all the images and ideas connected with the combat and the fall, the spectators and the scene, had passed in the presence of that unconscious marble which has given immortality to the pangs of death; but not a soul among all the beholders through eighteen centuries, — not one had ever before thought of 'the rude hut,' the 'Dacian mother,' the 'young barbarians.' At length came the poet of passion; and looking down upon the Dying Gladiator (less as what it was than what it represented), turned the marble into man, and endowed it with affections; then, away, over the Apennines and over the Alps, away, on the wings of irrepressible sympathy, flew his spirit to the banks of the Danube, where, 'with his heart,' were the 'eyes' of the victim under the nightfall of death; for 'there were his young barbarians all at play,' and there 'their Dacian mother.' This is nature; this is truth. While the conflict continued, the combatant thought of himself only; he aimed at nothing but victory: when life and this were lost, his last thoughts, his sole thoughts, would turn to his wife and little children."

This criticism is a poet's interpretation of one of the great offices of poetry. It flashes on the most commonplace mind the wonderful power of imagination, when it obeys the primal instincts of the heart.

Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
 Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
 Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
 No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
 Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
 She sees' her little bud put forth its leaves, —
 What may the fruit be yet? — I know not, —
 Cain was Eve's.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
 The milk of his own gift; — it is her sire
 To whom she renders back the debt of blood
 Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire
 While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
 Of health and holy feeling can provide
 Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises
 higher
 Than Egypt's river: — from that gentle side
 Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm
 holds no such tide.

The starry fable of the milky way
 Has not thy story's purity; it is
 A constellation of a sweeter ray,
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
 Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
 Where sparkle distant worlds; — O, holiest
 nurse!

No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
 To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
 With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER'S.

BUT thou, of temples old, or altars new,
 Standest alone, — with nothing like to thee, —
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
 Since Zion's desolation, when that he
 Forsook his former city, what could be,
 Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
 Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are
 aisled

In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
 And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
 His holy of holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

Thou movest, — but increasing with the ad-
 vance,
 Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth
 rise,

Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
 Vastness which grows, but grows to harmon-
 ize,
 All musical in its immensities;
 Rich marbles, richer painting, shrines where
 flame
 The lamps of gold, and haughty dome which
 vies
 In air with earth's chief structures, though their
 frame
 Sits on the firm-set ground, — and this the clouds'
 must claim.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must
 break,
 To separate contemplation, the great whole;
 And as the ocean many bays will make,
 That ask the eye, — so here condense thy soul
 To more immediate objects, and control
 Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
 Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
 In mighty graduations, part by part,
 The glory which at once upon thee did not dart.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

THE STATUES OF LAOCOÖN AND APOLLO.

OR, turning to the Vatican, go see
 Laocoön's torture dignifying pain, —
 A father's love and mortal's agony
 With an immortal's patience blending; — vain
 The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
 The old man's clench; the long envenomed
 chain
 Rivets the living links, — the enormous asp
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on
 gasp.

Or view the lord of the unerring bow,
 The god of life, and poesy, and light, —
 The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
 The shaft hath just been shot, — the arrow bright
 With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
 Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form — a dream of love,
 Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
 Longed for a deathless lover from above,
 And maddened in that vision — are exprest
 All that ideal beauty ever blessed
 The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
 When each conception was a heavenly guest,
 A ray of immortality, and stood,
 Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god!

And if it be Prometheus stole from heaven
 The fire which we endure, it was repaid
 By him to whom the energy was given
 Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
 With an eternal glory, — which, if made
 By human hands, is not of human thought;
 And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
 One ringlet in the dust, — nor hath it caught
 A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with
 which 't was wrought.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

SOLITUDE.

O THAT the desert were my dwelling-place,
 With one fair spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her!
 Ye elements! — in whose ennobling stir
 I feel myself exalted, — can ye not
 Accord me such a being? Do I err
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our
 lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, —
 roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin, — his con-
 trol
 Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain.
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and un-
 known.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy
 fields
 Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength
 he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,

And send'st him, shivering in thy playful
spray

And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashes him again to earth ; — there let him
lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save
thee, —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are
they ?
Thy waters washed them power while they
were free,*
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts ; — not so
thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play ;
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow ;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's
form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, — in breeze, or gale, or
storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ; — boundless, endless, and sub-
lime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a
boy
I wantoned with thy breakers, — they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

* This line reads thus in Byron's MS. In all editions be-
fore that of London, 1855, it was printed, —

"Thy waters wasted them while they were free."

FAREWELL!

My task is done, — my song hath ceased, —
my theme

Has died into an echo ; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp, — and what is writ, is
writ, —

Would it were worthier ! but I am not now
That which I have been, and my visions flit
Less palpably before me, and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and
low.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath
been, —

A sound which makes us linger ; — yet — fare-
well !

Ye, who have traced the pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell ;
Farewell ! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were, — with *you*, the moral of his
strain !

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

GREECE.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that 's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And, but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed !
Such is the aspect of this shore ;
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there,
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;

But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away !
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished
earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee ?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave :

Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free, —
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own ;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires ;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame :
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age !
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die !
'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendor to disgrace ;
Enough, — no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
Yes, self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

The Giaour.

THE GIAOUR'S CONFESSION.

THE cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name ;
But mine was like the lava flood
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
I cannot prate in puling strain
Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain :

If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
If bursting heart, and maddening brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt and feel,
Betoken love, — that love was mine,
And shown by many a bitter sign.

* * *

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven ;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love ;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought ;
A ray of him who formed the whole ;
A glory circling round the soul !
I grant *my* love imperfect, all
That mortals by the name miscall ;
Then deem it evil, what thou wilt ;
But say, O, say, *hers* was not guilt !
She was my life's unerring light :
That quenched, what beam shall break my night ?
O, would it shone to lead me still,
Although to death or deadliest ill !

The Giaour.

KNOW YE THE LAND ?

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their
clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime ?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever
shine ;
Where the light wings of zephyr, oppressed with
perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gûl in her bloom ;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute :
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye ;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?
'T is the clime of the East ; 't is the land of the
sun, —
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have
done ? *

O, wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales
which they tell.

The Bride of Abydos.

* "Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
With whom revenge is virtue."

Young's Revenge.

THE SEA.

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
 Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
 Survey our empire, and behold our home!
 These are our realms, no limits to their sway, —
 Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
 Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
 From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
 O, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
 Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
 Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
 Whom slumber soothes not, pleasure cannot
 please, —

O, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
 And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
 The exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play,
 That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?

The Corsair.

LARA.

THE chief of Lara is returned again:
 And why had Lara crossed the bounding main?
 Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
 Lord of himself; that heritage of woe,
 That fearful empire which the human breast
 But holds to rob the heart within of rest! —
 With none to check, and few to point in time
 The thousand paths that slope the way to crime;
 Then, when he most required commandment, then
 Had Lara's daring boyhood governed men.
 It skills not, boots not step by step to trace
 His youth through all the mazes of its race;
 Short was the course his restlessness had run,
 But long enough to leave him half undone.

Lara.

THE INSPIRATION OF GREECE.

THEY fell devoted, but undying;
 The very gale their names seemed sighing:
 The waters murmured of their name;
 The woods were peopled with their fame;
 The silent pillar, lone and gray,
 Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;
 Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river
 Rolled mingling with their fame forever.
 Despite of every yoke she bears,
 That land is glory's still and theirs!
 'T is still a watchword to the earth:
 When man would do a deed of worth
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread,

* Here follows, in MS., —

"Immortal, boundless, undecayed,
 Their souls the very soil pervade."

So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head:
 He looks to her, and rushes on
 Where life is lost, or freedom won.

Siege of Corinth.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind! *
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart, —
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned, —
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar, — for 't was trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! — May none those marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Prisoner of Chillon, 1816.

MONT BLANC.

MONT BLANC is the monarch of mountains;
 They crowned him long ago
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow.
 Around his waist are forests braced,
 The avalanche in his hand;
 But ere it fall, that thundering ball
 Must pause for my command.
 The glacier's cold and restless mass
 Moves onward day by day;
 But I am he who bids it pass,
 Or with its ice delay.
 I am the spirit of the place,
 Could make the mountain bow
 And quiver to his caverned base, —
 And what with me wouldst *Thou*?

Manfred.

MANFRED'S REMORSE AND SELF-LOATHING.

*The Mountain of the Jungfrau. — Time, Morning. —
 MANFRED alone upon the Cliffs.*

MANFRED. The spirits I have raised abandon
 me, —
 The spells which I have studied baffle me —
 The remedy I recked of tortured me;

* In the first draught, the sonnet opens thus, —

"Beloved goddess of the chainless mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
 Thy palace is within the freeman's heart,
 Whose soul the love of thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned, —
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Thy joy is with them still, and unconfin'd,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom."

I lean no more on superhuman aid,
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulfed in darkness,
It is not of my search. My mother Earth!
And thou fresh-breaking day, and you, ye mountains,

Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight, — thou shin'st not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest forever, — wherefore do I pause?
I feel the impulse — yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril — yet do not recede;
And my brain reels — and yet my foot is firm:
There is a power upon me which withholds,
And makes it my fatality to live;
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself, —
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
Thou wingéd and cloud-cleaving minister,

(An eagle passes.)

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well mayst thou swoop so near me, — I should be
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
With a pervading vision. Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mixed essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are — what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other. Hark! the note,

(The shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.)

The natural music of the mountain reed —
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable, — pipes in the liberal air,
Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
My soul would drink those echoes. O, that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment, — born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

* * *

To be thus, —
Gray-haired with anguish, like these blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,
A blighted trunk upon a curséd root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay, —
And to be thus, eternally but thus,
Having been otherwise! Now furrowed o'er
With wrinkles, ploughed by moments, not by years
And hours, — all tortured into ages, — hours
Which I outlive! Ye toppling crags of ice!
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush
me!

I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

* * *

The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damned like pebbles. I am
giddy.

Manfred.

MANFRED AND THE WITCH OF THE ALPS.

A lower Valley in the Alps. — A Cataract.

Enter MANFRED.

MANFRED. It is not noon, — the sunbow's
rays still arch

The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters. I will call her.

MANFRED takes some of the water into the palm of
his hand, and flings it into the air, muttering the
adjuration. After a pause the WITCH OF THE
ALPS rises beneath the arch of the sunbow of the
torrent.

Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
The charms of earth's least mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth —
Carnationed like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rocked by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven —

Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm, clear brow,
Wherein is glassed serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a son
Of earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
At times to commune with them, — if that he
Avail him of his spells, — to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment.

WITCH. Son of Earth!
I know thee, and the powers which give thee
power;
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.
I have expected this, — what wouldst thou
with me?

MAN. To look upon thy beauty, — nothing
further.*
The face of the earth hath maddened me, and I
Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce
To the abodes of those who govern her, —
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought
From them what they could not bestow, and now
I search no further.

WITCH. What could be the quest
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,
The rulers of the invisible?

MAN. A boon;
But why should I repeat it? 't were in vain.

WITCH. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

MAN. Well, though it torture me, 't is but
the same;

My pang shall find a voice. From my youth
upwards

My spirit walked not with the souls of men,
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who — but of her anon.
I said with men, and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion; but instead,
My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new-breaking wave

* "There is something exquisitely beautiful in all this passage; and both the apparition and the dialogue are so managed, that the sense of their improbability is swallowed up in that of their beauty; and without actually believing that such spirits exist or communicate themselves, we feel for the moment as if we stood in their presence." — JEFFREY.

Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their development; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
Or to look, listening, on the scattered leaves,
While autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
For if the beings, of whom I was one, —
Hating to be so, — crossed me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again. And then I dived,
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
From withered bones, and skulls, and heaped-up
dust,

Conclusions most forbidden. Then I passed
The nights of years in sciences untaught,
Save in the old time; and with time and toil,
And terrible ordeal, and such penance
As in itself hath power upon the air,
And spirits that do compass air and earth,
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
Mine eyes familiar with eternity,
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,
As I do thee; — and with my knowledge grew
The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
Of this most bright intelligence.

Manfred.

MANFRED'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

GLORIOUS orb! the idol
Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw down
The erring spirits, who can ne'er return.
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was revealed!
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladdened, on their mountain-tops, the
hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured
Themselves in orisons! Thou material God!
And representative of the Unknown, —
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief
star!
Centre of many stars! which makest our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee
Even as our outward aspects; — thou dost rise,
And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!

I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
My latest look : thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone :
I follow.

Manfred.

THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful !
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me that in my youth,
When I was wandering, — upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
The watchdog bayed beyond the Tiber ; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battle-
ments,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ; —
But the gladiators' bloody circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries ;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old ! —
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still
rule
Our spirits from their urns.

'T was such a night !

'T is strange that I recall it at this time ;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

Manfred.

DEATH.

LUCIFER. Darest thou to look on Death ?
CAIN. He has not yet
Been seen.

LUC. But must be undergone.
CAIN. My father
Says he is something dreadful, and my mother
Weeps when he's named ; and Abel lifts his
eyes

To heaven, and Zillah casts hers to the earth,
And sighs a prayer ; and Adah looks on me,
And speaks not.

LUC. And thou ?

CAIN. Thoughts unspeakable
Crowd in my breast to burning, when I hear
Of this almighty Death, who is, it seems,
Inevitable. Could I wrestle with him ?
I wrestled with the lion, when a boy,
In play, till he ran roaring from my gripe.

LUC. It has no shape ; but will absorb all
things
That bear the form of earth-born being.

CAIN. Ah !
I thought it was a being : who could do
Such evil things to beings save a being ?

LUC. Ask the Destroyer.

CAIN. Who ?
LUC. The Maker, — call him
Which name thou wilt : he makes but to de-
stroy.*

CAIN. I knew not that, yet thought it, since
I heard
Of death : although I know not what it is,
Yet it seems horrible. I have looked out
In the vast desolate night in search of him ;
And when I saw gigantic shadows in
The umbrage of the walls of Eden, checkered
By the far-flashing of the cherubs' swords,
I watched for what I thought his coming ; for
With fear rose longing in my heart to know
What 't was which shook us all, — but nothing
came.

And then I turned my weary eyes from off
Our native and forbidden Paradise,
Up to the lights above us, in the azure,
Which are so beautiful : shall they, too, die ?

LUC. Perhaps, — but long outlive both thine
and thee.

CAIN. I'm glad of that : I would not have
them die, —

They are so lovely. What is death ? I fear,
I feel, it is a dreadful thing ; but what,
I cannot compass : 't is denounced against us,
Both them who sinned and sinned not, as an ill.

Cain.

* This appears to be an anticipation of the doctrine of the
"survival of the fittest."

THE DISTANT AND THE NEAR.

CAIN. Within those glorious orbs which we behold,

Distant and dazzling, and innumerable,
Ere we came down into this phantom realm,
Ill cannot come: they are too beautiful.

LUC. Thou hast seen them from afar —

CAIN. And what of that?
Distance can but diminish glory, — they,
When nearer, must be more ineffable.

LUC. Approach the things of earth most beautiful,
And judge their beauty near.

CAIN. I have done this, —
The loveliest thing I know is loveliest nearest.

LUC. Then there must be delusion. What is that,

Which being nearest to thine eyes is still
More beautiful than beauteous things remote?

CAIN. My sister Adah: All the stars of heaven,
The deep blue noon of night, lit by an orb
Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world, —
The hues of twilight, — the sun's gorgeous
coming, —

His setting indescribable, which fills
My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold
Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with him,
Along that western paradise of clouds, —
The forest shade, — the green bough, — the bird's
voice, —

The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of love,
And mingles with the song of cherubim,
As the day closes over Eden's walls; —
All these are nothing, to my eyes and heart,
Like Adah's face: I turn from earth and heaven
To gaze on it.

Cain.

BOURBON PREPARING TO ATTACK ROME.

PHILIBERT. They are but men who war with mortals.

BOURBON. True; but those walls have girded in great ages,
And sent forth mighty spirits. The past earth
And present phantom of imperious Rome
Is peopled with those warriors; and methinks
They fit along the eternal city's rampart,
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands,
And beckon me away!

PHIL. So let them! Wilt thou
Turn back from shadowy menaces of shadows?

BOURB. They do not menace me. I could have faced,

Methinks, a Sylla's menace; but they clasp,
And raise, and wring their dim and deathlike hands,
And with their thin ashen faces and fixed eyes
Fascinate mine. Look there!

PHIL. I look upon
A lofty battlement.

BOURB. And there!

PHIL. Not even
A guard in sight; they wisely keep below,
Sheltered by the gray parapet from some
Stray bullet of our lansquenets, who might
Practise in the cool twilight.

BOURB. You are blind.

PHIL. If seeing nothing more than may be seen
Be so.

BOURB. A thousand years have manned the
walls

With all their heroes, — the last Cato stands
And tears his bowels, rather than survive
The liberty of that I would enslave.
And the first Cæsar with his triumphs flits
From battlement to battlement.

PHIL. Then conquer
The walls for which he conquered, and be greater!

BOURB. True: so I will, or perish.

PHIL. You can not.
In such an enterprise to die is rather
The dawn of an eternal day, than death.

The Deformed Transformed.

THE MOTHER OF DON JUAN.*

HER favorite science was the mathematical,

Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attie
all,

Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity;
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call

A prodigy, — her morning dress was dimity,
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

* * *

In short, she was a walking calculation,

Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their
covers,

Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,

Or "Cælebs' Wife" set out in quest of lovers,
Morality's prim personification,

In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers;
To others' share let "female errors fall,"

For she had not even one, — the worst of all.

O, she was perfect past all parallel, —

Of any modern female saint's comparison;
So far above the cunning powers of hell,

Her guardian angel had given up his garrison;
Even her minutest motions went as well

As those of the best timepiece made by Har-
rison:

* A caricature of Lady Byron. It is difficult to conceive that any man with a sense of honor in him should have stooped to such a low revenge.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!

* * *

Don José and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
Until at length the smothered fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

For Inez called some druggists; and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*,
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only *bad*;
Yet when they asked her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct, — which seemed very
odd.

She kept a journal, where his faults were noted,
And opened certain trunks of books and let-
ters,
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted;
And then she had all Seville for abettors,
Besides her good old grandmother (who doted);
The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

And then this best and meekest woman bore
With such serenity her husband's woes,
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
Who saw their spouses killed, and nobly chose
Never to say a word about them more, —
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,
That all the world exclaimed, "What magna-
nimity!"

Don Juan, Canto I.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S REVIEW.

THE public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral);
Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect
My epical pretensions to the laurel:
For fear some prudish reader should grow skittish,
I've bribed my grandmother's review — the Brit-
ish.

I sent it in a letter to the editor,
Who thanked me duly by return of post, —
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,

And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is, — that he had the money.*

Don Juan, Canto I.

REGRET OVER YOUTH'S ILLUSIONS.

No more — no more — O, nevermore on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee:
* Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 't was not in them; but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

No more — no more — O, nevermore, my heart,
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:
The illusion's gone forever, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,
And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,
Though Heaven knows how it ever found a lodg-
ment.

Don Juan, Canto I.

THE SHIPWRECK.

SOME lashed them in their hammocks; some put on
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair;
Some cursed the day on which they saw the sun,
And gnashed their teeth, and, howling, tore
their hair;
And others went on as they had begun,
Getting the boats out, being well aware
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
'T was difficult to get out such provision
As now might render their long suffering less:
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition;
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress.
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

* * *

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell, —
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the
brave, —
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;

* Mr. Roberts, the editor of the British Review, was so foolish as to deny that he had received any money from Lord Byron. The mischievous malicious joke he took in all seriousness, and seemed to fear that his periodical, the organ of British decorum, would be ruined by such a charge if it were not emphatically contradicted!

And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling
wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
And then they were too many, though so few, —
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

All the rest perished; near two hundred souls
Had left their bodies; and what's worse, alas!
When over Catholics the ocean rolls,
They must wait several weeks before a mass
Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,
Because, till people know what's come to pass,
They won't lay out their money on the dead, —
It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

* * *

'T was a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
That the sail was becalmed between the seas,
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze:
Each sea curled o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
And made them bale without a moment's ease,
So that themselves as well as hopes were damped,
And the poor little cutter quickly swamped.

Nine souls more went in her: the long-boat still
Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
Two blankets stitched together, answering ill
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast:
Though every wave rolled menacing to fill,
And present peril all before surpassed,
They grieved for those who perished with the
cutter
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

* * *

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will
be done!"

I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wished-for shower at length
was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth, — but in vain.*

The boy expired, — the father held the clay,
And looked upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watched it wistfully, until away
'T was borne by the rude wave wherein 't was
cast; †
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the
dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
And all within its arch appeared to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Waxed broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwrecked men.

It changed, of course; a heavenly chameleon,
The airy child of vapor and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every color into one,

* "Whenever the boy was seized with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up and wiped away the foam from his lips; and if a shower came, he made him open his mouth to receive the drops, or gently squeezed them into it from a rag." — *Juno*.

† "In this affecting situation both remained four or five days, till the boy expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, raised the body, looked wistfully at it, and when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it in silence until it was carried off by the sea; then wrapping himself in a piece of canvas, sunk down, and rose no more; though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the quivering of his limbs, when a wave broke over him." — *Juno*.

Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle).

Our shipwrecked seamen thought it a good
omen, —

It is as well to think so, now and then;
'T was an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when
Folks are discouraged; and most surely no men
Had greater need to nerve themselves again
Than these, and so this rainbow looked like
hope, —

Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

Don Juan, Canto II.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung,

Where grew the arts of war and peace, —

Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet,

But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian* and the Teian muse,†

The hero's harp, the lover's lute,

Have found the fame your shores refuse;

Their place of birth alone is mute

To sounds which echo further west

Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."‡

The mountains look on Marathon,

And Marathon looks on the sea;

And musing there an hour alone,

I dreamed that Greece might still be free;

For standing on the Persians' grave,

I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow

Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;

And ships, by thousands, lay below,

And men in nations; all were his!

He counted them at break of day, —

And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,

My country? On thy voiceless shore

The heroic lay is tuneless now, —

The heroic bosom beats no more!

And must thy lyre, so long divine,

Degenerate into hands like mine?

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,

Though linked among a fettered race,

To feel at least a patriot's shame,

Even as I sing, suffuse my face;

* Homer.

† Anacreon.

‡ The νῆσοι μακάρων of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cape de Verd Islands or the Canaries.

For what is left the poet here?

For Greeks a blush, — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?

Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred grant but three,

To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no; — the voices of the dead

Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, "Let one living head,

But one arise, — we come, we come!"

'T is but the living who are dumb.

In vain, — in vain: strike other chords;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,

And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

Hark! rising to the ignoble call, —

How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave, —

Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

We will not think of themes like these!

It made Anacreon's song divine:

He served, — but served Polycrates, —

A tyrant; but our masters then

Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend;

That tyrant was Miltiades!

O, that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind!

Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock and Parga's shore

Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore;

And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,

The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,

They have a king who buys and sells:

In native swords and native ranks

The only hope of courage dwells;

But Turkish force and Latin fraud

Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade,

I see their glorious black eyes shine;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine, —
 Dash down your cup of Samian wine!

Don Juan, Canto III.

THE DEATH OF HAIDEE.

TWELVE days and nights she withered thus; at last,
 Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
 A parting pang, the spirit from her past:
 And they who watched her nearest could not
 know

The very instant, till the change that cast
 Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
 Glazed o'er her eyes — the beautiful, the black —
 O, to possess such lustre, and then lack!

She died, but not alone; she held within
 A second principle of life, which might
 Have dawned a fair and sinless child of sin,
 But closed its little being without light,
 And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
 Blossom and bough lie withered with one blight;
 In vain the dews of heaven descend above
 The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

Thus lived, thus died she; nevermore on her
 Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
 Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
 Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
 By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
 Brief, but delightful, such as had not stayed
 Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
 By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

Don Juan, Canto IV.

AVE MARIA.

AVE MARIA! blessed be the hour!
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,*
 Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
 And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with
 prayer.

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of prayer!
 Ave Maria! 't is the hour of love!

* MS. — "While swung the signal from the sacred tower."

Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
 Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
 Ave Maria! O that face so fair!
 Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty
 dove, —
 What though 't is but a pictured image? — strike;
 That painting is no idol, 't is too like.

* * *

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things, —
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
 The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer;
 Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
 Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
 Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the
 heart

Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
 Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

Don Juan, Canto III.

GULBEYAZ.

SHE stood a moment as a Pythoness
 Stands on her tripod, agonized, and full
 Of inspiration gathered from distress,
 When all the heart-strings like wild horses pull
 The heart asunder; then, as more or less
 Their speed abated or their strength grew dull,
 She sunk down on her seat by slow degrees,
 And bowed her throbbing head o'er trembling
 knees.

Her face declined and was unseen; her hair
 Fell in long tresses like the weeping willow,
 Sweeping the marble underneath her chair,
 Or rather sofa (for it was all pillow,
 A low soft ottoman), and black despair
 Stirred up and down her bosom like a billow,
 Which rushes to some shore whose shingles check
 Its further course, but must receive its wreck.

Her head hung down, and her long hair in stooping
 Concealed her features better than a veil;
 And one hand o'er the ottoman lay drooping,
 White, waxen, and as alabaster pale:
 Would that I were a painter! to be grouping
 All that a poet drags into detail!
 O that my words were colors! but their tints
 May serve perhaps as outlines or slight hints.

Don Juan, Canto VI.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH
YEAR.

MISSOLONGHI, January 23, 1824.*

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move:
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
 Is lone as some volcanic isle;
 No torch is kindled at its blaze, —
 A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 The exalted portion of the pain
 And power of love, I cannot share,
 But wear the chain.

But 't is not *thus*, and 't is not *here*,
 Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
 Where glory decks the hero's bier,
 Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
 Glory and Greece, around me see!
 The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
 Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece, she *is* awake!)
 Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
 Unworthy manhood! unto thee
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
 The land of honorable death
 Is here: up to the field, and give
 Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest.†

* "This morning Lord Byron came from his bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some friends were assembled, and said with a smile, 'You were complaining, the other day, that I never write any poetry now. This is my birthday, and I have just finished something which, I think, is better than what I usually write.' He then produced these noble and affecting verses." — COUNT GAMBA.

† "Taking into consideration everything connected with these verses, — the last tender aspirations of a loving spirit

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.*

1788 - 1845.

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE
CORONATION.

Och! the Coronation! what celebration
 For emulation can with it compare?
 When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
 And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did
 repair!

'T was there you'd see the new Polishemen
 Making a skrimmage at half after four,
 And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys
 All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that selfsame morning
 Themselves adorning, all by the candle-light,
 With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
 And gould, and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
 And then approaches five hundred coaches,
 With General Dullbeak. Och! 't was mighty
 fine

To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,
 With his sword drawn, prancing, made them
 kape the line.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,
 All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
 Opening the massy doors to the bould Embassy-
 dours,

The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews;
 'T would have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
 All jool's from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
 With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
 The famale heiress, Miss Anja-ly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his swoord drawn,
 talking

To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame:
 And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey
 (They called him Sowlt afore he changed his
 name),

Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading
 The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,
 And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
 The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
 In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,

which they breathe, the self-devotion to a noble cause which they so nobly express, and that consciousness of a near grave glimmering sadly through the whole, — there is perhaps no production within the range of mere human composition, round which the circumstances and feelings under which it was written cast so touching an interest." — MOORE.

* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the *alias* of this fantastically humorous poet was "Thomas Ingoldsby." It is curious that, like Rabelais, Scarron, Swift, Sterne, and Sydney Smith, he was a priest.

And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
 And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
 Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the
 Quaker,
 All in the Gallery you might persave;
 But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone
 a-fishing,
 Oonly crass Lord Essex would not give him
 lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
 And Prince Von Schwartzenberg, and many
 more,
 Och! I'd be bothered and entirely smothered
 To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;
 With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and
 dresses,
 And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works;
 But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
 "I'd be proud to see the likes among the
 Turks!"

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och! they
 did dress her
 In her purple garaments and her goulden
 crown;
 Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
 With eight young ladies houlding up her gown.
 Sure 't was grand to see her, also for to he-ar
 The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow,
 And Sir George Smart! Oh! he played a Con-
 sarto,
 With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row!

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish
 up,
 For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
 Saying, "Plase your Glory, great Queen Vic-tory!
 Ye 'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your
 health!"
 Then his Riverence retrating, discooursd the
 mating;
 "Boys! Here's your Queen! deny it if you
 can!
 And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
 Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man!"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing,
 "Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!"
 And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
 All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
 The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too,
 But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,
 For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
 Throwing the thirteens, lit him in his eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of
 speecling,
 With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee:

And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
 And the Queen said, "Ah! then thank ye all
 for me!" —
 Then the trumpets braying, and the organ play-
 ing,
 And sweet trombones, with their silver tones;
 But Lord Rolle was rolling; — 't was mighty
 consoling
 To think his Lordship did not break his bones!

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and
 mustard,
 All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop;
 With lobsters and white-bait, and other swate-
 meats,
 And wine and nagus, and Imperial Pop!
 There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
 With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears, —
 Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got
 prog enough,
 The sly ould Devil, ndernathe the stairs.

Then the cannons thundered, and the people
 wondered,
 Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal
 Queen!" —
 — Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
 Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have
 seen!
 And now, I've ended, what I pretended,
 This narration splendid in swate poe-thry,
 Ye dear bewitcher, just land the pitcher,
 Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty
 dhry.

 SONG.

'T is sweet to think the pure ethereal being,
 Whose mortal form reposes with the dead,
 Still hovers round unseen, yet not unseeing,
 Benignly smiling o'er the mourner's bed!

She comes in dreams, a thing of light and light-
 ness;
 I hear her voice, in still, small accents tell
 Of realms of bliss, and never-fading brightness,
 Where those who loved on earth together
 dwell.

Ah, yet awhile, blest shade, thy flight delaying,
 The kindred soul with mystic converse cheer;
 To her rapt gaze, in visions bland, displaying
 The unearthly glories of thy happier sphere!

Yet, yet remain! till freed like thee, delighted,
 She spurns the thralldom of encumbering
 clay;
 Then, as on earth, in tend'rest love united,
 Together seek the realms of endless day!

CATHARINE FANSHAWE.

A RIDDLE.*

'T WAS in heaven pronounced, and 't was mut-
tered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence con-
fessed;

'T will be found in the sphere when 't is riven
asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thun-
der.

'T was allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends him at birth, and awaits him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser 't is hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs
is crowned.

Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be
found,

Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
'T will not soften the heart; but though deaf be
the ear,

It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,
Ah, breathe on it softly, — it dies in an hour.

— o — o — o —

 WILLIAM KNOX.

1789 (?) - 1825.

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE
PROUD.†

O, WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,

* The secret of this ingenious riddle is the letter H. The verses have been wrongly ascribed to Byron.

† This poem seems to have made a strong impression on the mind of Abraham Lincoln. He much admired and often referred to it.

The father that mother and infant who blest, —
Each, all, are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in
whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, — her triumphs are
by;

And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and
praised.

The head of the king, that the sceptre hath
borne;

The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath
worn;

The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave, —
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the
steep;

The beggar, who wandered in search of his
bread, —
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we see the same
sun,

And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did
think;

From the death we are shrinking our fathers did
shrink;

To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved, — but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, — but the heart of the haughty is
cold;

They grieved, — but no wail from their slumbers
will come;

They joyed, — but the tongue of their gladness
is dumb.

They died, — ah! they died; — we, things that
are now,

That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrim-
age road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain:

And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye ; 't is the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud ;
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

CHARLES WOLFE.

1791 - 1823.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried :
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory !

IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDEST HAVE DIED.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be !
It never through my mind had passed,
The time would e'er be o'er, —
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
And think 't will smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene, —
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave, —
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before, —
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore !

HENRY HART MILMAN.*

1791 - 1868.

GOOD FRIDAY.

BOUND upon the accurséd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He ?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !

Bound upon the accurséd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?

* Dr. Milman, among other dramatic compositions, was author of the tragedy of *Fazio*.

By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at his doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere he died
To the felon at his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 't is thou! 't is thou!

Bound upon the accurséd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know thee now;
Son of Man! 't is thou! 't is thou!

Bound upon the accurséd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God! 't is thou! 't is thou!

EASTER HYMN.

CHRIST is risen! the Lord is come,
Bursting from the sealéd tomb!
Death and hell, in mute dismay,
Render up their mightier prey.

Christ is risen! but not alone!
Death, thy kingdom is o'erthrown!
We shall rise as he hath risen,
From the deep sepulchral prison.

Heirs of death, and sons of clay,
Long in death's dark thrall we lay,
And went down in trembling gloom
To the unawakening tomb.

Heirs of life, and sons of God,
On the path our Captain trod,
Now we hope to soar on high
To the everlasting sky.

Mortal once, immortal now,
Our vile bodies off we throw,
Glorious bodies to put on,
Round our great Redeemer's throne.

Lofty hopes! and theirs indeed
Who the Christian's life shall lead;
Christ's below in faith and love,
Christ's in endless bliss above.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

To the sound of timbrels sweet,
Moving slow our solemn feet,
We have borne thee on the road,
To the virgin's blest abode;
With thy yellow torches gleaming,
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
And the canopy above
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceased;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously unclosing door;
That the favored youth admits
Where the veiled virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear,
And the music's brisker din,
At the bridegroom's entering in,
Entering in a welcome guest
To the chamber of his rest.

The Fall of Jerusalem.

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us, and thy
saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sor-
row is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and
fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er, and
borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach
his blest abode.
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus upon his
father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith
assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy
Spirit fail.
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom
on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust," the
solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal
thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the
faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom
thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a wel-
come find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a
glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

The Martyr of Antioch.

THE MERRY HEART.

I WOULD not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have wealth,
And I have spirits light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth, —
A merry heart that laughs at care.

At once, 't is true, two witching eyes
Surprised me in a luckless season,
Turned all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 't was but love could make me grieve,
And love you know 's a reason fair,
And much improved, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laughed at care.

So now, from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare,
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind,
Give, sometimes give your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good-humor find.
Yes, let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share,
And pleased and pleasing let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.*

1792 - 1822.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

How wonderful is Death, —
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Queen Mab.

MUTABILITY.

WE are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and
quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly! — yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost forever:

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest — A dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise — One wandering thought pollutes the
day;
We feel, conceive, or reason, laugh or weep;
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:

It is the same! For, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free;
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
Naught may endure but Mutability.

THE DEFIANCE OF PROMETHEUS TO JUPITER.

FIEND, I defy thee! with a calm, fixed mind,
All that thou canst inflict I bid thee do;
Foul tyrant both of gods and humankind,
One only being shalt thou not subdue.
Rain then thy plagues upon me here,
Ghastly disease and frenzying fear;
And let alternate frost and fire
Eat into me, and be thine ire
Lightning, and cutting hail, and legioned forms
Of furies, driving by upon the wounding storms.

Ay, do thy worst. Thou art omnipotent.
O'er all things but thyself I gave thee
power,

* It is, of course, impossible to convey an adequate idea of Shelley by extracts. The reader is referred to his works, if his curiosity is stimulated by our citations from volumes, each of which is all alive with thought, imagination, and passion.

And my own will. Be thy swift mischiefs sent
 To blast mankind, from yon ethereal tower.
 Let thy malignant spirit move
 In darkness over those I love :
 On me and mine I imprecate
 The utmost torture of thy hate ;
 And thus devote to sleepless agony
 This undeclineing head while thou must reign on
 high.

But thou, who art the God and Lord,—O thou
 Who fillest with thy soul this world of woe,
 To whom all things of earth and heaven do bow
 In fear and worship ! all-prevailing foe !
 I curse thee ! let a sufferer's curse
 Clasp thee, his torturer, like remorse !
 Till thine infinity shall be
 A robe of envenomed agony ;
 And thine omnipotence a crown of pain,
 To cling like burning gold round thy dissolving
 brain.

Heap on thy soul, by virtue of this curse,
 Ill deeds, then be thou damned, beholding
 good ;
 Both infinite as is the universe,
 And thou and thy self-torturing solitude.
 An awful image of calm power
 Though now thou sittest, let the hour
 Come, when thou must appear to be
 That which thou art internally.
 And after many a false and fruitless crime,
 Scorn track thy lagging fall through boundless
 space and time !

Prometheus Unbound.

FROM "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND."

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

FROM unremembered ages we
 Gentle guides and guardians be
 Of heaven-oppressed mortality ;
 And we breathe, and sicken not,
 The atmosphere of human thought :
 Be it dim and dank and gray,
 Like a storm-extinguished day,
 Travelled o'er by dying gleams ;
 Be it bright as all between
 Cloudless skies and windless streams,
 Silent, liquid, and serene ;
 As the birds within the wind,
 As the fish within the wave,
 As the thoughts of man's own mind
 Float through all above the grave ;
 We make there our liquid lair,
 Voyaging cloudlike and unpent
 Through the boundless element :
 Thence we bear the prophecy
 Which begins and ends in thee !

IONE.

More yet come, one by one ; the air around them
 Looks radiant as the air around a star.

FIRST SPIRIT.

On a battle-trumpet's blast
 I fled hither, fast, fast, fast,
 Mid the darkness upward cast.
 From the dust of creeds outworn,
 From the tyrant's banner torn,
 Gathering round me onward borne,
 There was mingled many a cry, —
 Freedom ! Hope ! Death ! Victory !
 Till they faded through the sky ;
 And one sound above, around,
 One sound beneath, around, above,
 Was moving ; 't was the soul of love ;
 'T was the hope, the prophecy,
 Which begins and ends in thee.

SECOND SPIRIT.

A rainbow's arch stood on the sea,
 Which rocked beneath, immovably ;
 And the triumphant storm did flee,
 Like a conqueror, swift and proud,
 Between with many a captive cloud
 A shapeless, dark, and rapid crowd,
 Each by lightning riven in half :
 I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh :
 Mighty fleets were strewn like chaff
 And spread beneath a hell of death
 O'er the white waters. I alit
 On a great ship lightning-split,
 And speeded hither on the sigh
 Of one who gave an enemy
 His plank, then plunged aside to die.

THIRD SPIRIT.

I sate beside a sage's bed,
 And the lamp was burning red
 Near the book where he had fed,
 When a Dream with plumes of flame
 To his pillow hovering came.
 And I knew it was the same
 Which had kindled long ago
 Pity, eloquence, and woe ;
 And the world awhile below
 Wore the shade its lustre made.
 It has borne me here as fleet
 As Desire's lightning feet :
 I must ride it back ere morrow,
 Or the sage will wake in sorrow.

FOURTH SPIRIT.

On a poet's lips I slept,
 Dreaming like a love adept
 In the sound his breathing kept ;
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
 But feeds on the aerial kisses
 Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.

He will watch from dawn to gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
 Nor heed nor see what things they be;
 But from these create he can
 Forms more real than living man,
 Nurslings of immortality!
 One of these awakened me,
 And I sped to succor thee.

THE HOURS.

THE rocks are cloven, and through the purple
 night

I see cars drawn by rainbow-wingéd steeds
 Which trample the dim winds: in each there
 stands

A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
 Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
 And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
 Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
 With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
 As if the thing they loved fled on before,
 And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright
 locks

Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
 Sweep onward.

Prometheus Unbound.

THE SUGGESTIONS OF MUSIC.

My soul is an enchanted boat,
 Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
 Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
 And thine doth like an angel sit
 Beside the helm conducting it,
 While all the winds with melody are ringing.

It seems to float ever, forever,
 Upon that many-winding river,
 Between mountains, woods, abysses,
 A paradise of wildernesses!

Till, like one in slumber bound,
 Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
 Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound.

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
 In Music's most serene dominions;
 Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
 And we sail on, away, afar,

Without a course, without a star,
 But by the instinct of sweet music driven;
 Till through Elysian garden islets
 By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
 Where never mortal pinnace glided,
 The boat of my desire is guided:

Realms where the air we breathe is love,
 Which in the winds on the waves doth move,
 Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

We have passed Age's icy caves,
 And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
 And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
 Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee
 Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
 Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day:
 A paradise of vaulted bowers
 Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
 And watery paths that wind between
 Wildernesses calm and green,
 Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
 And rest, having beheld; somewhat like thee;
 Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously.

Prometheus Unbound.

CHORUS OF THE SPIRITS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

WE come from the mind
 Of humankind,
 Which was late so dusk and obscene and blind;
 Now 't is an ocean
 Of clear emotion,
 A heaven of serene and mighty motion.

From that deep abyss
 Of wonder and bliss,
 Whose caverns are crystal palaces;
 From those skyey towers
 Where Thought's crownéd powers
 Sit watching your dance, ye happy Hours!

From the dim recesses
 Of woven caresses,
 Where lovers catch ye by your loose tresses;
 From the azure isles,
 Where sweet Wisdom smiles,
 Delaying your ships with her syren wiles.

From the temples high
 Of man's ear and eye,
 Roofed over Sculpture and Poesy;
 From the murmurings
 Of the unsealed springs
 Where Science bedews his Dædal wings.

Years after years,
 Through blood and tears
 And a thick hell of hatreds and hopes and fears,
 We faded and flew,
 And the islets were few
 Where the bud-blighted flowers of happiness grew.

Our feet now, every palm,
 Are sandalled with calm,
 And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm;
 And beyond our eyes
 The human love lies
 Which makes all it gazes on paradise.

Prometheus Unbound.

THE FALL OF JUPITER.

WHEN the strife was ended which made dim
The orb I rule, and shook the solid stars,
The terrors of his eye illumined heaven
With sanguine light, through the thick ragged
skirts

Of the victorious darkness, as he fell :
Like the last glare of day's red agony,
Which, from a rent among the fiery clouds,
Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled deep.

Prometheus Unbound.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

THE awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us ; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower ;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain
shower,

It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance ;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of Beauty ! that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou
gone ?

Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?

Ask why the sunlight not forever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river ;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is
shown ;

Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom, why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope ?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given :
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and
Heaven,

Remain the records of their vain endeavor ;
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail
to sever,

From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds, depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his
heart.

Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes ;
Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame !
Depart not as thy shadow came :
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave, and
ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing

Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which our youth
is fed :

I was not heard ; I saw them not ;
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me ;
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy !

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine : have I not kept the vow ?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even
now

I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave : they have in visioned
bowers

Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night :
They know that never joy illumed my brow,
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou, O awful Loveliness,
Wouldst live whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past : there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard nor
seen,

As if it could not be, as if it had not been !
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all humankind.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent light,
 The breath of the moist air is light
 Around its unexpanded buds;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
 The city's voice itself is soft, like solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple seaweeds strown;
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown;
 I sit upon the sands alone,
 The lightning of the noontide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my
 emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that content surpassing wealth
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walked with inward glory crowned, —
 Nor fame nor power, nor love nor leisure.
 Others I see whom these surround, —
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure:
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne and yet must bear,
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan;
 They might lament, — for I am one
 Whom men love not, — and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory
 yet. December, 1818.

ENGLAND IN 1819.

AN old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king, —
 Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
 Through public scorn, — mud from a muddy
 spring, —

Rulers, who neither see nor feel nor know,
 But leech-like to their fainting country cling,
 Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow.
 A people starved and stabbed in the untilled
 field, —

An army, which liberticide and prey
 Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield;
 Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay;
 Religion Christless, Godless, — a book sealed;
 A senate, — Time's worst statute unrepealed, —
 Are graves, from which a glorious phantom may
 Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day!

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.*

I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
 being,
 Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere:
 Destroyer and preserver, — hear, O, hear!

II.

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's com-
 motion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and
 ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

* "This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapors which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset, with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

"The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it."

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O, hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baïæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O, hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyeey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee; tameless and swift and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth

Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

TO —.

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle:
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

January, 1820.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skye's bowers
 Lightning my pilot sits ;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls by fits ;
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;
 Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The spirit he loves remains ;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue
 smile,
 While he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning-star shines dead.
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
 beneath,
 Its ardors of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on my airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin
 roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built
 tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on
 high
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and
 swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my
 chair,
 Is the million-colored bow ;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky :
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
 gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from
 the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pour'st thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
 singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run ;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,

As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is
overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow-clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it
from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-
winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth sur-
pass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt, —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?

What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance
of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening
now.

FROM "EPIPSYCHIDION." *

SERAPH of heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman
All that is insupportable in thee
Of light and love and immortality!
Sweet benediction in the eternal curse!
Veiled glory of this lampless universe!
Thou moon beyond the clouds! thou living form
Among the dead! thou star above the storm!
Thou wonder and thou beauty and thou terror!
Thou harmony of Nature's art! thou mirror

* This poem is too long to be printed here in full. We refer the reader to the original, if he desires to obtain an adequate idea of a poet's imagination when thoroughly inspired, impassioned and spiritualized, with the mood of ecstasy prompting every burning line.

In whom, as in the splendor of the sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on !
Ay, even the dim words which obscure thee
now

Flash, lightning-like, with unaccustomed glow ;
I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song
All of its much mortality and wrong,
With those clear drops, which start like sacred
dew

From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens
through,

Weeping, till sorrow becomes ecstasy :
Then smile on it, so that it may not die.

I never thought before my death to see
Youth's vision thus made perfect : Emily,
I love thee ; though the world by no thin name
Will hide that love from its unvalued shame.
Would wetwo had been twins of the same mother !
Or that the name my heart lent to another
Could be a sister's bond for her and thee,
Blending two beams of one eternity !
Yet were one lawful and the other true,
These names, though dear, could paint not, as is
due,

How beyond refuge I am thine. Ah me !
I am not thine : I am a part of *thee*.

Sweet Lamp ! my moth-like Muse has burnt
its wings,
Or, like a dying swan who soars and sings,
Young Love should teach Time, in his own gray
style,

All that thou art. Art thou not void of guile,
A lovely soul formed to be blest and bless ?
A well of sealed and secret happiness,
Whose waters like blithe light and music are,
Vanquishing dissonance and gloom ? A star
Which moves not in the moving heavens, alone ?
A smile amid dark frowns ? a gentle tone
Amid rude voices ? a beloved light ?
A solitude, a refuge, a delight ?
A lute, which those whom love has taught to
play

Make music on, to soothe the roughest day
And lull fond grief asleep ? a buried treasure ?
A cradle of young thoughts of wingless pleasure ?
A violet-shrouded grave of woe, — I measure
The world of fancies, seeking one like thee,
And find, — alas ! mine own infirmity.

TO —.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory, —
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night !
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear, —
Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought !
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand, —
Come, long sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee ;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
" Wouldst thou me ?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
" Shall I nestle near thy side ?
Wouldst thou me ?" And I replied,
" No, not thee !"

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon, —
Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night, —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon !

THE FUGITIVES.

I.

THE waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar spray is dancing, —
Away !

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,

The forest is swinging,
The minster-bells ringing, —
Come away!

The earth is like ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion:
Bird, beast, man, and worm,
Have crept out of the storm, —
Come away!

II.

"Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale:
A bold pilot, I trow,
Who should follow us now!"
Shouted he.

And she cried, "Ply the oar:
Put off gayly from shore!"
As she spoke, bolts of death
Mixed with hail specked their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower, and rock,
The blue beacon-cloud broke,
Though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
From the lee.

III.

"And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou?
And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
I and thou?"

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover; —
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low, —

While around, the lashed ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered, and shifted,
To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress
Beside the pale portress,
Like a bloodhound well beaten,
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame;

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the gray tyrant-father:
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
As ere clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest, and last
Of his name!

MUSIC.

I PANT for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
More, O, more! I am thirsting yet,
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart, to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain.

As the scent of a violet withered up,
Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,
When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,
And mist there was none its thirst to slake, —
And the violet lay dead while the odor flew
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue, —

As one who drinks from a charmed cup
Of foaming and sparkling and murmuring wine,
Whom, a mighty enchantress filling up,
Invites to love with her kiss divine.

* * *

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me — who knows how?
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream;
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O beloved as thou art!

O, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.

My cheek is cold and white, alas !
 My heart beats loud and fast :
 O, press it close to thine again,
 Where it will break at last !

THE RAVINE.

But I remember
 Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
 Crosses a deep ravine : 't is rough and narrow,
 And winds with short turns down the precipice ;
 And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
 Which has, from unimaginable years,
 Sustained itself with terror and with toil
 Over a gulf, and with the agony
 With which it clings, seems slowly coming down ;
 Even as a wretched soul hour after hour
 Clings to the mass of life, — yet clinging, leans ;
 And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
 In which it fears to fall : beneath this crag,
 Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
 The melancholy mountain yawns ; below,
 You hear but see not an impetuous torrent
 Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
 Crosses the chasm ; and high above there grow,
 With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
 Cedars and yews and pines, whose tangled hair
 Is matted into one solid roof of shade
 By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here
 'T is twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

The Cenci.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.*

1792-1872.

HYMN.

If all our hopes and all our fears
 Were prisoned in life's narrow bound ;
 If, travellers through this vale of tears,
 We saw no better world beyond ;
 O, what could check the rising sigh,
 What earthly thing could pleasure give ?
 O, who would venture then to die, —
 O, who could then endure to live ?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
 Where mists and clouds eternal, spread
 Their gloomy veil behind, before,
 And tempests thunder overhead :
 Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
 And not a floweret smiles beneath ;
 Who could exist in such a tomb ?
 Who dwell in darkness and in death ?

* This scholar, philologist, philanthropist, and man of affairs will probably be remembered by posterity only as the author of *Matins and Vespers*. There seems to be an indestructible vitality in that little book.

And such were life, without the ray
 From our divine religion given ;
 'T is *this* that makes our darkness day ;
 'T is *this* that makes our earth a heaven.
 Bright is the golden sun above,
 And beautiful the flowers that bloom ;
 And all is joy, and all is love,
 Reflected from a world to come.

JESUS TEACHING THE PEOPLE.

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and reverence filled the place !

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way ;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !"
 Yes ! sacred teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee and be blest !

Decay, then, tenements of dust !
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, —
 What its signs of promise are !
 Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
 See that glory-beaming star !
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
 Traveller, yes ; it brings the day, —
 Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night, —
 Higher yet that star ascends !
 Traveller, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveller, ages are its own, —
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller, darkness takes its flight ;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wandering cease ;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller, lo ! the Prince of Peace, —
 Lo ! the Son of God is come.

JOHN KEBLE.*

1792-1866.

PALM SUNDAY.

"And He answered and said unto them, I tell you that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." — *Luke xix. 40.*

YE whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of Poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth
(If the word be not too bold),
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old, —

Sovereign masters of our hearts !
Know ye who hath set your parts ?
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you, to lead
His hosannas here below ;
Mount, and claim your glorious meed ;
Linger not with sin and woe.

But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease, —
Angels round his glory-throne,
Stars, his guiding hand that own,
Flowers, that grow beneath our feet,
Stones, in earth's dark womb that rest,
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere his name shall be unblest.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue
Be thy praise so duly sung,
That thine angels' harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here ;
We the while, of meaner birth,
Who in that divinest spell
Dare not hope to join on earth,
Give us grace to listen well.

But should thankless silence seal
Lips that might half heaven reveal,
Should bards in idol-hymns profane
The sacred soul-enthraling strain
(As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using),
Then, thy power and mercy show,
In vile things noble breath infusing ;

Then waken into sound divine
The very pavement of thy shrine,
Till we, like heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore ;

Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy
If it flow from childlike hearts.

HOLY BAPTISM.

WHERE is it mothers learn their love ? —
In every church a fountain springs
O'er which the eternal Dove
Hovers on softest wings.

What sparkles in that lucid flood
Is water, by gross mortals eyed :
But seen by faith, 't is blood
Out of a dear Friend's side.

A few calm words of faith and prayer,
A few bright drops of holy dew,
Shall work a wonder there
Earth's charmers never knew.

O happy arms where cradled lies,
And ready for the Lord's embrace,
That precious sacrifice,
The darling of his grace !

Blest eyes, that see the smiling gleam
Upon the slumbering features glow,
When the life-giving stream
Touches the tender brow !

Or when the holy cross is signed,
And the young soldier duly sworn
With true and fearless mind
To serve the Virgin-born.

But happiest ye, who sealed and blest
Back to your arms your treasure take,
With Jesus' mark impressed
To nurse for Jesus' sake :

To whom, — as if in hallowed air
Ye knelt before some awful shrine, —
His innocent gestures wear
A meaning half divine :

By whom Love's daily touch is seen
In strengthening form and freshening hue,
In the fixed brow serene,
The deep yet eager view. —

Who taught thy pure and even breath
To come and go with such sweet grace ?
Whence thy reposing faith,
Though in our frail embrace ?

O tender gem, and full of Heaven !
Not in the twilight stars on high,
Not in moist flowers at even
See we our God so nigh.

* *The Christian Year* and *Lyra Innocentium* of this saintly successor of Vaughan and Herbert are so widely known, that it is needless to multiply extracts from their holy pages.

Sweet one, make haste and know him too,
Thine own adopting Father love,
That like thine earliest dew
Thy dying sweets may prove.

SAMUEL HINDS.*

1793 - 1872.

BABY SLEEPS.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."—*Luke viii. 52.*

THE baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And hushed its fears, and soothed its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps,
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present griefs, and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps.

LOVE KEEPING WATCH.

FAR on yon heath, so lone and wild,
A mother sits to watch her child,
Delighted with its heedless play,
Yet fearing it may go astray.

God watches both; O mother, pray
That when those little feet shall stray
O'er paths of life more lone and wild,
God still may watch thy heedless child.

Pray, little one, that God may bless
Thy mother for her tenderness,
And watch her from his throne above
With all her own unwearied love.

MARIA JANE JEWSBURY (MRS.
FLETCHER).

1800 - 1833.

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I saw him on the battle-eve,
When like a king he bore him, —
Proud hosts were there in helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him:
The warrior and the warrior's deeds, —
The morrow and the morrow's meeds, —
No daunting thought came o'er him;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky!

* Bishop of Norwich.

He looked on ocean, — its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet;
On earth, — and saw, from east to west,
His bannered millions meet;
While rock and glen and cave and coast
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring, —
He heard, — and felt himself a king!

I saw him next alone, — nor camp
Nor chief his steps attended;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify;
He, who with Heaven contended,
Fled, like a fugitive and slave!
Behind — the foe; before — the wave!

He stood; — fleet, army, treasure — gone, —
Alone, and in despair!
While wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For they were monarchs there;
And Xerxes in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare, —
What a revenge, — a trophy, this —
For thee, immortal Salamis!

JOHN CLARE.

1793 - 1864.

THE PRIMROSE.

WELCOME, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The school-boy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

THE THRUSH'S NEST.

WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn-bush
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound

With joy, — and oft, an unintruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day ;
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue :
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

1794 - 1835.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set, — but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care ;
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth ;
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of
prayer ;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour —
Its feverish hour — of mirth and song and wine ;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming
power,
A time for softer tears, — but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee, — but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set, — but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden
grain, —
But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?
They have *one* season, — *all* are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam ;
Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home ;
And the world calls us forth, — and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set, — but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ; —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea :
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam :
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band : —
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod :
They have left unstained what there they found, —
Freedom to worship God.

CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm, —
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on, — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud: "Say, father! say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;
The boy, — O, where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea, —

With mast and helm and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart!

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed
his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-im-
prisoned sire:

"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my
captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord! — O,
break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ran-
somed man this day:
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet
him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on
his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's
foamy speed.

And, lo! from far, as on they pressed, there
came a glittering band,
With one that midst them stately rode, as a
leader in the land;
"Now hâste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very
truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned
so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved,
his cheek's blood came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and
there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand
he took, —
What was there in its touch that all his fiery
spirit shook?

That hand was cold, — a frozen thing, — it
dropped from his like lead:
He looked up to the face above, — the face was
of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow, — the brow
was fixed and white;
He met at last his father's eyes, — but in them
was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed, but
who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its
horror and amaze;
They might have chained him, as before that
stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and
from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and
wept like childhood then, —
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of
warlike men! —
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his
young renown, —
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the
dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his
darkly mournful brow, —
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift
the sword for now,

My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father, —
 O, the worth,
 The glory, and the loveliness are passed away
 from earth!

“I thought to stand where banners waved, my
 sire! beside thee yet, —
 I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain’s
 free soil had met!
 Thou wouldst have known my spirit then, — for
 thee my fields were won, —
 And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though
 thou hadst no son!”

Then, starting from the ground once more, he
 seized the monarch’s rein,
 Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the
 courtier train;
 And with a fierce, o’ermastering grasp, the rear-
 ing war-horse led,
 And sternly set them face to face, — the king
 before the dead!

“Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father’s
 hand to kiss? —
 Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell
 me what is this!
 The voice, the glance, the heart I sought, — give
 answer, where are they?
 If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life
 through this cold clay!”

“Into these glassy eyes put light, — be still!
 keep down thine ire, —
 Bid these white lips a blessing speak — this
 earth is *not* my sire!
 Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom
 my blood was shed, —
 Thou canst not, — and a king! His dust be
 mountains on thy head!”

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell, — upon
 the silent face
 He cast one long, deep, troubled look, — then
 turned from that sad place:
 His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in
 martial strain, —
 His banner led the spears no more amidst the
 hills of Spain.

A DIRGE.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit! rest thee now!
 E’en while with ours thy footsteps trod
 His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
 Soul, to its place on high!
 They that have seen thy look in death
 No more may fear to die!

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

1794-1854.

ZARA’S EAR-RINGS.

“MY ear-rings! my ear-rings! they’ve dropt
 into the well,
 And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell.”
 ’T was thus Granada’s fountain by, spoke Albu-
 harez’ daughter, —
 “The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath
 the cold blue water, —
 To me did Muça give them, when he spake his
 sad farewell,
 And what to say when he comes back, alas! I
 cannot tell.

“My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls
 in silver set,
 That when my Moor was far away, I ne’er
 should him forget,
 That I ne’er to other tongue should list, nor
 smile on other’s tale,
 But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as
 those ear-rings pale, —
 When he comes back and hears that I have
 dropt them in the well,
 O, what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot
 tell.

“My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he’ll say they
 should have been,
 Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glit-
 tering sheen,
 Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining
 clear,
 Changing to the changing light, with radiance
 insincere, —
 That changeful mind unchanging gems are not
 befitting well, —
 Thus will he think, — and what to say, alas! I
 cannot tell.

“He’ll think when I to market went, I loitered
 by the way;
 He’ll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads
 might say;
 He’ll think some other lover’s hand among my
 tresses noosed,
 From the ears where he had placed them, my
 rings of pearl unloosed;

He'll think when I was sporting so beside this
marble well,
My pearls fell in, — and what to say, alas! I
cannot tell.

“He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the
same;

He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper
of his flame, —

But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had
broken,

And thought no more of Muça, and cared not
for his token.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! O, luckless, luck-
less well!

For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

“I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will
believe

That I thought of him at morning, and thought
of him at eve:

That musing on my lover, when down the sun
was gone,

His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain
all alone:

And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from
my hand they fell,

And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they
lie in the well.”



THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

1795 - 1854.

DESCRIPTION OF ION.

ION, our sometime darling, whom we prized
As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismissed
From some bright sphere which sorrow may not
cloud

To make the happy happier! Is *he* sent
To grapple with the miseries of this time,
Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
As it would perish at the touch of wrong?
By no internal contest is he trained
For such hard duty; no emotions rude
Hath his clear spirit vanquished; Love, the germ
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
Expanding with its progress, as the store
Of rainbow color which the seed conceals
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
Hath filled his eye save that of thoughtful joy,
When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
Pressed on his soul too busily; his voice,
If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
Raised to the tone of anger, checked its force,
As if it feared to break its being's law,

And faltered into music; when the forms
Of guilty passion have been made to live
In pictured speech, and others have waxed loud
In righteous indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom concealed,
Struck sunlight o'er it; so his life hath flowed
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.

Ion.

KINDNESS.

THE blessings which the weak and poor can
scatter

Have their own season. 'T is a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned 't will fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again;
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

Ion.



ION RECEIVING THE SACRIFICIAL KNIFE.

YE eldest gods,
Who in no statues of exactest form
Are palpable; who shun the azure heights
Of beautiful Olympus, and the sound
Of ever-young Apollo's minstrelsy;
Yet, mindful of the empire which ye held
Over dim chaos, keep revengeful wrath
On falling nations, and on kingly lines
About to sink forever: ye, who shed
Into the passions of earth's giant brood
And their fierce usages the sense of justice;
Who clothe the fated battlements of tyranny
With blackness as a funeral pall, and breathe
Through the proud halls of time-emboldened guilt
Portents of ruin, hear me! — In your presence,
For now I feel ye nigh, I dedicate
This arm to the destruction of the king
And of his race; O, keep me pitiless:

Expel all human weakness from my frame,
That this keen weapon shake not when his
heart

Should feel its point; and if he has a child
Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice
My country asks, harden my soul to shed it!
Was not that thunder?

Ion.

IMMORTALITY ASSURED BY HUMAN LOVE.

CLEMANTHE. O unkind!
And shall we never see each other?

ION (*after a pause*). Yes!
I have asked that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow forever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish: we *shall* meet
Again, Clemanthe!

THE SACRIFICE OF ION.

ION. HEAR and record the oath, immortal
powers!

Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended. (*He goes to the altar.*)
Gracious gods!

In whose mild service my glad youth was
spent,

Look on me now; and if there is a power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your
shapes

The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven; to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows! (*Stabs himself.*)

* * *

Enter IRUS.

IRUS. I bring you glorious tidings — Ha! no
joy
Can enter here.

ION. Yes, — is it as I hope?

IRUS. The pestilence abates.

ION (*springs to his feet*). Do ye not hear?
Why shout ye not? ye are strong, — think not
of me;

Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread
O'er Argos is dispelled! My own Cleman-
the!

Let this console thee, — Argos lives again, —
The offering is accepted, — all is well! (*Dies.*)

JOHN KEATS.

1795 - 1821.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Endymion, Book I.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.*

ST. AGNES' EVE, — ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen
grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he
told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a
death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer
he saith.

* "St. Agnes was a Roman virgin, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Dioclesian. Her parents, a few days after her decease, are said to have had a vision of her, surrounded by angels and attended by a white lamb, which afterwards became sacred to her. In the Catholic Church, formerly, the nuns used to bring a couple of lambs to her altar during mass. The superstition is (for I believe it is still to be found), that, by taking certain measures of divination, damsels may get a sight of their future husbands in a dream. The ordinary process seems to have been by fasting. Aubrey (as quoted in *Brand's Popular Antiquities*) mentions another, which is, to take a row of pins, and pull them out one by one, saying a Paternoster; after which, upon going to bed, the dream is sure to ensue." — LEIGH HUNT.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;
The sculptured dead, on each side seem to
freeze,
Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and
mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden
tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no,—already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinner's sake to
grieve.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was
wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise
on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with tri-
umphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry
day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times de-
clare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they de-
sire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by,—she heeded not at all; in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere;
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of
the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and
short;
The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with faery fancy; all amorn,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and im-
plores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss,—in sooth
such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel;
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage; not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame.
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from
this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty
race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish
Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit

He curséd thee and thine, both house and land :
Then there 's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me ! flit !
Flit like a ghost away." " Ah, gossip dear,
We 're safe enough ; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how—" " Good saints ! not here,
not here ;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy
bier."

He followed through a lowly archéd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume ;
And as she muttered " Well-a—well-a-day !"
He found him in a little moonlit room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
" Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
" O, tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

" St. Agnes ! Ah, it is St. Agnes' Eve, —
Yet men will murder upon holy days :
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,
To venture so. It fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro ! — St. Agnes' Eve !
God's help ! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night ; good angels her deceive !
But let me laugh awhile, I 've mickle time to
grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged erone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose ; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments
cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot ; then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start :
" A cruel man and impious thou art !
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go ! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst
seem."

" I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro ; " O, may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last
prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face :

Good Angela, believe me by these tears ;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged than
wolves and bears."

" Ah ! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul ?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard
thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll ;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she
bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro ;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his demon all the monstrous
debt.

" It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame ;
" All eates and dainties shall be storéd there
Quickly on this feast-night ; by the tambour
frame
Her own lute thou wilt see ; no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in
prayer
The while : ah, thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly passed ;
The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
To follow her ; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed and
chaste ;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her
brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware :
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the aged gossip led

To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed ;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed
and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died :
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide :
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide !
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side ;
As though a tongueless nightingale should
swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her
dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-
grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings ;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens
and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair
breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and
boon ;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint :
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven : Porphyro grew faint :
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
taint.

Anon his heart revives : her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees ;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one ;
Loosens her fragrant bodice ; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees :
Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is
fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the popped warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothéd limbs, and soul fatigued away ;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day ;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain ;

Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims
pray ;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness :
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself ; then from the closet
crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo ! —
how fast she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet : —
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet !
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone : —
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is
gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd ;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon ;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez ; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver ; sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.
“ And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake !
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite :
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth
ache.”

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains : — 't was a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as icéd stream :
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam ;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies :
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes ;
So mused awhile, entailed in wooféd fantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —
 Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
 He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
 In Provence called “*La belle dame sans*
merci”;

Close to her ear touching the melody; —
 Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan:
 He ceased, she panted quick, and suddenly
 Her blue affrayéd eyes wide open shone:
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculp-
 tured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
 There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
 The blisses of her dream so pure and deep.
 At which fair Madeline began to weep,
 And moan forth witless words with many a
 sigh;
 While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
 Who knelt, with joinéd hands and piteous eye,
 Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dream-
 ingly.

“Ah, Porphyro!” said she, “but even now
 Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
 Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
 And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
 How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and
 drear!
 Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
 Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
 O, leave me not in this eternal woe,
 For if thou diest, my love, I know not where
 to go.”

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
 Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
 Seen mid the sapphire heaven’s deep repose;
 Into her dream he melted, as the rose
 Blendeth its odor with the violet, —
 Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind
 blows
 Like love’s alarum pattering the sharp sleet
 Against the window-panes; St. Agnes’ moon
 hath set.

’Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
 “This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!”
 ’T is dark: the icéd gusts still rave and beat:
 “No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
 Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.
 Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
 I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
 Though thou forsakest a deceivéd thing, —
 A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing.”

“My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?”

Thy beauty’s shield, heart-shaped and vermeil-
 dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
 After so many hours of toil and quest,
 A famished pilgrim, — saved by miracle.
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
 Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think’st well,
 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

“Hark! ’t is an elfin storm from faery land,
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
 Arise, arise! the morning is at hand; —
 The bloated wassailers will never heed:
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, —
 Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
 Awake, arise, my love, and fearless be,
 For o’er the southern moors I have a home for
 thee.”

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears;
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they
 found,
 In all the house was heard no human sound.
 A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each
 door;
 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and
 hound,
 Fluttered in the besieging wind’s uproar;
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!
 Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
 Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
 With a huge empty flagon by his side:
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his
 hide,
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide: —
 The chains lie silent on the foot-worn stones;
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges
 groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
 Those lovers fled away into the storm.
 That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,
 And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
 Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
 Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
 Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;
 The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
 For aye unsought-for, slept among his ashes cold.*

* Perhaps some readers of this exquisite poem need to be reminded that, when Shelley’s dead body was washed ashore, one hand was observed “within the bosom of his dress, still holding a volume of Keats’s poems, open at *The Eve of St. Agnes*.”

SATURN AND THEA.

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unscathed; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the
Earth,

His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his
place;

But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pygmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestalled haply in a palace-court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But O, how unlike marble was that face:
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its storéd thunder laboring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents: O, how frail
To that large utterance of the early gods!
"Saturn, look up! though wherefore, poor old
king?

I have no comfort for thee, no, not one:

I cannot say, 'O, wherefore sleepest thou?'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a god;
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre passed; and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time! O moments big as years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on: O thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a trauced summer-night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charméd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave:
So came these words and went; the while in tears
She touched her fair large forehead to the ground,
Just where her falling hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;
The frozen god still couchant on the earth,
And the sad goddess weeping at his feet.

Hyperion.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

I.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

II.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt
mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

III.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin,
and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

IV.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding
mossy ways.

V.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer
eves.

VI.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in
vain, —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

VII.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick
for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oftentimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

VIII.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside; and now 't is buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: do I wake or sleep?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

I.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? what maidens
loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? what wild ecstasy?

II.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endearing,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal, — yet, do not
grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy
bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

III.

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm, and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting and forever young;

All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

IV.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets forevermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

V.

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: cold pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez* when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, — and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise, —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.*

1796 - 1849.

SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me:
O, then I saw her eye was bright, —
A well of love, a spring of light.

* A son of S. T. Coleridge.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The lovelight in her eye:
Her very frowns are better far
Than smiles of other maidens are!

THE FIRST MAN.

WHAT was 't awakened first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all humankind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so
near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake, in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious presence of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

SHAKESPEARE.

THE soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds. Great poet, 't was thy
art

To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the
same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

SONG.

'T is sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow;
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,
To the soothing song of sorrow.
O nightingale! What doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;

He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
 And the daylight that awakes him.
 As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
 The nightingale is trilling;
 With feeling bliss, no less than his,
 Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon a sigh
 Peers through her lavish mirth;
 For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
 And hers is of the earth.
 By night and day she tunes her lay,
 To drive away all sorrow;
 For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
 And woe may come to-morrow.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

1795- .

TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning
 Another blue day;
 Think wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
 This new Day is born;
 Into Eternity
 At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
 No eye ever did;
 So soon it forever
 From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
 Another blue day:
 Think wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away.

THE SOWER'S SONG.

Now hands to seed-sheet, boys,
 We step and we cast; old Time's on wing;
 And would ye partake of Harvest's joys,
 The corn must be sown in spring.
 Fall gently and still, good corn,
 Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
 And stand so yellow some morn,
 For beast and man must be fed.

Old earth is a pleasure to see
 In sunshiny cloak of red and green;
 The furrow lies fresh; this year will be
 As years that are past have been.

Fall gently and still, good corn,
 Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
 And stand so yellow some morn,
 For beast and man must be fed.

Old earth, receive this corn,
 The son of six thousand golden sires;
 All these on thy kindly breast were born;
 One more thy poor child requires.
 Fall gently and still, good corn,
 Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
 And stand so yellow some morn,
 For beast and man must be fed.

Now steady and sure again,
 And measure of stroke and step we keep;
 Thus up and down we cast our grain:
 Sow well and you gladly reap.
 Fall gently and still, good corn,
 Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
 And stand so yellow some morn,
 For beast and man must be fed.

ADIEU.

LET time and chance combine, combine,
 Let time and chance combine;
 The fairest love from heaven above,
 That love of yours was mine,
 My dear,
 That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,
 The past is fled and gone;
 If naught but pain to me remain,
 I'll fare in memory on,
 My dear,
 I'll fare in memory on.

The saddest tears must fall, must fall,
 The saddest tears must fall;
 In weal or woe, in this world below,
 I love you ever and all,
 My dear,
 I love you ever and all.

A long road full of pain, of pain,
 A long road full of pain;
 One soul, one heart, sworn ne'er to part, —
 We ne'er can meet again,
 My dear,
 We ne'er can meet again.

Hard fate will not allow, allow,
 Hard fate will not allow;
 We blessed were as the angels are, —
 Adieu forever now,
 My dear,
 Adieu forever now.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

1797 - 1835.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
 My heart is like to break, —
 I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
 I'm dyin' for your sake!
 O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
 Your hand on my briest-bane, —
 O, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
 When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
 Sair grief maun ha'e its will, —
 But let me rest upon your briest,
 To sab and greet my fill.
 Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
 Let me shed by your hair,
 And look into the face, Willie,
 I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
 For the last time in my life, —
 A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
 A mither, yet nae wife.
 Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
 And press it mair and mair, —
 Or it will burst the silken twine,
 Sae strang is its despair!

O, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
 When we thegither met, —
 O, wae's me for the time, Willie,
 That our first tryst was set!
 O, wae's me for the loanin' green
 Where we were wont to gae, —
 And wae's me for the destinie,
 That gart me luvè thee sae!

O, dinna mind my words, Willie,
 I downa seek to blame, —
 But O, it's hard to live, Willie,
 And dree a world's shame!
 Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
 And hailin' ower your chin;
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
 For sorrow and for sin?

I'm weary o' this world, Willie,
 And sick wi' a' I see, —
 I canna live as I ha'e lived,
 Or be as I should be.
 But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
 The heart that still is thine, —
 And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
 Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
 A sair stoun' through my heart, —
 O, haud me up and let me kiss
 Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
 Anither, and anither yet! —
 How fast my life-strings break! —
 Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirkyard
 Step lichtly for my sake!

The laverock in the lift, Willie,
 That liltis far ower our heid,
 Will sing the morn as merrilie
 Abune the clay-cauld deid;
 And this green turf we're sittin' on,
 Wi' dew-drops shimmerin' sheen,
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee
 As warld has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,
 On land where'er ye be, —
 And O, think on the leal, leal heart,
 That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
 And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools,
 That file my yellow hair, —
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
 Ye never sall kiss mair!

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 Through mony a weary way;
 But never, never can forget
 The luvè o' life's young day!
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
 May weel be black gin Yule;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luvè grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygone years
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,
 And blind my een wi' tears:
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
 'T was then we twa did part;
 Sweet time, — sad time! twa bairns at scule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
 'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To leir ilk ither lear;
 And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
 Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,

Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
 What our wee heads could think.
 When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
 We cleek'd thegither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays
 (The scule then skail't at noon),
 When we ran aff to speel the braes, —
 The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back
 O' scule-time and o' thee.
 O mornin' life! O mornin' luvie!
 O lightsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts
 Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luvie, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its waters croon?
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin' o' the wood
 The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees,
 And we with Nature's heart in tune
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knowe abune the burn
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trickled down your cheek,
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak!
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gushed all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled, unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me?
 O, tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine;
 O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart
 Still travels on its way,
 And channels deeper as it rins
 The luvie o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young,
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I dee,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygone days and me!



THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.*

1797 - 1839.

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

SHE wore a wreath of roses
 The night that first we met,
 Her lovely face was smiling
 Beneath her curls of jet;
 Her footstep had the lightness,
 Her voice the joyous tone,
 The tokens of a youthful heart
 Where sorrow is unknown;
 I saw her but a moment, —
 Yet, methinks, I see her now,
 With the wreath of summer flowers
 Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms,
 When next we met, she wore;
 The expression of her features
 Was more thoughtful than before;
 And standing by her side was one
 Who strove, and not in vain,
 To soothe her, leaving that dear home
 She ne'er might view again.
 I saw her but a moment, —
 Yet, methinks, I see her now,
 With the wreath of orange blossoms
 Upon her snowy brow.

* It is curious that this poetaster, with his jingling rhymes, contested, and successfully contested, with a real poet like Moore for the palm of popularity in songs intended for the boudoir and the drawing-room. We have had courage enough, in the face of this popularity, to reject such "lyrics" (ironically so styled) as *The Soldier's Tear*, *I Never was a Favorite*, *I'm Saddest when I Sing*, and even the culmination of all, *I'd Be a Butterfly*. A butterfly he was, and it is cruel to deprive him of the distinction he courted.

And once again I see that brow,
 No bridal wreath is there,
 The widow's sombre cap conceals
 Her once luxuriant hair;
 She weeps in silent solitude,
 And there is no one near
 To press her hand within his own,
 And wipe away the tear.
 I see her broken-hearted!
 Yet, methinks, I see her now
 In the pride of youth and beauty,
 With a garland on her brow.

THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.

The rose that all are praising
 Is not the rose for me;
 Too many eyes are gazing
 Upon the costly tree;
 But there's a rose in yonder glen
 That shuns the gaze of other men,
 For me its blossom raising, —
 O, that's the rose for me.

The gem a king might covet
 Is not the gem for me;
 From darkness who would move it,
 Save that the world may see?
 But I've a gem that shuns display,
 And next my heart worn every day,
 So dearly do I love it, —
 O, that's the gem for me.

Gay birds in cages pining
 Are not the birds for me;
 Those plumes, so brightly shining,
 Would fain fly off from thee:
 But I've a bird that gayly sings;
 Though free to rove, she folds her wings,
 For me her flight resigning, —
 O, that's the bird for me.

O, NO! WE NEVER MENTION HER.

O, no! we never mention her;
 Her name is never heard;
 My lips are now forbid to speak
 That once familiar word.
 From sport to sport they hurry me,
 To banish my regret;
 And when they win a smile from me,
 They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene
 The charms that others see;
 But were I in a foreign land,
 They'd find no change in me.

'T is true that I behold no more
 The valley where we met;
 I do not see the hawthorn-tree, —
 But how can I forget!

They tell me she is happy now, —
 The gayest of the gay;
 They hint that she forgets me now,
 But heed not what they say;
 Like me perhaps she struggles with
 Each feeling of regret;
 But if she loves as I have loved,
 She never can forget.

ANNA JAMESON.

1797 - 1860.

TAKE ME, MOTHER EARTH.

TAKE me, Mother Earth, to thy cold breast,
 And fold me there in everlasting rest!
 The long day is o'er,
 I'm weary, I would sleep;
 But deep, deep,
 Never to waken more!

I have had joy and sorrow, I have proved
 What life could give, have loved, and been
 beloved;
 I am sick, and heart-sore,
 And weary; let me sleep;
 But deep, deep,
 Never to waken more!

To thy dark chamber, Mother Earth, I come,
 Prepare thy dreamless bed in my last home;
 Shut down the marble door,
 And leave me! Let me sleep;
 But deep, deep,
 Never to waken more!

SAMUEL LOVER.

1797 - 1868.

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping,
 Its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
 And the tempest was swelling
 Round the fisherman's dwelling,
 And she cried, "Dermot, darling! O, come back
 to me!"

Her beads while she numbered
 The baby still slumbered,

And smiled in her face as she bended her knee.
 "O, blessed be that warning,
 My child, thy sleep adorning, —
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
 Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
 O pray to them softly, my baby, with me, —
 And say thou wouldst rather
 They 'd watch o'er thy father,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
 Saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
 And closely caressing
 Her child with a blessing,
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

RORY O'MORE;

OR, ALL FOR GOOD LUCK.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn, —
 He was bold as a hawk, she as soft as the dawn;
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

"Now, Rory, be aisy!" sweet Kathleen would cry,

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye, —
 "With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;

Faith! you've tazed till I've put on my cloak inside out."

"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
 Ye've thrated my heart for this many a day;
 And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?

For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,

For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike:
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound —"

"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
 Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"

"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,

For dhramas always go by contraries, my dear.
 So, jewel, kape dhraming that same till ye die,
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!

And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
 Since 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me enough;

Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;

And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste, —

So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,

So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
 And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,

And he kissed her sweet lips, — don't you think he was right?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir, — you'll hug me no more, —

That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure!

For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

1798-1817.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD OF RICHMOND.

"It is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." — *Matthew xvii. 4.*

METHINKS it is good to be here,
 If thou wilt, let us build, — but for whom?
 Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
 But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom.
 The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
 Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
 For see, they would pin him below
 In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
 To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
 The charms which she wielded before;
 Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
 The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
 For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
 The trappings which dizen the proud?
 Alas! they are all laid aside,

And here's neither dress nor adornments allowed,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the
shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 't is in vain;
Who hid in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by
side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? — the dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which Compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
Peace! peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark
stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to
the skies.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.*

1798-1851.

CASA WAPPY,†

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy —
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven:
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self than a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,
'T was cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,
That found thee prostrate in decay,
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled;
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still, —
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek —
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak —
Till O, my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair,

* This writer's poems were published over the signature of
"Delta."

† The pet name of the poet's son.

Thy playthings idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy !

Even to the last thy every word —
To glad, to grieve —
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve ;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And like the rainbow thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy !

We mourn for thee when blind blank night
The chamber fills ;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills :
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All, to the wall-flower and wild pea,
Are changed, — we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy !

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth :
We miss thy small step on the stair ;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer !
All day we miss thee, everywhere,
Casa Wappy !

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring bloom,
Down to the appointed house below,
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo and "the busy bee,"
Return, but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy !

'T is so ; but can it be (while flowers
Revive again)
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain ?
O, can it be that o'er the grave
The grass, renewed, should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save ? —
Casa Wappy !

It cannot be : for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, Thought were woe,
And Truth a lie ;
Heaven were a coinage of the brain,
Religion frenzy, Virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy !

Then be to us, O dear, lost child !
With beam of love,

A star, Death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above ;
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy !

Yet 't is sweet balm to our despair,
Fond fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With him in joy :
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream forever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy !

Farewell, then, — for a while, farewell, —
Pride of my heart !
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart :
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee :
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I 'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy !

THOMAS HOOD.*

1798 - 1845.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms ;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms !

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, " Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot ! "

The army-surgeons made him limbs :
Said he, " They 're only pegs :
But there 's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs ! "

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray ;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he devoured his pay !

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff ;

* It is hopeless, by such extracts as we have space to print, to give more than a faint idea of the works of this poet, wit, and humorist. Hood's works should be considered an indispensable portion of the furniture of any family mansion. His serious poems are even better than his comic.

And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches*!"

"Why then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet,—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my *Nell*!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died,—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
My curtains drawn and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg,—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

She looked so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won,
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!
Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog,—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come!
But tête-à-têtes must still defer!
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!
With sister Belle she could n't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog,—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll,
A monkey too, what work he made!
The sister introduced a beau
My Susan brought a favorite maid.
She had a tabby of her own,—
A snappish mongrel christened Gog,—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

The monkey bit, the parrot screamed,
All day the sister strummed and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold!
My Susan learned to use her tongue;
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sate and croaked like any frog,—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,
I soon came down to simple "M!"
The very servants crossed my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seemed my own,
I might as well have been a log,—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!

Poor Tomkinson was snubbed and huffed,
 She could not bear that Mister Blogg, —
 What d' ye think of that, my cat?
 What d' ye think of that, my dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
 Mamma must mingle in the song;
 The sister took a sister's part;
 The maid declared her master wrong;
 The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"
 My life was like a London fog, —
 What d' ye think of that, my cat?
 What d' ye think of that, my dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
 As proved by bills that had no end;
 I never had a decent coat,
 I never had a coin to spend!
 She forced me to resign my club,
 Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog, —
 What d' ye think of that, my cat?
 What d' ye think of that, my dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
 To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
 And when I tried to steal away,
 I found my study full of whist!
 Then, first to come and last to go,
 There always was a Captain Hogg, —
 What d' ye think of that, my cat?
 What d' ye think of that, my dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
 For one who single is and snug,
 With Pussy in the elbow-chair
 And Tray reposing on the rug? —
 If I must totter down the hill,
 'T is safest done without a clog, —
 What d' ye think of that, my cat?
 What d' ye think of that, my dog?

LOVE LANE.

If I should love a maiden more,
 And woo her every hope to crown,
 I'd love her all the country o'er,
 But not declare it out of town.

One even, by a mossy bank,
 That held a hornet's nest within,
 To Ellen on my knees I sank, —
 How snakes will twine around the shin!

A bashful fear my soul unnerved,
 And gave my heart a backward tug;
 Nor was I cheered when she observed,
 Whilst I was silent, "What a slug!"

At length my offer I preferred,
 And Hope a kind reply forebode, —
 Alas! the only sound I heard
 Was, "What a horrid ugly toad!"

I vowed to give her all my heart,
 To love her till my life took leave,
 And painted all a lover's smart —
 Except a wasp gone up his sleeve!

But when I ventured to abide
 Her father's and her mother's grants —
 Sudden, she started up, and cried,
 "O dear! I am all over ants!"

Nay, when beginning to beseech
 The cause that led to my rebuff,
 The answer was as strange a speech,
 A "Daddy-Longlegs, sure enough!"

I spoke of fortune, house, and lands,
 And still renewed the warm attack, —
 'T is vain to offer ladies liands
 That have a spider on the back!

'T is vain to talk of hopes and fears,
 And hope the least reply to win,
 From any maid that stops her ears
 In dread of earwigs creeping in!

'T is vain to call the dearest names
 Whilst stoats and weasels startle by, —
 As vain to talk of mutual flames,
 To one with glowworms in her eye!

What checked me in my fond address,
 And knocked each pretty image down?
 What stopped my Ellen's faltering Yes?
 A caterpillar on her gown!

To list to Philomel is sweet, —
 To see the moon rise silver-pale, —
 But not to kneel at lady's feet
 And crush a rival in a snail!

Sweet is the eventide, and kind
 Its zephyr, balmy as the south;
 But sweeter still to speak your mind
 Without a chafer in your mouth!

At last, emboldened by my bliss,
 Still fickle Fortune played me foul,
 For when I strove to snatch a kiss,
 She screamed — by proxy, through an owl!

Then, lovers, doomed to life or death,
 Shun moonlight, twilight, lanes, and bats,
 Lest you should have in selfsame breath
 To bless your fate — and curse the gnats!

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!
 (But stop, first let me kiss away that tear!)
 Thou tiny image of myself!
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
 Thou merry, laughing sprite,
 With spirits, feather-light,
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
 (Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air,—
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
 Thou darling of thy sire!
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy!
 In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents,—(Drat the boy!
 There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub, but of earth;
 Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From every blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
 With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's
 mint,—
 (Where *did* he learn that squint?)
 Thou young domestic dove!
 (He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
 Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
 (Are those torn clothes his best?)
 Little epitome of man!
 (He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
 (He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John!
 Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
 With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
 With many a lamb-like frisk,
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
 Balmy and breathing music like the South,

(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied,—
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed,—she had
 Another morn than ours.

FAIR INES.

O, saw ye not fair Ines?
 She's gone into the west,
 To dazzle when the sun is down,
 And rob the world of rest:
 She took our daylight with her,
 The smiles that we love best,
 With morning blushes on her cheek,
 And pearls upon her breast.

O, turn again, fair Ines,
 Before the fall of night,
 For fear the moon should shine alone,
 And stars unrivalled bright;
 And blessed will the lover be
 That walks beneath their light,
 And breathes the love against thy cheek
 I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
 That gallant cavalier,
 Who rode so gayly by thy side,
 And whispered thee so near!—
 Were there no bonny dames at home,
 Or no true lovers here,
 That he should cross the seas to win
 The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
 Descend along the shore,

With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before ;
And gentle youths and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore ; —
It would have been a beauteous dream,
If it had been no more !

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng ;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before, —
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore !
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more !

RUTH.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened ; — such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

"Sure," I said, "Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home."

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,

But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance, *
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned ! drowned !" — HAMLET.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny

Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family —
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled, —
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran, —

Over the brink of it,
Picture it, — think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, — kindly, —
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread, —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work — work — work
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's, O, to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work — work — work

Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
 Seam and gusset and band,
 Band and gusset and seam, —
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream !

"O men with sisters dear !
 O men with mothers and wives !
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives !
 Stitch — stitch — stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt, —
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt !

"But why do I talk of death, —
 That phantom of grisly bone ?
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own,
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep ;
 O God ! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap !

"Work — work — work !
 My labor never flags ;
 And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread — and rags,
 That shattered roof — and this naked floor —
 A table — a broken chair —
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there !

"Work — work — work !
 From weary chime to chime,
 Work — work — work —
 As prisoners work for crime !
 Band and gusset and seam,
 Seam and gusset and band,
 Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work,
 In the dull December light,
 And work — work — work,
 When the weather is warm and bright !
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling
 As if to show me their sunny backs
 And twit me with the spring.

"O but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet !
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal !

"O but for one short hour, —
 A respite however brief !
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief !
 A little weeping would ease my heart ;
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread !"

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread, —
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, —
 Would that its tone could reach the rich ! —
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt !"

REMORSE FOR THOUGHTLESSNESS.

Alas ! I have walked through life
 Too heedless where I trod ;
 Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
 And fill the burial sod, —
 Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
 Not unmarked of God !

I drank the richest draughts ;
 And ate whatever is good, —
 Fish and flesh, and fowl and fruit,
 Supplied my hungry mood ;
 But I never remembered the wretched ones
 That starve for want of food !

I dressed as the noble dress,
 In cloth of silver and gold,
 With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
 In many an ample fold ;
 But I never remembered the naked limbs
 That froze with winter's cold.

The wounds I might have healed !
 The human sorrow and smart !
 And yet it never was in my soul
 To play so ill a part :
 But evil is wrought by want of thought,
 As well as want of heart !

The Lady's Dream.

THE LOST HEIR.

"O where, and O where,
 Is my bonny laddie gone ?" — *Old Song.*

ONE day, as I was going by
 That part of Holborn christened High,
 I heard a loud and sudden cry
 That chilled my very blood ;
 And lo ! from out a dirty alley,

Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
 I saw a crazy woman sally,
 Bedaubed with grease and mud.
 She turned her east, she turned her west,
 Staring like Pythoness possest,
 With streaming hair and heaving breast,
 As one stark mad with grief.
 This way and that she wildly ran,
 Jostling with woman and with man, —
 Her right hand held a frying-pan,
 The left a lump of beef.
 At last her frenzy seemed to reach
 A point just capable of speech,
 And with a tone almost a screech,
 As wild as ocean birds,
 Or female rafter moved to preach,
 She gave her "sorrow words."

"O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall
 go stick stark staring wild!
 Has ever a one seen anything about the streets
 like a crying lost-looking child?
 Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or
 to run, if I only knew which way —
 A child as is lost about London streets, and
 especially Seven Dials, is a needle in a
 bottle of hay.
 I am all in a quiver — get out of my sight, do,
 you wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab!
 You promised to have half an eye to him, you
 know you did, you dirty deceitful young
 drab.
 The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was
 with my own blessed motherly eyes,
 Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing
 at making little dirt pies.
 I wonder he left the court where he was better
 off than all the other young boys,
 With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells,
 and a dead kitten by way of toys.
 When his father comes home, and he always
 comes home as sure as ever the clock
 strikes one,
 He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost;
 and the beef and the inguns not done!
 La bless you, good folks, mind your own con-
 sarns, and don't be making a mob in the
 street;
 O Sergeant M'Farlane! you have not come across
 my poor little boy, have you, in your beat?
 Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring
 at me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;
 Saints forbid! but he's p'r'aps been inviggled
 away up a court for the sake of his clothes
 by the prigs;
 He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought
 it myself for a shilling one day in Rag
 Fair;

And his trousers considering not very much
 patched, and red plush, they was once
 his father's best pair.
 His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the
 tub, or that might have gone with the rest;
 But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only
 two slits and a burn on the breast.
 He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was
 sewed in, and not quite so much jagged
 at the brim.
 With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot,
 and not a fit, and you'll know by that if
 it's him.
 Except being so well dressed, my mind would
 misgive, some old beggar woman in want
 of an orphan,
 Had borrowed the child to go a begging with, but
 I'd rather see him laid out in his coffin!
 Do, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys!
 I'll break every bone of 'em I come near,
 Go home — you're spilling the porter — go home
 — Tommy Jones, go along home with
 your beer.
 This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever
 since my name was Betty Morgan,
 Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all
 along of following a monkey and an organ:
 O my Billy — my head will turn right round —
 if he's got kiddynapped with them Italians,
 They'll make him a plaster parish image boy,
 they will, the outlandish tatterdemalions.
 Billy — where are you, Billy? — I'm as hoarse
 as a crow, with screaming for ye, you
 young sorrow!
 And sha' n't have half a voice, no more I sha' n't,
 for crying fresh herrings to-morrow.
 O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and
 my life won't be of no more vally,
 If I'm to see other folks' darlins, and none of
 mine, playing like angels in our alley,
 And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when
 I looks at the old three-legged chair
 As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and
 there a'n't no Billy there!
 I would run all the wide world over to find him,
 if I only knowed where to run,
 Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost
 for a month through stealing a penny
 bun, —
 The Lord forbid of any child of mine! I think
 it would kill me raily,
 To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent
 hand at the Old Bailey.
 For though I say it as ought n't, yet I will say,
 you may search for miles and mileses
 And not find one better brought up, and more
 pretty behaved, from one end to t' other
 of St. Giles's.

And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but
 only as a mother ought to speak ;
 You never set eyes on a more handsomer face,
 only it has n't been washed for a week ;
 As for hair, though it's red, it's the most nicest
 hair when I've time to just show it the
 comb ;
 I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides,
 as will only bring him safe and sound home.
 He's blue eyes, and not to be called a squint,
 though a little cast he's certainly got ;
 And his nose is still a good un, though the bridge
 is broke, by his falling on a pewter pint
 pot ;
 He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the
 world, and very large teeth for his age ;
 And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to
 play Cupid on the Drury Lane stage.
 And then he has got such dear winning ways —
 but O I never, never shall see him no more !
 O dear ! to think of losing him just after nussing
 him back from death's door !
 Only the very last month when the windfalls,
 hang 'em, was at twenty a penny !
 And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was
 spent in plums, and sixty for a child is
 too many.
 And the cholera man came and whitewashed us
 all, and, drat him, made a seize of our hog.
 It's no use to send the crier to cry him about,
 he's such a blunderin' drunken old dog ;
 The last time he was fetched to find a lost child,
 he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,
 And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a
 distracted mother and father about town.
 Billy — where are you, Billy, I say ? come, Billy,
 come home, to your best of mothers !
 I'm scared when I think of them cabroleys, they
 drive so, they'd run over their own sisters
 and brothers.
 Or may be he's stole by some chimbly sweeping
 wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues and
 what not,
 And be poked up behind with a picked pointed
 pole, when the soot has ketched, and the
 chimbly's red hot.
 O, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world
 was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on
 his face,
 For he's my darlin of darlins, and if he don't
 soon come back, you'll see me drop stone
 dead on the place.
 I only wish I'd got him safe in these two motherly
 arms, and would n't I hug him and kiss
 him !
 Lauk ! I never knew what a precious he was —
 but a child don't not feel like a child till
 you miss him.

Why, there he is ! Punch and Judy hunting, the
 young wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as
 sin !
 But let me get him home, with a good grip of
 his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a
 whole bone in his skin !

HOOD'S LAST VERSES.

FAREWELL life ! my senses swim,
 And the world is growing dim ;
 Thronging shadows cloud the light,
 Like the advent of the night, —
 Colder, colder, colder still, —
 Upward steals a vāpor chill —
 Strong the earthy odor grows —
 I smell the mould above the rose !
 Welcome life ! the Spirit strives !
 Strength returns, and hope revives ;
 Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
 Fly like shadows at the morn, —
 O'er the earth there comes a bloom —
 Sunny light for sullen gloom,
 Warm perfume for vapors cold —
 I smell the rose above the mould !

ROBERT POLLOK.*

1799-1827.

BYRON.

HE touched his harp, and nations heard, en-
 tranced,
 As some vast river of unfailing source,
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
 And oped new fountains in the human heart.
 Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,
 In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
 And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at
 home
 Where angels bashful looked. Others, though
 great,
 Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles ;
 He from above descending stooped to touch
 The loftiest thought ; and proudly stooped, as
 though
 It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
 He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest

* The extraordinary popularity of *The Course of Time* surprises readers of the present generation, as very few of them have condescended to look at it. Still, during many years after its first publication, in 1827, it enjoyed a vast reputation among the classes of readers who sympathized with its theology. At least forty editions were circulated in the United States. Now undeserved neglect is the cruel punishment following undeserved notoriety. Poetically speaking, the work neither deserved the admiration with which it was first received, nor the oblivion to which it has since been consigned.

At will with all her glorious majesty.
 He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"
 And played familiar with his hoary locks;
 Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines;
 And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
 And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
 In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery wing,
 Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
 Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed;
 Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
 His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
 Suns, moons, and stars and clouds, his sisters
 were;

Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas and winds and
 storms

His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
 As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
 The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
 All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
 All creeds, all seasons, time, eternity;
 All that was hated, and all that was dear;
 All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man;
 He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves,
 Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.
 With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
 And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
 Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
 But back into his soul retired, alone,
 Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
 On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
 So ocean from the plains his waves had late
 To desolation swept, retired in pride,
 Exulting in the glory of his might,
 And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered
 much,

And praised; and many called his evil good.
 Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness,
 And kings to do him honor took delight.
 Thus, full of titles, flattery, honor, fame,
 Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full,
 He died. He died of what? Of wretchedness;
 Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
 Offame, drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts
 That common millions might have quenched;
 then died

Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
 His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
 Fell from his arms, abhorred; his passions died,
 Died all but dreary, solitary pride;
 And all his sympathies in being died.
 As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,
 Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
 And then, retiring, left it there to rot
 And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven;
 So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
 And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge,

A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,
 A scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,
 A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,—
 Repined, and groaned, and withered from the
 earth.

His groanings filled the land his numbers filled;
 And yet he seemed ashamed to groan: poor
 man! —

Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.

Course of Time.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

1799 - 1859.

THE DEVIL AT HOME.*

The Devil sits in his easy-chair,
 Sipping his sulphur tea,
 And gazing out, with a pensive air,
 O'er the broad bitumen sea;
 Lulled into sentimental mood
 By the spirits' far-off wail,
 That sweetly, o'er the burning flood,
 Floats on the brimstone gale! —
 The Devil, who can be sad at times,
 In spite of all his mummery,
 And grave, — though not so prosy quite
 As drawn by his friend Montgomery, —
 The Devil to-day has a dreaming air,
 And his eye is raised, and his throat is bare.
 His musings are of many things,
 That — good or ill — befell,
 Since Adam's sons macadamized
 The highways into hell: —
 And the Devil — whose mirth is *never* loud —
 Laughs with a quiet mirth,
 As he thinks how well his serpent-tricks
 Have been mimicked upon earth;
 Of Eden and of England, soiled
 And darkened by the foot
 Of those who preach with adder-tongues,
 And those who eat the fruit;
 Of creeping things, that drag their slime
 Into God's chosen places,
 And knowledge leading into crime,
 Before the angels' faces;
 Of lands — from Nineveh to Spain —
 That have bowed beneath his sway,
 And men who did his work, — from Cain,
 To Viscount Castlereagh!

The Devil's Progress.

* This quaint production, founded on *The Devil's Walk*, by Southey, Porson, and Coleridge, is probably the best of Hervey's poems. It was written nearly fifty years ago, before the passage of the Reform Bill; and its satire on English law is appropriately enforced by its dedication: "To His Majesty's Attorney-General this Poem is inscribed, to testify the Author's approbation of his judicious and persevering efforts in the cause of its hero."

THE DEVIL IN CHANCERY.*

THE Devil walked up Chancery Lane,
And into the Chancery Court,
Intending, like many who enter there,
To make his visit short! —
But the *Printer's* devil — a little black imp! —
Is waiting for his *tail*,
And swears — like a chip of the parent block —
That his time and patience fail;
So, all we can add to the present strain
Is, THE DEVIL HAS NOT YET GOT OUT AGAIN!

The Devil's Progress.

EPITAPH.

FAREWELL! since nevermore for thee
The sun comes up our earthly skies,
Less bright henceforth shall sunshine be
To some fond hearts and saddened eyes.

There are who, for thy last long sleep,
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore,
Must weep because thou canst not weep,
And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er.

Sad thrift of love! — the loving breast,
Whereon thine aching head was thrown,
Gave up the weary head, to rest,
But kept the aching for its own.

Till pain shall find the same low bed
That pillows now thy painless head,
And following darkly through the night,
Love reach thee by the founts of light.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

1799 - 1874.

FORGET THEE?

"FORGET thee?" — If to dream by night, and
muse on thee by day,
If all the worship, deep and wild, a poet's heart
can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's
protecting power,
If winged thoughts that flit to thee — a thousand
in an hour,
If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future
lot, —
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou indeed
shalt be forgot!

"Forget thee?" — Bid the forest-birds forget
their sweetest tune;

* Is not this compact satire on the Chancery Court as ludicrously smiting as anything in Dickens's *Bleak House*?

"Forget thee?" — Bid the sea forget to swell
beneath the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's
refreshing dew;
Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its
"mountains wild and blue";
Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered
spot; —
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou
shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm
and fancy-free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow
less glad for me;
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, O, bid not
mine to rove,
But let it nurse its humble faith and uncomplaining
love;
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail
me not,
Forget me then; — but ne'er believe that thou
canst be forgot!

EATON STANNARD BARRETT.

1785 - 1874.

WOMAN.

NOT she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
The while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.*

LORD MACAULAY.

1800 - 1859.

THE BATTLE OF MONCONTOUR.

O, WEEP for Moncontour! O, weep for the hour
When the children of darkness and evil had power,
When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their
God.

O, weep for Moncontour! O, weep for the slain,
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered
in vain;

O, weep for the living, who linger to bear
The renegade's shame, or the exile's despair.

* This line may be said to be known by everybody, yet the poem from which it is taken, *Woman, her Character and Influence*, is known to very few. The edition from which we quote was published in London in 1841, and on the title-page it is called "a new edition." The poem itself hardly rises above mediocrity.

One look, one last look, to our cots and our towers,
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our
flowers,
To the church where the bones of our fathers
decayed,
Where we fondly had deemed that our own would
be laid.

Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of
Rome,
To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of
Spain,
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,
To the song of thy youths, and the dance of thy
maids,

To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees,
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees.

Farewell, and forever. The priest and the slave
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave.
Our hearths we abandon; our lands we resign;
But, Father, we kneel to no altar but thine.

1824.

VOLTAIRE.

If thou wouldst view one more than man and less,
Made up of mean and great, of foul and fair,
Stop here; and weep and laugh, and curse and
bless,

And spurn and worship; for thou seest Voltaire.

That flashing eye blasted the conqueror's spear,
The monarch's sceptre, and the Jesuit's beads;
And every wrinkle in that haggard sneer
Hath been the grave of dynasties and creeds.

In very wantonness of childish mirth
He puffed bastiles, and thrones, and shrines
away,

Insulted Heaven, and liberated earth;
Was it for good or evil? who shall say?

1826.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.*

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all
glories are!

And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry
of Navarre!

*. "Henry the Fourth, on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a large part of his subjects under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. In March, 1590, he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry. Before the battle he addressed his troops, 'My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume, — you will always find it in the path to honor and glory.' His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the leaguers underwent a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout Henry followed, crying, 'Save the French!' and his clemency added a number of the enemies to his own army." — Aikin's *Biographical Dictionary*.

Now let there be the merry sound of music and
the dance,
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines,
O pleasant land of France.

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud
city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourn-
ing daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in
our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought
thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the
chance of war;

Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of
Navarre.

O, how our hearts were beating, when, at the
dawn of day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in
long array;

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel
peers,

And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's
Flemish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses
of our land,

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon
in his hand;

And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's
empurpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with
his blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the
fate of war,

To fight for his own holy name and Henry of
Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor
drest,

And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his
gallant crest;

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his
eye;

He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was
stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from
wing to wing,

Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God
save our Lord, the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well
he may, —

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody
fray, —

Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst
the ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of
Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.

Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,

Charge for the golden lilies now, upon them with the lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter, the Flemish Count is slain,

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags and cloven mail;

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,

"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man;

But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe;

Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."

O, was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna, — ho! matrons of Luzerne,

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;

Ho! burghers of St. G n vi ve, keep watch and ward to-night;

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.

Then glory to his holy name from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THE ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;

I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain

The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,

There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;

Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;

And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;

Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast,

And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;

Before him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space;

For there behooves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gayly dance the bells,

And slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,

And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and C sar's eagle shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,

And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;

Our glorious *semper eadem*, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,

Such night in England ne'er hath been nor e'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;

For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone, it shone on Beachy Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:

The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves:

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,

And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,

And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;

At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:

And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,

And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,

As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,

And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.

Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;

High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;

And on, and on, without a pause untired they bounded still:

All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill:

Till the proud beak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,

Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,

Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,

Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,

And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;

Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,

And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;

Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,

And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

* * *

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY,

BY OBADIAH BIND-~~THEIR~~-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-
THEIR-NOBLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON, SERGEANT
IN IRETON'S REGIMENT.

O, WHEREFORE come ye forth, in triumph from the North,

With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?

And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

O, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that
we trod;

For we trampled on the throng of the haughty
and the strong,

Who sate in the high places, and slew the
saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance, and their
cuirasses shine,

And the Man of Blood was there, with his long
essenced hair,

And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert
of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and
his sword,

The General rode along us to form us to the
fight,

When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled
into a shout,

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's
right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!

For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for
the Laws!

For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of
the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and
his drums,

His bravoos of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your
pikes, close your ranks;

For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken!
We are gone!

Our left is borne before them like stubble on
the blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend
the right!

Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight
it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath
given ground:

Hark! hark! What means the trampling of
horsemen on our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'T is he, thank
God, 't is he, boys.

Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in
a row,

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge
on the dikes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the
Accurst,

And at a shock have scattered the forest of
his pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook
to hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot on
Temple Bar;

And he, — he turns, he flies: — shame on those
cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare not
look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip
the slain,

First give another stab to make your search
secure,

Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-
pieces and lockets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the
poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your
hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans
to-day;

And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers
in the rocks,

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the
prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at
heaven and hell and fate,

And the fingers that once were so busy with
your blades,

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and
your oaths,

Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your dia-
monds and your spades?

Down, down, forever down with the mitre and
the crown,

With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon
of the Pope:

There is woe in Oxford halls; there is wail in
Durham's stalls:

The Jesuit smites his bosom; the bishop rends
his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her chil-
dren's ills,

And tremble when she thinks on the edge of
England's sword;

And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when
they hear

What the hand of God hath wrought for the
Houses and the Word.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF THE 30TH
 OF JULY, 1847.*

THE day of tumult, strife, defeat, was o'er;
 Worn out with toil and noise and scorn and spleen,

I slumbered, and in slumber saw once more
 A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

That room, methought, was curtained from the light;
 Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray

Full on a cradle, where, in linen white,
 Sleeping life's first soft sleep, an infant lay.

Pale flickered on the hearth the dying flame,
 And all was silent in that ancient hall,
 Save when by fits on the low night-wind came
 The murmur of the distant waterfall.

And lo! the fairy queens who rule our birth
 Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom:
 With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
 From gloom they came, and vanished into gloom.

Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast,
 Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain;
 More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion passed,
 With mincing gait and sneer of cold disdain.

The Queen of Power tossed high her jewelled head,
 And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown:
 The Queen of Pleasure on the pillow shed
 Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

Still lay in long procession followed lay;
 And still the little couch remained unblest:
 But when those wayward sprites had passed away,
 Came one, the last, the mightiest, and the best.

O glorious lady, with the eyes of light
 And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
 Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
 Warbling a sweet strange music, who wast thou?

"Yes, darling, let them go," so ran the strain;
 "Yes, let them go, — gain, fashion, pleasure,
 power,

And all the busy elves to whose domain
 Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

* This was written after Macaulay had not only been defeated for re-election as member of Parliament from Edinburgh, but had been hissed, hooted, and pelted at the polls. His defeat, considering the elements of opposition concentrated against him, was deemed by his friends an honor. Edinburgh, as is well known, repented of its injustice, and in 1852 practically forced him to be its representative.

"Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
 The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign.
 Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
 Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

"Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
 Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,
 Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow,
 The sense of beauty and the thirst of truth.

"Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
 I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;
 And if for some I keep a nobler place,
 I keep for none a happier than for thee.

"There are who, while to vulgar eyes they seem
 Of all my bounties largely to partake,
 Of me as of some rival's handmaid deem,
 And court me but for gain's, power's, fashion's sake.

"To such, though deep their lore, though wide their fame,
 Shall my great mysteries be all unknown:
 But thou, through good and evil, praise and blame,
 Wilt not thou love me for myself alone?

"Yes; thou wilt love me with exceeding love;
 And I will tenfold all that love repay,
 Still smiling, though the tender may reprove,
 Still faithful, though the trusted may betray.

"For aye mine emblem was, and aye shall be,
 The ever-during plant whose bough I wear,
 Brightest and greenest then, when every tree
 That blossoms in the light of Time is bare.

"In the dark hour of shame I deigned to stand
 Before the frowning peers at Bacon's side:
 On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand,
 Through months of pain, the sleepless bed of Hyde:

"I brought the wise and brave of ancient days
 To cheer the cell where Raleigh pined alone:
 I lighted Milton's darkness with the blaze
 Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne.

"And even so, my child, it is my pleasure
 That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh,
 When, in domestic bliss and studious leisure,
 Thy weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly;

"Not then alone, when myriads, closely pressed
 Around thy ear, the shout of triumph raise;
 Nor when, in gilded drawing-rooms, thy breast
 Swells at the sweeter sound of woman's praise.

"No: when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
 When weary soul and wasting body pine,

Thine am I still, in danger, sickness, sorrow,
In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine;

"Thine, where on mountain waves the snowbirds
scream,

Where more than Thule's winter barbs the
breeze,

Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly
gleam

Lights the drear May-day of Antarctic seas;

"Thine, when around thy litter's track all day
White sandhills shall reflect the blinding
glare;

Thine, when, through forests breathing death, thy
way

All night shall wind by many a tiger's
lair;

"Thine most, when friends turn pale, when trai-
tors fly,

When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,
For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy
A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

"Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
Hate's yell, and envy's hiss, and folly's
bray,

Remember me; and with an unforced smile
See riches, bawbles, flatterers, pass away.

"Yes, they will pass away; nor deem it strange:
They come and go, as comes and goes the
sea;

And let them come and go: thou, through all
change,

Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me."

JOHN BANIM.

1800 - 1842.

SOGGARTH AROON.*

AM I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon?
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon,

* Priest dear.

Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be no slave to you,
Soggarth aroon, —
Nor, out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you, —
Och! out of fear to you!
Soggarth aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the could blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin-door,
And, on my earthen flure,
Kuelled by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage-day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon, —
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
And when my hearth was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth aroon;
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon!
In love they'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake,
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon!*

* In a speech delivered in the House of Commons in April, 1845, Macaulay touches on the sentiment embodied in this poem. After referring to some scandalous abuses in the appointments to benefices in the Protestant Irish Church during the last century, he added: "And all this time the true pastors of the people, meanly fed and meanly clothed, frowned upon by the law, exposed to the insults of every petty squire who gloried in the name of Protestant, were to be found in miserable cabins, amidst filth and famine and contagion, instructing the young, consoling the miserable, holding up the crucifix before the eyes of the dying."

JOHN HUGHES.*

GILES SCROGGINS AND MOLLY BROWN.†

GILES SCROGGINS courted Molly Brown,
 Ri fol de riddle lol de ree,
 The fairest wench in all our town,
 Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido.
 He bought a ring with posy true,
 "If you loves I, as I loves you,
 No knife can cut our love in two,
 Fol de rol de riddle loi de rido."

But scissors cuts as well as knives,
 Ri fol de riddle lol de ree,
 And quite unsartain 's all our lives,
 Fol de rol de riddle loi de rido.
 The day before they was to wed,
 Fate's scissors cut poor Giles's thread,
 So they could not be mar-ried,
 Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,
 Ri fol de riddle lol de ree,
 And cried herself soon fast to sleep,
 Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido.
 When standing close by the bedpost,
 A figure tall her sight engrossed,
 Says he, "I be 's Giles Scroggins' ghost,"
 Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido.

The ghost then said all solemnly,
 Ri fol de riddle lol de ree,
 "O, Molly, you must go with I,
 Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido.
 All in the grave your love to cool,"
 Says she, "Why, I'm not dead yet, you fool,"
 Says the ghost, says he, "Vy that's no rule,
 Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido."

The ghost then seized her all so grim,
 Ri fol de riddle lol de ree,
 All for to go along with him,
 Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido.
 "Come along," said he, "ere morning beam."
 "I vont!" said she, and she screamed a
 scream,
 Then woke, and found it all a dream,
 Fol de rol de riddle loi de rido!

* The father of Thomas Hughes, the "Tom Brown" whom all readers know. The humorous pieces selected are from *Lays of Past Days*, published in 1850.

† The fun of this doggerel depends, in a great degree, on its being put forward as an accurate translation of *The Elegy of the Poet Catnachus on Ægidius*, the Greek text being given, — a pure invention, of course.

THE TRAGIC LAY OF THE ONE-HORSE CHAY.

MR. BULL was a Whig orator, also a soap-lab-
 orator,
 Foreverything's new christened in the present
 day:

He was followed and adored by the Common-
 Council board,
 And he lived quite genteel with a one-horse
 chay.

Mrs. Bull was gay and free, fair, fat, and forty-
 three,
 And blooming as a peony in buxom May,
 The toast she long had been of Farringdon-Within,
 And filled the better half of the one-horse chay.

'T was the memorable year, when that venerable
 peer,
 Lord Waithman, held in London the civic sway,
 Whose shop she 'd oft be at, to cheapen and to
 chat,
 And Bull would pick her up in his one-horse
 chay.

Mrs. Bull said to her lord, "You can well, Bull,
 afford
 Whate'er a common-councilman in prudence
 may;
 We've no brats to plague our lives, and the soap
 concern it thrives,
 So let's have a trip to Brighton in the one-
 horse chay.

"We'll view the pier and shipping, and enjoy
 many a dipping,
 And walk for a stomach in our best array,
 I longs more nor words can utter for shrimps and
 bread-and-butter,
 And an airing on the Steyne in my one-horse
 chay.

"We've a right to spare for naught that for money
 can be bought,
 So to get matters ready, Bull, do you trudge
 away:
 To my dear Lord Mayor's I'll walk, just to get
 a dish of talk,
 And an imitation shawl for the one-horse chay."

Mr. Bull said to his wife, "Now I think upon 't,
 my life,
 'T is a fortnight at least to next boiling day:
 The dog-days are set in, and London's growing
 thin,
 So I'll order out old Nobbs and the one-horse
 chay."

Now Nobbs, it must be told, was rather fat and
 old,
 His color it was white, and it had been gray,

He was round as a pot, and when well whipped
would trot
Full five miles an hour in the one-horse chay.

When at Brighton they were housed, and had
stuffed and caroused,
O'er a bowl of rack-punch Mr. Bull did say,
"I've ascertained, my dear, the terms of bathing
here,
From the hostler who is cleaning my one-horse
chay.

"You are shut up in a box, ill-convenient as the
stocks,
And eighteen pence a dip are obliged to pay;
Court-corruption here, say I, makes everything
so high,
And I wish I had come without my one-horse
chay."

"As I hope," said she, "to thrive, 't is flaying
folks alive;
The king and them extortioners is leagued, I
say,
'Tis encouraging of such for to go to give so much,
So we 'll set them at defiance in our one-horse
chay.

"Our Nobbs, I am sartain, may be trusted gig or
cart in,
He takes every matter in an easy way:
He 'll stand like a post, while we dabbles on the
coast,
And returns for to dress in our one-horse chay."

So out they drove all drest so gayly in their best,
And finding in their rambles a snug little bay,
They uncased at their leisure, paddled out to take
their pleasure,
And left everything behind them in the one-
horse chay.

But while so snugly sure that all things were
secure,
They flounced about like porpoises or whales
at play,
Some young unlucky imps, who were on the
prowl for shrimps,
Stole up to reconnoitre the one-horse chay.

Old Nobbs, in sober mood, was sleeping as he
stood,
He might possibly be dreaming of his corn or
hay:
Not a step did he wag; so they whipt out every
rag,
And gutted the contents of the one-horse chay.

When our pair had soused enough, and returned
in their buff,
O, there was the vengeance and Old Nick to pay;

Madam shrieked in consternation, Mr. Bull he
swore "d—nation,"
To see the empty state of his one-horse chay.

"If I live," said she, "I swear I 'll consult my
dear Lord Mayor,
And a fine on this here vagabond town he shall
lay;
But the gallows thieves, so tricky, have n't left
me even a dicky,
And I shall catch my death in my one-horse
chay."

"Come, bundle in with me; we must squeeze for
once," said he,
"And manage this business the best we may;
We've no other step to choose, nor a moment
more to lose,
Or the tide may float us off in our one-horse
chay."

So noses, sides, and knees altogether did they
squeeze,
And packed in narrow compass they joggled it
away,
As dismal as two dummies, head and hands stuck
out like mummies
From beneath the little apron of the one-horse
chay.

The Steyne was in a throng as they bumped it
along,
Madam had n't been so put to it for many a day;
Her pleasure it was damped, and her person
rather cramped,
Doubled up beneath the apron of her one-horse
chay.

"O, would that I were laid," Mr. Bull in sorrow
said,
"In a broad-wheeled wagon, wrapt in decent
hay!
I'm sick of sporting smart, and would take a
tilted cart
In exchange for this bawble of a one-horse chay.

"I'd give half my riches for my worst pair of
breeches,
Or the apron which I wore last boiling day;
They'd wrap my arms and shoulders from these
impudent beholders,
And allow me to whip on in my one-horse chay."

Mr. Bull gee-hupped in vain, and strove to jerk
the rein;
Nobbs found he had his option to work or to
play;
So he would not mend his pace, though they'd
fain have run a race
To escape the merry gazers at the one-horse
chay.

Now, good people, laugh your fill, and fancy, if
 you will
 (For I'm fairly out of breath, and have said
 my say),
 The trouble and the rout to wrap and get them
 out,
 When they reached their own lodgings in the
 one-horse chay.

The day was sweltering warm, so they took no
 sort of harm,
 And o'er a smoking lunch soon forgot their
 dismay;
 But fearing Brighton mobs, started off at night
 with Nobbs
 For a snugger watering-place in the one-horse
 chay.

1824.

THOMAS AIRD.

1802 - 1876.

FROM "THE DEVIL'S DREAM." *

BEYOND the north where Ural hills from polar
 tempests run,
 A glów went forth at midnight hour as of un-
 wonted sun;
 Upon the north at midnight hour a mighty noise
 was heard,
 As if with all his trampling waves the Ocean were
 unbarred;
 And high a grizzly Terror hung, upstarting from
 below,
 Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some unmeas-
 ured bow.

'T was not the obedient Seraph's form that burns
 before the throne,
 Whose feathers are the pointed flames that trem-
 ble to be gone:
 With twists of faded glory mixed, grim shadows
 wove his wing;
 An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaimed the
 Infernal King.
 And up he went, from native might, or holy
 sufferance given,
 As if to strike the starry boss of the high and
 vaulted heaven.

* * *

* This poem, in the opinion of George Gilfillan, is "one of the most original in this or any language"; and a cooler critic, D. M. Moir, declares that, "for grandeur of conception, and the magnificent imagery of particular passages, it is scarcely surpassed by anything in modern poetry." We quote some of the lines on which these eulogiums are based. Aird's complete poetical works, published in Edinburgh in 1856, are worthy of more attention than they have received, at least on this side of the Atlantic.

He saw a form of Africa low sitting in the dust;
 The feet were chained, and sorrow thrilled through-
 out the sable bust.
 The idol and the idol's priest he hailed upon the
 earth,
 And every slavery that brings wild passions to
 the birth.
 All forms of human wickedness were pillars of
 his fame,
 All sounds of human misery his kingdom's loud
 acclaim.

* * *

In vision he was borne away, where Lethe's
 slippery wave
 Creeps like a black and shining snake into a silent
 cave,—
 A place of still and pictured life: its roof was
 ebon air,
 And blasted as with dim eclipse the sun and
 moon were there:
 It seemed the grave of man's lost world,—of
 beauty caught by blight.
 The Dreamer knew the work he marred, and felt
 a Fiend's delight.

* * *

So knew the Fiend, and fain would he down to
 oblivion go;
 But back from fear his spirit proud, recoiling like
 a bow,—
 Sprung. O'er his head he saw the heavens up-
 stayed bright and high;
 The planets, undisturbed by him, were shining
 in the sky;
 The silent magnanimity of Nature and her God
 With anguish smote his haughty soul, and sent
 his hell abroad.

His pride would have the works of God to show
 the signs of fear,
 And flying angels to and fro to watch his dread
 career;
 But all was calm: he felt night's dews upon his
 sultry wing,
 And gnashed at the impartial laws of Nature's
 mighty King;
 Above control, or show of hate, they no exception
 made,
 But gave him dews, like aged thorn, or little
 grassy blade.

Terrible, like the mustering manes of the cold
 and curly sea,
 So grew his eye's enridgéd gleams; and doubt
 and danger flee:
 Like veteran band's grim valor slow, that moves
 to avenge its chief,
 Up slowly drew the Fiend his form, that shook
 with proud relief:

And he will upward go, and pluck the windows
 of high heaven,
 And stir their calm insulting peace, though ten-
 fold hell be given.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

1802 - 1839.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL

YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams
 Had been of being wise and witty;
 Ere I had done with writing themes,
 Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;
 Years, years ago, while all my joys
 Were in my fowling-piece and filly;
 In short, while I was yet a boy,
 I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at a country ball:
 There when the sound of flute and fiddle
 Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
 Of hands across and down the middle,
 Hers was the subtlest spell by far
 Of all that sets young hearts romancing:
 She was our queen, our rose, our star;
 And when she danced, — O Heaven, her
 dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
 Her voice was exquisitely tender,
 Her eyes were full of liquid light;
 I never saw a waist so slender;
 Her every look, her every smile,
 Shot right and left a score of arrows;
 I thought 't was Venus from her isle,
 I wondered where she 'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers;
 Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
 Of daggers or of dancing bears,
 Of battles, or the last new bonnets;
 By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,
 To me it mattered not a tittle,
 If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
 I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
 I loved her with a love eternal;
 I spoke her praises to the moon,
 I wrote them for the "Sunday Journal."
 My mother laughed; I soon found out
 That ancient ladies have no feeling;
 My father frowned; but how should gout
 Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
 Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;

She had one brother just thirteen,
 Whose color was extremely hectic;
 Her grandmother, for many a year,
 Had fed the parish with her bounty;
 Her second cousin was a peer,
 And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three per cents,
 And mortgages, and great relations,
 And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
 O, what are they to love's sensations?
 Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
 Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;
 He cares as little for the stocks
 As Baron Rothschild for the Muscs.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach,
 Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
 She botanized; I envied each
 Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
 She warbled Handel; it was grand, —
 She made the Catalani jealous;
 She touched the organ; I could stand
 For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
 Well filled with all an album's glories;
 Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
 Patterns for trimming, Persian stories;
 Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
 Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter;
 And autographs of Prince Leboo,
 And recipes of elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored,
 Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
 Her poodle-dog was quite adored,
 Her sayings were extremely quoted.
 She laughed, and every heart was glad,
 As if the taxes were abolished;
 She frowned, and every look was sad,
 As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun, —
 I knew that there was nothing in it;
 I was the first, the only one
 Her heart had thought of for a minute;
 I knew it, for she told me so,
 In phrase which was divinely moulded;
 She wrote a charming hand, and O,
 How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves, —
 A little glow, a little shiver;
 A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
 And "Fly Not Yet," upon the river;
 Some jealousy of some one's heir,
 Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
 A miniature, a lock of hair,
 The usual vows, — and then we parted.

We parted, — months and years rolled by ;
 We met again four summers after ;
 Our parting was all sob and sigh, —
 Our meeting was all mirth and laughter ;
 For in my heart's most secret cell
 There had been many other lodgers ;
 And she was not the ball-room belle,
 But only Mrs. — Something — Rogers.

CHARADE.

COME from my First, ay, come !
 The battle dawn is nigh ;
 And the screaming trump and the thundering
 drum
 Are calling thee to die !
 Fight as thy father fought,
 Fall as thy father fell,
 Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought ;
 So — forward ! and farewell !

Toll ye my Second ! toll !
 Flung high the flambeau's light ;
 And sing the hymn for a parted soul
 Beneath the silent night !
 The wreath upon his head,
 The cross upon his breast,
 Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed :
 So — take him to his rest !

Call ye my Whole, ay, call !
 The lord of lute and lay ;
 And let him greet the sable pall
 With a noble song to-day ;
 Go, call him by his name ;
 No fitter hand may crave
 To light the flame of a soldier's fame
 On the turf of a soldier's grave.*

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON
 (MRS. MACLEAN).†

1802 - 1838.

CAN YOU FORGET ME?

CAN you forget me ? I who have so cherished
 The veriest trifle that was memory's link ;
 The roses that you gave me, although perished,
 Were precious in my sight ; they made me think

* The answer to this is, of course, Campbell.

† There is hardly any other way than this of connecting the early name of "L. E. L." with its fatal addition of "Maclean." The story of the later years of her life is involved in obscurity ; indeed her marriage, in 1838, with Captain George Maclean, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and her death soon after, belong to the unsolved mysteries of literary biography. Her popularity as a poet has entirely gone. In literary circles of the present day it would be difficult to name any one

You took them in their scentless beauty stooping
 From the warm shelter of the garden wall ;
 Autumn, while into languid winter drooping,
 Gave its last blossoms, opening but to fall.
 Can you forget them ?

Can you forget me ? I am not relying
 On plighted vows, — alas ! I know their worth ;
 Man's faith to woman is a trifle, dying
 Upon the very breath that gave it birth ;
 But I remember hours of quiet gladness,
 When, if the heart had truth, it spoke it then,
 When thought would sometimes take a tone of
 sadness,
 And then unconsciously grow glad again.
 Can you forget them ?

Can you forget me ? My whole soul was blended :
 At least it sought to blend itself with thine ;
 My life's whole purpose, winning thee, seemed
 ended ;

Thou wert my heart's sweet home, — my spir-
 it's shrine,

Can you forget me ? when the firelight burning,
 Flung sudden gleams around the quiet room,
 How would thy words, to long past moments
 turning,

Trust me with thoughts soft as the shadowy
 gloom !

Can you forget them ?

There is no truth in love, whate'er its seeming,
 And heaven itself could scarcely seem more
 true,

Sadly have I awakened from the dreaming,
 Whose charmed slumber, false one ! was of
 you.

I gave mine inmost being to thy keeping, —
 I had no thought I did not seek to share ;
 Feelings that hushed within my soul were sleeping
 Waked into voice to trust them to thy care.

Can you forget them ?

Can you forget me ? This is vainly tasking
 The faithless heart where I, alas ! am not.

Too well I know the idleness of asking, —

The misery — of why am I forgot ?

The happy hours that I have passed while kneeling
 Half slave, half child, to gaze upon thy face.

— But what to thee this passionate appealing —
 Let my heart break, — it is a common case.

• You have forgotten me.

of her numerous poems or novels which is thought to deserve a passing remark. This fact is almost as tragic as any affliction which disturbed her life. The fatal defect of her volumes of passionate and fanciful verse is the lack of substance. She poured forth thousands on thousands of lines, but the matter was generally thin ; and in poetry that survives, it will be found that the matter is as good as the fancy or imagination which fashions it into shape.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, LORD LYTTON.*

1805 - 1873.

STANLEY AND LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

ONE after one the lords of time advance, —
Here Stanley meets, — how Stanley scorns, the
glance!

The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash, — the Rupert of Debate!
Nor gout, nor toil, his freshness can destroy,
And time still leaves all Eton in the boy;
First in the class, and keenest in the ring,
He saps like Gladstone, and he fights like
Spring!

Even at the feast his pluck pervades the board,
And dauntless game-cocks symbolize their lord.†
Lo, where atilt at friend, — if barred from foe, —
He scours the ground, and volunteers the blow,
And, tired with conquest over Dan and Snob,
Plants a sly bruiser on the nose of Bob;
Decorous Bob, too friendly to reprove,
Suggests fresh fighting in the next remove,
And prompts his chum, in hopes the vein to cool,
To the prim benches of the upper school:
Yet who not listens, with delighted smile,
To the pure Saxon of that silver style;
In the clear style a heart as clear is seen,
Prompt to the rash, — revolting from the mean.

Next cool, and all unconscious of reproach,
Comes the calm "Johnny who upset the coach."‡
How formed to lead, if not too proud to please, —
His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze.
Like or dislike, he does not care a jot;
He wants your vote, but your affection not;
Yet human hearts need sun, as well as oats, —
So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes.
And while its doctrines ripen day by day,
His frost-nipped party pines itself away; —
From the starved wretch its own loved child we
steal, —

* The full name is Edward Bulwer Lytton, Lord Lytton. He achieved distinction under three names, Edward Lytton Bulwer, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and Lord Lytton. He was at least three gentlemen in succession, if not, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, "three gentlemen at once." Lord Lytton, with all his command of verse, was not essentially a poet. His talents and accomplishments, various as they were, did not include the "vision" or "the faculty" divine. Yet he proudly rested his claims to be a poet of a very superior kind on his *King Arthur*, and to the day of his death could not understand why people did not read it.

† "Every one knows that his lordship inherits the amiable passion of his grandfather, and occasionally relieves the dullness of the dessert by the introduction of those warlike birds, for the pure breed of which the house of Stanley is so justly renowned." — *Author's note*.

‡ "Lord Stanley's memorable exclamation on a certain occasion which now belongs to history, — 'Johnny's upset the coach!' Never was coach upset with such perfect *sang froid* on the part of the driver." — *Author's note*.

And "Free Trade" chirrup on the lap of
Peel! —

But see our statesman when the steam is on,
And languid Johnny glows to glorious John!
When Hampden's thought, by Falkland's muses
drest,

Lights the pale cheek, and swells the generous
breast;

When the pent heat expands the quickening
soul, —

And foremost in the race the wheels of genius
roll!
The New Timon.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

THOSE eyes, those eyes, how full of heaven they
are,

When the calm twilight leaves the heaven most
holy,

Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star
Did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?
Tell me, beloved eyes!

Was it from yon lone orb, that ever by
The quiet moon, like hope on patience, hovers,
The star to which hath sped so many a sigh,
Since lutes in Lesbos hallowed it to lovers?
Was that your fount, sweet eyes?

Ye sibyl books, in which the truths foretold,
Inspire the heart, your dreaming priest, with
gladness,
Bright alchemists that turn to thoughts of gold
The leaden cares ye steal away from sadness,
Teach only me, sweet eyes!

Hush! when I ask ye how at length to gain
The cell where Love the sleeper yet lies hidden,
Loose not those arch lips from their rosy chain;
Be every answer, save your own, forbidden, —
Feelings are words for eyes!

CHARLES SWAIN.

1803 - 1874.

DRYBURGH ABBEY: A VISION.*

'T WAS morn, — but not the ray which falls the
summer boughs among,
When beauty walks in gladness forth with all her
light and song;

* Written soon after the death of Sir Walter Scott. The conception of this poem is noble. It represents the chief characters of Scott's works as mourners at his funeral. It is a pity that the poet did not make the separate characters more characteristic by selecting fitter epithets to individualize them to the mind.

'T was morn, — but mist and cloud hung deep
upon the lonely vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death, were out
upon the gale.

For He whose spirit woke the dust of nations into
life, —
That o'er the waste and barren earth spread
flowers and fruitage rife, —
Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty
realms of mind, —
Had fled forever from the fame, love, friendship
of mankind !

To wear a wreath in glory wrought his spirit
swept afar,
Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of
moon or star ;
To drink immortal waters free from every taint
of earth, —
To breathe before the shrine of life, the source
whence worlds had birth !

There was wailing on the early breeze, and dark-
ness in the sky,
When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a
funeral train swept by ;
Methought — St. Mary shield us well ! — that
other forms moved there,
Than those of mortal brotherhood, — the noble,
young, and fair !

Was it a dream ? — how oft in sleep we ask,
“ Can this be true ? ”
Whilst warm imagination paints her marvels to
our view ; —
Earth's glory seems a tarnished crown to that
which we behold,
Whendreams enchant our sight with things whose
meanest garb is gold !

Was it a dream ? — methought the dauntless
Harold passed me by, —
The proud Fitz-James with martial step, and dark,
intrepid eye ;
That Marmion's haughty crest was there, a
mourner for his sake ;
And she, the bold, the beautiful, sweet Lady of
the Lake.

The Minstrel, whose “ last lay ” was o'er, whose
broken harp lay low,
And with him glorious Waverley, with glance
and step of woe ;
And Stuart's voice rose there, as when, midst
fate's disastrous war,
He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave Ich
Ian Vohr.

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the Dominie
stalked past,
With Bertram, Julia by his side, whose tears
were flowing fast ;
Guy Mannering too moved there, o'erpowered by
that afflicting sight ;
And Merrilies, as when she wept on Ellangow-
an's height.

Solemn and grave, Monk barns approached, amidst
that burial line ;
And Ochiltree leant o'er his staff, and mourned
for “ Auld lang syne ! ”
Slow marched the gallant McIntyre, whilst Lovell
mused alone ;
For once Miss Wardour's image left that bosom's
faithful throne !

With coronach, and arms reversed, forth came
MacGregor's clan, —
Red Dougal's cry pealed shrill and wild, — Rob
Roy's bold brow looked wan ;
The fair Diana kissed her cross, and blessed its
sainted ray ;
And “ Wae is me,” the Baillie sighed, “ that I
should see this day ! ”

Next rode, in melancholy guise, with sombre vest
and scarf,
Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far-renowned
Black Dwarf ;
Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks
flowing free, —
The pious sculptor of the grave, — stood Old
Mortality !

Balfour of Burley, Claverhouse, the Lord of
Evandale,
And stately Lady Margaret, whose woe might
naught avail !
Fierce Bothwell on his charger black, as from the
conflict won ;
And pale Habakkuk Mucklewrath, who cried,
“ God's will be done ! ”

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms
mid wildest scenes,
Passed she, — the modest, eloquent, and virtu-
ous Jeanie Deans ;
And Dumbiedikes, that silent laird, with love too
deep to smile,
And Effie, with her noble friend, the good Duke
of Argyle.

With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark Ravens-
wood advanced,
Who on the false Lord Keeper's mien with eye
indignant glanced ; —

Whilst graceful as a lovely fawn, 'neath covert
close and sure,
Approached the beauty of all hearts, — the Bride
of Lammermoor!

Then Annot Lyle, the fairy queen of light and
song, stepped near,
The Knight of Ardenvoehr, and He, the gifted
Hieland Seer;
Dalgetty, Duncan, Lord Monteith, and Rannald
met my view, —
The hapless Children of the Mist, and bold Mhich-
Comnel-Dhu!

On swept Bois-Guilbert, — Front-de-Bœuf, —
De Bracy's plume of woe;
And Cœur-de-Lion's crest shone near the valiant
Ivanhoe;
While soft as glides a summer cloud Rowena
closer drew,
With beautiful Rebecca, — peerless daughter of
the Jew!

I saw the courtly Euphuist, with Halbert of the
Dell,
And, like a ray of moonlight, passed the White
Maid of Avenel;
Lord Morton, Douglas, Bolton, and the Roynl
Earl marched there,
To the slow and solemn funeral chant of the
Monks of Kennaquhair.

And she, on whose imperial brow a god had set
his seal,
The glory of whose loveliness grief might not all
conceal;
The loved in high and princely halls, in lone and
lowly eots,
Stood Mary the illustrious, yet hapless Queen of
Scots!

The firm, devoted Catherine, the sentimental
Græme,
Lochleven, whose worn brow revealed an early
blighted name;
The enthusiastic Magdalen, the pilgrim of that
shrine,
Whose spirit triumphs o'er the tomb, and makes
its dust divine.

With Leicester, Lord of Kenilworth, in mourn-
ful robes was seen
The gifted, great Elizabeth, high England's match-
less queen.
Tressilian's wild and manly glance, and Varney's
darker gaze,
Sought Amy Robsart's brilliant form, too fair for
earthly praise.

Next Norna of the fitful-head, the wild Reim-
kenmar, came,
But shivered lay her magic wand, and dim her
eye of flame;

Young Minna Troil the lofty-souled, whom
Cleaveland's love betrayed;
The generous old Udaller, and Mordaunt's sweet
island maid.

Slow followed Lord Glenvarloch, first of Scotia's
gallant names;
With the fair, romantic Margaret, and the eru-
dite King James,
The wooed and wronged Hermione, whose lord
all hearts despise;
Sarcastic Malagrowther and the faithful Moni-
plies.

Then stout Sir Geoffrey of the Peak, and Pev-
eril swept near;
Stern Bridgenorth, and the fiery Duke, with
knight and cavalier;
The fairest of fantastic elves, Fenella, glided
on;
And Alice, from whose beauteous lip the light of
joy was gone.

And Quentin's haughty helm flashed there; Le
Balafre's stout lance;
Orleans; Crevecœur; the brave Dunois, the no-
blest knight of France;
The wild Hayraddin, followed by the silent Jean
de Troyes,
The mournful Lady Hameline, and Isabelle de
Croyes.

Pale sorrow marked young Tyrrell's mien; grief
dimmed sweet Clara's eye;
And Ronan's Laird breathed many a prayer
for days and friends gone by!
"O, mourn not!" pious Cargill cried; "should
his death woe impart,
Whose cenotaph's the universe, whose elegy's
the heart?"

Forth bore the noble Fairford his fascinating
bride,
The lovely Lillias, with the brave Redgauntlet by
her side;
Black Campbell, and the bold redoubted Max-
well met my view;
And Wandering Willie's solemn wreath of dark
funereal yew!

As foes who meet upon some wild, some far and
foreign shore,
Wrecked by the same tempestuous surge, recall
past feuds no more;

Thus prince and peasant, peer and slave, — thus
friend and foe combine
To pour the homage of their heart upon one com-
mon shrine !

There Lacy, famed Cadwallon, and the fierce
Gwenwyn marched on ;
Whilst horn and halbert, pike and bow, dart,
glaive, and javelin shone ;
Sir Damian, and the elegant young Eveline passed
there,
Stout Wilkin, and the hopeless Rose, with wild,
dishevelled hair.

Around, in solemn grandeur, swept the banners
of the brave,
And deep and far the clarions waked the wild
dirge of the grave ;
On came the Champion of the Cross, and near
him, like a star,
The regal Berengaria, beauteous daughter of
Navarre :

The high, heroic Saladin, with proud and princely
mien,
The rich and gorgeous Saracen, and the fiery
Nazarene ;
There Edith and her Nubian Slave breathed
many a thought divine,
Whilst rank on rank — a glorious train — rode
the Knights of Palestine !

Straight followed Zerubbabel and Joliffe of the
tower,
Young Wildrake, Markham, Hazeldine, and the
forest nymph Mayflower ;
The democratic Cromwell, stern, resolute, and free ;
The Knight of Woodstock, and the light and
lovely Alice Lee.

And there the crafty Proudfeet for once *true* sor-
row felt ;
Craigdallie, Chartres, and the recreant Conachar
the Celt ;
And he, whose chivalry had graced a more ex-
alted birth,
The noble-minded Henry, and the famed fair
Maid of Perth.

The intrepid Anne of Geierstein, the false Lor-
raine stepped near ;
Proud Margaret of Anjou, and the faithful, brave
De Vere ;
There Arnold, and the King René, and Charles
the Bold, had met
The dauntless Donner Lugel and the graceful
young Lizette.

Forth rode the glorious Godfrey, by the gallant
Hugh the Great,

While wept the brave and beautiful their noble
minstrel's fate :

Then Hereward the Varangian, with Bertha at
his side,
The valorous Count of Paris, and his Amazonian
bride.

And last, amidst that princely train, waved high
De Walton's plume,
Near fair Augusta's laurel wreath, which time
shall ne'er consume ;
And Anthony, with quiver void, his last fleet
arrow sped,
Leant, mourning o'er his broken bow, and mused
upon the dead !

Still onward, like the gathering night, went forth
that funeral train, —
Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the
shadowy main ; —
Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in noble
ranks were seen
Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest, and
woman's beauteous mien !

A sound thrilled through that lengthened host !
methought the vault was closed,
Where in his glory and renown fair Scotia's bard
reposed ! —
A sound thrilled through that lengthened host !
— and forth my vision fled ! —
But ah ! — that mournful dream proved true, —
the immortal Scott was dead !

The vision and the voice are o'er ! their influence
waned away
Like music o'er a summer lake at the golden close
of day ;
The vision and the voice are o'er, — but when
will be forgot
The buried Genius of Romance, — the imperish-
able Scott !



HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.

1808 - 1872.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A SONG to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long ;
Here's health and renown to his broad green
crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes
down,
And the fire in the west fades out ;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,

When the storms through his branches shout.
 Then here 's to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who stands in his pride alone;
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with gold
 Had brightened his branches gray,
 Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
 To gather the dew of May.
 And on that day to the rebeck gay
 They frolicked with lovesome swains;
 They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard
 laid,
 But the tree it still remains.
 Then here 's, etc.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas
 chimes
 Were a merry sound to hear,
 When the squire's wide hall and the cottage
 small
 Were filled with good English cheer.
 Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
 And a ruthless king is he;
 But he never shall send our ancient friend
 To be tossed on the stormy sea.
 Then here 's to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who stands in his pride alone;
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone!

GERALD GRIFFIN.

1803 - 1840.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.*

SHE once was a lady of honor and wealth,
 Bright glowed on her features the roses of health;
 Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
 And her motion shook perfume from every fold;
 Joy revelled around her,—love shone at her
 side,

And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride;
 And light was her step, in the mirth-sounding
 hall,

When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de
 Paul.

She felt, in her spirit, the summons of grace,
 That called her to live for the suffering race;
 And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
 Rose quickly like Mary, and answered, "I come."
 She put from her person the trappings of pride,
 And passed from her home, with the joy of a
 bride,

* Griffin's sister entered this pious order, which circumstance probably suggested the poem.

Not wept at the threshold, as onward she
 moved,—

For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion,—to vanity lost,
 That beauty that once was the song and the toast,—
 No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
 But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
 Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
 For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
 Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
 For she barter for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
 Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
 Those hands that once dangled the perfume and
 gem

Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
 That voice that once echoed the song of the
 vain,

Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
 And the hair that was shining with diamond and
 pearl

Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet, her trinkets a bead,
 Her lustre one taper that serves her to read,
 Her sculpture the crucifix nailed by her bed,
 Her paintings one print of the thorn-crowned
 head,

Her cushion the pavement that wearies her
 knees,

Her music the psalm or the sigh of disease;
 The delicate lady lives mortified there,
 And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
 Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin con-
 fined;

Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of
 grief

She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.

She strengthens the weary, she comforts the
 weak,

And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
 Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
 The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
 Like an angel she moves, mid the vapor of
 death;

Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the
 sword,

Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
 How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted
 face

With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
 How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
 For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
 Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain ;
 Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your
 days,

Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
 Ye lazy philosophers, — self-seeking men, —
 Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
 How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
 With the life and the deeds of that high-born
 maid ?

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.*

1803 - 1849.

DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
 Of love, and all its smart, —
 Then sleep, dear, sleep !
 And not a sorrow
 Hang any tear on your eyelashes ;
 Lie still and deep,
 Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
 The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
 In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
 Of love, and all its smart —
 Then die, dear, die !
 'T is deeper, sweeter,
 Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
 With folded eye ;
 And then alone, amid the beaming
 Of Love's stars, thou 'lt meet her
 In eastern sky.

HOW MANY TIMES.

How many times do I love thee, dear ?
 Tell me how many thoughts there be
 In the atmosphere
 Of a new-fallen year,
 Whose white and sable hours appear
 The latest flake of Eternity :
 So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love, again ?
 Tell me how many beads there are
 In a silver chain
 Of the evening rain,
 Unravell'd from the tumbling main,
 And threading the eye of a yellow star :
 So many times do I love, again.

* The dramatic poems of Beddoes have the sudden flashes of inspiration, and the strange incompleteness of plan, of some of the minor Elizabethan dramatists. He was essentially an "irregular" genius.

WILLIAM HOWITT.*

1795 -

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

AND is the swallow gone ?
 Who beheld it ?
 Which way sailed it ?
 Farewell bade it none ?

No mortal saw it go ; —
 But who doth hear
 Its summer cheer
 As it flitteth to and fro ?

So the freed spirit flies !
 From its surrounding clay
 It steals away
 Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither ? wherefore doth it go ?
 'T is all unknown ;
 We feel alone
 That a void is left below.

MARY HOWITT.

1804 -

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"WILL you walk into my parlor ?" said the spider to the fly,
 "'T is the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy ;
 The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
 And I've got many curious things to show when you are there."
 "O no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
 For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high ;
 Will you rest upon my little bed ?" said the spider to the fly :
 "There are pretty curtains drawn around ; the sheets are fine and thin,
 And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in !"
 "O no, no," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
 They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed !"

Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend, what can I do

* We place William Howitt out of chronological order in order that he may not be separated from his gifted wife.

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?

I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome, — will you please to take a slice?

"O no, no," said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be.

I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise;

How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf,

If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you please to say,

And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,

For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again;

So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly, And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.

Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing:

"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;

Your robes are green and purple, — there's a crest upon your head;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas! alas! how very soon this silly little fly, Hearing his wily flattering words, came slowly flitting by;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,

Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and her green and purple hue, —

Thinking only of her crested head, — poor foolish thing! At last,

Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,

Within his little parlor, — but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,

To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you, ne'er give heed;

Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and eye,

And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and the fly.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I AM coming, I am coming! —
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the blue and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on banks of mossy green
Starlike primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms, — a noisy crowd!
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

Look around thee, — look around!
Flowers in all the fields abound;
Every running stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven!
God for thee the Spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies
For thy pleasure or thy food: —
Pour thy soul in gratitude!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Born about 1805.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged, — 't is at a white heat now:
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased, —
though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare, —
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black
mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at
every throe :

It rises, roars, rends all outright, — O Vulcan,
what a glow !

'Tis blinding white, 't is blasting bright, — the
high sun shines not so !

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery
fearful show ;

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the
ruddy lurid row

Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men
before the foe.

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the
sailing monster, slow

Sinks on the anvil, — all about the faces fiery grow.

"Hurrah !" they shout, "leap out, — leap out" ;
bang, bang the sledges go :

Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high
and low, —

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squash-
ing blow,

The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling
cinders strow

The ground around : at every bound the swelter-
ing fountains flow,

And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every
stroke pant "ho !"

Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out and
lay on load !

Let's forge a goodly anchor, — a bower thick
and broad ;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I
bode,

And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous
road, —

The low reef roaring on her lee, — the roll of
ocean poured

From stem to stern, sea after sea ; the mainmast
by the board ;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats
stove at the chains !

But courage still, brave mariners, — the bower
yet remains,

And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when
ye pitch sky high ;

Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear
nothing, — here am I."

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand
keep time ;

Your blows make music sweeter far than any
steeple's chime.

But, while you sling your sledges, sing, — and
let the burden be,

"The anchor is the anvil king, and royal crafts-
men we !"

Strike in, strike in, — the sparks begin to dull
their rustling red ;

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work
will soon be sped.

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery
rich array,

For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy
couch of clay ;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry
craftsmen here,

For the yea-heave-o', and the heave-away, and the
sighing seaman's cheer ;

When, weighing slow, at eve they go, — far, far
from love and home ;

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the
ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at
last ;

A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat
was cast.

O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst
life like me,

What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath
the deep green sea !

O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such
sights as thou ?

The hoary monster's palaces ! methinks what joy
't were now

To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly
of the whales,

And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath
their scourging tails !

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea
unicorn,

And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all
his ivory horn ;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade
forlorn ;

And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his
jaws to scorn ;

To leap down on the kraken's back, where mid
Norwegian isles

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed
miles ;

Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he
rolls ;

Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished
shoals

Of his back-browsing ocean-calves ; or, haply in
a cove,

Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Un-
dine's love,

To find the long-haired mermaidens ; or, hard by
icy lands,

To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean
sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep, whose sports
can equal thine?
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs
thy cable line;
And night by night, 't is thy delight, thy glory
day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant
game to play, —
But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name
I gave, —
A fisher's joy is to destroy, — thine office is to
save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but
understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who
that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round
about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing
their ancient friend, —
O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with
larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst
leap within the sea.

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant
strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of
Fatherland, —
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy
churchyard grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing
wave, —
O, though our anchor may not be all I have
fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he
goes among!

1832.

MARY DOWNING.

WERE I BUT HIS OWN WIFE.

WERE I but his own wife, to guard and to guide
him,
'T is little of sorrow should fall on my dear;
I'd chant my low love-verses, stealing beside him,
So faint and so tender his heart would but hear;
I'd pull the wild blossoms from valley and high-
land,
And there at his feet I would lay them all down;
I'd sing him the songs of our poor stricken island,
Till his heart was on fire with a love like my
own.
There's a rose by his dwelling, — I'd tend the
lone treasure,

That he might have flowers when the summer
would come;
There's a harp in his hall, — I would wake its
sweet measure,
For he must have music to brighten his home.
Were I but his own wife, to guide and to guard
him,
'T is little of sorrow should fall on my dear;
For every kind glance my whole life would award
him, —
In sickness I'd soothe and in sadness I'd cheer.

My heart is a fount welling upward forever!
When I think of my true-love, by night or by
day,
That heart keeps its faith like a fast-flowing river,
Which gushes forever and sings on its way.
I have thoughts full of peace for his soul to re-
pose in,
Were I but his own wife, to win and to woo;
O sweet, if the night of misfortune were closing,
To rise like the morning star, darling, for you!

FRANCIS MAHONEY (FATHER PROUT).*

1805 - 1866.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublimely in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke naught to thine;
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of
Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.

* Author of *The Prout Papers*.

O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and
kiosko

In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me,
It's the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

HENRY TAYLOR.*

1805-

TWO CHARACTERS.

THAN Lord de Vaux there's no man sooner sees
Whatever at a glance is visible ;
What is not, he can never see at all.
Quick-witted is he, versatile, seizing points,
He'll see them all successively, distinctly,
But never solving questions ; vain he is —
It is his pride to see things on all sides,
Which best to do he sets them on their corners.
Present before him arguments by scores
Bearing diversely on the affair in hand,
Yet never two of them can see together ;
Or gather, blend, and balance what he sees
To make up one account ; a mind it is
Accessible to reason's subtlest rays,
And many enter there, but none converge ;
It is an army with no general,
An arch without a key-stone. Then the other,
Good Martin Blondel-Vatre, — he is rich
In nothing else but difficulties and doubts.
You shall be told the evil of your scheme,
But not the scheme that's better. He forgets
That policy, expecting not clear gain,
Deals ever in alternatives. — He's wise
In negatives, is skilful at erasures,
Expert in stepping backwards, an adept
At auguring eclipses. But admit
His apprehensions, and demand, what then ?
And you shall find you've turned the blank leaf
over.

Philip Van Artevelde.

* It is difficult, by extracts, to convey an impression of the solid mental power of the author of *Philip Van Artevelde* and *Edwin the Fair*. James Stephen, a friend of the author of these poems, and an accomplished critic, wrote, in 1843, an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which, after indicating the characteristics of Henry Taylor's genius, he gave the reasons why his readers must ever be limited in number. It is to be hoped that this prophecy will fail of fulfilment.

REPENTANCE AND IMPROVEMENT.

HE that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Yet such the barrenness of busy life !
From shelf to shelf ambition clammers up,
To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all,
Whilst magnanimity, absolved from toil,
Reposes self-included at the base.

Philip Van Artevelde.

GREATNESS AND SUCCESS.

HE was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there's never one in dangerous times
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon the course ; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes founded by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them ; to
whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Philip Van Artevelde.

REPOSE OF THE HEART.

THE heart of man, walk it which way it will,
Sequestered or frequented, smooth or rough,
Down the deep valley amongst tinkling flocks,
Or mid the clang of trumpets and the march
Of clattering ordnance, still must have its halt,
Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,
Its inn of rest ; and craving still must seek
The food of its affections, — still must slake
Its constant thirst of what is fresh and pure,
And pleasant to behold.

Philip Van Artevelde.

A WIFE.

SHE was a creature framed by love divine
For mortal love to muse a life away
In pondering her perfections ; so unmoved
Amidst the world's contentions, if they touched
No vital chord nor troubled what she loved,
Philosophy might look her in the face,
And like a hermit stooping to the well
That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein

See but his own serenity reflected
 With a more heavenly tenderness of hue !
 Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty cares,
 Its small disquietudes and insect stings,
 Disturbed her never, she was one made up
 Of feminine affections, and her life
 Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.

Philip Van Artevelde.

A SCHOLAR.

THIS life, and all that it contains, to him
 Is but a tissue of illuminous dreams
 Filled with book-wisdom, pictured thought and
 love

That on its own creations spends itself.
 All things he understands, and nothing does.
 Profusely eloquent in copious praise
 Of action, he will talk to you as one
 Whose wisdom lay in dealings and transactions ;
 Yet so much action as might tie his shoe
 Cannot his will command ; himself alone
 By his own wisdom not a jot the gainer.
 Of silence, and the hundred thousand things
 'Tis better not to mention, he will speak,
 And still most wisely.

Edwin the Fair.

JOHN STERLING.

1806 - 1844.

THE SONG OF EVE TO CAIN.*

O, REST, my baby, rest !
 The day
 Is glowing down the west ;
 Now tired of sunny play,
 Upon thy mother's breast
 O, rest, my darling, rest !

Thou first-born child of man,
 In thee

* We have selected this piece from the body of Sterling's poems, rather than *Dædalus*, or the ballad of *Alfred the Harper*, because the conception is purely original. The mother of the first murderer feels, like all mothers, that the babe at her breast must grow up to be pure and good. Her babe was Cain. For centuries the same hope and trust have been lodged in the hearts of millions on millions of mothers. It is terrible to think what possibilities for evil are latent in every child of Adam, as they were in the first child of Adam. How many Eves have sung a similar lullaby to soothe to rest as many Cains ! How many mothers, since the mother of all mankind, have lived to see their sons brought home dead and dishonored, and have vainly tried to recall "the smile of cradled innocence on the lips of the confined reprobate" ! Of all the ills of life, there are none which can be compared to a mother's agony, when the babe she has nursed at her breast, and on whom she has lavished the whole wealth of her love, ends in being a disgrace to himself and to her. Life is full of what is called tragedy ; but of all tragedies, this is the most horrible that human hearts are called upon to endure.

New joy for us began,
 Which seemed all dead to be,
 When that so needful ban
 From Eden exiled man.

But more than Paradise
 Was ours,
 When thou with angel eyes,
 Amid our blighted flowers
 Wast born, a heavenly prize
 Unknown in Paradise.

My happy garden, thou,
 Where I
 Make many a hopeful vow,
 And every hour espy
 New bloom on each young bough ;
 My sinless tree art thou.

I fearless reap thy fruit
 Of bliss ;
 And I who am thy root,
 Am to the air to kiss
 The gleams that o'er thee shoot ;
 And fed, I feed thy fruit.

Thy father's form and pride
 And thought,
 In thee yet undescried,
 Shall soon be fully wrought,
 Grow tall and bright and wide,
 In thee our hope and pride.

Nay, do not stir, my child,
 Be still ;
 In thee is reconciled
 To man Heaven's righteous will.
 To thee the curse is mild,
 And smites not thee, my child.

To us our sin has borne
 Its doom.
 From light dethroned and torn,
 'T was ours to dwell in gloom ;
 But thou, a better morn,
 By that dark night art borne.

Thou shalt, my child, be free
 From sin,
 Nor taste the fatal tree,
 For thou from us shalt win
 A wisdom cheap to thee ;
 So thou from ill be free !

My bird, my flower, my star,
 My boy !
 My all things fair that are,
 My spring of endless joy,
 From thee is heaven not far,
 From thee, its earthly star.

So, darling, shalt thou grow
 A man,
 While we shall downward go,
 Descend each day a span,
 And sink beneath the woe
 Of deaths from sin that grow.

And thou, perhaps, shalt see
 A race
 Brought forth by us, like thee;
 Though strength like thine, and grace,
 In none shall ever be
 Of all whom earth can see.

And thou amid mankind
 Shalt move
 With glorious form and mind,
 In holiness and love;
 And all in thee shall find
 The bliss of all mankind.

Then rest, my child, O, rest!
 The day
 Has darkened down the west.
 Thou dream the night away
 Upon thy mother's breast;
 O, rest, my darling, rest!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.*

1807 - 1855.

CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

Go, child of darkness! see a Christian die!
 No horror pales his lip or dims his eye;
 No fiend-shaped phantoms of destruction start
 The hope religion pillows on his heart,
 When with a faltering hand he waves adieu

* This was the well-meaning, rhetorical versifier whom Macaulay so pitilessly ridiculed. When the obnoxious article was reprinted in the collection of Macaulay's essays, Montgomery threatened a prosecution. On being informed of this, Macaulay wrote to his friend Ellis:—

"Glorious news! Robert Montgomery writes to Longman that there is a point at which human patience must give way. Since the resignation and Christian fortitude of a quarter of a century have made no impression on the hard heart and darkened conscience of Mr. Macaulay, an injured poet must appeal to the laws of his country, which will doubtless give him a redress the more signal, because he has been so slow to ask for it. I retain you. Consider yourself as feed. You shall choose your own junior. I shall put nobody over your head in this cause. Will he apply for a criminal information? Imagine Jack! [John Lord Campbell, Chief Justice.] 'I have the greatest respect for the very eminent poet who makes this application, and for the very eminent critic against whom it is made. It must be very satisfactory to Mr. Montgomery to have had an opportunity of denying on oath the charge that he writes nonsense. But it is not the practice of this court to grant criminal informations against libels which have been a quarter of a century before the world.'"

Still there was something petty as well as cruel in Macaulay's persistence in keeping Montgomery in the pillory, where he had exhibited him in 1830, and refusing, twenty years later, to release him from his ignominious publicity.

To all who love so well, and weep so true;
 Meek, as an infant to the mother's breast
 Turns fondly, longing for its wonted rest,
 He pants for where congenial spirits stray,
 Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.*

AMID the pompous crowd
 Of rich adorers, came a humble form;
 A widow, meek as poverty doth make
 Her children! with a look of sad content,
 Her mite within the treasure-heap she cast:
 Then, timidly as bashful twilight, stole
 From out the temple. But her lowly gift
 Was witnessed by an eye whose mercy views,
 In motive, all that consecrates a deed
 To goodness;—so He blessed the widow's mite
 Beyond the gifts abounding wealth bestowed.
 Thus is it, Lord! with thee: the heart is thine,
 And all the world of hidden action there
 Works in thy sight, like waves beneath the sun,
 Conspicuous! and a thousand nameless acts
 That lurk in lovely secrecy, and die
 Unnoticed, like the trodden flowers which fall
 Beneath a proud man's foot,—to thee are known,
 And written with a sunbeam in the Book
 Of Life, where mercy fills the brightest page!

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.*

1807 -

BE PATIENT!

Be patient! O, be patient! Put your ear against
 the earth;
 Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed
 has birth, —
 How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little
 way,
 Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the
 blade stands up in the day.

Be patient! O, be patient! The germs of mighty
 thought
 Must have their silent undergrowth, must under-
 ground be wrought;
 But as sure as there's a power that makes the
 grass appear,
 Our land shall be green with liberty, the blade-
 time shall be here.

Be patient! O, be patient! — go and watch the
 wheat-cars grow, —
 So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change
 nor throe, —

* Now Archbishop of Dublin.

Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully
grown, —
And then again day after day, till the ripened
field is brown.

Be patient! O, be patient! — though yet our
hopes are green,
The harvest-fields of freedom shall be crowned
with sunny sheen.
Be ripening! be ripening! — mature your silent
way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on
freedom's harvest day.

HORATIUS BONAR.*

1808 -

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

IN the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.

1808 - 1877.

TO THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.†

ONCE more, my harp! once more, although I
thought

Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A soothing dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in
pain,

Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below!

And unto thee, — the beautiful and pure, —
Whose lot is cast amid that busy world

* The Rev. Dr. H. Bonar, author of many works in verse and prose. It is said that his volume, *The Night of Weeping*, a somewhat unattractive title, attained a circulation of sixty thousand copies.

† This lady stood by Mrs. Norton during the period when the latter was falsely maligned of infidelity to her marriage vows.

Where only sluggish dulness dwells secure,
And fancy's generous wing is faintly furled;
To thee, — whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embittered
youth, —

I dedicate the lay. Ah, never bard,
In days when poverty was twin with song;
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starred,
Cheered by some castle's chief, and harbored
long;

Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,
Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of
praise!

For easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of genius, by misfortune bent,
But thou gav'st *me*, what woman seldom dares,
Belief, — in spite of many a cold dissent, —
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart,
From those whose bounded power hath wrung,
not crushed, my heart.

Then, then, when cowards lied away my name,
And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who *might* have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt to see what turn "the world"
would take, —

Thou gavest me that the poor do give the poor,
Kind words, and holy wishes, and true tears;
The loved, the near of kin could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying
years,

But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted slander's dart with their indignant
scorn.

For they who credit crime are they who feel
Their *own* hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts
which steal

O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have *themselves* de-
ceived.

But, like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing,
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide;

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint, false-hearted shame;
Thou didst not shrink, of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the object of their blame;

To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its
mercy drew.

And, though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every poet *hopes* that after-times
Shall set some value on his votive lay,
And I would fain one gentle deed record
Among the many such with which thy life is
stored.

So, when these lines, made in a mournful hour,
Are idly opened to the stranger's eye,
A dream of thee, aroused by fancy's power,
Shall be the first to wander floating by;
And they who never saw thy lovely face,
Shall pause, to conjure up a vision of its grace!

Dedication of the Dream.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chestnut-trees
In infancy we played,
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together, —
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous, in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together, —
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together, —
We have wept, with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together, —
O, what shall part us now?

SONNET.

LIKE an enfranchised bird, who wildly springs,
With a keen sparkle in his glancing eye
And a strong effort in his quivering wings,
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky, —
So my enamored heart, so long thine own,
At length from love's imprisonment set free,
Goes forth into the open world alone,
Glad and exulting in its liberty:

But like that helpless bird (confined so long,
His weary wings have lost all power to soar,
Who soon forgets to trill his joyous song,
And, feebly fluttering, sinks to earth once more),
So, from its former bonds released in vain,
My heart still feels the weight of that remembered
chain.

LADY DUFFERIN.*

- 1867.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I 'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek;
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You nevermore will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near, —
The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest, —
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I 'm very lonely now, Mary, —
For the poor make no new friends;
But, O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends!

* There is a great deal of confusion in the minds of many readers regarding the authorship of this *Lament*. It is commonly referred to the present Lady Dufferin, whereas it was written by her husband's mother. Helen Selina Sheridan, the daughter of Thomas Sheridan, sister of Mrs. Norton, and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, married the Hon. Price Blackwood, the only son of the fourth Lord Dufferin. The *Lament* was originally published some forty years ago. It bore the name of the "Hon. Mrs. Price Blackwood." She became Lady Dufferin on the death of her husband's father, — Blackwood being, we suppose, the family name of the Dufferins, as Russell is of the Dukes of Bedford and Cavendish is of the Dukes of Devonshire. Her son, the present Earl of Dufferin, is widely known as an accomplished statesman and author. His mother, after the death of her first husband, married, in 1862, the Earl of Gifford, and died in 1867.

And you were all I had, Mary, —
 My blessin' and my pride:
 There 's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
 That still kept hoping on,
 When the trust in God had left my soul,
 And my arm's young strength was gone;
 There was comfort ever on your lip,
 And the kind look on your brow, —
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
 When your heart was fit to break, —
 When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
 And you hid it for my sake;
 I bless you for the pleasant word,
 When your heart was sad and sore, —
 O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
 My Mary, — kind and true!
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm goin' to;
 They say there 's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there, —
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies;
 And I'll think I see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side,
 And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
 When first you were my bride.

THOMAS MILLER.

1809 - 1874.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

It was a valley filled with sweetest sounds,
 A languid music haunted everywhere,
 Like those with which a summer eve abounds,
 From rustling corn and song-birds calling clear,
 Down sloping-uplands, which some wood sur-
 rounds,

With tinkling rills just heard, but not too near;
 Or lowing cattle on the distant plain,
 And swing of far-off bells, now caught, then lost
 again.

It seemed like Eden's angel-peopled vale,
 So bright the sky, so soft the streams did flow;

Such tones came riding on the musk-winged gale,
 The very air seemed sleepily to blow,
 And choicest flowers enamelled every dale,
 Flushed with the richest sunlight's rosy glow;
 It was a valley drowsy with delight,
 Such fragrance floated round, such beauty dimmed
 the sight.

The golden-belted bees hummed in the air,
 The tall silk grasses bent and waved along;
 The trees slept in the steeping sunbeam's glare,
 The dreamy river chimed its under-song,
 And took its own free course without a care:
 Amid the boughs did lute-tongued songsters
 throng,
 Until the valley throbbed beneath their lays,
 And echoecho chased through many a leafy maze.

And shapes were there, like spirits of the flowers,
 Sent down to see the summer-beauties dress,
 And feed their fragrant mouths with silver
 showers;

Their eyes peeped out from many a green recess,
 And their fair forms made light the thick-set
 bowers;

The very flowers seemed eager to caress
 Such living sisters, and the boughs, long-leaved,
 Clustered to catch the sighs their pearl-flushed
 bosoms heaved.

One through her long loose hair was backward
 peeping,

Or throwing, with raised arm, the locks aside;
 Another high a pile of flowers was heaping,

Or looking love askance, and when desiered,
 Her coy glance on the bedded-greensward keep-
 ing;

She pulled the flowers to pieces as she sighed,
 Then blushed like timid daybreak when the dawn
 Looks crimson on the night, and then again 's
 withdrawn.

One, with her warm and milk-white arms out-
 spread,

On tiptoe tripped along a sunlit glade;
 Half turned the matchless sculpture of her head,
 And half shook down her silken circling braid;

Her back-blown scarf an archéd rainbow made;
 She seemed to float on air, so light she sped;
 Skimming the wavy flowers, as she passed by,
 With fair and printless feet, like clouds along the
 sky.

One sat alone within a shady nook,
 With wildwood songs the lazy hours beguil-
 ing;

Or looking at her shadow in the brook,
 Trying to frown, then at the effort smiling.
 Her laughing eyes mocked every serious look;
 'T was as if Love stood at himself reviling:

She threw in flowers, and watched them float
away,

Then at her beauty looked, then sang a sweeter lay.

Others on beds of roses lay reclined,

The regal flowers athwart their full lips thrown,
And in one fragrance both their sweets combined,

As if they on the selfsame stem had grown,
So close were rose and lip together twined, —

A double flower that from one bud had blown,
Till none could tell, so closely were they blended,
Where swelled the curving lip, or where the rose-
bloom ended.

One, half asleep, crushing the twinéd flowers,

Upon a velvet slope like Dian lay ;

Still as a lark that mid the daisies cowers :

Her looped-up tunic tossed in disarray,
Showed rounded limbs, too fair for earthly bowers ;

They looked like roses on a cloudy day ;
The warm white dulled amid the colder green ;
The flowers too rough a couch that lovely shape
to screen.

Some lay like Thetis' nymphs along the shore,

With ocean-pearl combing their golden locks,
And singing to the waves forevermore ;

Sinking like flowers at eve beside the rocks,
If but a sound above the muffled roar

Of the low waves was heard. In little flocks
Others went trooping through the wooded alleys,
Their kirtles glancing white, like streams in sunny
valleys.

They were such forms as, imaged in the night,
Sail in our dreams across the heaven's steep
blue ;

When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,
Too beautiful to meet the naked view ;

Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.

Women they were ! such as the angels knew !
Such as the mammoth looked on, ere he fled,
Scared by the lovers' wings, that streamed in
sunset red.

LORD HOUGHTON.*

1809 -

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill ;
I could not hear the brook flow, —
The noisy wheel was still ;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,

But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree ;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid ;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —
The night came on alone, —
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne ;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind ;
A hand was on my shoulder, —
I knew its touch was kind :
It drew me nearer, — nearer, —
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

THE PALM AND THE PINE.

BENEATH an Indian palm a girl
Of other blood reposes ;
Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl,
Amid that wild of roses.

Beside a northern pine a boy
Is leaning fancy-bound,
Nor listens where with noisy joy
Awaits the impatient hound.

Cool grows the sick and feverish calm,
Relaxed the frosty twine, —
The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,
The palm-tree of the pine.

As soon shall nature interlace
Those dimly visioned boughs,
As these young lovers face to face
Renew their early vows !

LABOR.

HEART of the people ! Workingmen !
Marrow and nerve of human powers ;
Who on your sturdy backs sustain
Through streaming time this world of ours ;

* Before his elevation to the peerage, Richard Monckton Milnes.

Hold by that title, — which proclaims
That ye are undismayed and strong,
Accomplishing whatever aims
May to the sons of earth belong.

Yet not on ye alone depend
These offices, or burdens fall;
Labor, for some or other end,
Is lord and master of us all.
The high-born youth from downy bed
Must meet the morn with horse and hound,
While industry for daily bread
Pursues afresh his wonted round.

With all his pomp of pleasure, he
Is but your working comrade now,
And shouts and winds his horn, as ye
Might whistle by the loom or plough;
In vain for him has wealth the use
Of warm repose and careless joy, —
When, as ye labor to produce,
He strives, as active, to destroy.

But who is this with wasted frame,
Sad sign of vigor overwrought?
What toil can this new victim claim?
Pleasure, for pleasure's sake besought.
How men would mock her flaunting shows,
Her golden promise, if they knew
What weary work she is to those
Who have no better work to do!

And he who still and silent sits
In closed room or shady nook,
And seems to nurse his idle wits
With folded arms or open book:
To things now working in that mind
Your children's children well may owe
Blessings that hope has ne'er defined,
Till from his busy thoughts they flow.

Thus all must work: with head or hand,
For self or others, good or ill;
Life is ordained to bear, like land,
Some fruit, be fallow as it will:
Evil has force itself to sow
Where we deny the healthy seed, —
And all our choice is this, — to grow
Pasture and grain, or noisome weed.

Then in content possess your hearts,
Unenvious of each other's lot, —
For those which seem the easiest parts
Have travail which ye reckon not:
And he is bravest, happiest, best,
Who, from the task within his span,
Earns for himself his evening rest,
And an increase of good for man.

CHARLES JAMES LEVER.

1809-1872.

WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone!

O, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts:
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'T was known
That no one could see her alone,
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare
(How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
Down there.)
Put his arm round her waist —
Gave ten kisses at laste —
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!
O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh —
For why?

But, "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong, —

1803 (?) -

Orion.

Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker
yet owns !

HENRY ALFORD.

1810 - 1871.

LADY MARY.

Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
 As the lily in the sun :
 And fairer yet thou mightest be,
 Thy youth was but begun :
 Thine eye was soft and glancing,
 Of the deep bright blue ;
 And on the heart thy gentle words
 Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 Even as thou hadst been praying,
 At thine hour of rest :
 The cold pale moon was shining
 On thy cold pale cheek ;
 And the morn of the Nativity
 Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
 All of pure white stone,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 In the chancel all alone :
 And I saw thee when the winter moon
 Shone on thy marble cheek,
 When the morn of the Nativity
 Had just begun to break.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 Among the perfect spirits,
 In the land of rest :
 Thou art even as they took thee
 At thine hour of prayer,
 Save the glory that is on thee
 From the sun that shineth there.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
 On that shore unknown,
 A pure and happy angel
 In the presence of the throne ;
 We shall see thee when the light divine
 Plays freshly on thy cheek,
 And the resurrection morning
 Hath just begun to break.

THE FUNERAL.

SLOWLY and softly let the music go,
 As ye wind upwards to the gray church-tower ;
 Check the shrill hautboy, let the pipe breathe
 low, —
 Tread lightly on the pathside daisy-flower.
 For she ye carry was a gentle bud,

Loved by the unsunned drops of silver dew ;
 Her voice was like the whisper of the wood
 In prime of even, when the stars are few.
 Lay her all gently in the sacred mould,
 Weep with her one brief hour ; then turn away, —
 Go to hope's prison, — and from out the cold
 And solitary gratings many a day
 Look forth : 't is said the world is growing old,
 And streaks of orient light in Time's horizon play.

SONNET.

The funeral sermon was on the text, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee" (*St. John xi. 28*).

Rise, said the Master, come unto the feast ; —
 She heard the call, and rose with willing feet ;
 But thinking it not otherwise than meet
 For such a bidding to put on her best,
 She is gone from us for a few short hours
 Into her bridal closet, there to wait
 For the unfolding of the palace-gate,
 That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
 We have not seen her yet, though we have been
 Full often to her chamber-door, and oft
 Have listened underneath the postern green,
 And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and
 soft ;
 But she hath made no answer, and the day
 From the clear west is fading fast away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.*

1810 -

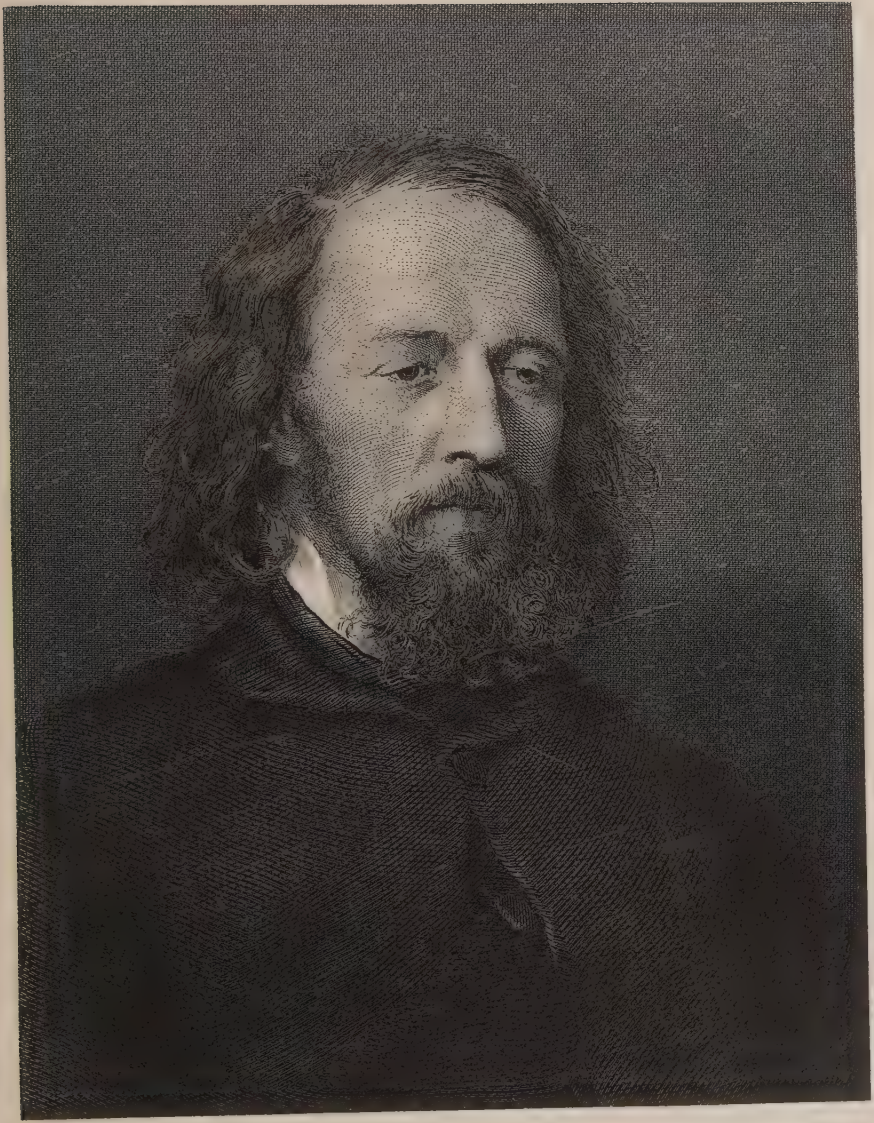
MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange."

Measure for Measure.

With blackest moss the flower-plots
 Were thickly crusted, one and all ;
 The rusted nails fell from the knots
 That held the peach to the garden-wall.
 The broken sheds looked sad and strange :
 Unlifted was the clinking latch ;
 Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
 Upon the lonely moated grange.
 She only said, "My life is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said ;

* The works of this eminent poet are published in so many expensive and so many cheap editions, that it may be taken for granted they are known to all lovers of poetry. In selecting from his poems, we have been overcome by a difficulty experienced in no other English writer of the past fifty years, namely, the very embarrassment of riches. To meet the demands of his admirers, we should be tempted to quote a full quarter of his poetical works. As this is impossible, we may be allowed to name some poems, universally known, which we have been reluctantly compelled to omit. The list includes, not merely striking passages in *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, *Enoch Arden*, *Maud*, and the *Idyls of the King*, but such com-



A. Henningson.

She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.

paratively short poems as *Ode to Memory*, *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, *The Miller's Daughter*, *A Dream of Fair Women*, *Dora*, *The Talking Oak*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, *The Lotos-Eaters*, *Godiva*, *The Ballad of Oriana*, *The Palace of Art*, *Morte d'Arthur*, *The Two Voices*, the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, *Tithonus*, and *Lucretius*. Still, if a poet persists steadily in writing poem after poem, each of which is a masterpiece of its kind, it cannot be expected that he should be adequately represented in a volume of selections in which an attempt is made to include every variety of the poetic genius of Britain.

She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creaked;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moated sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
O God, that I were dead!"

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbor villages
Playing mad pranks along the healthy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-
tower,
Washed with still rains and daisy-blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Through the wave that runs forever,
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
 Overlook a space of flowers,
 And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
 Slide the heavy barges trailed
 By slow horses; and unhailed
 The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
 Skimming down to Camelot:
 But who hath seen her wave her hand?
 Or at the casement seen her stand?
 Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
 From the river winding clearly,
 Down to towered Camelot:
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers, "'T is the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

THERE she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colors gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot;
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to towered Camelot;
 And sometimes through the mirror blue

The knights come riding two and two:
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
 For often through the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights,
 And music, went to Camelot:
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed;
 "I am half-sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley sheaves,
 The sun came dazling through the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A redcross knight forever kneeled
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.
 The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot:
 And from his blazoned baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armor rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather,
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burned like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 As often through the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
 On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
 From underneath his helmet flowed
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 From the bank and from the river
 He flashed into the crystal mirror,
 "Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces through the room,

She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She looked down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web and floated wide;
 The mirror cracked from side to side;
 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining,
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over towered Camelot;
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse —
 Like some bold seer in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance —
 With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
 And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right —
 The leaves upon her falling light —
 Through the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot:
 And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darkened wholly,
 Turned to towered Camelot;
 For ere she reached upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 A corse between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
 Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they crossed themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

THE SISTERS.

WE were two daughters of one race:
 She was the fairest in the face:
 The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
 They were together, and she fell;
 Therefore revenge became me well.
 O the Earl was fair to see!
 She died: she went to burning flame:
 She mixed her ancient blood with shame.
 The wind is howling in turret and tree.
 Whole weeks and months, and early and late,
 To win his love I lay in wait:
 O the Earl was fair to see!

I made a feast; I bade him come;
 I won his love, I brought him home.
 The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
 And after supper, on a bed,
 Upon my lap he laid his head:
 O the Earl was fair to see!

I kissed his eyelids into rest:
 His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
 The wind is raging in turret and tree.
 I hated him with the hate of hell,
 But I loved his beauty passing well.
 O the Earl was fair to see!

I rose up in the silent night:
 I made my dagger sharp and bright.
 The wind is raving in turret and tree.
 As half asleep his breath he drew,
 Three times I stabbed him through and through.
 O the Earl was fair to see!

I curled and combed his comely head,
 He looked so grand when he was dead.
 The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
 I wrapt his body in the sheet,
 And laid him at his mother's feet.
 O the Earl was fair to see!

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
 Of me you shall not win renown:
 You thought to break a country heart
 For pasture, ere you went to town.

At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
 I saw the snare, and I retired:
 The daughter of a hundred Earls,
 You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 I know you proud to bear your name,
 Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
 Too proud to care from whence I came.
 Nor would I break for your sweet sake
 A heart that doats on truer charms.
 A simple maiden in her flower
 Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 Some meeker pupil you must find,
 For were you queen of all that is,
 I could not stoop to such a mind.
 You sought to prove how I could love,
 And my disdain is my reply.
 The lion on your old stone gates
 Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 You put strange memories in my head.
 Not thrice your branching limes have blown
 Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
 O your sweet eyes, your low replies:
 A great enchantress you may be;
 But there was that across his throat
 Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 When thus he met his mother's view,
 She had the passions of her kind,
 She spake some certain truths of you.
 Indeed I heard one bitter word
 That scarce is fit for you to hear;
 Her manners had not that repose
 Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 There stands a spectre in your hall:
 The guilt of blood is at your door:
 You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
 You held your course without remorse,
 To make him trust his modest worth,
 And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
 And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
 From yon blue heavens above us bent
 The grand old gardener and his wife
 Smile at the claims of long descent.
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'T is only noble to be good.
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere:
 You pine among your halls and towers:

The languid light of your proud eyes
 Is wearied of the rolling hours.
 In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
 But sickening of a vague disease,
 You know so ill to deal with time,
 You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
 If Time be heavy on your hands,
 Are there no beggars at your gate,
 Nor any poor about your lands?
 Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
 Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
 Pray Heaven for a human heart,
 And let the foolish yeoman go.

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
 mother dear;
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad
 New-year;
 Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest
 merriest day;
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
 to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but
 none so bright as mine;
 There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and
 Caroline:
 But none so fair as little Alice in all the land
 they say,
 So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to
 be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall
 never wake,
 If you do not call me loud when the day begins
 to break:
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and
 garlands gay,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
 to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I
 sec.
 But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the
 hazel-tree?
 He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave
 him yesterday, —
 But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
 to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all
 in white,
 And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash
 of light.

They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be :

They say his heart is breaking, mother — what is that to me ?

There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,

And you 'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen ;

For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,

And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers ;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,

And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass ;

There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,

And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,

And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,

To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year ;

To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,

For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.

It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set : he set and left behind

The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind ;

And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see

The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers : we had a merry day ;

Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May ;

And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel copse,

Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the pane :

I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high :

I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,

And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,

But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,

In the early, early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,

Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,

When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,

You 'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;

When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool

On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the
hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I
am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you
when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and
pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll for-
give me now ;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me
ere I go ;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief
be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have
another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my
resting-place ;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look
upon your face ;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken
what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think
I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-
night forevermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold
of the door ;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be
growing green :
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have
been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary
floor,
Let her take 'em : they are hers : I shall never
garden more :
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-
bush that I set
About the parlor-window and the box of migno-
nette.

Good-night, sweet mother : call me before the
day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at
morn ;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-
year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother
dear.

CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive
I am ;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating
of the lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the
year !
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the
violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the
skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me
that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the
flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long
to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the
blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His
will be done !
But still I think it can't be long before I find
release ;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me
words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver
hair !
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet
me there !
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver
head !
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside
my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me
all the sin.
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's
One will let me in :
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that
could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died
for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-
watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and
morning meet :
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your
hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the
sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the an-
gels call ;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark
was over all ;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began
to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call
my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and
 Effie dear ;
 I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer
 here ;
 With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I
 felt resigned,
 And up the valley came a swell of music on the
 wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my
 bed,
 And then did something speak to me — I know
 not what was said ;
 For great delight and shuddering took hold of all
 my mind,
 And up the valley came again the music on the
 wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, " It's not
 for them : it's mine."
 And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it
 for a sign.
 And once again it came, and close beside the
 window-bars,
 Then seemed to go right up to Heaven and die
 among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is.
 I know
 The blessed music went that way my soul will
 have to go.
 And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
 But, Effie, you must comfort her when I am past
 away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not
 to fret ;
 There's many worthier than I, would make him
 happy yet.
 If I had lived — I cannot tell — I might have
 been his wife ;
 But all these things have ceased to be, with my
 desire of life.

O look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are
 in a glow ;
 He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them
 I know.
 And there I move no longer now, and there his
 light may shine —
 Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than
 mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this
 day is done
 The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond
 the sun —
 Forever and forever with those just souls and
 true —
 And what is life, that we should moan ? why
 make we such ado ?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home, —
 And there to wait a little while till you and Effie
 come —
 To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your
 breast —
 And the wicked cease from troubling, and the
 weary are at rest.

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
 The thunders breaking at her feet :
 Above her shook the starry lights :
 She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
 Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
 But fragments of her mighty voice
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then stopt she down through town and field
 To mingle with the human race,
 And part by part to men revealed
 The fulness of her face —

Grave mother of majestic works,
 From her isle-altar gazing down,
 Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
 And, King-like, wears the crown :

Her open eyes desire the truth.
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears ;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes !

ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
 Life to the lees : all times I have enjoyed
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
 Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honored of them all ;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on
life

Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —
Well loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought
with me —

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the
deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my
friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we
are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet
't is early morn:

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound
upon the bugle-horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the
curlews call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over
Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the
sandy tracts,

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I
went to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the
west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through
the mellow shade,

Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a
silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a
youth sublime

With the fairy tales of science, and the long
result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful
land reposed;

When I clung to all the present for the promise
that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye
could see;

Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
robin's breast;

In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself
another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the bur-
nished dove;

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns
to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should
be for one so young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute ob-
servance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak
the truth to me,

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets
to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color
and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the north-
ern night.

And she turned — her bosom shaken with a
sudden storm of sighs —
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel
eyes —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they
should do me wrong";

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping,
"I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in
his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden
sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all
the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed
in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear
the copses ring,

And her whisper thronged my pulses with the
fulness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch
the stately ships,

(And our spirits rushed together at the touching)
of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine
no more!

O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren,
barren shore!

Falsar than all fancy fathoms, falsar than all
songs have sung,

(Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a
shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having known
me — to decline

On a range of lower feelings and a narrower
heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day
by day,

What is fine within thee growing coarse to sym-
pathize with clay.

As the husband is the wife is: thou art mated
with a clown,

And the grossness of his nature will have weight
to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have
spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer/
than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they
are glazed with wine.

Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his
hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is
overwrought;

Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him
with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to
understand —

Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew
thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the
heart's disgrace,

Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last
embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the
strength of youth!

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the
living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
Nature's rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened fore-
head of the fool!

Well — 't is well that I should bluster! — Hadst
thou less unworthy proved —

Would to God — for I had loved thee more than
ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears
but bitter fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart
be at the root.

Never, though my mortal summers to such
length of years should come

As the many-wintered crow that leads the clang-
ing rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of
the mind?

Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I
knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished: sweetly did she
speak and move:

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was
to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the
love she bore?

No — she never loved me truly : love is love
forevermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is
truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy
heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain
is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art
staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the
shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to
his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears
that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered
by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing
of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kind-
ness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to
thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender
voice will cry.
'T is a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy
trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival
brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the
mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dear-
ness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy
of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty
part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings — she
herself was not exempt —
Truly, she herself had suffered" — Perish in
thy self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore
should I care?

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by
despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting
upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to
golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the mar-
kets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which
I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foe-
man's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the
winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each
other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that
earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou won-
drous Mother-age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt be-
fore the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult
of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the com-
ing years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his
father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and
nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a
dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before
him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the
throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reap-
ing something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the
things that they shall do;

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could
see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the
central blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-
wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging
through the thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the
battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a
fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in uni-
versal law.

So I triumphed, ere my passion sweeping through
me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with
the jaundiced eye ;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here
are out of joint,
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on
from point to point :

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creep-
ing nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a
slowly dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the
process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his
youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat forever
like a boy's ?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I
linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is
more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he
bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the still-
ness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on
the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target
for their scorn :

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a
mouldered string ?
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved
so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness ! woman's
pleasure, woman's pain —
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a
shallower brain :

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions,
matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water
unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing.
Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life
began to beat ;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father
evil-starred ; —
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's
ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander
far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of
the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and
happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,
knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European
flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the
trailer from the crag ;

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the
heavy-fruited tree —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres
of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than
in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts
that shake mankind.

There the passions cramped no longer shall
have scope and breathing-space ;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear
my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and
they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their
lances in the sun ;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rain-
bows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable
books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I *know* my
words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the
Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our
glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast
with lower pains !

Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were
sun or clime ?

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of
time —

I that rather held it better men should perish
one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's
moon in Ajalon !

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, for-
ward let us range.

Let the great world spin forever down the ring-
ing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into
the younger day :

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not), help me as
when life begun :

Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the light-
nings, weigh the sun —

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath
not set.

Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my
fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to
Locksley Hall !

Now for me the woods may wither, now for me
the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over
heath andholt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a
thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or
fire or snow ;

For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and
I go.

ST. AGNES.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapor goes :
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord :
Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide —
A light upon the shining sea —
The Bridegroom with his bride !

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten, [
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel :
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall !

For them I battle till the end,
 To save from shame and thrall :
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine :
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
 So keep I fair through faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns :
 Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
 I hear a voice, but none are there ;
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark ;
 I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
 I float till all is dark.
 A gentle sound, an awful light !
 Three angels bear the holy Grail :
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And starlight mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Through dreaming towns I go,
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, spins from brand and mail ;
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
 And gilds the driving hail.
 I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
 But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear ;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odors haunt my dreams ;

And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armor that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And through the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 "O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

TO —,

AFTER READING A LIFE AND LETTERS.

"Cursed be he that moves my bones."
Shakespeare's Epitaph.

You might have won the Poet's name,
 If such be worth the winning now,
 And gained a laurel for your brow
 Of sounder leaf than I can claim ;

But you have made the wiser choice,
 A life that moves to gracious ends
 Through troops of unrecording friends,
 A deedful life, a silent voice ;

And you have missed the irreverent doom
 Of those that wear the Poet's crown ;
 Hereafter, neither knave nor clown
 Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.

For now the Poet cannot die,
 Nor leave his music as of old,
 But round him, ere he scarce be cold,
 Begins the scandal and the cry :

"Proclaim the faults he would not show ;
 Break lock and seal ; betray the trust ;
 Keep nothing sacred ; 't is but just
 The many-headed beast should know."

Ah, shameless ! for he did but sing
 A song that pleased us from its worth ;
 No public life was his on earth,
 No blazoned statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best ;
 His worst he kept, his best he gave.
 My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave
 Who will not let his ashes rest !

Who make it seem more sweet to be
 The little life of bank and brier,

The bird that pipes his lone desire
And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud
And drops at Glory's temple-gates,
For whom the carrion vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd!

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE.

A FRAGMENT.

LIKE souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from heaven again
The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sunlit fall of rain.

In crystal vapor everywhere
Blue isles of heaven laughed between,
And, far in forest-deeps unscen,
The topmost elm-tree gathered green
From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song :
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong :
Sometimes the sparrowhawk, wheeled along,
Hushed all the groves from fear of wrong :

By grassy capes with fuller sound
In curves the yellowing river ran,
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
Rode through the coverts of the deer,
With blissful treble ringing clear.

She seemed a part of joyous Spring :
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before ;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net,
Now by some tinkling rivulet,
In mosses mixt with violet
Her cream-white mule his pastern set :

And fleetly now she skimmed the plains
Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eery warblings,
When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle-reins.

As she fled fast through sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid :
She looked so lovely, as she swayed

The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

THE EAGLE.

A FRAGMENT.

HE clasps the crag with hookéd hands ;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

The Princess.

THE POET'S SONG.

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
 He passed by the town and out of the street,
 A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
 And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
 And he sat him down in a lonely place,
 And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
 That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
 And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
 The snake slipt under a spray,
 The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
 And stared, with his foot on the prey,
 And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many
 songs,
 But never a one so gay,
 For he sings of what the world will be
 When the years have died away."

SWEET AND LOW, SWEET AND LOW.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.
 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.
The Princess.

THE BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story:
 The long light shakes across the lakes
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
 O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
 O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
The Princess.

O SWALLOW, SWALLOW, FLYING, FLYING
SOUTH.

O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying South,
 Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
 And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
 That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
 And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
 Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
 And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in,
 And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
 Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
 Delaying as the tender ash delays
 To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
 Say to her, I do but wanton in the South
 But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life, but love is long,
 And brief the sun of summer in the North,
 And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
 Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her
 mine,
 And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

The Princess.

THY VOICE IS HEARD THROUGH ROLLING
DRUMS.

THY voice is heard through rolling drums,
 That beat to battle where he stands;
 Thy face across his fancy comes,
 And gives the battle to his hands:
 A moment, while the trumpets blow,
 He sees his brood about thy knee;
 The next, like fire he meets the foe,
 And strikes him dead for thine and thee.
The Princess.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
 She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Called him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior slept,
 Took the face-cloth from the face;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee —
 Like summer tempest came her tears —
 "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

The Princess.

ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
 The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the
 shape,

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
 But O too fond, when have I answered thee?
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
 Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed:
 I strove against the stream and all in vain:
 Let the great river take me to the main:
 No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
 Ask me no more.

The Princess.

STRONG SON OF GOD, IMMORTAL LOVE.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
 Thou madest life in man and brute;
 Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
 Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
 Thou madest man, he knows not why;
 He thinks he was not made to die;
 And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
 Our wills are ours, we know not how;
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
 They have their day and cease to be:

They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
 For knowledge is of things we see;
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,
 A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
 We mock thee when we do not fear:
 But help thy foolish ones to bear;
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
 What seemed my worth since I began;
 For merit lives from man to man,
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
 I trust he lives in thee, and there
 I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth;
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.

In Memoriam.

O YET WE TRUST THAT SOMEHOW GOOD.

O YET we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
 That nothing walks with aimless feet;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last — far off — at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
 An infant crying in the night:
 An infant crying for the light:
 And with no language but a cry.

In Memoriam.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

How pure at heart and sound in head,
 With what divine affections bold,
 Should be the man whose thought would hold
 An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
 The spirits from their golden day,
 Except, like them, thou too canst say,
 My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
 Imaginations calm and fair,
 The memory like a cloudless air,
 The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
 And doubt beside the portal waits,
 They can but listen at the gates,
 And hear the household jar within.

In Memoriam.

HER EYES ARE HOMES OF SILENT PRAYER.

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer,
 Nor other thought her mind admits
 But, he was dead, and there he sits,
 And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
 All other, when her ardent gaze
 Roves from the living brother's face,
 And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
 Borne down by gladness so complete,
 She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
 With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
 Whose loves in higher love endure;
 What souls possess themselves so pure,
 Or is there blessedness like theirs?

In Memoriam.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS, TO THE WILD SKY.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

In Memoriam.

BIRDS IN THE HIGH HALL-GARDEN.

BIRDS in the high Hall-garden
 When twilight was falling,
 Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
 They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud? in our wood;
 And I, who else, was with her,
 Gathering woodland lilies,
 Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang
 Ringing through the valleys,
 Maud is here, here, here
 In among the lilies.

I kissed her slender hand,
 She took the kiss sedately;
 Maud is not seventeen,
 But she is tall and stately.

I to cry out on pride
 Who have won her favor!
 O Maud were sure of Heaven
 If lowliness could save her.

I know the way she went
 Home with her maiden posy,
 For her feet have touched the meadows
 And left the daisies rosy.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
 Were crying and calling to her,

Where is Maud, Maud, Maud,
One is come to woo her.

Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charles is snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling.

Maud.

GO NOT, HAPPY DAY.

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
O'er the blowing ships.
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it through the West;
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar-tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it through the West.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

Maud.

I HAVE LED HER HOME, MY LOVE, MY ONLY
FRIEND.

I HAVE led her home, my love, my only friend.
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly, on and on
Calming itself to the long-wished-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.
None like her, none.
Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk
Seemed her light foot along the garden walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once more;
But even then I heard her close the door,
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.
There is none like her, none.
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.

O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious
East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, though thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed
With honeyed rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;
And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limbed Eve from whom she
came.

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,
And you fair stars that crown a happy day
Go in and out as if at merry play,
Who am no more so all forlorn,
As when it seemed far better to be born
To labor and the mattock-hardened hand,
Than nursed at ease and brought to understand
A sad astrology, the boundless plan
That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man.

But now shine on, and what care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl
The countercharm of space and hollow sky,
And do accept my madness, and would die
To save from some slight shame one simple girl.

Would die; for sullen-seeming Death may give
More life to Love than is or ever was
In our low world, where yet 't is sweet to live.
Let no one ask me how it came to pass;
It seems that I am happy, that to me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

Not die; but live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?
Make answer, Maud my bliss,
Maud made my Maud by that long lover's kiss,
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?
"The dusky strand of Death inwoven here
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more
dear."

Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?
And hark the clock within, the silver knell
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,

And died to live, long as my pulses play;
 But now by this my love has closed her sight
 And given false death her hand, and stolen away
 To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell
 Among the fragments of the golden day.
 May nothing there her maiden grace affright!
 Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.
 My bride to be, my evermore delight,
 My own heart's heart and ownest own, farewell;
 It is but for a little space I go,
 And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell
 Beat to the noiseless music of the night!
 Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
 Of your soft splendors that you look so bright?
 I have climbed nearer out of lonely Hell.
 Beat happy stars, timing with things below,
 Beat, with my heart more blest than heart can
 tell,
 Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe
 That seems to draw — but it shall not be so:
 Let all be well, be well.

Maud.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon;
 All night has the casement jessamine stirred
 To the dancers dancing in tune;
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
 With whom she has heart to be gay.
 When will the dancers leave her alone?
 She is weary of dance and play."
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,
 And half to the rising day;
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone
 The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
 In babble and revel and wine.
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
 For one that will never be thine?"

But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
 "For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
 As the music clashed in the hall;
 And long by the garden lake I stood,
 For I heard your rivulet fall
 From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
 Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
 That whenever a March-wind sighs
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet
 In violets blue as your eyes,
 To the woody hollows in which we meet
 And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
 One long milk-bloom on the tree;
 The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
 But the rose was awake all night for your
 sake,
 Knowing your promise to me;
 The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
 Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear;
 She is coming, my life, my fate;
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near";
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late";
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

Maud.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

COME, when no graver cares employ,
God-father, come and see your boy:
Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty thousand college councils
Thunder "Anathema," friend, at you;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless-ordered garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine:

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand;

Where, if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
And on through zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin;
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances;
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win:

Or whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood;
Till you should turn to dearer matters,
Dear to the man that is dear to God;

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings, of the poor;
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valor and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come: the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet;
But when the wreath of March has blossomed,
Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,
 For those are few we hold as dear;
 Nor pay but one, but come for many,
 Many and many a happy year.

January, 1854.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not though the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered:
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die,
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered:
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,
 Right through the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,

All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

WHAT does little birdie say
 In her nest at peep of day?
 Let me fly, says little birdie,
 Mother, let me fly away.
 Birdie, rest a little longer,
 Till the little wings are stronger.
 So she rests a little longer,
 Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
 In her bed at peep of day?
 Baby says, like little birdie,
 Let me rise and fly away.
 Baby sleep, a little longer,
 Till the little limbs are stronger.
 If she sleeps a little longer,
 Baby too shall fly away.

Sea Dreams.

MILKMAID'S SONG.

SHAME upon you, Robin,
 Shame upon you now!
 Kiss me would you? with my hands
 Milking the cow?
 Daisies grow again,
 Kingcups blow again,
 And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,
 Kissed me well I vow;
 Cuff him could I? with my hands
 Milking the cow?
 Swallows fly again,
 Cuckoos cry again,
 And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
 Come and kiss me now;
 Help it can I? with my hands
 Milking the cow?
 Ringdoves coo again.
 All things woo again,
 Come behind and kiss me milking the cow!

Queen Mary.

FREDERICK TENNYSON.*

THE BLACKBIRD.

How sweet the harmonies of afternoon !

The blackbird sings along the sunny breeze
His ancient song of leaves, and summer boon ;
Rich breath of hayfields streams through whispering trees ;

And birds of morning trim their bustling wings,
And listen fondly, — while the blackbird sings.

How soft the lovelight of the west reposes

On this green valley's cheery solitude,
On the trim cottage with its screen of roses,
On the gray belfry with its ivy hood,
And murmuring mill-race, and the wheel that flings

Its bubbling freshness, — while the blackbird sings.

The very dial on the village church

Seems as 't were dreaming in a dozy rest ;
The scribbled benches underneath the porch
Bask in the kindly welcome of the west ;
But the broad casements of the old Three Kings
Blaze like a furnace, — while the blackbird sings.

And there beneath the immemorial elm

Three rosy revellers round a table sit,
And through gray clouds give laws unto the realm,
Curse good and great, but worship their own wit,

And roar of fights, and fairs, and junketings,
Corn, colts, and curs, — the while the blackbird sings.

Before her home, in her accustomed seat,

The tidy grandam spins beneath the shade
Of the old honeysuckle, at her feet
The dreaming pug, and purring tabby laid ;
To her low chair a little maiden clings,
And spells in silence, — while the blackbird sings.

Sometimes the shadow of a lazy cloud

Breathes o'er the hamlet with its gardens green,
While the far fields, with sunlight overflowed,
Like golden shores of fairyland are seen ;
Again, the sunshine on the shadow springs,
And fires the thicket where the blackbird sings.

The woods, the lawn, the peaked manor-house,

With its peach-covered walls and rookery loud,
The trim, quaint garden alleys, screened with boughs,
The lion-headed gates, so grim and proud,

The mossy fountain with its murmurings,
Lie in warm sunshine, — while the blackbird sings.

The ring of silver voices, and the sheen

Of festal garments, — and my Lady streams
With her gay court across the garden green ;
Some laugh and dance, some whisper their love-dreams ;

And one calls for a little page ; he strings
Her lute beside her, — while the blackbird sings.

A little while, and lo ! the charm is heard,

A youth, whose life has been all summer, steals
Forth from the noisy guests around the board,
Creeps by her softly ; at her footstool kneels ;
And, when she pauses, murmurs tender things
Into her fond ear, — while the blackbird sings.

The smoke-wreaths from the chimneys curl up higher,

And dizzy things of eve begin to float
Upon the light ; the breeze begins to tire ;
Half-way to sunset with a drowsy note
The ancient clock from out the valley swings ;
The grandam nods, — and still the blackbird sings.

Far shouts and laughter from the farmstead peal,

Where the great stack is piling in the sun ;
Through narrow gates o'erladen wagons reel,
And barking curs into the tumult run ;
While the inconstant wind bears off, and brings
The merry tempest, — and the blackbird sings.

On the high wold the last look of the sun

Burns, like a beacon, over dale and stream ;
The shouts have ceased, the laughter and the fun ;
The grandam sleeps, and peaceful be her dream ;
Only a hammer on an anvil rings ;
The day is dying, — still the blackbird sings.

Now the good vicar passes from his gate,

Serene, with long white hair ; and in his eye
Burns the clear spirit that hath conquered Fate,
And felt the wings of immortality ;
His heart is thronged with great imaginings,
And tender mercies, — while the blackbird sings.

Down by the brook he bends his steps, and through

A lowly wicket ; and at last he stands
Awful beside the bed of one who grew
From boyhood with him, who, with lifted hands
And eyes, seems listening to far welcomings,
And sweeter music than the blackbird sings.

Two golden stars, like tokens from the blest,

Strike on his dim orbs from the setting sun ;
His sinking hands seem pointing to the west ;
He smiles as though he said, "Thy will be done" :

His eyes, they see not those illuminings ;
His ears, they hear not what the blackbird sings.

* A brother of Alfred Tennyson.

CHARLES TURNER.*

BIRD-NESTING.

Ah ! that half-bashful and half-eager face !
 Among the trees thy guardian angel stands,
 With his heart beating, lest thy little hands
 Should come among the shadows and efface
 The stainless beauty of a life of love
 And childhood innocence ; for hark, the boys
 Are peering through the hedgerows and the grove,
 And ply their cruel sport with mirth and noise ;
 But thou hast conquered ! and dispelled his fear ;
 Sweet is the hope thy youthful pity brings —
 And oft, methinks, if thou shalt shelter here
 When these blue eggs are linnets' throats and
 wings,
 A secret spell shall bring about the tree
 The little birds that owed their life to thee.

J. HOLLAND.

THE RAINBOW.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the
 trees
 Played the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and
 the breeze ;
 The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
 On the lap of the year in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she passed down
 the vale,
 Left her robe on the trees and her breath on the
 gale ;
 And the smile of her promise gave joy to the
 hours,
 And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and
 flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unrolled,
 O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and
 gold ;
 But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and in-
 creased
 Till its margin of black touched the zenith and
 east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they
 glowed,
 When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud ;

'T was not like the sun, as at midday we view,
 Nor the moon, that rolls nightly through starlight
 and blue.

Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm !
 And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful
 form ;
 For it looked not severe, like an angel of wrath,
 But a garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

Sublime in the hues of its grandeur it stood,
 O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood ;
 And river, field, village, and woodlands grew
 bright,
 As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'T was the bow of Omnipotence ! bent in his
 hand,
 Whose grasp at creation the universe spanned ;
 'T was the presence of God, in a symbol sub-
 lime, —
 His vow from the flood to the exit of time !

Not dreadful as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
 When storms are his chariot and lightnings his
 steeds ;
 The black clouds his banner of vengeance un-
 furled,
 And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world ;

In the breath of his presence when thousands ex-
 pire,
 And seas boil with fury and rocks burn with fire,
 And the sword and the plague-spot with death
 strew the plain,
 And vultures and wolves are the graves of the
 slain ; —

Not such was that rainbow, that beautiful one,
 Whose arch was refraction, its keystone the
 sun ;
 A pavilion it seemed which the Deity graced,
 And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
 Like Love o'er a death-couch or Hope o'er the
 tomb ;
 Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly re-
 tired,
 As Love had just vanished or Hope had ex-
 pired.

I gazed not alone on that source of my song :
 To all who beheld it these verses belong ;
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord !
 Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and
 adored !

Like a visit, the converse of friends, or a day,
 That bow from my sight passed forever away ;

* A brother of Alfred Tennyson, though he has changed his name.

Like that visit, that converse, that day, to my heart
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'T is a picture in memory distinctly defined
With the strong and unperishing colors of mind;
A part of my being, beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud and transcribed on my soul.

JOHN MASON GOOD.

1764 - 1827.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here:
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but he that arched the skies,
And pours the dayspring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud, —

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That set in silver gleams within, —

Then fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God?

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.*

1811 - 1833.

TO MY MOTHER.

WHEN barren doubt like a late-coming snow
Made an unkind December of my spring,
That all the pretty flowers did droop for woe,
And the sweet birds their love no more would sing;

Then the remembrance of thy gentle faith,
Mother beloved, would steal upon my heart;
Fond feeling saved me from that utter scathe,
And from thy hope I could not live apart.
Now that my mind hath passed from wintry gloom,
And on the calmed waters once again
Ascendant Faith circles with silver plume,
That casts a charmed shade, not now in pain,
Thou child of Christ, in joy I think of thee,
And mingle prayers for what we both may be.

January, 1831.

* The son of Henry Hallam, the historian; the "A. H. H." immortalized in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

AN ENGLISH MAIDEN AND AN ENGLISH WIFE.

LADY, I bid thee to a sunny dome
Ringing with echoes of Italian song;
Henceforth to thee these magic halls belong,
And all the pleasant place is like a home.
Hark, on the right with full piano tone
Old Dante's voice encircles all the air;
Hark yet again, like flute-tones mingling rare
Comes the keen sweetness of Petrarca's moan.
Pass thou the lintel freely: without fear
Feast on the music: I do better know thee,
Than to suspect this pleasure thou dost owe me
Will wrong thy gentle spirit, or make less dear
That element whence thou must draw thy life; —
An English maiden and an English wife.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

1811 - 1863.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They've hushed the minster bell:
The organ 'gins to swell;
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast:
She comes, — she's here, she's past, —
May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin, —
Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window-panes, —
Wait till you come to forty year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear, —
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier;
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

LITTLE BILLEE.*

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we should n't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.

"O Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill he made him
The captain of a Seventy-three.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

1811- .

FAITH.

BETTER trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

* As different versions of this popular song have been set to music and sung, it may be well to state that this is the only correct version.

O, in this mocking world, too fast
 The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
 Better be cheated to the last,
 Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
 That must be counted ere I see thy face?
 How shall I charm the interval that lowers
 Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
 Weary with longing? — shall I flee away
 Into past days, and with some fond pretence
 Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
 Of casting from me God's great gift of time;
 Shall I these mists of memory locked within,
 Leave, and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how, or by what means, may I contrive
 To bring the hour that brings thee back more
 near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live
 Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
 Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
 In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
 While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
 All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
 For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
 Through these long hours, nor call their min-
 utes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
 A noble task-time, and will therein strive
 To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
 More good than I have won, since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
 A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;
 So may my love and longing hallowed be,
 And thy dear thought an influence divine.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1812-1870.

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old!
 On right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim;

And the mouldering dust that years have made,
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no
 wings,

And a stanch old heart has he;
 How closely he twineth, how close he clings,
 To his friend the huge oak-tree!

And slyly he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,

As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.

Creeping where grim Death has been,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works de-
 cayed,

And nations have scattered been;
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten on the past:

For the stately building man can raise
 Is the ivy's food at last.

Creeping on where Time has been,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green!

CHARLES MACKAY.

1812-

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming;
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming.
 Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger;
 We'll win our battle by its aid; —
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 The pen shall supersede the sword;
 And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
 In the good time coming.
 Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledged stronger;
 The proper impulse has been given; —
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:



Elizabeth Barrett Browning

War in all men's eyes shall be
 A monster of iniquity
 In the good time coming.
 Nations shall not quarrel then,
 To prove which is the stronger;
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 Hateful rivalries of creed
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed
 In the good time coming.
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,
 And flourish all the stronger;
 And Charity shall trim her lamp;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 And a poor man's family
 Shall not be his misery
 In the good time coming.
 Every child shall be a help
 To make his right arm stronger;
 The happier he the more he has;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming;
 Little children shall not toil
 Under, or above, the soil
 In the good time coming;
 But shall play in healthful fields
 Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
 And every one shall read and write;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 The people shall be temperate,
 And shall love instead of hate,
 In the good time coming.
 They shall use, and not abuse,
 And make all virtue stronger;
 The reformation has begun;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 Let us aid it all we can,
 Every woman, every man,
 The good time coming.
 Smallest help, if rightly given,
 Makes the impulse stronger;
 'T will be strong enough one day;—
 Wait a little longer.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*

1809-1861.

THE SOUL'S EXPRESSION.

WITH stammering lips and insufficient sound
 I strive and struggle to deliver right
 That music of my nature, day and night
 With dream and thought and feeling interwound,
 And inly answering all the senses round
 With octaves of a mystic depth and height
 Which step out grandly to the infinite
 From the dark edges of the sensual ground!
 This song of soul I struggle to outbear
 Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
 And utter all myself into the air.
 But if I did it,—as the thunder-roll
 Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there,
 Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

TO GEORGE SAND.

A DESIRE.

THOU large-brained woman and large-hearted
 man,
 Self-called George Sand! whose soul, amid the
 lions
 Of thy tumultuous senses, moans defiance,
 And answers roar for roar, as spirits can!
 I would some mild miraculous thunder ran
 Above the applauded circus, in appliance
 Of thine own nobler nature's strength and science,
 Drawing two pinions, white as wings of swan,
 From thy strong shoulders, to amaze the place
 With holier light! that thou to woman's claim,
 And man's, might'st join beside the angel's grace
 Of a pure genius sanctified from blame,—
 Till child and maiden pressed to thine embrace,
 To kiss upon thy lips a stainless fame.

TO GEORGE SAND.

A RECOGNITION.

TRUE genius, but true woman! dost deny
 Thy woman's nature with a manly scorn,
 And break away the gauds and armlets worn
 By weaker women in captivity?

* We place Mrs. Browning out of strict chronological succession, in order that she may immediately precede her husband. The poems selected simply indicate qualities of genius which the reader will find more amply expressed in *The Cry of the Children*, *The Dead Pan*, *The Cry of the Human*, *Mother and Poet*, *My Heart and I*, *Only a Curl*, *Catarina to Camoens*, *A Vision of Poets*, *Bertha in the Lane*, *Rhyme of the Duchess May*, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, and in many passages of *Aurora Leigh* and *Casa Guidi Windows*. This noble woman can be adequately known only by the study of the whole body of her works.

Ah, vain denial! that revolted cry
Is sobbed in by a woman's voice forlorn! —
Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn,
Floats back dishevelled strength in agony,
Disproving thy man's name! and while before
The world thou burnest in a poet-fire
We see thy woman-heart beat evermore
Through the large flame. Beat purer, heart, and
higher,
Till God unsex thee on the heavenly shore,
Where unincarnate spirits purely aspire.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—*Psalms cxxvii. 2.*

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this, —
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows? —
He giveth His beloved sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
He giveth His beloved sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delv'd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man

Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*, —
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

And, friends, dear friends, — when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall;
He giveth His beloved sleep."

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the
heart's decaying.

It is a place where happy saints may weep amid
their praying.

Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence,
languish.

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom
she gave her anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the
deathless singing!

O Christians, at your cross of hope, a hopeless
hand was clinging!

O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths
beguiling

Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died
while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through
dimming tears his story,

How discord on the music fell, and darkness on
the glory,

And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and
wandering lights departed,

He wore no less a loving face because so broken-
hearted,

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high
vocation,

And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker
adoration.

Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good
forsaken,

Named softly, as the household name of one whom
God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think
upon him, —

With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose
heaven hath won him,

Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own
love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and
bird could find him,

And wrought within his shattered brain such
quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious
influences.

The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within
its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him
like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share
his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tender-
nesses.

The very world, by God's constraint, from false-
hood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true
and loving.

And though, in blindness, he remained uncon-
scious of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet
sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy
desolated, —

Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God
created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother
while she blesses

And drops upon his burning brow the coolness
of her kisses, —

That turns his fevered eyes around, — "My
mother! where's my mother?"

As if such tender words and deeds could come
from any other! —

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her
bending o'er him,

Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary
love she bore him! —

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's
long fever gave him,

Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, which closed
in death to save him.

Thus? O, not *thus*! no type of earth can image
that awaking,

Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs
round him breaking,

Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body
parted,

But felt those eyes alone, and knew, — "My
Saviour! *not* deserted!"

Deserted! Who hath dreamt that when the cross
in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was
manifested?

What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the
atoning drops averted?

What tears have washed them from the soul, that
one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from his own es-
sence rather;

And Adam's sins *have* swept between the right-
eous Son and Father.

Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe
hath shaken, —

It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am
forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost
creation,

That, of the lost, no son should use those words
of desolation!

That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should
mar not hope's fruition,

And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture
in a vision.

A CHILD'S GRAVE AT FLORENCE.

A. A. E. C.

BORN, JULY, 1848. DIED, NOVEMBER, 1849.

OF English blood, of Tuscan birth,
What country should we give her?
Instead of any on the earth,
The civic heavens receive her.

And here, among the English tombs,
In Tuscan ground we lay her,
While the blue Tuscan sky endomes
Our English words of prayer.

A little child! — how long she lived,
By months, not years, is reckoned;
Born in one July, she survived
Alone to see a second.

Bright-featured, as the July sun
Her little face still played in,
And splendors, with her birth begun,
Had had no time for fading.

So, Lily, from those July hours,
No wonder we should call her;
She looked such kinship to the flowers,
Was but a little taller.

* * *

We could not wish her whiter, — her
Who perfumed with pure blossom

The house! — a lovely thing to wear
Upon a mother's bosom!

* * *

Poor earth, poor heart, — too weak, too weak,
To miss the July shining!

Poor heart! — what bitter words we speak,
When God speaks of resigning!

* Sustain this heart in us that faints,
Thou God, the self-existent!

We catch up wild at parting saints,
And feel thy Heaven too distant.

The wind that swept them out of sin,
Has ruffled all our vesture.

On the shut door that let them in,
We beat with frantic gesture, —

* * *

Love, strong as Death, shall conquer Death,
Through struggle, made more glorious.

This mother stills her sobbing breath,
Renouncing, yet victorious.

Arms, empty of her child, she lifts,
With spirit unbereaven, —

"God will not take back all his gifts;
My Lily's mine in heaven!

"Still mine! maternal rights serene
Not given to another!

The crystal bars shine faint between
The souls of child and mother.

"Meanwhile," the mother cries, "content!
Our love was well divided.

Its sweetness following where she went,
Its anguish stayed where I did.

"Well done of God, to halve the lot,
And give her all the sweetness;

To us, the empty room and cot, —
To her, the Heaven's completeness.

"To us, this grave, — to her, the rows
The mystic palm-trees spring in.

To us, the silence in the house, —
To her, the choral singing."

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

THEY say that God lives very high.

But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God; and why?

And if you dig down in the mines

You never see him in the gold;
Though from him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, he wears a fold

Of heaven and earth across his face, —
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that his embrace

Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place.

As if my tender mother laid

On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night, and said,

"Who kissed you through the dark, dear
guesser?"

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.*

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
And a voice said in mastery while I strove, . . .
"Guess now who holds thee?" — "Death," I
said. But, there,
The silver answer rang . . . "Not Death, but
Love."

* * *

UNLIKE are we, unlike, O princely Heart!

Unlike our uses and our destinies.

Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another, as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
A guest for queens to social pageantries,
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to ply thy part
Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
A poor, tired, wandering singer, . . . singing
through

The dark, and leaning up a cypress-tree?

The chrism is on thine head, — on mine, the
dew, —

And Death must dig the level where these agree.

* * *

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command

* These Sonnets are probably the most exquisite of all Mrs. Browning's poems. Under a thin veil they describe the vague beginnings and final consummation of love in two poets, ending in a happy marriage, — a marriage of genius as well as of hearts and hands. The bride is Elizabeth Barrett; the bridegroom, Robert Browning.

In all literary history, the love recorded in these Sonnets finds no parallel; for both the woman and the man were poets of acknowledged genius, each having obtained a separate fame before they were inseparably united.

The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore, . . .
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, he hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

* * *

YET, love, mere love, is beautiful indeed
And worthy of acceptance. Fire is bright,
Let temple burn, or flax: An equal light
Leaps in the flame from cedar plank or weed,
And love is fire; and when I say at need
I love thee . . . mark ! . . . I love thee ! . . . in thy
sight

I stand transfigured, glorified aright,
With conscience of the new rays that proceed
Out of my face toward thine. There's nothing
low

In love, when love the lowest: meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.
And what I *feel*, across the inferior features
Of what I *am*, doth flash itself, and show
How that great work of Love enhances Nature's.

* * *

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full brown length and say
"Take it." My day of youth went yesterday;
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee.
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,
As girls do, any more. It only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside,
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-
shears

Would take this first, but Love is justified, —
Take it thou, . . . finding pure, from all those
years,

The kiss my mother left here when she died. *

* * *

SAY over again, and yet once over again,
That thou dost love me. Though the word re-
peated
Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou dost treat
it,

Remember never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,
Comes the fresh spring in all her green completed.
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain
Cry . . . "Speak once more, . . . thou lovest!"

Who can fear

Too many stars, though each in heaven shall
roll, —

Too many flowers, though each shall crown the
year?

Say thou dost love me, love me, love me — toll
The silver iterance! — only minding, Dear,
To love me also in silence, with thy soul.

* * *

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine? /
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine,
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?
I marvelled, my Beloved, when I read
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine —
But . . . *so* much to thee? Can I pour thy wine
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.
Then, love me, Love! look on me . . . breathe on
me!

As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
For love, to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with
thee!

* * *

FIRST time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clean and white, . . .
Slow to world-greetings . . . quick with its "O,
list,"

When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half
missed,

Half falling on the hair. O beyond need!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own
crown,

With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, "My love, my own."

* * *

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

* * *

ROBERT BROWNING.*

1812 -

OVER THE SEA OUR GALLEYS WENT.

OVER the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave,
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave, —

A gallant armament:

Each bark built out of a forest-tree,
Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
And nailed all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with black-bull hides,
Seethed in fat and suppled in flame,
To bear the playful billows' game;
So each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to the outward view,
But each upbore a stately tent;

* The editors are aware that, in making these selections from Browning, they have not quoted those poems which the special admirers of the poet consider his best and most characteristic productions. Poetry, with Browning, is not something "simple, sensuous, and passionate," but something expressing the processes and results of the most intense imaginative analysis. He conceives or creates an individual character, and then proceeds to exhibit the mental operations of his imagined character, — following minutely all the involutions and evolutions of his thinking, as his mind is thrown back on itself to seek self-justification in self-communion. His genius is dramatic in the sense that he thus surveys nature and human nature from many points of view; but the characters, it will be noticed, are not exhibited in action, with thoughts flashing forth just before or after a deed, but in meditation, after the acts have been done, and analysis works on memories. And it may be said that such poems as *Sordello*, *Paracelsus*, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *Caliban upon Setebos*, *Mr. Sludge*, *the Medium*, *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, not to mention many others, are studies in the concrete philosophy of human nature, as distinguished from abstract philosophies of the human mind. Yet the most characteristic poems of Browning demand from the reader a power of close attention similar to that he gives to any work of ethical, metaphysical, or mathematical science. Nobody can intelligently read such a poem as *The Ring and the Book*, and take in its whole scope and meaning, without devoting to it an intellectual energy similar to that which the theological student exercises on Butler's *Analogy*, the metaphysical student on Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, the mathematical student on Newton's *Principia* or La Place's *Mécanique Céleste*. Indeed, in listening to ordinary criticisms on Browning's obscurity and long-windedness, one is reminded of Fuseli's remark to a noble coxcomb, who condescended to praise his illustrations of Milton. "After seeing these pictures," he drawled, in the most languid, lymphatic lisp then in fashion, "I really now, — do you know, Mr. Fuseli, — I really think I must read *Paradise Lost*." "Don't attempt it, my Lord," growled the artist in his broken English, "for you'll find it a tam tough job." Those who resolutely explore the "interiors" of Browning's peculiar genius will find it a task similar to that which Fuseli warned the noble lord not to attempt. The robust intellect and character of Browning, it must be confessed, have failed of making their due impression, through his tendency to indulge in subtleties of mental observation and analysis which are not perceived by the general reader, and through his habit of becoming unmelodious just at the moment he becomes most profound. And then he disturbs poetic faith in men and women, by his persistent hunting for the taint of sin in characters generally pure and noble. The poem of *Gold Hair* is one of the ungracious examples of this pitiless search for a stain in what appears stainless.

Where cedar-pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine:
And an awning drooped the mast below,
In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noontide, nor star-shine,
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,

Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, O, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar;
But when the night-wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together on the wide sea,
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore;
Each sail was lobsed to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,
And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the strangers from afar,

Lay stretched along, each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent,
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,

And with light and perfume, music too:
So the stars wheeled round, and the darkness past,
And at morn we started beside the mast,
And still each ship was sailing fast!

One morn the land appeared! — a speck
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky, —

"Avoid it," cried our pilot, "check
The shout, restrain the longing eye!"
But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh;
So he broke the cedar-pales away,
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,

And a statue bright was on every deck!
We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbor thus,
With pomp and pæan glorious.

An hundred shapes of lucid stone!

All day we built a shrine for each, —
A shrine of rock for every one, —
Nor paused we till in the westerling sun

We sate together on the beach
To sing, because our task was done;
When lo! what shouts and merry songs!
What laughter all the distance stirs!
What raft comes loaded with its throngs
Of gentle islanders?

"The isles are just at hand," they cried;
"Like cloudlets faint at even sleeping,

Our temple-gates are opened wide,
Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping
For the lucid shapes you bring," they cried.
O, then we awoke with sudden start
From our deep dream; we knew, too late,
How bare the rock, how desolate,
To which we had flung our precious freight:

Yet we called out, — “Depart !
 Our gifts, once given, must here abide :
 Our work is done ; we have no heart
 To mar our work, though vain,” — we cried.

THE LOST LEADER.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat, —
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote ;
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
 So much was theirs who so little allowed :
 How all our copper had gone for his service !
 Rags, — were they purple, his heart had been
 proud !
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honored
 him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
 Learned his great language, caught his clear ac-
 cents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die !
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us, — they watch
 from their graves !
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !
 We shall march prospering, — not through his
 presence ;
 Songs may inspirit us, — not from his lyre ;
 Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his qui-
 escence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire :
 Blot out his name, then, — record one lost soul
 more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath
 untrod,
 One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for
 angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to
 God !
 Life’s night begins : let him never come back to us !
 There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
 Forced praise on our part, the glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning again !
 Best fight on well, for we taught him, — strike
 gallantly,
 Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his own ;
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait
 us,
 Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne !

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town’s in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city ;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,

Washes its wall on the southern side ;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cook’s own ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men’s Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women’s chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking :
 “ ’Tis clear,” cried they, “our Mayor’s a noddy ;
 And as for our Corporation, — shocking
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
 For dolts that can’t or won’t determine
 What’s best to rid us of our vermin !
 You hope, because you’re old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
 Rouse up, Sirs ! Give your brains a racking
 To find the remedy we’re lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we’ll send you packing !”
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in counsel,
 At length the Mayor broke silence :
 “ For a guilder I’d my ermine gown sell ;
 I wish I were a mile hence !
 It’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain, —
 I’m sure my poor head aches again
 I’ve scratched it so, and all in vain.
 O for a trap, a trap, a trap !”
 Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
 “ Bless us,” cried the Mayor, “ what’s that ?”
 (With the Corporation as he sat,
 Looking little, though wondrous fat ;
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
 Than a too long-opened oyster,
 Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
 For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
 “ Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !”
 “ Come in !” — the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
 And in did come the strangest figure !
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red ;
 And he himself was tall and thin,

With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in, —
 There was no guessing his kith and kin!
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire:
 Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
 Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"
 He advanced to the council-table:
 And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
 By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun,
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
 After me so as you never saw!
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm,
 The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
 And people call me the Pied Piper."
 (And here they noticed round his neck
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
 As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
 "Yet," said he, "poor pipe as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham
 Last June from his huge swarms of gnats;
 I eased in Asia the Nizam
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
 And, as for what your brain bewilders,
 If I can rid your town of rats
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
 "One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser
 Wherein all plunged and perished,
 — Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary,
 Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe:
 And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nunccheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
 — I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!" — when suddenly up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
 With a, "First, if you please, my thousand
 guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havock
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something for drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke;
 But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
 Besides, our losses have made us thrifty;

A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"
 The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
 "No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
 I've promised to visit by dinner-time
 Bagdat, and accept the prime
 Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor, —
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d' ye think I'll
 brook

Being worse treated than a cook?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
 There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
 Of merry crowds justling and hustling,
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
 And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is
 scattering,
 Out came the children running.
 All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
 Unable to move a step, or cry
 To the children merrily skipping by, —
 And could only follow with the eye
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,
 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
 As the Piper turned from the High Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
 However he turned from South to West,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
 And after him the children pressed;
 Great was the joy in every breast.
 "He never can cross that mighty top!
 He's forced to let the piping drop,
 And we shall see our children stop!"

When, lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
 And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
 And when all were in to the very last,
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
 Did I say all? No. One was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way;
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say, —
 "It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
 I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the Piper also promised me;
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 Joining the town and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And everything was strange and new;
 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
 And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings,
 And horses were born with eagles' wings;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more!"

Alas! alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says that Heaven's gate
 Opes to the rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
 The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
 To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.
 But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor;
 And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never
 Should think their records dated duly
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear,
 "And so long after what happened here
 On the twenty-second of July,
 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six":
 And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the children's last retreat,
 They called it the Pied Piper's Street, —
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
 Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn;

But opposite the place of the cavern
 They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the great church window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away;
 And there it stands to this very day.
 And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbors lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand.
 So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
 Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:
 And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from
 mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
 promise.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
 A mile or so away
 On a little mound, Napoléon
 Stood on our storming-day;
 With neck outthrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
 Waver at yonder wall,"—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy:
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon!
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,

Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eyes flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes:
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said,
 "I'm killed, Sire!" And, his Chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHEENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-
 bolts undrew;
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing
 our place;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Rebucked the check-strap, chained slacker the
 bit,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
 right,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew
 near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned
 clear;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
 At Duffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
 half-chime,
 So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every
 one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear
 bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
 track;
 And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that
 glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master,
 askance!

And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon,
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris,
"Stay spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix," — for one heard the quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, for "Aix is in sight!

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,

And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse with-out peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,

As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!

Sit and watch by her side an hour.

That is her book-shelf, this her bed;

She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,

Beginning to die too, in the glass.

Little has yet been changed, I think, —

The shutters are shut, no light may pass

Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name,

It was not her time to love: beside,

Her life had many a hope and aim,

Duties enough and little cares,

And now was quiet, now astir, —

Till God's hand beckoned unawares,

And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?

What, your soul was pure and true,

The good stars met in your horoscope,

Made you of spirit, fire, and dew, —

And just because I was thrice as old,

And our paths in the world diverged so wide,

Each was naught to each, must I be told?

We were fellow-mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above

Is great to grant, as mighty to make,

And creates the love to reward the love, —

I claim you still, for my own love's sake!

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,

Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few, —

Much is to learn and much to forget

Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come, — at last it will,

When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,

In the lower earth, in the years long still,

That body and soul so pure and gay?

Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,

And your mouth of your own geranium's red, —

And what you would do with me, in fine,

In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,

Given up myself so many times,

Gained me the gains of various men,

Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;

Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,

Either I missed or itself missed me, —

And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!

What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;

My heart seemed full as it could hold, —

There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,

And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.

So, hush, — I will give you this leaf to keep, —

See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.

There, that is our secret! go to sleep;

You will wake, and remember, and understand.

MEETING AT NIGHT.

THE gray sea and the long black land ;
 And the yellow half-moon large and low ;
 And the startled little waves that leap
 In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
 And quench its speed in the slushy sand.
 Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach ;
 Three fields to cross till a farm appears ;
 A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
 And blue spurt of a lighted match,
 And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
 Than the two hearts beating each to each !

PARTING AT MORNING.

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea,
 And the sun looked over the mountain's rim, —
 And straight was a path of gold for him,
 And the need of a world of men for me.

SONG OF PIPPA.

THE year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn ;
 Morning's at seven ;
 The hillside's dew-pearled ;
 The lark's on the wing ;
 The snail's on the thorn ;
 God's in his heaven, —
 All's right with the world !

Pippa Passes.

AMONG THE ROCKS.

O GOOD, gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
 This autumn morning ! How he sets his bones
 To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
 For the ripple to run over in its mirth ;

Listening the while, where on the heap of
 stones

The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true ;

Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows.
 If you loved only what were worth your love,
 Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you :

Make the low nature better by your throes !
 Give earth yourself, go up for gain above !

DAYBREAK.

DAY !

Faster and more fast,
 O'er night's brim, day boils at last ;
 Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
 Where spurting and suppet it lay —

For not a froth-flake touched the rim
 Of yonder gap in the solid gray
 Of the eastern cloud an hour away ;
 But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
 Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppress,
 Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
 Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed
 the world. *Pippa Passes.*

MARCHING ALONG.

A CAVALIER SONG.

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing :
 And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
 And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
 Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles
 To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous
 parles !

Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup,
 Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
 Till you're (*Chorus*) marching along, fifty-score
 strong,

Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to Hell, and his obsequies' knell
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as
 well !

England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here
 (*Cho.*) Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song ?

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarls
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles !

Hold by the right, you double your might ;
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,
 (*Cho.*) March we along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

PROSPICE.

FEAR death ? — to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,

When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,

The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe ;

Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go :

For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,

Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be
 gained,

The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so, — one fight more,
 The best and the last !
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
 forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
 peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute 's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest !

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

1813 - 1865.

THE MASSACRE OF THE MACPHERSON.

FHAIRSHON swore a feud
 Against the clan M'Tavish ;
 Marched into their land
 To murder and to rafish ;
 For he did resolve
 To extirpate the vipers,
 With four-and-twenty men
 And five-and-thirty pipers.
 But when he had gone
 Half-way down Strath Canaan,
 Of his fighting tail
 Just three were remainin'.
 They were all he had,
 To back him in ta battle ;
 All the rest had gone
 Off, to drive ta cattle.

"Fery coot !" cried Fhairshon,
 "So my clan disgraced is ;
 Lads, we'll need to fight
 Before we touch the peasties.
 Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh,
 Coming wi' his fassals,
 Gillies seventy-three,
 And sixty Dhuinéwassails !"

"Coot tay to you, sir ;
 Are not you ta Fhairshon ?
 Was you coming here
 To visit any person ?
 You are a plackguard, sir !
 It is now six hundred

Coot long years, and more,
 Since my glen was plundered."

"Fat is tat you say ?
 Dare you cock your peaver ?
 I will teach you, sir,
 Fat is coot pavhaour !
 You shall not exist
 For another day more ;
 I will shoot you, sir,
 Or stap you with my claymore !"

"I am fery glad
 To learn what you mention,
 Since I can prevent
 Any such intention."
 So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
 Gave some warlike howls,
 Trew his skhian-dhu,
 An' stuck it in his powels.

In this fery way
 Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
 Who was always thought
 A superior person.
 Fhairshon had a son,
 Who married Noah's daughter,
 And nearly spoiled ta Flood,
 By trinking up ta water.

Which he would have done,
 I at least believe it,
 Had ta mixture peen
 Only half Glenlivet.
 This is all my tale :
 Sirs, I hope 't is new t' ye !
 Here's your fery good healths,
 And tamn ta whusky tuty !

THEODORE MARTIN.

1816 -

SONNET TO BRITAIN.

BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

HALT ! Shoulder arms ! Recover ! As you were !
 Right wheel ! Eyes left ! Attention ! Stand at
 ease !
 O Britain ! O my country ! Words like these
 Have made thy name a terror and a fear
 To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks,
 Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo,
 Where the grim despot muttered, — *Sauve qui
 peut !*
 And Ney fled darkling. — Silence in the ranks ;
 Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash
 Of armies, in the centre of his troop

The soldier stands, — unmovable, not rash, —
 Until the forces of the foemen droop;
 Then knocks the Frenchman to eternal smash,
 Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop!

Bon Gaultier's Ballads.

AUBREY DE VERE.

1814 —

SONG.

SING the old song, amid the sounds dispersing
 That burden treasured in your hearts too long;
 Sing it with voice low-breathed, but never
 name her:

She will not hear you, in her turrets nursing
 High thoughts, — too high to mate with mortal
 song; —

Bend o'er her, gentle Heaven, but do not
 claim her!

In twilight caves, and secret lonelinesses,
 She shades the bloom of her unearthly days;
 The forest winds alone approach to woo her.
 Far off we catch the dark gleam of her tresses;
 And wild birds haunt the wood-walks where
 she strays,
 Intelligible music warbling to her.

That spirit charged to follow and defend her,
 He also doubtless suffers this love-pain;
 And she perhaps is sad, hearing his sighing.
 And yet that face is not so sad as tender;
 Like some sweet singer's when her sweetest
 strain

From the heaved heart is gradually dying!

SAD IS OUR YOUTH, FOR IT IS EVER GOING.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
 Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
 Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
 In current unperceived, because so fleet;
 Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sow-
 ing, —

But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
 Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blow-
 ing, —

And still, O, still their dying breath is sweet;
 And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
 Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
 And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
 A nearer good to cure an older ill;
 And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize
 them,

Not for their sake, but His who grants them or
 denies them!

TO MY LADY SINGING.

SHE whom this heart must ever hold most dear
 (This heart in happy bondage held so long)
 Began to sing. At first a gentle fear
 Rosied her countenance, — for she is young,
 And he who loves her most of all was near;
 But when at last her voice grew full and strong,
 O, from their ambush sweet, how rich and clear
 Bubbled the notes abroad, — a rapturous throng!
 Her little hands were sometimes flung apart,
 And sometimes palm to palm together prest,
 Whilst wave-like blushes, rising from her breast,
 Kept time with that aerial melody,
 As music to the sight! — I, standing nigh,
 Received the falling fountain in my heart.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

1798 — 1850.

IN THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.*

In the days o' langsyne, when we carles were
 young,

An' nae foreign fashions amang us had sprung;
 When we made our ain bannocks, and brewed
 our ain yill,

An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on
 the hill;

O, the thoct o' thae days gars my auld heart aye
 fill!

In the days o' langsyne we were happy and free,
 Proud lords on the land, and kings on the sea!
 To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we
 were kind,

An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
 The banner of Scotland float high in the wind!

In the days o' langsyne we aye ranted and sang
 By the warm ingle side, or the wild braes amang;
 Our lads buskéd braw, and our lasses looked fine,
 An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to
 shine;

O, where is the Scotland o' bonnie langsyne?

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
 Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
 An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,

* There seems to be something peculiarly poetical in the mere dialect of Scotland. Among scores of volumes we have examined, written in this dialect, we have found that there is a charm in the expression when there is neither originality in the thought nor individuality in the emotion. The old images and the old tunes, repeated by versifiers who, if they wrote in plain English, would sink to the rank of the Hayleys and the Swards, always seem fresh in every imitation of previous imitations of the manner of Ramsay and Fergusson, of Burns, Hogg, and Cunningham.

As it trotted along through the valley or plain ;
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again ?

In the days o' langsyne there were feasting and
glee,

Wi' pride in ilk heart, and joy in ilk ee ;
And the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seemed
to tyne,

It was your stoup the nicht, and the morn 't was
mine :

O, the days o' langsyne — O, the days o' langsyne.

ROBERT NICOLL.*

1814-1837.

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to
agree,

An' ilk said to his neighbor, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a'body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 't is the best way ava,
Tosay, "Gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink
wine ;

But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw :
Sae gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride ;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on
your side ;

Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw ;
Then gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man ;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can ;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a' ;
Come, gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'.

Your mither has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e ;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do ;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be
twa :

Sae gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair ;
Hame ! O, how we love it, an' a' that are there !
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw —
Come, gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'.

* "I have written my heart in my poems ; and rude, unfinished, and hasty as they are, it can be read there." — R. NICOLL.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping along at his back will be death ;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa' :
Come, gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

1814 - .

LITTLE BELL.

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast."

The Ancient Mariner.

PIPED the Blackbird, on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he.
"What's your name? O, stop and straight unfold,

Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks, —

"Bonny bird!" quoth she,
"Sing me your best song, before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the Blackbird piped — you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird ;
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out, freely, o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the brown, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the
glade —
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel-shade,
And from out the tree
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear,
While bold Blackbird piped, that all might hear,
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern :
"Squirrel, Squirrel! to your task return !
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.

Up, away! the frisky Squirrel hies,
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree,

Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop, one by one—
Hark! how Blackbird pipes, to see the fun!
 "Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
 *"Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonny Blackbird, if you're not afraid,
 Come and share with me!"*
Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny Blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share—
 Ah! the merry three!

And the while those frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
 'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
 From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.
 Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice, to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel-shape serene
 Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed,
 Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, O, very low and soft,
Crooned the Blackbird in the orchard croft,
 "Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
 Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm; love, deep and kind,
Shall watch round and leave good gifts behind,
 Little Bell, for thee."

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER.

1815 - 1863.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! O, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

ALFRED DOMETT.

1815 (?) -

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;

What reeked the Roman what befell
 A paltry province far away,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
 Went plodding home a weary boor;
 A streak of light before him lay,
 Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
 Across his path. He passed — for naught
 Told what was going on within;
 How keen the stars, his only thought —
 The air how calm and cold and thin,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

O, strange indifference! low and high
 Drowns over common joys and cares;
 The earth was still — but knew not why
 The world was listening, unawares.
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world forever!
 To that still moment, none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever —
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness — charmed and holy now!
 The night that erst no shame had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
 For in that stable lay, new-born,
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

WILLIAM DIMOND.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay;
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of the
 wind;
 But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew
 away,
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.
 He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
 And pleasures that waited on life's merry
 morn;
 While memory each scene gayly covered with
 flowers,
 And restored every rose, but secreted its
 thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
 Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flower o'er the thatch,
 And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest
 in the wall;
 All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
 And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
 His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm
 tear;
 And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom
 holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
 Joy quickens his pulses, — his hardships seem
 o'er;
 And a murmur of happiness steals through his
 rest, —
 "O God! thou hast blest me, — I ask for no
 more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now glares on
 his eye?
 Ah! what is that sound which now bursts on
 his ear?
 'T is the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on
 the sky!
 'T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of
 the sphere!

He springs from his hammock, — he flies to the
 deck;
 Amazement confronts him with images dire;
 Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a
 wreck;
 The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on
 fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
 In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
 Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
 And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er
 the wave!

O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
 In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of
 bliss.
 Where now is the picture that Fancy touched
 bright, —
 Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed
 kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
 Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;

Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the
main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.
No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless
surge ;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-
sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy
dirge !
On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be
laid, —
Around thy white bones the red coral shall
grow ;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be
made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.
Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;
Frail, short-sighted mortals their doom must
obey, —
O sailor boy ! sailor boy ! peace to thy soul !

— o o o —
JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

1810 - .

DANCE LIGHT.

"Ah ! sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that
wheel, —
Your neat little foot will be weary with spin-
ning !
Come trip down with me to the sycamore-tree :
Half the parish is there, and the dance is be-
ginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened
valley ;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded
alley."
With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair,
glancing ;
'T is hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she could n't but choose to go off to the
dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen, —
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his
choosing ;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty
Neil, —
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought
of refusing.

Now Felix Magee put his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in
motion :
With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the
ground ;
The maids move around just like swans on the
ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing :
Search the world all around, from the sky to the
ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass
dancing !
Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright eyes
of deep blue,
Beaming humbly through their dark lashes so
mildly,
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded
form,
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb
wildly ?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet
sweet love :
The sight leaves his eye as he cries with a sigh,
*Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet,
love !*

— o o o —
MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over
against Beth-peor ; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto
this day." — *Deuteronomy xxxiv. 6.*

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave ;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er ;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth :
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun ;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,

And all the trees on all the hills
 Unfold their thousand leaves :
 So without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain's crown
 The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
 On gray Beth-peor's height
 Out of his rocky eyry
 Looked on the wondrous sight ;
 Perchance the lion stalking
 Still shuns that hallowed spot ;
 For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades of the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled drums,
 Follow the funeral car :
 They show the banners taken ;
 They tell his battles won,
 And after him lead his masterless steed,
 While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
 Men lay the sage to rest,
 And give the bard an honored place,
 With costly marbles drest,
 In the great minster transept
 Where lights like glories fall,
 And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
 Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
 That ever buckled sword ;
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word ;
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen,
 On the deathless page, truths half so sage
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor ?
 The hillside for his pall !
 To lie in state while angels wait
 With stars for tapers tall !
 And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
 Over his bier to wave,
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
 To lay him in his grave ! —

In that deep grave without a name,
 Whence his uncoffined clay
 Shall break again, — O wondrous thought !
 Before the judgment-day,
 And stand, with glory wrapped around,
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life
 With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land !
 O dark Beth-peor's hill !
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still :
 God hath his mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell,
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
 Of him he loved so well.



FRANCIS BENNOCH.

About 1816.

MAY-DAY.

No trumpet's thrilling call is heard
 To servile host or lordly crest,
 But that mysterious, voiceless word,
 By which the world is onward prest, —
 Which bids the grass in beauty grow,
 And stars their path of glory keep,
 Makes winds and waves harmonious flow,
 And dreaming infants smile in sleep.
 That voice, resistless in its sway,
 Turns winter wild to flowery May.

From edges of the dusky shade
 That canopies the restless town,
 Come trooping many a youth and maid,
 With flushing face and tresses brown.
 High hopes have they, their hearts to please,
 They seek the wildwood's haunted dell ;
 They laughing come, by twos and threes,
 But chiefly twos. I mark them well, —
 So trimly drest, so blithe and gay,
 With them it seems 't is always May.

They steep their kerchiefs in the dew ;
 Then follow wondrous wringings out ;
 As wingéd seeds were blown, they knew
 What laggard lovers were about.
 Some pluck the glowing leaves to learn
 If love declared be love sincere ;
 Or in red ragged streaks discern
 Love lost, and virtue's burning tear.
 O, love is earnest though in play,
 When comes the love-inciting May.

With hawthorn blooms and speckled shells,*
 Chaplets are twined for blushing brows ;
 While gypsies work their magic spells,
 And lovers pledge their deathless vows.
 Then round and round with many a bound
 They tread the mystic fairy ring.
 The silent woods have voices found,

* In some parts of the North of England they form chaplets for May-day, with flowers and speckled shells of eggs, as here described.

And echoing chorus while they sing :
 " With shout and song, and dance and play,
 We welcome in the peerless May ! "

Linked hand in hand, their tripping feet
 Keep time to mirth's inspiring voice ;
 They wheel and meet, advance, retreat,
 Till happy hearts in love rejoice.
 The ring is formed for kisses sly, —
 Leaping and racing o'er the plain ;
 The young wish time would quicker fly,
 The old wish they were young again.
 Away with care : no cares to-day !
 Care slumbers on the lap of May !

The voice that bade them welcome forth,
 Now gently, kindly whispers " Home ! "
 To-day has been a day of mirth,
 To-morrow sterner duties come.
 Such pleasures nerve the arm for strife,
 Bring joyous thoughts and golden dreams,
 To mingle with the web of life, —
 And memory store with woods and streams.
 Such joys drive cankering care away ;
 Then ever welcome, flowery May !

May 1, 1852.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

1816 -

LIKE AN ISLAND IN A RIVER.

LIKE an island in a river
 Art thou, my love, to me ;
 And I journey by thee ever
 With a gentle ecstasy.
 I arise to fall before thee ;
 I come to kiss thy feet :
 To adorn thee and adore thee, —
 Mine only one, my sweet !

And thy love hath power upon me,
 Like a dream upon a brain ;
 For the loveliness which won me,
 With the love, too, doth remain.
 And my life it beautifieth,
 Though love be but a shade,
 Known of only ere it dieth, —
 By the darkness it hath made.

TRUTH AND SORROW.

NIGHT brings out stars as sorrow shows us
 truths :
 Though many, yet they help not ; bright, they
 light not.
 They are too late to serve us ; and sad things

Are aye too true. We never see the stars
 Till we can see naught but them. So with truth.
 And yet if one would look down a deep well,
 Even at noon, we might see these same stars,
 Far fairer than the blinding blue : the truth
 Stars in the water like a dark bright eye ;
 But there are other eyes men better love
 Than truth's, for when we have her she is so cold
 And proud, we know not what to do with her.
 Sometimes the thought comes swiftening over us,
 Like a small bird winging the still blue air,
 And then again at other times it rises
 Slow, like a cloud which scales the skies all
 breathless,

And just o'erhead lets itself down on us.
 Sometimes we feel the wish across the mind
 Rush, like a rocket roaring up the sky,
 That we should join with God and give the world
 The go-by, but the world meantime turns round,
 And peeps us in the face, the wanton world :
 We feel it gently pressing down our arm,
 The arm we raised to do for truth such wonders ;
 We feel it softly bearing on our side ;
 We feel it touch and thrill us through the body ;
 And we are fools, and there 's an end of us.

Festus.

THE END OF LIFE.

WE live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not
 breaths ;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most
 lives,
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
 And he whose heart beats quickest lives the
 longest :
 Lives in one hour more than in years do some
 Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their
 veins.
 Life is but a means unto an end ; that end,
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things, — God.
 The dead have all the glory of the world.

A LETTER.

WHEN he hath had
 A letter from his lady dear, he blessed
 The paper that her hand had travelled over,
 And her eye looked on, and would think he saw
 Gleams of that light she lavished from her eyes,
 Wandering amid the words of love she 'd traced
 Like glowworms among beds of flowers. He
 seemed
 To bear with being but because she loved him ;
 She was the sheath wherein his soul had rest,
 As hath a sword from war.

Festus.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Who can mistake great thoughts ?

They seize upon the mind ; arrest, and search,
And shake it ; bow the tall soul as by wind ;
Rush over it like rivers over reeds,
Which quaver in the current ; turn us cold,
And pale, and voiceless ; leaving in the brain
A rocking and a ringing, — glorious,
But momentary ; madness might it last,
And close the soul with Heaven as with a seal.

THE POET.

He had no times of study, and no place ;
All places and all times to him were one.
His soul was like the wind-harp, which he loved,
And sounded only when the spirit blew,
Sometime in feasts and follies, for he went
Lifelike through all things ; and his thoughts then
rose
Like sparkles in the bright wine, brighter still ;
Sometimes in dreams, and then the shining words
Would wake him in the dark before his face.
All things talked thoughts to him. The sea
went mad
To show his meaning ; and the awful sun
Thundered his thoughts into him ; and at night
The stars would whisper theirs, the moon sigh
hers. *Festus.*

TOM TAYLOR.

1817 -

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling
hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please ;
You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's
laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were
plain ;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain :
Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you ?

Yes : he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen ; —
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose ;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more
true ;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be :
How in good fortune and in ill, the same :
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work, — such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand, —
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace
command ;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden
grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his pleasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting
nights, —

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear ; —
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to
train :

Rough culture, — but such trees large fruit may
bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it : four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood :
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he
stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest, —
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to
rest !

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
 Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
 When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
 To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
 Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
 Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
 Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
 By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
 If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
 But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly
 out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
 Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
 And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
 With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

London Punch.

ELIZA COOK.

1817-

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
 I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
 I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with
 sighs;

'T is bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
 Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
 And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
 The hallowed seat with listening ear;
 And gentle words that mother would give,
 To fit me to die and teach me to live.
 She told me shame would never betide,
 With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
 She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
 As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
 When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
 And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
 And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
 Years rolled on, but the last one sped, —
 My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,
 When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'T is past! 't is past! but I gaze on it now
 With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
 'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died;
 And memory flows with lava tide.

Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
 While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
 But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
 My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.*

1819 - 1861.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they plied,
 Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so, — but why the tale reveal
 Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence joined anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered, —
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
 Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides, —
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare, —
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
 At last, at last, unite them there!

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;

* The two long poems of this writer, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* and *Amours de Voyage*, give the best impression of his poetic power.

Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild northwesterners rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave !
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from ? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

JOHN RUSKIN.*

1819 -

THE OLD WATER-WHEEL.

It lies beside the river, where its marge
Is black with many an old and earless barge,
And yesty filth and leafage wild and rank
Stagnate and batten by the crumbling bank.

Once, slow revolving by the industrious mill,
It murmured, — only on the sabbath still ;
And evening winds its pulse-like beating bore
Down the soft vale and by the winding shore.

Sparkling around its orbéd motion, flew,
With quick fresh fall, the drops of dashing dew ;
Through noontide heat that gentle rain was flung,
And verdant, round, the summer herbage sprung.

Now, dancing light and sounding motion cease,
In these dark hours of cold continual peace ;
Through its black bars the unbroken moonlight
flows,
And dry winds howl about its long repose !

And mouldering lichens creep, and mosses gray
Cling round its arms, in gradual decay,
Amidst the hum of men, — which doth not suit
That shadowy circle, motionless and mute !

So, by the sleep of many a human heart
The crowd of men may bear their busy part,
Where withered, or forgotten, or subdued,
Its noisy passions have left solitude : —

Ah ! little can they trace the hidden truth,
What waves have moved it in the vale of youth !
And little can its broken chords avow
How once they sounded. All is silent, now !

* Ruskin is specially known as a poet writing in prose. Before, however, the first volume of *The Modern Painters* was issued he published a few occasional pieces in verse.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

1819 - 1875.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee" ;
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land :
And never home came she.

"O, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair, —
A tress of golden hair,
A drownéd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea :
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the
best,
And the children stood watching them out of
the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went
down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at
the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged
and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,

And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
 For those who will never come home to the town;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
 And good by to the bar and its mourning.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
 For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
 And so make life, death, and that vast forever
 One grand, sweet song.

A LAMENT.

THE merry merry lark was up and singing,
 And the hare was out and feeding on the lea;
 And the merry merry bells below were ringing,
 When my child's laugh rang through me.

Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-yard,
 And the lark beside the dreary winter sea;
 And the baby in his cradle in the churchyard
 Sleeps sound till the bell brings me.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

THE Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand:
 Its storms roll up the sky;
 The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold;
 All dreamers toss and sigh;
 The night is darkest before the morn;
 When the pain is sorest the child is born,
 And the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God, —
 Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth;
 Come! for the Earth is grown coward and old;
 Come down, and renew us her youth.
 Wisdom, Self-Sacrifice, Daring, and Love,
 Hasten to the battle-field, stoop from above,
 To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell, —
 Famine, and Plague, and War;
 Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,
 Gather, and fall in the snare!
 Hireling and Mammonite, Bigot and Knave,
 Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your grave,
 In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,

While the Lord of all ages is here?
 True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
 And those who can suffer can dare.
 Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
 And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do

In the Day of the Lord at hand.

GEORGE ELIOT (MRS. GEORGE H. LEWES).*

1820 (?) -

SHOULD I LONG THAT DARK WERE FAIR?

SHOULD I long that dark were fair?
 Say, O song!
 Lacks my love aught, that I should long?

Dark the night, with breath all flowers,
 And tender broken voice that fills
 With ravishment the listening hours:
 Whisperings, wooings,
 Liquid ripples and soft ring-dove cooings
 In low-toned rhythm that love's aching stills.
 Dark the night,
 Yet is she bright,
 For in her dark she brings the mystic star,
 Trembling yet strong, as is the voice of love,
 From some unknown afar.
 O radiant Dark! O darkly fostered ray!
 Thou hast a joy too deep for shallow Day.

The Spanish Gypsy.

MAIDEN, CROWNED WITH GLOSSY BLACKNESS.

MAIDEN, crowned with glossy blackness,
 Lithe as panther forest-roaming,
 Long-armed naiad, when she dances,
 On a stream of ether floating, —
 Bright, O bright Fedalma!

* These selections from "George Eliot's" poems convey but the slightest hint of her imaginative power, or of the subtlety, depth, and comprehensiveness of her intellect. In those mental qualities which are commonly dignified by the epithet "masculine," such as exact observation, penetrating insight, power of characterization, and largeness of view, she is at least the equal of the most eminent male novelists of the century. She has shown her capacity to conceive and vividly represent forms of character with which she can have no other sympathy than that derived from imaginative insight. She has the power of creating *souls*, — a very rare faculty, possessed only by dramatists and novelists of the first class, and perhaps never before exhibited in an equal degree by a woman. All the intellectual limitations of her sex, as commonly laid down by those who learnedly discourse about the appropriate "sphere of woman," this woman has quietly ignored. Probably there is no man, among the thinkers of this generation, who is sufficiently great to indulge in the luxury of despising her intellect.

Form all curves like softness drifted,
Wave-kissed marble roundly dimpling,
Far-off music slowly winged,
Gently rising, gently sinking,
Bright, O bright Fedalma!

Pure as rain-tear on a rose-leaf,
Cloud high-born in noonday spotless,
Sudden perfect as the dew-bead,
Gem of earth and sky begotten, —
Bright, O bright Fedalma!

Beauty has no mortal father,
Holy light her form engendered
Out of tremor, yearning, gladness,
Presage sweet and joy remembered, —
Child of Light, Fedalma!

The Spanish Gypsy.

DAY IS DYING.

DAY is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day, —
Day, the mighty Giver.

Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
Earth and heaven blending;

All the long-drawn earthy banks
Up to cloud-land lifting:
Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting.

Wings half open, like a flower
Inly deeper flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure, —
Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river;
Follow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver.

The Spanish Gypsy.

O, MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE!

O, MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's
minds
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better, — saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude,
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love, —
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us, who strive to follow.

May I reach
That purest heaven, — be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

1820 -

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries;
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter horn
Than on wind-swept autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catching up of legs and arms;

Throwings back and small alarms;
 Clutching fingers; straightening jerks;
 Twining feet whose each too works;
 Kickings up and straining risings;
 Mother's ever new surprisings;
 Hands all wants and looks all wonder
 At all things the heavens under;
 Tiny scorns of smiled reproving
 That have more of love than lovings;
 Mischiefs done with such a winning
 Archness that we prize such sinning;
 Breakings dire of plates and glasses;
 Graspings small at all that passes;
 Pullings off of all that's able
 To be caught from tray or table;
 Silences — small meditations
 Deep as thoughts of cares for nations;
 Breaking into wisest speeches
 In a tongue that nothing teaches;
 All the thoughts of whose possessing
 Must be wooed to light by guessing;
 Slumbers — such sweet angel-seemings
 That we'd ever have such dreamings;
 Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
 And we'd always have thee waking;
 Wealth for which we know no measure;
 Pleasure high above all pleasure;
 Gladness brimming over gladness;
 Joy in care; delight in sadness;
 Loveliness beyond completeness;
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
 Beauty all that beauty may be; —
 That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.

THINK OF ME.

Go where the water glideth gently ever,
 Glideth through meadows that the greenest
 be —

Go, listen to our own beloved river,
 And think of me.

Wander in forests, where the small flower
 layeth

Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree;
 List to the dim brook, pining as it playeth,
 And think of me.

And when the sky is silver-pale at even,
 And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree,
 Walk out beneath the solitary heaven,
 And think of me.

And when the moon riseth as she were dreaming,
 And treadeth with white feet the lulléd sea,
 Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,
 And think of me!

WILLIAM BARNES.

1810 (?) - .

THE MAID VAR MY BRIDE.

IN THE DORSET DIALECT.

Ah, don't tell o' maidens! — the oone var my bride
 Is little lik' too many maidens bezide, —
 Not branten, nar spitevul, nar wild; she've a
 mind
 To think o' what's right, an' a heart to be kind.

She's straight an' she's slender, but not auver
 tall,
 Wi' lim's that be litsom, but not auver small;
 Ther's love-winnen goodness a-show'd in her
 face,
 An' a queen, to be stiatly, must wa'k wi' her
 piace.

Her frocks be a-miade all becomen an' plain,
 An' cleän as a blossom undimmed by a stain;
 Her bonnet ha' got but two ribbons, a-tied
 Up under her chin, ar let down at the zide.

When she da speak to oone, she don't stiare an'
 grin;
 Ther's sense in her looks, vrom her eyes to her
 chin,
 An' her words be so kind, an' her speech is so
 meek,
 An' her eyes da look down a-beginnen to speak.

Her skin is so white as a lily, an' each
 Ov her cheeks is so downy an' red as a peach;
 She's pirty enough zitten still; but my love
 Da watch her to madness when oonce she da
 move.

An' when she da wa'k huome vrom church droo
 the groun',
 Wi' oone yarm in mine, an' wi' oone a-hung
 down,
 I da think, an' da veel muore o' shame than o'
 pride,
 Da miake me look ugly to wa'k by her zide.

Zoo don't ta'k o' maidens! the oone var my bride
 Is but little lik' too many maidens bezide, —
 Not branten, nar spitevul, nar wild, she've a
 mind
 To think o' what's right, an' a heart to be kind.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

1822 -

WORDSWORTH AND GOETHE.

SOME secrets may the poet tell,

For the world loves new ways :

To tell too deep ones is not well ;

It knows not what he says.

Yet of the spirits who have reigned

In this our troubled day,

I know but two who have attained,

Save thee, to see their way.

By England's lakes, in gray old age,

His quiet home one keeps ; †

And one, the strong, much-toiling Sage,

In German Weimar sleeps.

But Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken

From half of human fate ;

And Goethe's course few sons of men

May think to emulate.

For he pursued a lonely road,

His eyes on Nature's plan ;

Neither made man too much a God,

Nor God too much a man.

Strong was he, with a spirit free

From mists, and sane, and clear ;

Clearer, how much ! than ours : yet we

Have a worse course to steer.

For though his manhood bore the blast

Of Europe's stormiest time,

Yet in a tranquil world was passed

His tenderer youthful prime.

But we, brought forth and reared in hours

Of change, alarm, surprise —

What shelter to grow ripe is ours ?

What leisure to grow wise ?

Like children bathing on the shore,

Buried a wave beneath,

The second wave succeeds, before

We have had time to breathe.

Too fast we live, too much are tried,

Too harassed, to attain

Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide

And luminous view to gain.

Obermann.

* To gain an adequate idea of Arnold's poetic power, the reader must go to the last edition of his poems. *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Tristram and Iseult*, *Empedocles on Etna*, *Merope*, and *Thyrsis*, may be named as specially worthy of attention. Arnold's poems have been comparatively overlooked in the general admiration awarded to the flexibility, sweetness, ease, and vigor of his prose style. As a critic, he is almost unmatched for depth and delicacy of perception.

† Written in November, 1849.

PHILOMELA.

HARK ! ah, the Nightingale !

The tawny-throated !

Hark ! from that moonlit cedar what a burst !

What triumph ! hark — what pain !

O, wanderer from a Grecian shore,

Still, — after many years, in distant lands, —

Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain

That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world
pain, —

Say, will it never heal ?

And can this fragrant lawn,

With its cool trees, and night,

And the sweet, tranquil Thames,

And moonshine, and the dew,

To thy racked heart and brain

Afford no balm ?

Dost thou to-night behold,

Here, through the moonlight on this English
grass,

The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild ?

Dost thou again peruse,

With hot cheeks and seared eyes,

The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame ?

Dost thou once more essay

Thy flight ; and feel come over thee,

Poor fugitive, the feathery change ;

Once more ; and once more make resound,

With love and hate, triumph and agony,

Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale ?

Listen, Eugenia, —

How thick the bursts come crowding through
the leaves !

Again — thou hearest !

Eternal passion !

Eternal pain !

EXCUSE.

I too have suffered. Yet I know

She is not cold, though she seems so :

She is not cold, she is not light ;

But our ignoble souls lack might.

She smiles, and smiles, and will not sigh,

While we for hopeless passion die ;

Yet she could love, those eyes declare,

Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken

Was turned upon the sons of men ;

But light the serious visage grew, —

She looked, and smiled, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,

Our labored puny passion-fits, —

Ah, may she scorn them still, till we

Scorn them as bitterly as she !

Yet O that Fate would let her see
One of some worthier race than we, —
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love !

His eyes be like the starry lights,
His voice like sounds of summer nights !
In all his lovely mien let pierce
The magic of the universe !

And she to him will reach her hand,
And gazing in his eyes will stand,
And know her friend, and weep for glee,
And cry, Long, long I've looked for thee !

Then will she weep. With smiles till then
Coldly she mocks the sons of men.
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their gay, unwavering, deep disdain.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

1823 -

HONORIA.

SHE was all mildness ; yet 't was writ
Upon her beauty legibly,
" He that 's for heaven itself unfit,
Let him not hope to merit me."
And such a challenge, quite apart
From thoughts of love, humbled, and thus
To sweet repentance moved my heart,
And made me more magnanimous,
And led me to review my life,
Inquiring where in aught the least,
If question were of her for wife,
Ill might be mended, hope increased:
Not that I soared so far above
Myself, as this great hope to dare :
And yet I half foresaw that love
Might hope where reason would despair.

THE PARADOX.

How strange a thing a Lover seems
To animals that do not love !
Look where he walks and talks in dreams,
And flouts us with his Lady's glove :
How foreign is the garb he wears ;
And how his great devotion mocks
Our poor propriety, and scares
The undevout with paradox !
His soul, through scorn of worldly care,
And great extremes of sweet and gall,
And musing much on all that 's fair,
Grows witty and fantastical :
He sobs his joy and sings his grief,
And evermore finds such delight

In simply picturing his relief,
That 'plaining seems to cure his plight :
He makes his sorrow, when there 's none ;
His fancy blows both cold and hot ;
Next to the wish that she 'll be won,
His first hope is that she may not ;
He sues, yet deprecates consent ;
Would she be captured she must fly ;
She looks too happy and content,
For whose least pleasure he would die ;
O, cruelty, she cannot care
For one to whom she 's always kind !
He says he 's naught, but O, despair,
If he 's not Jove to her fond mind !
He 's jealous if she pets a dove,
She must be his with all her soul ;
Yet 't is a postulate in love
That part is greater than the whole,
And all his apprehension's stress,
When he 's with her, regards her hair,
Her hand, a ribbon of her dress,
As if his life were only there :
Because she 's constant, he will change,
And kindest glances coldly meet,
And, all the time he seems so strange,
His soul is fawning at her feet :
Of smiles and simple heaven grown tired,
He wickedly provokes her tears,
And when she weeps, as he desired,
Falls slain with ecstasies of fears ;
He finds, although she has no fault,
Except the folly to be his ;
He worships her, the more to exalt
The profanation of a kiss ;
Health 's his disease ; he 's never well
But when his paleness shames her rose ;
His faith 's a rock-built citadel,
Its sign a flag that each way blows ;
His o'erlaid fancy frets and fumes ;
And Love, in him, is fierce like Hate,
And ruffles his ambrosial plumes
Against the bars of Time and Fate.

GEORGE MACDONALD.*

1824 -

LESSONS FOR A CHILD.

I.

THERE breathes not a breath of the morning air,
But the Spirit of Love is moving there ;
Not a trembling leaf on the shadowy tree
Mingles with thousands in harmony,
But the Spirit of God doth make the sound,

* This is a poet who, touch him wherever you accidentally may, seems always to breathe forth a feeling of the beneficence of God and the brotherhood of man.

And the thoughts of the insect that creepeth
around.

And the sunshiny butterflies come and go,
Like beautiful thoughts moving to and fro ;
And not a wave of their busy wings
Is unknown to the Spirit that moveth 'all things.
And the long-mantled moths that sleep at noon,
And dance in the light of the mystic moon, —
All have one Being that loves them all ;
Not a fly in the spider's web can fall,
But he cares for the spider, and cares for the fly ;
And he cares for each little child's smile or sigh.
How it can be, I cannot know ;
He is wiser than I, and it must be so.

II.

The tree-roots met in the spongy ground,
Looking where water lay ;
Because they met, they twined around,
Embraced, and went their way.

Drop dashed on drop as the rain showers fell,
Yet they strove not, but joined together ;
And they rose from the earth a bright clear well,
Singing in sunny weather.

Sound met sound in the wavy air ;
They kissed as sisters true ;
Yet, jostling not on their journey fair,
Each on its own path flew.

Wind met wind in a garden green ;
Each for its own way plead ;
And a trampling whirlwind danced between,
Till the flower of Love lay dead.

THE SHADOWS.

My little boy, with pale, round cheeks,
And large, brown, dreamy eyes,
Not often, little wisehead, speaks,
But yet will make replies.

His sister, always glad to show
Her knowledge, for its praise,
Said yesterday : " God 's here, you know ;
He 's everywhere, always.

" He 's in this room." His large brown eyes
Went wandering round for God ;
In vain he looks, in vain he tries,
His wits are all abroad.

" He is not here, mamma? No, no ;
I do not see him at all,
He 's not the shadows, is he? " So
His doubtful accents fall, —

Fall on my heart, like precious seed,
Grow up to flowers of love ;

For as my child, in love and need,
Am I to Him above.

How oft before the vapors break,
And day begins to be,
In our dim-lighted rooms we take
The shadows, Lord, for thee.

While every shadow lying there,
Slow remnant of the night,
Is but an aching, longing prayer
For thee, O Lord, the light.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

1824 -

HOW 'S MY BOY?

" Ho, sailor of the sea !
How 's my boy — my boy? "
" What 's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he? "

" My boy John —
He that went to sea —
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy 's my boy to me.

" You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There 's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

" How 's my boy — my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I 'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no !
Sure his ship was the ' Jolly Briton ' " —
" Speak low, woman, speak low ! "
" And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy, John?
If I was loud as I am proud,
I 'd sing him over the town !
Why should I speak low, sailor? " —
" That good ship went down ! "

" How 's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I 'll be bound,
Her owners can afford her !
I say, how 's my John? " —
" Every man on board went down,

Every man aboard her." —
 "How's my boy — my boy?
 What care I for the men, sailor?
 I'm not their mother —
 How's my boy — my boy?
 Tell me of him, and no other!
 How's my boy — my boy?"

DINAH MARIA MULOCK (CRAIK).

1826 -

DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS, TENDER AND TRUE.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
 In the old likeness that I knew,
 I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
 I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do; —
 Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not!
 My eyes were blinded, your words were few:
 Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
 Not half worthy the like of you:
 Now all men beside seem to me like shadows —
 I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
 Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
 As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

PHILIP MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
 And top of sovereignty."

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
 Philip my king,
 Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
 Of babyhood's royal dignities:
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
 With love's invisible sceptre laden;
 I am thine Esther to command
 Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,
 Philip my king.

O the day when thou goest a wooing,
 Philip my king!
 When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
 And some gentle heart's bars undoing
 Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there

Sittest love-glorified. Rule kindly,
 Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
 For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
 Philip my king.

Up from thy sweet mouth — up to thy brow,
 Philip my king!
 The spirit that there lies sleeping now
 May rise like a giant and make men bow
 As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers:
 My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer
 Let me behold thee in future years; —
 Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
 Philip my king.

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day,
 Philip my king,
 Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
 Thorny and cruel and cold and gray:
 Rebels within thee and foes without,
 Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glo-
 rious,
 Martyr, yet monarch: till angels shout,
 As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
 "Philip the king!"

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

1828 (?) -

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!
 If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the
 rest.
 Be what it may the time of day, the place be where
 it will,
 Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before
 me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on
 a rock,
 How clear they are, how dark they are! and they
 give me many a shock.
 Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with
 a shower,
 Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me
 in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows
 lifted up,
 Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like
 a china cup,
 Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so
 fine;
 It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered
 in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded
all before;

No pretty girl for miles about was missing from
the floor;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and O, but she
was gay!

She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my
heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so
complete

The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet;
The fiddler moaned his blindness, he heard her so
much praised,

But blessed himself he was n't deaf when once her
voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or liting what you
sung,

Your smile is always in my heart, your name
beside my tongue;

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count
on both your hands,

And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger
stands.

O, you're the flower o' womankind in country or
in town;

The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.
If some great lord should come this way, and see
your beauty bright,

And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

O, might we live together in a lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet cur-
tains fall!

O, might we live together in a cottage mean and
small;

With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the
only wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my dis-
tress;

It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never
wish it less.

The proudest place would fit your face, and I am
poor and low;

But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you
may go!

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A MAN there came, whence none could tell,
Bearing a Touchstone in his hand,
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

A thousand transformations rose
From fair to foul, from foul to fair:
The golden crown he did not spare,
Nor scorn the beggar's clothes.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and clods;
And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
"The loss outweighs the profit far;
Our goods suffice us as they are:
We will not have them tried,"

And, since they could not so avail
To check his unrelenting quest,
They seized him, saying, "Let him test
How real is our jail!"

But though they slew him with the sword,
And in a fire his Touchstone burned,
Its doings could not be o'erturned,
Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
They strewed its ashes on the breeze,
They little guessed each grain of these
Conveyed the perfect charm.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

1828 - .

LOVE IN THE VALLEY.

UNDER yonder beech-tree standing on the green-
sward,

Couched with her arms behind her little head,
Her knees folded up, and her tresses on her bosom,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.

Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath her!
Press her dreaming lips as her waist I folded slow,
Waking on the instant she could not but embrace
me —

Ah! would she hold me, and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the swallow;
Swift as the swallow when athwart the western
flood

Circling the surface he meets his mirrored
winklets, —

Is that dear one in her maiden bud.

Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the pine-tops;
Gentle — ah! that she were jealous as the dove!
Full of all the wildness of the woodland creatures,
Happy in herself is the maiden that I love!

What can have taught her distrust of all I tell her?
Can she truly doubt me when looking on my
brows?

Nature never teaches distrust of tender love-tales,
What can have taught her distrust of all my
vows?

No, she does not doubt me! on a dewy eve-tide,

Whispering together beneath the listening
moon,
I prayed till her cheek flushed, implored till she
faltered—
Fluttered to my bosom—ah! to fly away so
soon!

When her mother tends her before the laughing
mirror,

Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks, "Were this wild thing wedded,
I should have more love, and much less care."

When her mother tends her before the bashful
mirror,

Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
Often she thinks, "Were this wild thing wedded,
I should lose but one for so many boys and
girls."

Clambering roses peep into her chamber,
Jasmine and woodbine breathe sweet, sweet;
White-necked swallows twittering of summer,
Fill her with balm and nested peace from head
to feet.

Ah! will the rose-bough see her lying lonely,
When the petals fall and fierce bloom is on the
leaves?

Will the autumn garners see her still ungathered,
When the fickle swallows forsake the weeping
caves?

Comes a sudden question—should a strange hand
pluck her!

O, what an anguish smites me at the thought,
Should some idle lordling bribe her mind with
jewels!—

Can such beauty ever thus be bought?
Sometimes the huntsmen prancing down the valley
Eye the village lasses, full of sprightly mirth;
They see as I see, mine is the fairest!
Would she were older, and could read my worth!

Are there not sweet maidens if she still deny me?
Show the bridal heavens but one bright star?
Wherefore thus then do I chase a shadow,
Clattering one note like a brown eve-jar?

So I rhyme and reason till she darts before me—
Through the milky meadows from flower to
flower she flies,

Sunning her sweet palms to shade her dazzled
eyelids

From the golden love that looks too eager in
her eyes.

When at dawn she awakens, and her fair face gazes
Out on the weather through the window-panes,
Beauteous she looks! like a white water-lily
Bursting out of bud on the rippled river-plains.

When from bed she rises, clothed from neck to
ankle

In her long nightgown, sweet as boughs of
May,

Beauteous she looks! like a tall garden lily
Pure from the night and perfect for the day!

Happy, happy time, when the gray star twinkles
Over the fields all fresh with bloomy dew;

When the cold-checked dawn grows ruddy up the
twilight,

And the gold sun wakes, and weds her in the
blue.

Then when my darling tempts the early breezes,
She the only star that dies not with the dark!
Powerless to speak all the ardor of my passion,
I catch her little hand as we listen to the lark.

Shall the birds in vain then valentine their sweet-
hearts?

Season after season tell a fruitless tale;
Will not the virgin listen to their voices?

Take the honeyed meaning—wear the bridal
veil.

Fears she frosts of winter, fears she the bare
branches?

Waits she the garlands of spring for her dower?
Is she a nightingale that will not be nested
Till the April woodland has built her bridal
bower?

Then come, merry April, with all thy birds and
beauties!

With thy crescent brows and thy flowery,
showery glee;

With thy budding leafage and fresh green
pastures;

And may thy lustrous crescent grow a honey-
moon for me!

Come, merry month of the cuckoo and the violet!
Come, weeping Loveliness, in all thy blue
delight!

Lo! the nest is ready, let me not languish longer!
Bring her to my arms on the first May night.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.*

1828—

LOVE-LILY.

BETWEEN the hands, between the brows,
Between the lips of Love-Lily,
A spirit is born whose birth endows
My blood with fire to burn through me;
Who breathes upon my gazing eyes,

* Perhaps the poem of *The Blessed Damozel*, or *Sister Helen*, or *Jenny* would be more characteristic of the author than *Love-Lily*, but they are too long to be inserted here.

Who laughs and murmurs in mine ear,
At whose least touch my color flies,
And whom my life grows faint to hear.

Within the voice, within the heart,
Within the mind of Love-Lily,
A spirit is born who lifts apart
His tremulous wings and looks at me;
Who on my mouth his finger lays,
And shows, while whispering lutes confer,
That Eden of Love's watered ways
Whose winds and spirits worship her.

Brows, hands, and lips, heart, mind, and voice,
Kisses and words of Love-Lily, —
O, bid me with your joy rejoice
Till riotous longing rest in me!
Ah! let not hope be still distraught,
But find in her its gracious goal,
Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought
Nor Love her body from her soul.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

1830 -

AT HOME.

WHEN I was dead, my spirit turned
To seek the much-frequented house:
I passed the door, and saw my friends
Feasting beneath green orange-boughs;
From hand to hand they pushed the wine,
They sucked the pulp of plum and peach;
They sang, they jested, and they laughed,
For each was loved of each.

I listened to their honest chat:
Said one: "To-morrow we shall be
Plod plod along the featureless sands
And coasting miles and miles of sea."
Said one: "Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the eery-seat."
Said one: "To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."

"To-morrow," said they, strong with hope,
And dwelt upon the pleasant way:
"To-morrow," cried they one and all,
While no one spoke of yesterday,
Their life stood full at blessed noon,
I, only I, had passed away:
"To-morrow and to-day," they cried;
I was of yesterday.

I shivered comfortless, but cast
No chill across the table-cloth;
I all-forgotten shivered, sad
To stay, and yet to part how loath:

I passed from the familiar room,
I who from love had passed away,
Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrieth but a day.

A RING POSY.

Jess and Jill are pretty girls,
Plump and well to do, —
In a cloud of windy curls;
Yet I know who
Loves me more than curls or pearls.

I am not pretty, not a bit, —
Thin, and fallow-pale:
When I trudge along the street
I don't need a veil;
Yet I have one fancy hit.

Jess and Jill can trill and sing
With a flute-like voice,
Dance as light as bird on wing,
Laugh for careless joys;
Yet it's I who wear the ring.

Jess and Jill will mate some day,
Surely, surely, —
Ripen on to June through May,
While the sun shines make their hay,
Slacken steps demurely;
Yet even there I lead the way.

GERALD MASSEY.

1828 -

LITTLE WILLIE.

POOR little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles;
Worlds of wisdom in his looks,
And quaint, quiet smiles;
Hair of amber, touched with
Gold of heaven so brave;
All lying darkly hid
In a workhouse grave.

You remember little Willie;
Fair and funny fellow! he
Sprang like a lily
From the dirt of poverty.

Poor little Willie!
Not a friend was nigh,
When, from the cold world,
He crouched down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless,
Little Willie cried for bread;

In the night we wandered homeless,
 Little Willie cried for bed.
 Parted at the workhouse door,
 Not a word we said :
 Ah, so tired was poor Willie,
 And so sweetly sleep the dead.

'T was in the dead of winter
 We laid him in the earth ;
 The world brought in the New Year,
 On a tide of mirth.
 But, for lost little Willie,
 Not a tear we crave ;
 Cold and hunger cannot wake him,
 In his workhouse grave.

We thought him beautiful,
 Felt it hard to part ;
 We loved him dutiful ;
 Down, down, poor heart !
 The storms they may beat ;
 The winter winds may rave ;
 Little Willie feels not,
 In his workhouse grave.

No room for little Willie ;
 In the world he had no part ;
 On him stared the Gorgon-eye,
 Through which looks no heart.
 Come to me, said Heaven ;
 And, if Heaven will save,
 Little matters though the door
 Be a workhouse grave.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

1830 - 1867.

LADY BARBARA.

EARL GAWAIN wooed the Lady Barbara,
 High-thoughted Barbara, so white and cold !
 'Mong broad-branched beeches in the summer
 shaw,
 In soft green light his passion he has told.
 When rain-beat winds did shriek across the wold,
 The Earl to take her fair reluctant ear
 Framed passion-trembled ditties manifold ;
 Silent she sat his amorous breath to hear,
 With calm and steady eyes ; her heart was other-
 where.

He sighed for her through all the summer weeks ;
 Sitting beneath a tree whose fruitful boughs
 Bore glorious apples with smooth, shining cheeks,
 Earl Gawain came and whispered, " Lady, rouse !
 Thou art no vestal held in holy vows ;
 Out with our falcons to the pleasant heath."

Her father's blood leapt up unto her brows, —
 He who, exulting in the trumpet's breath,
 Came charging like a star across the lists of death,

Trembled, and passed before her high rebuke :
 And then she sat, her hands clasped round her
 knee :

Like one far-thoughted was the lady's look,
 For in a morning cold as misery
 She saw a lone ship sailing on the sea ;
 Before the north 't was driven like a cloud,
 High on the poop a man sat mournfully :
 The wind was whistling through mast and shroud.
 And to the whistling wind thus did he sing
 aloud : —

" Didst look last night upon my native vales,
 Thou Sun ! that from the drenching sea hast
 clomb ?

Ye demon winds ! that glut my gaping sails,
 Upon the salt sea must I ever roam,
 Wander forever on the barren foam ?
 O, happy are ye, resting mariners !
 O Death, that thou wouldst come and take me
 home !

A hand unseen this vessel onward steers,
 And onward I must float through slow, moon-
 measured years.

" Ye winds ! when like a curse ye drove us on,
 Frothing the waters, and along our way,
 Nor cape nor headland through red mornings
 shone,

One wept aloud, one shuddered down to pray,
 One howled ' Upon the deep we are astray.'
 On our wild hearts his words fell like a blight :
 In one short hour my hair was stricken gray,
 For all the crew sank ghastly in my sight
 As we went driving on through the cold starry
 night.

" Madness fell on me in my loneliness,
 The sea foamed curses, and the reeling sky
 Became a dreadful face which did oppress
 Me with the weight of its unwinking eye.
 It fled, when I burst forth into a cry, —
 A shoal of fiends came on me from the deep ;
 I hid, but in all corners they did pry,
 And dragged me forth, and round did dance and
 leap ;
 They mouthed on me in dream, and tore me from
 sweet sleep.

" Strange constellations burned above my head,
 Strange birds around the vessel shrieked and flew,
 Strange shapes, like shadows, through the clear
 sea fled,
 As our lone ship, wide-winged, came rippling
 through,

Angering to foam the smooth and sleeping blue."
The lady sighed, "Far, far upon the sea,
My own Sir Arthur, could I die with you!
The wind blows shrill between my love and
me."

Fond heart! the space between was but the
apple-tree.

There was a cry of joy, with seeking hands
She fled to him, like worn bird to her nest;
Like washing water on the figured sands,
His being came and went in sweet unrest,
As from the mighty shelter of his breast
The Lady Barbara her head uprears
With a wan smile, "Methinks I'm but half
blest:

Now when I've found thee, after weary years,
I cannot see thee, love! so blind I am with tears."

ROBERT LEIGHTON.*

THE GARLAND.

No cultivated garden did he own,
But found his bent by wayside and in forest:
He gathered flowers where seed was never sown,
Unless by Nature's Florist.

He lacked the cultured mind, so richly prized,
But in the wastes of soul found endless choos-
ings,

And culled a garland, not to be despised,
Of transient thoughts and musings.

BOOKS.

I CANNOT think the glorious world of mind,
Embalmed in books, which I can only see
In patches, though I read my moments blind,
Is to be lost to me.

I have a thought that, as we live elsewhere,
So will those dear creations of the brain;
That what I lose unread, I'll find, and there
Take up my joy again.

O then the bliss of blisses, to be freed
From all the wants by which the world is
driven;

With liberty and endless time to read
The libraries of Heaven! .

FREDERICK LOCKER.

UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY.

AN EXPERIMENT.

WHEN he whispers, "O Miss Bailey,
Thou art brightest of the throng,"
She makes murmur, softly-gayly,
"Alfred, I have loved thee long."

Then he drops upon his knees, a
Proof his heart is soft as wax:
She's — I don't know who, but he's a
Captain bold from Halifax.

Though so loving, such another
Artless bride was never seen,
Coachee thinks that she's his mother —
Till they get to Gretna Green.

There they stand, by him attended,
Hear the sable smith rehearse
That which links them, when 't is ended,
Tight for better — or for worse.

Now her heart rejoices — ugly
Troubles need disturb her less —
Now the Happy Pair are snugly
Seated in the night express.

So they go with fond emotion,
So they journey through the night —
London is their land of Goshen —
See, its suburbs are in sight!

Hark! the sound of life is swelling,
Pacing up, and racing down,
Soon they reach her simple dwelling —
Burley Street, by Somers Town.

What is there to so astound them?
She cries "Oh!" for he cries "Hah!"
When five brats emerge, confound them!
Shouting out, "Mamma! — Papa!"

While at this he wonders blindly,
Nor their meaning can divine,
Proud she turns them round, and kindly,
"All of these are mine and thine!"

Here he pines and grows dyspeptic,
Losing heart he loses pith —
Hints that Bishop Tait's a sceptic —
Swears that Moses was a myth.

Sees no evidence in Paley —
Takes to drinking ratafia:
Shies the muffins at Miss Bailey
While she's pouring out the tea.

* The author of a volume of poems published in Liverpool
in 1866.

One day, knocking up his quarters,
 Poor Miss Bailey found him dead,
 Hanging in his knotted garters,
 Which she knitted ere they wed.

—o—o—o—
 JEAN INGELow.

1830 -

DIVIDED.

I.

An empty sky, a world of heather,
 Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom ;
 We two among them wading together,
 Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
 Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
 Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
 Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
 Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
 'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
 Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth,
 And short dry grass under foot is brown,
 But one little streak at a distance lieth
 Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
 And God he knoweth how blithe we were !
 Never a voice to bid us eschew it :
 Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair !

Hey the green ribbon ! we kneeled beside it,
 We parted the grasses dewy and sheen :
 Drop over drop there filtered and slided
 A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
 Light was our talk as of faëry bells ;
 Faëry wedding-bells faintly rung to us
 Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand while the sun peered over,
 We lapped the grass on that youngling spring ;
 Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
 And said, " Let us follow it westering."

III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
 Circling above us the black rooks fly
 Forward, backward ; lo their dark shadows
 Flit on the blossoming tapestry ;

Flit on the beck ; for her long grass parteth
 As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back :
 And, lo, the sun like a lover darteth
 His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on ! we sing in the glorious weather
 Till one steps over the tiny strand,
 So narrow, in sooth, that still together
 On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever.
 On either margin, our songs all done,
 We move apart, while she singeth ever,
 Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, " Come over," — I may not follow ;
 I cry, " Return," — but he cannot come :
 We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow ;
 Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

IV.

A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer,
 A little talking of outward things :
 The careless beck is a merry dancer,
 Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider ;
 " Cross to me now ; for her wavelets swell."
 " I may not cross," — and the voice beside her
 Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path ; ah ! no returning ;
 No second crossing that ripple's flow :
 " Come to me now, for the west is burning ;
 Come ere it darkens." " Ah, no ! ah, no !"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching,
 The beck grows wider and swift and deep :
 Passionate words as of one beseeching :
 The loud beck drowns them : we walk, and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
 A tired queen with her state oppressed,
 Low by rushes and swordgrass stooping,
 Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness ;
 Her earth will weep her some dewy tears ;
 The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
 And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places
 On either marge of the moonlit flood,
 With the moon's own sadness in our faces,
 Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring ;
 A little piping of leaf-hid birds ;
 A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring ;
 A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes where kids are tethered,
 Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined,
 Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,
 Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
 When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide ;
 A flashing edge for the milk-white river,
 The beck, a river— with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver
 On she goes under fruit-laden trees :
 Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
 And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew, and shines the river,
 Up comes the lily and dries her bell ;
 But two are walking apart forever,
 And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding ;
 The river hasteth, her banks recede.
 Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
 Bear down the lily, and drown the reed.

Stately prowls are rising and bowing
 (Shouts of mariners winnow the air),
 And level sands for banks endowing
 The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart ! as white sails shiver,
 And clouds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
 How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
 That moving speck on the far-off side.

Farther, farther ; I see it, know it—
 My eyes brim over, it melts away :
 Only my heart to my heart shall show it
 As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly, —
 A knowledge greater than grief can dim, —
 I know, as he loved, he will love me duly, —
 Yea better, e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river,
 The awful river so dread to see,
 I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever
 Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

MATERNITY.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall,
 When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
 And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender and small :

Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's
 own lasses,
 Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups :
 Mother shall thread them a daisy chain ;
 Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
 That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain ;

Sing, "Heart, thou art wide though the house
 be but narrow" —
 Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,
 Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow ;

A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
 And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
 Maybe he thinks on you now !

O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall ;
 A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
 And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall,

Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure —
 God that is over us all.



ROBERT BULWER LYTTON, LORD
 LYTTON (OWEN MEREDITH).*

1831- .

MADAME LA MARQUISE.

THE folds of her wine-dark violet dress
 Glow over the sofa, fall on fall,
 As she sits in the air of her loveliness
 With a smile for each and for all.

Half of her exquisite face in the shade
 Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings :

* The son of the distinguished novelist. Most of his poems were published under the *nom de plume* of "Owen Meredith." He is the first poet ever raised to the great office of Governor General of India, ruling a hundred and fifty millions of people, not one of whom can be supposed to have ever read *Lucille*, *Fair Yoland* with the *Yellow Hair*, or *The National Songs of Servia*. There is every reason to suppose that he values his poetical reputation more than his political distinction.

Through the gloom glows her hair in its odorous
braid :

In the firelight are sparkling her rings.

As she leans, — the slow smile half shut up in
her eyes

Beams the sleepy, long, silk-soft lashes beneath ;
Through her crimson lips, stirred by her faint
replies,

Breaks one gleam of her pearl-white teeth.

As she leans, — where your eye, by her beauty
subdued,

Droops, — from under warm fringes of broidery
white

The slightest of feet, silken-slippered, protrude
For one moment, then slip out of sight.

As I bend o'er her bosom, to tell her the news,
The faint scent of her hair, the approach of
her cheek,

The vague warmth of her breath, all my senses
suffuse

With *HERSELF* : and I tremble to speak.

So she sits in the curtained, luxurious light
Of that room, with its porcelain, and pictures,
and flowers,

When the dark day 's half done, and the snow
flutters white

Past the windows in feathery showers.

All without is so cold, — 'neath the low leaden
sky !

Down the bald, empty street, like a ghost, the
gendarme

Stalks surlily : a distant carriage hums by : —
All within is so bright and so warm !

Here we talk of the schemes and the scandals of
court.

How the courtesan pushes : the charlatan
thrives :

We put horns on the heads of our friends, just
for sport ;

Put intrigues in the heads of their wives.

Her warm hand, at parting, so strangely thrilled
mine,

That at dinner I scarcely remark what they
say, —

Drop the ice in my soup, spill the salt in my wine,
Then go yawn at my favorite play.

But she drives after noon : — then 's the time to
behold her,

With her fair face half hid, like a ripe peeping
rose,

'Neath that veil, — o'er the velvets and furs
which enfold her,

Leaning back with a queenly repose, —

As she glides up the sunlight ! . . . You 'd say she
was made

To loll back in a carriage, all day, with a smile ;
And at dusk, on a sofa, to lean in the shade
Of soft lamps, and be wooed for a while.

Could we find out her heart through that velvet
and lace !

Can it beat without ruffling her sumptuous
dress ?

She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face ;
But what the heart 's like we must guess.

With live women and men to be found in the
world

(Live with sorrow and sin, live with pain and
with passion,) —

Who could live with a doll, though its locks
should be curled,

And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion ?

'T is so fair ! . . . would my bite, if I bit it, draw
blood ?

Will it cry if I hurt it ? or scold if I kiss ?

Is it made, with its beauty, of wax or of wood ?
. . . Is it worth while to guess at all this ?

EDWIN ARNOLD.

1832 - .

FLOWERS.

SWEET sisterhood of flowers,

Ye tell of happier hours,

Eloquent eyes, soft hands, and beaming brow ;

Ye were a gift from one

Best loved beneath the sun,

And ye must bring me memories of her now.

Thou rare red Picotine !

Seemed she not like a queen,

Gloriously proud, nor beautiful the less,

When what I whispered low

Made the red blushes show,

For shame to hear of her own loveliness ?

Thou dost remind me well,

Down-looking heatherbell,

How she looked downward in that lonely spot,

And to my earnest prayer

Tremblingly gave me there

This star of lover's hope, — " Forget-me-Not."

Sweet Rose ! thy crimson leaves

Are little happy thieves !

She kissed thee, and her lips are mine alone :

Now by that blessed day

I'll wear thy leaves away,
Kissing the kiss till kissing-place be gone.

Beautiful, bright-winged Pea !
Ah ! but I envied thee,
Plucked by her hand, and on her bosom lying.
O, it were happy death
There to sigh out the breath ;
Never to die, and yet be still a-dying.

White lily of the vale !
I fear thou saw'st a tale
Told without words, when none but thou wert
nigh :
Keep faith, sweet bud of snow !
None but ourselves must know —
Thou and the Evening Star, and She, and I.



ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

1835-1864.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-
night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret :
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet ?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I
can pledge to thee ?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine ?
If so, at any pain or cost, O, tell me before all is
lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy
tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil ?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still ?
Speak now, — lest at some future day my whole
life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange ? —
It may not be thy fault alone, — but shield my
heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake —
Not thou — had been to blame ?
Some soothe their conscience thus ; but thou wilt
surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*, — I dare not hear,
The words would come too late ;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my Fate, —
Whatever on my heart may fall — remember, I
would risk it all !



A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I WILL not let you say a woman's part
Must be to give exclusive love alone ;
Dearest, although I love you so, my heart
Answers a thousand claims besides your own.

I love, — what do I not love ? Earth and air
Find space within my heart, and myriad things
You would not deign to heed are cherished there,
And vibrate on its very inmost strings.

I love the summer, with her ebb and flow
Of light and warmth and music, that have
nursed
Her tender buds to blossoms . . . and you know
It was in summer that I saw you first.

I love the winter dearly too, . . . but then
I owe it so much ; on a winter's day,
Bleak, cold, and stormy, you returned again,
When you had been those weary months away.

I love the stars like friends ; so many nights
I gazed at them, when you were far from me,
Till I grew blind with tears . . . those far-off lights
Could watch you, whom I longed in vain to see.

I love the flowers ; happy hours lie
Shut up within their petals close and fast :
You have forgotten, dear ; but they and I
Keep every fragment of the golden Past.

I love, too, to be loved ; all loving praise
Seems like a crown upon my life, — to make
It better worth the giving, and to raise
Still nearer to your own the heart you take.

I love all good and noble souls ; — I heard
 One speak of you but lately, and for days,
 Only to think of it, my soul was stirred
 In tender memory of such generous praise.

I love all those who love you, all who owe
 Comfort to you ; and I can find regret
 Even for those poorer hearts who once could know,
 And once could love you, and can now forget.

Well, is my heart so narrow, — I, who spare
 Love for all these ? Do I not even hold
 My favorite books in special tender care,
 And prize them as a miser does his gold ?

The poets that you used to read to me
 While summer twilights faded in the sky ;
 But most of all I think Aurora Leigh,
 Because — because — do you remember why ?

Will you be jealous ? Did you guess before
 I loved so many things ? — Still you the
 best : —

Dearest, remember that I love you more,
 O more a thousand times, than all the rest !



WILLIAM MORRIS.

1835 - .

RIDING TOGETHER.

For many, many days together
 The wind blew steady from the east ;
 For many days hot grew the weather,
 About the time of our Lady's Feast.

For many days we rode together,
 Yet met we neither friend nor foe ;
 Hotter and clearer grew the weather,
 Steadily did the east-wind blow.

We saw the trees in the hot, bright weather,
 Clear-cut, with shadows very black,
 As freely we rode on together
 With helms unlaced and bridles slack.

And often as we rode together,
 We, looking down the green-banked stream,
 Saw flowers in the sunny weather,
 And saw the bubble-making bream.

And in the night lay down together,
 And hung above our heads the rood,
 Or watched night-long in the dewy weather,
 The while the moon did watch the wood.

Our spears stood bright and thick together,
 Straight out the banners streamed behind,
 As we galloped on in the sunny weather,
 With faces turned towards the wind.

Down sank our threescore spears together,
 As thick we saw the pagans ride ;
 His eager face in the clear fresh weather
 Shone out that last time by my side.

Up the sweep of the bridge we dashed together,
 It rocked to the crash of the meeting spears,
 Down rained the buds of the dear spring weather,
 The elm-tree flowers fell like tears.

There, as we rolled and writhed together,
 I threw my arms above my head,
 For close by my side, in the lovely weather,
 I saw him reel and fall back dead.

I and the slayer met together,
 He waited the death-stroke there in his place,
 With thoughts of death, in the lovely weather
 Gapingly mazed at my maddened face.

Madly I fought as we fought together ;
 In vain : the little Christian band
 The pagans drowned, as in stormy weather,
 The river drowns low-lying land.

They bound my blood-stained hands together,
 They bound his corpse to nod by my side :
 Then on we rode, in the bright March weather,
 With clash of cymbals did we ride.

We ride no more, no more together ;
 My prison-bars are thick and strong,
 I take no heed of any weather,
 The sweet Saints grant I live not long.



DAVID GRAY.*

1838 - 1861.

MY LITTLE BROTHER.

THE goldening peach on the orchard wall,
 Soft feeding in the sun,
 Hath never so downy and rosy a cheek
 As this laughing little one.
 The brook that murmurs and dimples alone
 Through glen and grove and lea,
 Hath never a life so merry and true
 As my brown little brother of three.
 From flower to flower, and from bower to bower,

* The story of this poet's life is one of the most pathetic in the long list of biographies which record the struggles and disappointments of youthful genius.

In my mother's garden green,
A-peering at this, and a-cheering at that,
The funniest ever was seen ; —
Now throwing himself in his mother's lap,
With his cheek upon her breast,
He tells his wonderful travels, forsooth !
And chatters himself to rest.
And what may become of that brother of mine,
Asleep in his mother's bosom ?
Will the wee rosy bud of his being at last
Into a wild-flower blossom ?
Will the hopes that are deepening as silent and
fair
As the azure about his eye
Be told in glory and motherly pride,
Or answered with a sigh ?
Let the curtain rest ; for, alas ! 't is told
That Mercy's hand benign
Hath woven and spun the gossamer thread
That forms the fabric so fine.
Then dream, dearest Jackie ! thy sinless dream,
And waken as blithe and as free ;
There's many a change in twenty long years,
My brown little brother of three.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

1841 -

LANGLEY LANE.

A LOVE POEM.

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet,
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street ?
Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelors' buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by, —
I seem to be able to see it all !

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near ;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind,
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak, —
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,

And I am older by summers three, —
Why should we hold one another so dear ?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call !
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly, —
Yet know she is gazing upon them all !

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row ;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see, —
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine !

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me ?
Do I not know she is pretty and young ?
Hath not my soul an eye to see ? —
'T is pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
That I only hear as they pass around ;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And I am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind, —
I made it of music long ago :
Strange large eyes and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow ;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a
prayer
(I know the fancy is only vain),
I should pray, just once, when the weather is
fair.

To see little Fanny and Langley Lane ;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street, —
It is better to be as we have been, —
Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and
sweet !

Ah ! life is pleasant in Langley Lane !
There is always something sweet to hear !

Chirping of birds or patter of rain !

And Fanny, my little one, always near !

And though I am weakly and can't live long,

And Fanny my darling is far from strong,

And though we can never married be, —

What then? — since we hold one another so dear,

For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,

And the pleasure that only one can see ?

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.*

1844 - .

MY NATIVE LAND.

It chanced to me upon a time to sail

Across the Southern Ocean to and fro ;

And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale

Of sensuous blessing did we ofttimes go.

And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,

Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,

Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,

And left us yearning still for lands unknown.

And when we found one, — for 't is soon to find

In thousand-isled Cathay another isle, —

For one short noon its treasures filled the mind,

And then again we yearned, and ceased to smile.

And so it was, from isle to isle we passed,

Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips ;

And when that all was tasted, then at last

We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

I learned from this there is no Southern land

Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.

Sick minds need change ; but, when in health

they stand

'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home agen.

And thus with me it was : the yearning turned

From laden airs of cinnamon away,

And stretched far westward, while the full heart

burned

With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay !

My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief !

My land, that has no peer in all the sea

For verdure, vale, or river, flower or leaf, —

If first to no man else, thou 'rt first to me.

New loves may come with duties, but the first

Is deepest yet, — the mother's breath and smiles :

Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed

Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles.

* Mr. O'Reilly, whose escape from Australia forms one of the most thrilling narratives in the annals of Irish patriotism, is now an American citizen ; but that he was a poet before he became an Irish American, is proved by the poem we have selected.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

1837 - .

WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING ARE ON WINTER'S TRACES.

WHEN the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,

The mother of months in meadow or plain

Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain ;

And the brown bright nightingale amorous

Is half assuaged for Itylus,

For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,

The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,

Maiden most perfect, lady of light,

With a noise of winds and many rivers,

With a clamor of waters, and with might ;

Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,

Over the splendor and speed of thy feet ;

For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,

Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,

Fold our hands round her knees, and cling ?

O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,

Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring !

For the stars and the winds are unto her

As raiment, as songs of the harp-player ;

For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,

And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,

And all the season of snows and sins ;

The days dividing lover and lover,

The light that loses, the night that wins ;

And time remembered is grief forgotten,

And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,

And in green underwood and cover

Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,

Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,

* We close our selections from the great body of British and Irish poetry with Swinburne, though he is not, as respects his birth, in strict chronological succession. Three poets we have quoted have the advantage of being born a few years after him. So far, Mr. Swinburne has specially shown his superiority to the younger poets with whom he would naturally be compared by his command of many metres and by the wonderful melodiousness of his verse. It may not, perhaps, be ungracious to observe, that his genius would be more universally acknowledged, were it not for his occasional fits of perversity and caprice in the choice of his topics, and for a habit he has of making his readers almost forget the matter of his verse in admiration of its melody.

The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,
 And the hooféd heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
 Follows with dancing and fills with delight
 The Mænad and the Bassarid;
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
 Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.
Atalanta in Calydon.

THE SUNDEW.

A LITTLE marsh-plant, yellow-green,
 And pricked at lip with tender red.
 Tread close, and either way you tread
 Some faint black water jets between
 Lest you should bruise the curious head.

A live thing maybe; who shall know?
 The summer knows and suffers it;
 For the cool moss is thick and sweet
 Each side, and saves the blossom so
 That it lives out the long June heat.

The deep scent of the heather burns
 About it; breathless though it be,
 Bow down and worship; more than we
 Is the least flower whose life returns,
 Least weed renascent in the sea.

We are vexed and cumbered in earth's sight
 With wants, with many memories;
 These see their mother what she is,
 Glad-growing, till August leave more bright
 The apple-colored cranberries.

Wind blows and bleaches the strong grass,
 Blown all one way to shelter it
 From trample of strayed kine, with feet
 Felt heavier than the moorhen was,
 Strayed up past patches of wild wheat.

You call it sundew: how it grows,
 If with its color it have breath,

If life taste sweet to it, if death
 Pain its soft petal, no man knows:
 Man has no sight or sense that saith.

My sundew, grown of gentle days,
 In these green miles the spring begun
 Thy growth ere April had half done
 With the soft secret of her ways
 Or June made ready for the sun.

O red-lipped mouth of marsh-flower,
 I have a secret halved with thee.
 The name that is love's name to me
 Thou knowest, and the face of her
 Who is my festival to see.

The hard sun, as thy petals knew,
 Colored the heavy moss-water:
 Thou wert not worth green midsummer
 Nor fit to live to August blue,
 O sundew, not remembering her.

OÙ VONT LES VIEILLES LUNES?

COULDEST thou not watch with me one hour?
 Behold
 Dawn skims the sea with flying feet of gold,
 With sudden feet that graze the gradual sea,
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

What, not *one* hour? For star by star the night
 Falls, and her thousands world by world take
 flight,
 They die, and day survives, and what of thee?
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

Last year, a brief while since, an age ago,
 A whole year past, with bud and bloom and snow,
 O moon that wast in heaven, what friends were we!
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

As a new moon above spent stars thou wast,
 But stars endure after the moon is past;
 Lie still, sleep on, be glad as such things be.
 Thou couldst not watch with me.

KISSING HER HAIR.

KISSING her hair, I sat against her feet:
 Wove and unwove it, — wound, and found it
 sweet;
 Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her
 eyes,
 Deep as deep flowers, and dreamy like dim skies;
 With her own tresses bound, and found her fair, —
 Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me, —
 Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea:

What pain could get between my face and hers?
 What new sweet thing would Love not relish
 worse?

Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed me
 there, —

Kissing her hair.

BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF YEARS.

BEFORE the beginning of years
 There came to the making of man
 Time, with a gift of tears;

Grief, with a glass that ran;
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven;

Summer, with flowers that fell;
 Remembrance fallen from heaven,

And madness risen from hell;
 Strength without hands to smite;

Love that endures for a breath;
 Night, the shadow of light,

And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand

Fire, and the falling of tears,

And a measure of sliding sand

From under the feet of the years;

And froth and drift of the sea;

And dust of the laboring earth;

And bodies of things to be

In the houses of death and of birth;

And wrought with weeping and laughter,

And fashioned with loathing and love,

With life before and after

And death beneath and above,

For a day and a night and a morrow,

That his strength might endure for a span

With travail and heavy sorrow,

The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south

They gathered as unto strife;

They breathed upon his mouth,

They filled his body with life;

Eyesight and speech they wrought

For the veils of the soul therein,

A time for labor and thought,

A time to serve and to sin;

They gave him light in his ways,

And love, and a space for delight,

And beauty and length of days,

And night, and sleep in the night.

His speech is a burning fire;

With his lips he travaileth;

In his heart is a blind desire,

In his eyes foreknowledge of death;

He weaves, and is clothed with derision;

Sows, and he shall not reap;

His life is a watch or a vision

Between a sleep and a sleep.

Atalanta in Calydon.

APPENDIX.

BRITISH BALLADS.*

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie Bank ;
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee ;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne ;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pulléd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee :
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven !
For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belong to me ;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said ;
"Harp and carp along wi' me ;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,"
Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunt me."
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said ;
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me ;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed ;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind :

And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on ;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind ;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee ;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers ?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven ?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae ?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see ;
For, if you speak word in Elfynd land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

* We have taken our selections from the admirable edition, in eight volumes, of *English and Scottish Ballads*, edited by Francis J. Child. Professor Child also edited the American reprint of the Aldine edition of *The British Poets*. In everything that relates to the sources of English and Scottish poetry his mere opinion is an authority. He is undoubtedly the profoundest American student of Chaucer, and is so recognized in England. Among the English scholars who have made Chaucer a special study, with all the means at hand to compile a pure text of their favorite poet, he may be equalled, but hardly surpassed, either in erudition or sagacity. His edition of Spenser is the best in existence.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern
light,

And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree, —
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never
lie."

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me! *
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."

"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.

In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of May,*
When greene buds they were swellin,
Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the towne where shee was dwellin;
"You must come to my master deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

"For death is printed on his face,
And ore his hart is stealin:
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovelye Barbara Allen."

"Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin,
Yet little better shall he bee
For bonny Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him;

And all she sayd, when there she came,
"Yong man, I think y' are dying."

He turned his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing;
"O lovely maid, come pity mee,
I 'me on my death-bed lying."

"If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin?
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell," sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in:
"Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen!"

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
"Unworthye Barbara Allen!"

She turnd her bodye round about,
And spied the corps a coming:
"Laye down, laye down the corps," she sayd,
"That I may look upon him."

With scornful eye she lookéd downe,
Her cheeke with laughter swellin,
Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine,
"Unworthye Barbara Allen!"

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe;
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

"Hard-harted creature him to slight,
Who lovéd me so dearye:
O that I had beene more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me!"

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the daye,
That she did ere denye him.

"Farewell," she sayd, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

LORD LOVEL.

LORD LOVEL stands at his stable door,
Mounted upon a gray steed;
And bye came Ladie Nanciebel,
And wished Lord Lovel much speed.

"O whare are ye going, Lord Lovel,
My dearest tell to me?"

* "The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"O I am going a far journey,
Some strange countrie to see;

"But I'll return in seven long years,
Lady Nanciebel to see."

"O seven, seven, seven long years,
They are much too long for me."

* * *

He was gane a year away,
A year but barely ane,
When a strange fancy cam into his head,
That fair Nanciebel was gane.

It's then he rade, and better rade,
Until he cam to the toun,
And then he heard a dismal noise,
For the church bells a' did soun'.

He askéd what the bells rang for;
They said, "It's for Nanciebel;
She died for a discourteous squire,
And his name is Lord Lovel."

The lid o' the coffin he opened up,
The linens he faulded down;
And ay he kissed her pale, pale lips,
And the tears cam trinkling down.

"Weill may I kiss those pale, pale lips,
For they will never kiss me; —
I'll mak a vow, and keep it true,
That they'll ne'er kiss ane but thee."

Lady Nancie died on Tuesday's night,
Lord Lovel upon the niest day;
Lady Nancie died for pure, pure love,
Lord Lovel, for deep sorray.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNELL.*

PART FIRST.

O SWEETEST sweet, and fairest fair,
Of birth and worth beyond compare,
Thou art the causer of my care,
Since first I lovéd thee.

* "The following very popular ballad has been handed down by tradition in its present imperfect state. The affecting incident on which it is founded is well known. A lady of the name of Helen Irving, or Bell (for this is disputed by the two clans), daughter of the Laird of Kirconnell, in Dumfriesshire, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighborhood. The name of the favored suitor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; that of the other has escaped tradition: though it has been alleged that he was a Bell, of Blacket House. The addresses of the latter were, however, favored by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the churchyard of Kirconnell, a romantic spot almost surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these private interviews the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carbine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in

Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind
As any one that thou shalt find,
Of high or low degree.

The shallowest water makes maist din,
The deadeest pool the deepest linn;
The richest man least truth within,
Though he preferred be.

Yet nevertheless, I am content,
And never a whit my love repent,
But think the time was a' weel spent,
Though I disdained be.

O Helen sweet and maist complete,
My captive spirit's at thy feet!
Thinks thou still fit thus for to treat
Thy captive cruelly?

O Helen brave, but this I crave,
Of thy poor slave some pity have,
And do him save that's near his grave,
And dies for love of thee.

PART SECOND.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succor me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell Lee;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',

her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, in which the latter was cut to pieces. Other accounts say that Fleming pursued his enemy to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid.

"The ballad as now published consists of two parts. The first seems to be an address, either by Fleming or his rival, to the lady; if, indeed, it constituted any portion of the original poem. For the editor cannot help suspecting that these verses have been the production of a different and inferior bard, and only adapted to the original measure and tune. But this suspicion being unwarranted by any copy he has been able to procure, he does not venture to do more than intimate his own opinion. The second part, by far the most beautiful, and which is unquestionably original, forms the lament of Fleming over the grave of fair Helen." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I hackéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart forever mair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me !"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

THE TWA CORBIES.*

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane ;
The tane unto the t' other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day ?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight ;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk, to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonny blue een :
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane :
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw forever mair."

SIR PATRICK SPENS.*

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine :
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine ?"

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee :
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame !"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughéd he ;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea ?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may ;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say :

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queen's fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !
Fu' loud I hear ye lie !

"For I brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me, —
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red goud
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a' !
Our gude ship sails the morn."

* From *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. It was communicated to Scott by Mr. Sharpe, as written down, from tradition, by a lady.

* In singing, the interjection O is added to the second and fourth lines.

"Now, ever alake ! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we 'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurlly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm ;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land ?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast, —
But I fear you 'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely aye,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them roun' that gude ship's
side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon !
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That flattered on the faem ;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair ;
A' for the sake of their true loves,
For them they 'll see nae mair.

O lang lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,

Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they 'll see nae mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.*

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.

I leaned my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lightly me !

O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new ;
But when 't is auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my head ?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he 'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me :
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree ?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I 'm weary.

'T is not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency ;
'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

* "These beautiful verses are thought to be only a part of *Lord Jamie Douglas*, in one copy or another of which, according to Motherwell, nearly all of them are to be found. They were first published in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and are here given as they there appear, separate from an explicit story. Although in this condition they must be looked upon as a fragment, still they are too awkwardly introduced in the ballad above mentioned, and too superior to the rest of the composition, to allow of our believing that they have as yet found their proper connection." — F. J. CHILD.

When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissed,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in a case of gold,
And pinned it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I my sell were dead and gane!
For a maid again I'll never be.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

Balow, my babe, lye still and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe:
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.

Whan he began to court my luv,
And with his sugred wordes to muve,
His faynings fals and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, etc.

Lye still, my darling, sleipe a while,
And when thou wakest, sweetly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!
But yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
Balow, etc.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luvng to thy father still:
Whaireir he gae, whaireir he ryde,
My luv with him doth still abyde:
In weil or wae, whaireir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.
Balow, etc.

But doe not, doe not, pretty mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luvver trew,
And nevir change her for a new:
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous sair.
Balow, etc.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;

My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forgett man's cruelty.
Balow, etc.

Farewill, farewill, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maides be warned by mee
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'll use us then they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.*

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honor far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possesst one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde;
In love they lived, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beautyes molde.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a ycare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled:
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,

* "The Children in the Wood" is perhaps the most popular of all English ballads. Its merit is attested by the favor it has enjoyed with so many generations, and was vindicated to a cold and artificial age by the kindly pen of Addison. The editor of the *Reliques* thought that the subject was taken from an old play, published in 1601, "of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffins, with the consent of his uncle," but Ritson discovered that the ballad was entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1596. The plot of the play was undoubtedly derived from the Italian, and the author of the ballad may have taken a hint from the same source."—F. J. CHILD.

Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother deare,
"O brother kinde," quoth shee,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie:

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard."
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist their children small:
"God bless you both, my children deare";
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sicke couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not feare.
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slaye them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale.
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,

Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made Murder's heart relent:
And they that undertooke the deed,
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the childrens life:
And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
Teares standing in their eye,
And bad them straitwaye follow him,
And look they did not crye:
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complaine:
"Staye here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,
When I come back againe."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the towne:
Their pretty lippes with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they sawe the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief,
In one anothers armes they died,
As wanting due relief:
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell;
His barnes were fired, his goodes consumed,
His landes were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayd.

And in the voyage of Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
To want and miserye:
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to dye,
Such was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been displayed:
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.

—♦—
CHEVY-CHACE.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Erle Piercy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and bear away:
The tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Earl Piercy present word,
He would prevent his sport;
The English earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear.

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Piercy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me heer.

"If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed":
"Then cease your sport," Erle Piercy said,
"And take your bows with speed.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," he said, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Piercy he ;
Who said, " We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be.

" Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest hart to slay " ;
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

" Ere thus I will out-bravéd be,
One of us two shall dye :
I know thee well, an earl thou art ;
Lord Piercy, so am I.

" But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

" Let thou and I the battel try,
And set our men aside : "
" Accursed be he," Lord Piercy said,
" By whom this is denyed."

Then stept a gallant squire forth
(Witherington was his name),
Who said, " I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

" That ere my captaine fought on foot,
And I stood looking on :
You be two earls," said Witherington,
" And I a squire alone.

" I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand ;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent ;
A captain moved with mickle pride
The spears to shivers sent.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slacknes there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might ;
Like lions moved they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel ;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

" Yield thee, Lord Piercy," Douglas said ;
" In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king.

" Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

" No, Douglas," quoth Earl Piercy then,
" Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that, there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow ;

Who never spoke more words than these,
" Fight on, my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand ;
And said, " Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land !

" O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure, a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas dye,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Piercy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And passed the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Piercy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The spear ran through the other side
 A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
 Whose courage none could stain;
 An English archer then perceived
 The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
 So right his shaft he set,
 The gray goose-wing that was thereon
 In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
 Till setting of the sun;
 For when they rung the evening bell,
 The battel scarce was done.

With the Earl Piercy, there was slain
 Sir John of Ogerton,
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
 Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful dumps;
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas, there was slain
 Sir Hugh Montgomery,
 Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
 One foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murrel, of Ratcliff, too,
 His sister's son was he;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
 Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like wise
 Did with Earl Douglas dye;
 Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
 Went home but fifty-three;
 The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace,
 Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail;
 They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
 They bore with them away:
 They kissed them dead a thousand times,
 When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
 Where Scotland's king did reign,
 That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
 Was with an arrow slaine.

"O heavy news," King James did say;
 "Scotland can witness be,
 I have not any captain more
 Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
 Within as short a space,
 That Piercy of Northumberland
 Was slaine in Chevy-Chace.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
 "Sith 't will no better be;
 I trust I have within my realm
 Five hundred as good as he.

"Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
 But I will vengeance take,
 And be revenged on them all,
 For brave Earl Piercy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed,
 After, on Humbledown;
 In one day, fifty knights were slain,
 With lords of great renown.

And of the rest, of small account,
 Did many thousands dye:
 Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
 Made by the Earl Piercy.

God save the king, and bless the land
 In plenty, joy, and peace;
 And grant henceforth, that foul debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease!

ANONYMOUS.

MY SWETE SWETYNG.

A LOVE-SONG OF THE TIME OF HENRY VIII.

AH! my swete swetyng,
 My lytyl pretie swetyng!
 My swetyng wyl I loue whereuer I goe:
 She is soe proper and pure,
 Stedfaste, stabyll, and demure, —
 There is nonne suche, ye may be sure,
 As my swete swetyng.

In all thys worlde, as thynketh mee,
 Is nonne soe plesaunte to my e'e,
 That I am gladde soe ofte to see,
 As my swete swetyng.

When I beholde my swetyng swete,
 Her face, her haundes, her minion fete,
 They seeme to mee ther is nonne soe mete
 As my swete swetyng.

Above alle others prayse must I,
 And loue my pretie pigsnye;*
 For nonne I finde so womanlie
 As my swete swetyng.

THE AULD CLOAK.†

In winter, when the rain rained cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'nin' a' our kye to kill:
 Then Bell, my wife, who lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me richt hastilie,
 Get up, gudeman, save Crummie's life,
 And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
 And she is come of a good kin',
 Aft has she wet the bairns's mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyne;
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines frae the lift sae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end;
 Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now it's scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn 't this thretty year:
 Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;

Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half a croun;
 He said they were a groat ower dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief and loon:
 He was the king that wore a croun,
 And thou the man of laigh degree:
 It's pride puts a' the country down;
 Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,
 Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;
 I think the world is a' gane wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule:
 Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit huyklin i' the aese? —
 I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat it's thretty year
 Sin' we did ane anither ken;
 And we ha'e had atween us twa
 Of lads and bonnie lasses ten:
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be;
 If you would prove a gude husband,
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
 But she would guide me, if she can;
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman:
 Nocht's to be gained at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' your auld cloak about me.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG!

LOVE me little, love me long!
 Is the burden of my song:
 Love that is too hot and strong
 Burneth soon to waste.
 Still I would not have thee cold, —
 Not too backward, nor too bold;
 Love that lasteth till 't is old
 Fadeth not in haste.
 Love me little, love me long!
 Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,
 'T will not prove as true a touch;

* Sweetheart.

† This is the Scottish version of the old song.

Love me little more than such, —
 For I fear the end.
 I'm with little well content,
 And a little from thee sent
 Is enough, with true intent
 To be steadfast, friend.

Say thou lovest me, while thou live
 I to thee my love will give,
 Never dreaming to deceive
 While that life endures ;
 Nay, and after death, in sooth,
 I to thee will keep my truth,
 As now when in my May of youth :
 This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
 And it will through life persevere ;
 Give me that with true endeavor, —
 I will it restore.
 A suit of durance let it be,
 For all weathers, — that for me, —
 For the land or for the sea :
 Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
 Autumn's tempests on it beat ;
 It can never know defeat,
 Never can rebel :
 Such the love that I would gain,
 Such the love, I tell thee plain,
 Thou must give, or woo in vain :
 So to thee — farewell !

THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE.

It is not Beauty I demand,
 A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
 Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
 Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair :

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
 Your lips that seem on roses fed,
 Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies
 Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed : —

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks
 Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
 A breath that softer music speaks
 Than summer winds a-wooing flowers ;

These are but gauds : nay, what are lips ?
 Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
 Whose brink when your adventurer slips
 Full off he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
 That wave hot youth to fields of blood ?

Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
 Do Greece or Ilium any good ?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn ;
 Poison can breathe, that erst perfumed ;
 There's many a white hand holds an urn
 With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows there's naught within ;
 They are but empty cells for pride ;
 He who the Siren's hair would win
 Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,
 A tender heart, a loyal mind
 Which with temptation I would trust,
 Yet never linked with error find, —

One in whose gentle bosom I
 Could pour my secret heart of woes,
 Like the care-burthened honey-fly
 That hides his murmurs in the rose, —

My earthly Comforter ! whose love
 So indefeasible might be
 That, when my spirit wonned above,
 Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

THE GREAT ADVENTURER.

OVER the mountains
 And over the waves,
 Under the fountains
 And under the graves ;
 Under floods that are deepest,
 Which Neptune obey ;
 Over rocks that are steepest
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glowworm to lie ;
 Where there is no space
 For receipt of a fly ;
 Where the midge dares not venture
 Lest herself fast she lay ;
 If love come, he will enter
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
 A child for his might ;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward from his flight ;
 But if she whom love doth honor
 Be conceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
 By having him confined ;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing, to be blind ;

But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may.
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the East;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
He will find out his way.

LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true-love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day;
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and pained his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremities.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I tuk his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart forever mair.

SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THERE came three men out of the West,
Their victory to try;
And they have taken a solemn oath,
Poor Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him in,
And harrowed clods on his head;

And then they took a solemn oath,
Poor Barleycorn was dead.

There he lay sleeping in the ground,
Till rain from the sky did fall:
Then Barleycorn sprung up his head,
And so amazed them all.

There he remained till midsummer,
And looked both pale and wan;
Then Barleycorn he got a beard,
And so became a man.

Then they sent men with scythes so sharp,
To cut him off at knee;
And then poor little Barleycorn,
They served him barbarously.

Then they sent men with pitchforks strong
To pierce him through the heart;
And like a dreadful tragedy,
They bound him to a cart.

And then they brought him to a barn,
A prisoner to endure;
And so they fetched him out again,
And laid him on the floor.

Then they set men with holly clubs,
To beat the flesh from his bones;
But the miller he served him worse than that,
For he ground him betwixt two stones.

O, Barleycorn is the choicest grain
That ever was sown on land;
It will do more than any grain,
By the turning of your hand.

It will make a boy into a man,
And a man into an ass;
It will change your gold into silver,
And your silver into brass.

It will make the huntsman hunt the fox,
That never wound his horn;
It will bring the tinker to the stocks,
That people may him scorn.

It will put sack into a glass,
And claret in the can;
And it will cause a man to drink
Till he neither can go nor stand.

WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING.

WHEN banners are waving,
And lances a-pushing;
When captains are shouting,
And war-horses rushing;
When cannon are roaring,
And hot bullets flying,

He that would honor win
Must not fear dying.

Though shafts fly so thick
That it seems to be snowing ;
Though streamlets with blood
More than water are flowing ;
Though with sabre and bullet
Our bravest are dying,
We speak of revenge, but
We ne'er speak of flying.

Come, stand to it, heroes !
The heathen are coming ;
Horsemen are round the walls,
Riding and running ;
Maidens and matrons all
Arm ! arm ! are crying,
From petards the wildfire 's
Flashing and flying.

The trumpets from turrets high
Loudly are braying ;
The steeds for the onset
Are snorting and neighing ;
As waves in the ocean,
The dark plumes are dancing ;
As stars in the blue sky,
The helmets are glancing.

Their ladders are planting,
Their sabres are sweeping ;
Now swords from our sheaths
By the thousand are leaping ;
Like the flash of the levin
Ere men hearken thunder,
Swords gleam, and the steel caps
Are cloven asunder.

The shouting has ceased,
And the flashing of cannon !
I looked from the turret
For crescent and pennon :
As flax touched by fire,
As hail in the river,
They were smote, they were fallen,
And had melted forever.

ROBIN ADAIR.

WELCOME on shore again,
Robin Adair !

Welcome once more again,
Robin Adair !
I feel thy trembling hand ;
Tears in thy eyelids stand,
To greet thy native land,
Robin Adair !

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,
Robin Adair !
Still I prayed for thee, love,
Robin Adair !
When thou wert far at sea
Many made love to me,
But still I thought on thee,
Robin Adair !

Come to my heart again,
Robin Adair !
Never to part again,
Robin Adair !
And if thou still art true,
I will be constant too,
And will wed none but you,
Robin Adair !

PRESENT IN ABSENCE.

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance, and length ;
Do what thou canst for alteration :
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
He soon hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is Presence, Time doth tarry.

By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain :
There I embrace and kiss her ;
And so I both enjoy and miss her.

ANNIE LAURIE.*

MAXWELTON banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew ;
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true,
Made up the promise true ;
And never forget will I ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'll lay me down and die.

* Mr. Chambers tells us that this song was written by a Mr. Douglass, who paid court to Annie, one of the daughters of Sir Robert Laurie. He was unsuccessful in his suit, as she married a Mr. Fergusson ; but he immortalized her name in the vain attempt to engross her affection. The ordinary modern version of the song is no improvement on the original, which may be found in Alexander Whitelaw's excellent *Book of Scottish Song*, published in 1875.

She's backit like the peacock,
 She's breistit like the swan,
 She's jimp about the middle,
 Her waist ye weel nicht span;
 Her waist ye weel nicht span,
 And she has a rolling eye;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'll lay me down and die.

O, SAW YE THE LASS?

O, SAW ye the lass wi' the bonny blue een?
 Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen;
 Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween;
 She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.
 The home of my love is below in the valley,
 Where wild-flowers welcome the wandering bee;
 But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is
 seen
 Is the dear one I love wi' the bonny blue een.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
 She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again;
 And when the moon shines on yon valley so green,
 I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonny blue een.
 As the dove that has wandered away from his nest,
 Returns to his mate his fond heart loves the best,
 I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
 To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonny blue een.

LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE.

LOVE not me for comely grace,
 For my pleasing eye or face,
 Nor for any outward part,
 No, nor for my constant heart, —
 For those may fail, or turn to ill,
 So thou and I shall sever:
 Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
 And love me still, but know not why, —
 So hast thou the same reason still
 To doat upon me ever!

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

BEGONE, dull care!
 I prithee begone from me:
 Begone, dull care!
 Thou and I can never agree.
 Long while thou hast been tarrying here,
 And fain thou wouldst me kill;
 But i' faith, dull care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.
 Too much care
 Will make a young man gray;
 Too much care
 Will turn an old man to clay.

My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day;
 For I hold it is the wisest thing,
 To drive dull care away.

Hence, dull care,
 I'll none of thy company;
 Hence, dull care,
 Thou art no pair for me.
 We'll hunt the wild boar through the wold,
 So merrily pass the day;
 And then at night, o'er a cheerful bowl,
 We'll drive dull care away.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In good King Charles's golden days,
 When loyalty no harm meant,
 A zealous high-churchman I was,
 And so I got preferment:
 To teach my flock I never missed,
 Kings are by God appointed,
 And damned are those that do resist
 Or touch the Lord's Anointed.
 And this is law I will maintain
 Until my dying day, sir, —
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal James obtained the crown,
 And popery came in fashion,
 The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the Declaration:
 The church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my constitution;
 And had become a Jesuit,
 But for the Revolution.
 And this is law, etc.

When William was our king declared,
 To ease the nation's grievance;
 With this new wind about I steered,
 And swore to him allegiance:
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance;
 Passive obedience was a joke,
 A jest was non-resistance.
 And this is law, etc.

When gracious Anne became our queen,
 The church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a tory:
 Occasional conformists base,
 I damned their moderation;
 And thought the church in danger was
 By such variegation.
 And this is law, etc.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir!
I turned a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a whig, sir:
And thus preferment I procured
From our new faith's defender;
And almost every day abjured
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law, etc.

The illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant succession;
To these I do allegiance swear, —
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be, —
Until the times do alter.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir, —
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

Come, boat me ower, come, row me ower,
Come, boat me ower to Charlie;
I'll gi'e John Ross another bawbee,
To ferry me ower to Charlie.
We'll over the water, and over the sea,
We'll over the water to Charlie;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live and die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
Though some there be that abhor him;
But O, to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear by moon and stars sae bricht,
And the sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd gi'e them a' for Charlie.

I ance had sons, I now ha'e nane;
I bred them, toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie!

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls.
Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, power, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again.

OLD KING COUL.*

OLD King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
And old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in fiddlers three;
And every fiddler was a very good fiddler,
And a very good fiddler was he:
Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers
three:
And there's no' a lass in a' Scotland,
Compared to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in pipers three:
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle,
went the pipers three;
Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers
three:
And there's no' a lass in a' the land,
Compared to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in harpers three:
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the
harpers;
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle,
went the pipers;
Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers
three:
And there's no' a lass in a' the land,
Compared to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in trumpeters three:

* "Old King Coul, according to fabulous Scottish history, flourished in the fifth century, and was father of the giant Fin M'Coul. *Colin* (Ayrshire) was under his sway." — ALEXANDER WHITELAW.

Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, went the trumpeters;
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers;

Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle,
went the pipers;

Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers
three:

And there's no' a lass in a' Scotland,
Compared to sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;

Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in drummers three:

Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummers;
Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, went the trumpeters;
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers;

Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle,
went the pipers;

Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers
three:

And there's no' a lass in a' the land,
Compared to sweet Marjorie.

TO-MORROW.

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and
shade too,

As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the
spade too,

With a barn for the use of the flail;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow, —
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honors await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be
completely

Secured by a neighboring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more
sweetly

By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may
afford,

And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
Which I've worn for threescore years and
ten,

On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep
hovering,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare
to-day,

May become everlasting to-morrow.

AWAY! LET NAUGHT TO LOVE DISPLEASING.*

AWAY! let naught to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And, to be noble, we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 't is spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though, from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find, within our pittance, plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung!
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy Time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

* This song, one of the most popular in the language, for a long time preserved the name of John Gilbert Cooper from oblivion. As he wrote nothing else which could for a moment be compared with it, a doubt of the authorship led to inquiries as to the date of its original publication. It was traced back to a collection of miscellaneous poetry, published in 1726, when Cooper was three years old, — a period of life irreconcilable with the notion that he could go wooing in his boys, or that his wife could again be courted in her girls. The name of the writer still remains unknown.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wot ye how she cheated me,
 As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vowed, she swore she wad be mine;
 She said she lo'ed me best of onie;
 But ah! the fickle, faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, etc.

O, she was a cantie quean,
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch.
 Roy's wife, etc.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's forever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, etc.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

WHEN the cornfields and meadows
 Are pearled with the dew,
 With the first sunny shadow
 Walks little Boy Blue.

O, the Nymphs and the Graces
 Still gleam on his eyes,
 And the kind fairy faces
 Look down from the skies;

And a secret revealing
 Of life within life,
 When feeling meets feeling
 In musical strife;

A winding and weaving
 In flowers and in trees,
 A floating and heaving
 In sunlight and breeze;

A striving and soaring,
 A gladness and grace,
 Make him kneel half adoring
 The God in the place.

Then amid the live shadows
 Of lambs at their play,
 Where the kine scent the meadows
 With breath like the May,

He stands in the splendor
 That waits on the morn,
 And a music more tender
 Distils from his horn;

And he weeps, he rejoices,
 He prays; nor in vain,
 For soft loving voices
 Will answer again;

And the Nymphs and the Graces
 Still gleam through the dew,
 And kind fairy faces
 Watch little Boy Blue.

THE WHITE ROSE.

SENT BY A YORKISH LOVER TO HIS LANCASTRIAN
 MISTRESS.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
 Go place it in thy bosom fair,
 'T will blush to find itself less white,
 And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
 As kiss it thou mayest deign,
 With envy pale 't will lose its dye,
 And Yorkish turn again.

PERFUME AND JEWELS.

LADY, why blend these dying sweets
 With that immortal sweetness all thine own?
 Why ask of Art her counterfeits,
 Her languid, cloying odors, but to crown
 That ever-deepening, ever-mellowing bloom
 Whose very presence is perfume?

Dost thou mistrust thine ardent eyes,
 And that deep glow of soul indwelling there,
 That with these rival galaxies
 Of glimmering gems thou hast bedewed thy
 hair?
 Or dost thou stoop to those who equal deem
 The innate lustre and the surface gleam?

The clear-starred purple overhead
 Brooks not her virgin trueness should be soiled
 With false and fevered glare and red
 Of mocking meteors; of their thrones de-
 spoiled,
 She shoots them down in scorn, to find i' the
 earth
 Some miry home more level with their birth:

So do thou ever prize, like her,
 The simple majesty of maidenhood;
 And in calm wrath the odors tear,
 And soulless jewels, from thee, — upstart brood
 Unblest! and only let thy cool white brow
 Forever wear the light of its own stainless snow.

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